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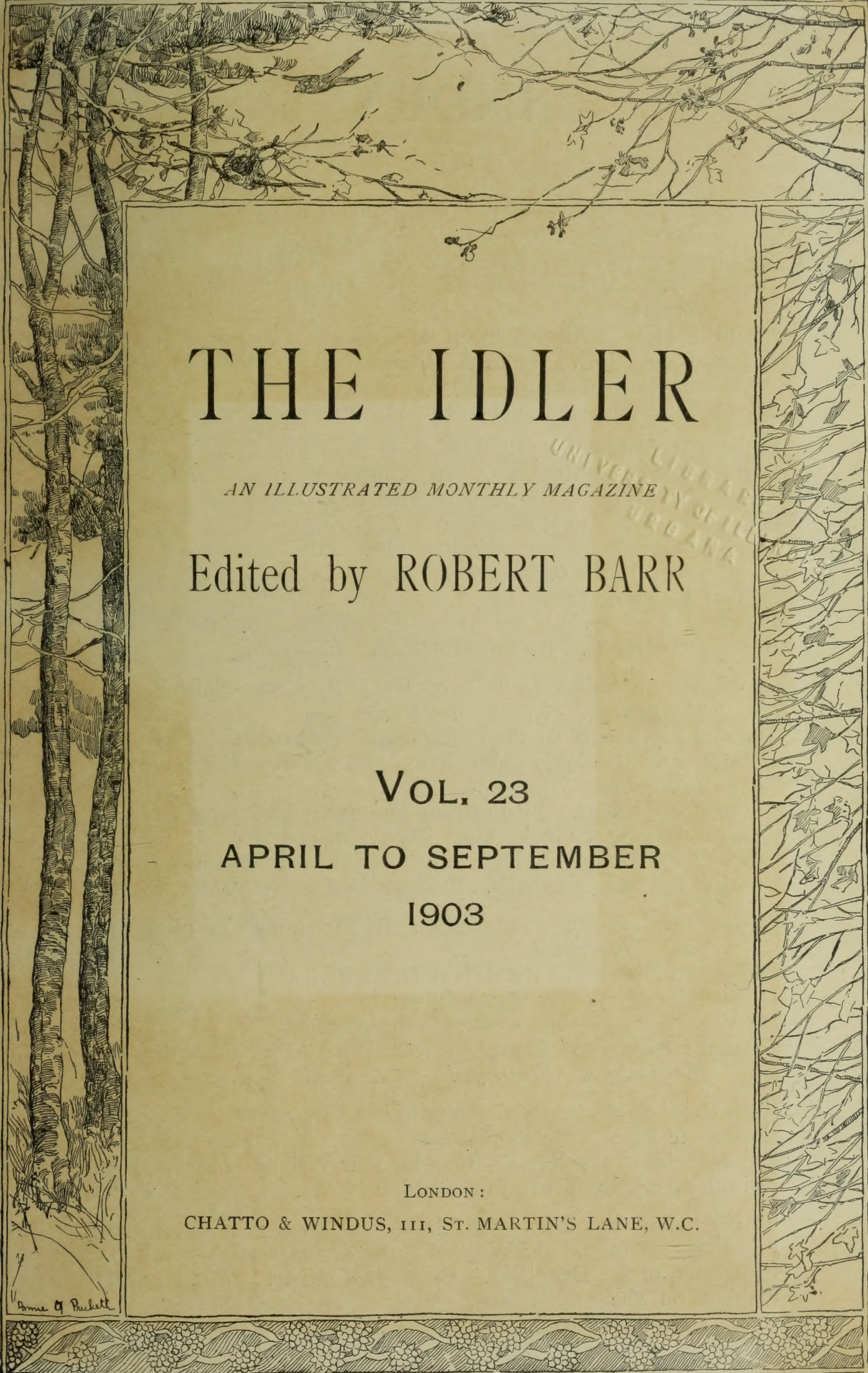
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"THEY CLAPPED TOGETHER LIKE THUNDER."





## How the Young Martimor would Become a Knight and Assay Great Adventure

**W**HEN Sir Lancelot was come out of the Red Launds where he did many deeds of arms, he rested him long with play and game in a land that is called Beausejour. For in that land there are neither castles nor enchantments, but many fair manors, with orchards and fields lying about them, and the people that dwell therein have good cheer continually. Of the wars and of the strange quests that are ever afoot in Northgalis and Lionesse and the Out Isles, they hear nothing; but are well content to till the earth in summer when the world is green; and when the autumn changes green to gold they pitch pavilions among the fruit trees and the vineyards, making merry with song and dance while they gather harvest of corn and apples and grapes; and in the white days of winter for pastime they have music of divers instruments and the playing of pleasant games. But of the telling of tales in that land there is little skill, neither do men rightly understand the singing of ballads and romaunts; for one year there is like

another, and so their life runs away, and they leave the world to God.

Then Sir Lancelot had great ease for a time in this quiet land, and often he lay under the apple trees sleeping, and again he taught the people new games and feats of skill. For into what place soever he came, he was welcome, though the inhabitants knew not his name and great renown, nor the famous deeds that he had done in tournament and battle. Yet for his own sake, because he was a very gentle knight, fair-spoken and full of courtesy and a good man of his hands withal, they doted upon him.

So he began there to tell them all tales of many things that have been done in the world by clean knights and faithful squires. Of the wars against the Saracens and misbelieving men; of the discomfiture of the Romans when they came to take truage of King Arthur; of the strife with the eleven kings and the battle that was ended but never finished; of the Questing Beast and how King Pellinore and then Sir Palamides followed him; of Balin that gave the dolorous stroke unto King



Pellam; of Sir Tor that sought the lady's brachet and by the way overcame two knights and smote off the head of the outrageous caitiff Abelleus,—of these and many like matters of pith and moment, full of blood and honour, told Sir Lancelot, and the people had marvel of his words.

Now, among them that listened to him gladly was a youth, of good blood and breeding, very fair in the face and of great stature. His name was Martimor. Strong of arm was he, and his neck was like a pillar. His legs were as tough as beams of ash-wood, and in his heart was the hunger of noble tatches and deeds. So when he heard of Sir Lancelot these redoubtable histories he was taken with desire to assay his strength. And he besought the knight that they might joust together.

But in the land of Beausejour there were no arms of war save such as Sir Lancelot had brought with him. Wherefore they made shift to fashion a harness out of kitchen gear, with a brazen platter for a breast-plate, and the cover of the greatest of all kettles for a shield, and for a helmet a round pot of iron, whereof the handle stuck down at Martimor his back like a tail. And for spear he got him a stout young fir tree, the point hardened in the fire, and Sir Lancelot lent to him the sword that he had taken from a false knight that distressed all ladies.

Thus was Martimor accoutered for the jousting, and when he had climbed upon his horse, there arose much laughter and mockage. Self Sir Lancelot laughed a little, though he was ever a grave man, and said, "Now must we call this knight *La Queue de Fer*, by reason of the plume at his back." But Martimor was half merry and half wroth, and crying "'Ware!" he dressed his spear beneath his arm. Right so he rushed upon Sir Lancelot, and so marvellously did his harness jangle and smite together as he came that the horse of Sir Lancelot was

frighted and turned aside. Thus the point of the fir tree caught him upon the shoulder and came near to unhorse him. Then Martimor drew rein and shouted: "Ha! ha! has *La Queue de Fer* done well?"

"Nobly hast thou done," said Lancelot, laughing, the while he amended his horse, "but let not the first stroke turn thy head, else will the tail of thy helmet hang down afore thee and mar the second stroke!"

So he kept his horse in hand and guided him warily, making feint now on this side and now on that, until he was aware that the youth grew hot with the joy of fighting and sought to deal with him roughly and bigly. Then he cast aside his spear and drew sword and as Martimor galloped toward him, he lightly swerved, and with one stroke cut in twain the young fir tree, so that not above an ell was left in the youth's hand. Then was the youth full of fire, and he also drew sword and made at Sir Lancelot, lashing heavily as he would hew down a tree. But the knight guarded and warded without distress, until the other breathed hard and was blind with sweat. Then Lancelot smote him with a mighty stroke upon the head, but with the flat of his sword, so that Martimor's breath went clean out of him, and the blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell over the croup of his horse as he were a man slain.

Then Sir Lancelot laughed no more, but grieved, for he weened that he had harmed the youth, and he liked him passing well. So he ran to him and held him in his arms fast and tended him. And when the breath came again into his body Lancelot was glad and desired the youth that he would pardon him of that unequal joust and of the stroke too heavy.

At this Martimor sat up and took him by the hand. "Pardon!" he cried. "No talk of pardon between thee and me, my Lord Lancelot! Thou hast given me such joy of my life as never I



had before. It made me glad to feel thy might. And now am I delibred and fully concluded that I also will become a knight, and thou shalt instruct me how and in what land I shall seek great adventure."

HOW MARTIMOR WAS INSTRUCTED OF  
SIR LANCELOT AND SET FORTH  
UPON HIS QUEST.

So right gladly did Sir Lancelot advise the young Martimor of all the customs and vows of the noble order of knighthood and show how he might become a well-ruled and a hardy knight to win good fame and renown. For between these two from the first there was close brotherhood and affiance, though in years and in breeding they were so far apart, and this brotherhood endured until the last, as ye shall see, nor was the affiance broken.

Thus the youth learned of his master, being instructed first in the art and craft to manage and guide a horse, then to handle the shield and the spear and both to cut and to foin with the sword, and last of all in the laws of honour and courtesy whereby a man may rule his own spirit and so obtain grace of God, praise of princes, and favour of fair ladies.

"For this I tell thee," said Sir Lancelot, as they sat together under an apple tree, "there be many good fighters that are false knights, breaking faith with man and woman, envious and orgulous. In them courage is cruel. And in the end they shall come to shame and shall be overcome by a simpler knight than themselves; or else they shall win sorrow and despite by the slaying of better men than they be; for he that is false, to him shall none be true, but all things shall be unhappy about him."

"But how an if a man be true in heart," said Martimor, "yet by some enchantment, or evil fortune, he may do an ill deed and one that is harmful to

his lord or to his friend, even as Balin and his brother Balan slew each the other unknown?"

"That is in God's hand," said Lancelot. "Doubtless He may pardon and assoil all such in their unhappiness, forasmuch as the secret of it is with Him."

"And how if a man be entangled in love," said Martimor, "yet his love be set upon one that is not lawful for him to have? For either he must deny his love, which is great shame, or else he must do dishonour to the law. What shall he then do?"

At this Sir Lancelot was silent, and heaved a great sigh. Then said he: "Rest assured that this man shall have sorrow enough. For out of this net he may not escape, save by falsehood on the one side, or by treachery on the other. Therefore say I that he shall not assay to escape, but rather right manfully to bear the bonds with which he is bound, and to do honour to them."

"How may this be?" said Martimor.

"By clean living," said Lancelot, "and by keeping himself from wine which heats the blood, and by quests and labours and combats wherein the fierceness of the heart is overcome, and by inward joy in the pure worship of his lady, whereat none may take offence."

"How then shall a man bear himself in the following of a quest?" said Martimor. "Shall he set his face ever forward, and turn not to right, or left, whatever meet him by the way? Or shall he hold himself ready to answer them that call to him, and to succour them that ask help of him, and to turn aside from his path for rescue and good service?"

"Enough of questions!" said Lancelot. "For these are things whereto each man must answer for himself, and not for other. True knight taketh counsel of the time. Everych day his own deed. And the winning of a quest is not by haste, nor by hap, but what needs to be done, that must ye do while ye are in the way."



Then because of the love that Sir Lancelot bore to Martimor he gave him his own armour, and the good spear wherewith he had unhorsed many knights, and the sword that he took from Sir Peris de Forest Savage that distressed all ladies, but his shield he gave not, for therein his own remembrance was blazoned. So he let make a new shield, and in the corner was painted a blue flower that was nameless, and this he gave to Martimor, saying: "Thou shalt name it when thou hast found it, and so shalt thou have both crest and motto."

"Now am I well beseen," cried Martimor, "and my adventures are before me. Which way shall I ride, and where shall I find them?"

"Ride into the wind," said Lancelot, "and what chance soever it blows thee, thereby do thy best, as it were the first and the last. Take not thy hand from it until it be fulfilled. So shalt thou most worthily achieve knighthood."

Then they embraced like brothers; and each bade other keep him well; and Sir Lancelot in leather jerkin, with naked head, but with his shield and sword, rode to the south toward Camelot; and Martimor rode into the wind, westward, over the hill.

#### HOW MARTIMOR CAME TO THE MILL AND THERE WAS STAYED IN A DELAY.

So by wildsome ways and in strange countries and through many waters and valleys rode Martimor forty days, but adventure met him none, blow the wind never so fierce or fickle. Neither dragons, nor giants, nor false knights, nor distressed ladies, nor fays, nor kings imprisoned could he find. "These are ill times for adventure," said he, "the world is full of meat and sleepy. Now must I ride farther afield and undertake some ancient, famous quest wherein other knights have failed and fallen. Either I shall follow the Questing Beast with Sir Palamides, or I shall find

Merlin under the great stone whereunder the Lady of the Lake enchanted him and deliver him from that enchantment, or I shall assay the cleansing of the Forest Perilous, or I shall win the favour of La Belle Dame Sans Merci, or mayhap I shall adventure the quest of the Sangreal. One or other of these will I achieve, or bleed the best blood of my body." Thus pondering and dreaming he came by the road down a gentle hill with close woods on either hand, and so into a valley with a swift river flowing through it, and on the river a Mill.

So white it stood among the trees, and so merrily whirled the wheel as the water turned it, and so bright blossomed the flowers in the garden, that Martimor had joy of the sight, for it minded him of his own country. "But here is no adventure!" thought he, and made to ride by. Even then came a young maid suddenly through the garden crying and wringing her hands. And when she saw him she cried him help.

At this then Martimor alighted quickly and ran into the garden, where the young maid soon led him to the mill-pond, which was great and deep, and made him understand that her little hound was swept away by the water and was near to perishing. There saw he a red and white brachet, caught by the swift stream, that ran into the race, fast swimming as ever he could swim, yet by no means able to escape. Then Martimor stripped off his harness and leaped into the water and did marvellously to rescue the little hound. But ever the fierce river dragged his legs and buffeted him, and hurtled at him, and drew him down, as it were an enemy wrestling with him, so that he had much ado to come where the brachet was, and more to win back again, with the brachet in his arm, to the dry land.

Which when he had done, he was clean forespent and fell upon the ground as a dead man. At this the young maid wept yet more bitterly than she had wept for her hound, and cried aloud, "Alas, if so goodly a man should spend



his life for my little brachet!" So she took his head upon her knee and cherished him and beat the palms of his hands, and the hound licked his face. And when Martimor opened his eyes he saw the face of the maid that it was fair as any flower.

Then was she shamed, and put him gently from her knee, and began to thank him, and to praise him, and to ask with what she might reward him for the saving of the brachet.

"A night's lodging and a day's cheer," quoth Martimor.

"As long as thee liketh," said she, "for my father, the Miller, will return ere sundown, and right gladly will he have a guest so brave."

"Longer might I like," said he, "but longer may I not stay, for I ride in a quest and seek great adventures to become a knight."

So they bestowed the horse in the stable, and went into the Mill; and when the Miller was come home they had such good cheer with eating of venison and pan-cakes, and drinking of hydromel, and singing of pleasant ballads, that Martimor forgot he was in a delay. And going to his bed in a fair garret he dreamed of the Maid of the Mill, whose name was Lirette.

#### HOW THE MILL WAS IN DANGER AND THE DELAY ENDURED.

In the morning Martimor lay late and thought large thoughts of his quest, and whither it might lead him, and to what honour it should bring him. As he dreamed thus, suddenly he heard in the hall below a trampling of feet and a shouting, with the voice of Lirette crying and shrieking. With that he sprang out of his bed, and caught up his sword and dagger, leaping lightly and fiercely down the stair.

There he saw three foul churls, whereof two strove with the Miller, beating him with great clubs, while the third would master the Maid and drag her

away, but she fought shrewdly. Then Martimor rushed upon the churls, shouting for joy, and there was a great medley of breaking chairs and tables and cursing and smiting, and with his sword he gave horrible strokes.

One of the knaves that fought the Miller, he smote upon the shoulder and clave him. And at the other he foined fiercely so that the point of the sword went through his back and stuck fast in the wall. But the third knave, that was the biggest and the blackest, and strove to bear away the Maid, left hold of her, and leaped upon Martimor and caught him by the middle, and crushed him so that his ribs cracked.

Thus they weltered and wrung together, and now one of them was above and now the other; and ever as they wallowed Martimor smote him with his dagger, but there came forth no blood, only water.

And then the black churl broke away from him and ran quickly out at the door of the mill, and Martimor after. So they ran through the garden to the river, and there the churl sprang into the water, and swept away raging and foaming. And as he went he shouted, "Yet will I put thee to the worse, and mar the Mill, and have the Maid!"

Then Martimor cried: "Never while I live will thou mar the Mill or have the Maid, thou foul, black churl!" So he returned to the Mill, and there the damsel Lirette made him to understand that these three churls were long time enemies of the Mill and sought ever to destroy it and to do despite to her and her father. One of them was named Ignis, and another was Ventus, and these were the twain that he had smitten. But the third, that fled down the river (and he was ever the fiercest and the most outrageous), his name was Flumen, for he dwelt in the caves of the stream, and was the master of it before the Mill was built.

"And now," wept the maid, "he must



have had his will with me and with the Mill, but for God's mercy, thanked be our Lord Jesus !”

“Thank me too,” said Martimor.

“So I do,” said Lirette, and she kissed him. “Yet am I heavy at heart and fearful, for my father is sorely mishandled and his arm is broken, so that he can not tend the Mill nor guard it. And Flumen is escaped ; surely he will harm us again. Now I know not, where shall I look for help ?”

“Why not here ?” said Martimor.

Then Lirette looked him in the face, smiling a little sorrily. “But thou ridest in a quest,” quoth she, “thou mayst not stay from thy adventures.”

“A month,” said he.

“Till my father be well ?” said she.

“A month,” said he.

“Till thou hast put Flumen to the worse ?” said she.

“Right willingly would I have to do with that base, slippery knave again,” said he, “but more than a month I may not stay, for my quest calls me and I must win worship of men or ever I become a knight.”

So they bound up the Miller's wounds and set the Mill in order. But Martimor had much to do to learn the working of the Mill ; and they were busied with the grinding of wheat and rye and barley and divers kinds of grain ; and the Miller's hurts were mended every day ; and at night there was merry rest and good cheer ; and Martimor talked with the Maid of the great adventure that he must find ; and thus the delay endured in pleasant wise.

YET MORE OF THE MILL, AND OF THE  
SAME DELAY, ALSO OF A DAMSEL.

Now at the end of the third month, which was November, Martimor made Lirette to understand that it was high time he should ride further to follow his quest. For the Miller was now recovered, and it was long that they had heard and seen naught of Flumen, and

doubtless that black knave was well routed and dismayed that he would not come again.

Then Lirette prayed him and desired him that he would tarry yet one week. But Martimor said No ! for his adventures were before him, and that he could not be happy save by the doing of great deeds and the winning of knightly fame. Then he showed her the blue flower in his shield that was nameless, and told her how Sir Lancelot had said that he must find it, then should he name it and have both crest and motto.

“Does it grow in my garden ?” said Lirette.

“I have not seen it,” said he, “and now the flowers are all faded.”

“Perhaps in the month of May ?” said she.

“In that month I will come again,” said he, “for by that time it may fortune that I shall achieve my quest, but now forth must I fare.”

So there was sad cheer in the Mill that day, and at night there came a fierce storm, with howling wind and plumping rain, and Martimor slept ill. About the break of day he was wakened by a great roaring and pounding ; then he looked out of the window, and saw the river in flood, with black waves spuming and raving, like wood beasts, and driving before them great logs and broken trees. Thus the river hurled and hammered at the mill-dam so that it trembled, and the logs leaped as they would spring over it, and the voice of Flumen shouted hoarsely and hungrily, “Yet will I mar the Mill and have the Maid !”

Then Martimor ran with the Miller out upon the dam, and they laboured at the gates that held the river back, and thrust away the logs that were heaped over them, and cut with axes, and fought with the river. So at last two of the gates were lifted and one was broken, and the flood ran down ramping and roaring in great raundon, and as it



ran the black face of Flumen sprang above it, crying, "Yet will I mar both Mill and Maid!"

"That shalt thou never do," cried Martimor, "by fair or foul, while the life beats in my body."

So he came back with the Miller into the Mill, and there was meat ready for them, and they ate strongly and with good heart. "Now," said the Miller, "must I mend the gate. But how it may be done, I know not, for surely this will be great travail for a man alone."

"Why alone?" said Martimor.

"Thou wilt stay, then?" said Lirette.

"Yea," said he.

"For another month?" said she.

"Till the gate be mended," said he.

But when the gate was mended, there came another flood and brake the second gate. And when that was mended there came another flood and brake the third gate.

Yet even when all three were mended, firm and fast, being bound with iron, still the grimly river hurled over the dam, and the voice of Flumen muttered in the dark of winter nights, "Yet will I mar—mar—mar—yet will I mar Mill and Maid!"

"Oho!" said Martimor, "this is a durable and dogged knave. Art thou feared of him, Lirette?"

"Not so," said she, "for thou art stronger. But fear have I of the day when thou ridest forth in thy quest."

"Well, as to that," said he, "when I have overcome this false devil Flumen, then will we consider that day."

So the delay continued, and Martimor was both busy and happy at the Mill, for he liked and loved this damsel well, and was fain of her company. Moreover, the strife with Flumen was great joy to him.

HOW THE MONTH OF MAY CAME TO  
THE MILL, AND THE DELAY WAS  
MADE LONGER.

Now when the month of May came

to the Mill it brought a plenty of sweet flowers, and Lirette wrought in the garden. With her, when the day was spent and the sun rested upon the edge of the hill, went Martimor, and she showed him all her flowers that were blue. But none of them was like the flower on his shield.

"Is it this?" she cried, giving him a violet.

"Too dark," said he.

"Then here it is," she said, plucking a posy of forget-me-not.

"Too light," said he.

"Surely this is it," and she brought him a spray of blue-bells.

"Too slender," said he, "and well I ween that I may not find that flower till I ride farther in my quest and achieve great adventure."

Then was the Maid cast down, and Martimor was fain to comfort her.

So while they walked thus in the garden, the days were fair and still, and the river ran lowly and slowly, as it were full of gentleness, and Flumen had amended him of his evil ways.

But full of craft was that false foe. For now that the gates were firm and strong, he found a way down through the corner of the dam, where a water-rat had burrowed, and there the water went seeping and creeping, gnawing ever at the hidden breach. Presently in the night came a mizzling rain, and far among the hills a cloud broke open, and the mill-pond flowed over and under, and the dam crumbled away, and the Mill shook, and the whole river ran roaring through the garden.

Then was Martimor wonderly wroth, because the river had blotted out the Maid's flowers. "And one day," she cried, holding fast to him and trembling, "one day Flumen will have me, when thou art gone."

"Not so," he answered. "By the faith of my body, that foul fiend shall never have thee. I will bind him, I will compel him, or die in the deed."

So he went forth upward along the



river till he came to a straight place among the hills. There was a great rock full of caves and hollows, and there the water whirled and bubbled in furious wise. "Here," said he, "is the hold of the knave Flumen, and if I may cut through above this rock and make a dyke with a gate in it, to let down the water another way when the floods come, so shall I spoil him of his craft, and put him to the worse."

Then he toiled day and night to make the dyke, and ever by night Flumen came and strove with him, and did all in his power to cast him down and strangle him. But Martimor stood fast and drove him back.

And at last, as they writhed and whapped together, they fell headlong into the stream.

"Ho-o!" shouted Flumen; "now will I drown thee, and mar the Mill and the Maid."

But Martimor gripped him by the neck, and thrust his head betwixt the leaves of the gate and shut them fast, so that his eyes stood out like gobbets of foam, and his black tongue hung from his mouth like a water-weed.

"Now shalt thou swear never to mar Mill nor Maid, but meekly to serve them," cried Martimor.

Then Flumen sware by wind and wave, by storm and stream, by rain and river, by pond and pool, by flood and fountain, by dyke and dam.

"These be changeable things," said Martimor; "swear by the name of God."

So he sware, and even as the Name passed his teeth, the gobbets of foam floated forth from the gate, and the water-weed writhed away with the stream, and the river flowed fair and softly, with a sound like singing.

Then Martimor came back to the Mill, and told how Flumen was overcome and made to swear a pact. Thus their hearts waxed light, and they kept that day as it were a love-day.

HOW MARTIMOR BLED FOR A LADY  
AND LIVED FOR A MAID, AND HOW  
HIS GREAT ADVENTURE ENDED AND  
BEGAN AT THE MILL.

Now leave we of the Mill and Martimor and the Maid, and let us speak of a certain Lady, passing tall and fair and young. This was the Lady Beauvivante, that was daughter to King Pellinore. And three false knights took her by craft from her father's court and led her away. But she escaped from them as they slept by a well, and came riding on a white palfrey, over hill and dale, as fast as ever she could drive.

Thus she came to the Mill, and her palfrey was spent, and there she took refuge, beseeching Martimor that he would hide her and defend her from those caitiff knights that must soon follow.

"Of hiding," said he, "will I hear naught, but of defending am I full fain. For this have I waited."

Then he made ready his horse and his armour, and took both spear and sword, and stood forth on the bridge, that was strait so that none could pass there but singly, and that not till Martimor yielded or was beaten down.

Then came the three knights that followed the Lady, riding fiercely down the hill. And when they came about ten spear-lengths from the bridge they halted and stood still as it had been a plump of wood. One rode in black, and one rode in yellow, and the third rode in black and yellow. So they cried Martimor that he should give them passage, for they followed a quest.

"Passage takes, who passage makes," cried Martimor, "for right well I know your quest, and it is a foul one."

Then the knight in black rode at him lightly, but Martimor encountered him with the spear and smote him backward from his horse, that his head struck the coping of the bridge and broke his neck. Then came the knight



in yellow walloping heavily, and him the spear pierced through the midst of the body and brast in three pieces. So he fell on his back and the life went out of him, but the spear stuck fast and stood up from his breast as a stake.

Then the knight in black and yellow, that was as big as both his brethren, gave a terrible shout, and rode at Martimor like a wood lion. But he fended with his shield that the spear went aside, and they clapped together like thunder, and both horses were overthrown.

And lightly they avoided their horses and rushed together, tracing, racing, and foining. Such strokes they gave that great pieces fell off their harness and their shields, and they staggered to and fro like drunken men. Then they hurtled together like rams and each battered other the wind out of his body. So they sat either on one side of the bridge, to take their breath, glaring the one at the other as two owls. Then they stepped together and fought freshly, smiting and thrusting, wagging and scattering, panting, blowing, and bleeding, for the space of two hours. So the knight in black and yellow, because he was heavier, drave Martimor backward step by step till he came to the crown of the bridge, and there fell grovelling. At this the Lady Beauvante shrieked and wailed, but the damsel Lirette cried loudly, "Up! Martimor, strike again!"

Then the courage came into his body, and with a great might he abraid upon his feet, and smote the black and yellow knight upon the helm by an overstroke so fierce that the sword sheared away the third part of his head, as it had been a rotten cheese. So he lay upon the bridge, and the blood ran out of him. And Martimor smote off the rest of his head quite, and cast it into the river. Likewise did he with the other twain that lay dead beyond the bridge. And he cried, "Hide me these black eggs, Flumen, that hatched evil thoughts." So the river bore them swiftly away.

Then Martimor came into the Mill, all for-bled. "Now are we free, lady," he cried, and fell down in a swoon. Then the Lady and the Maid wept full sore and made great dole and unlaced his helm; and Lirette cherished him tenderly to recover his life.

So while they were thus busied and distressed, came Sir Lancelot with a great company of knights and squires riding for to rescue the princess. When he came to the bridge all bedashed with blood, and the bodies of the knights headless, "Now, by my lady's name," said he, "here has been good fighting, and those three caitiffs are slain; by whose hand I wonder?"

So he came into the Mill, and there he found Martimor recovered of his swoon, and had maveinous joy of him, when he heard how he had wrought.

"Now art thou proven worthy of the noble order of knighthood," said Lancelot, and forthwith he dubbed him knight.

Then he said that Sir Martimor should ride with him to the court of King Pellinore, to receive a castle and a fair lady to wife, for doubtless the King would deny him nothing to reward the rescue of his daughter.

But Martimor stood in a muse; then, said he, "May a knight have his free will and choice of castles, where he will abide?"

"Within the law," said Lancelot, "and by the King's word, he may."

"Then choose I the Mill," said Martimor, "for here will I dwell."

"Freely spoken," said Lancelot, laughing, "so art thou Sir Martimor of the Mill; no doubt the King will confirm it. And now what sayest thou of ladies?"

"May a knight have his free will and choice here also?" said he.

"According to his fortune," said Lancelot, "and by the lady's favour, he may."

"Well, then," said Sir Martimor taking Lirette by the hand, "this Maid is to me liefer to have and to wield as my wife



than any dame or princess that is christened."

"What, brother," said Sir Lancelot, "is the wind in that quarter? And will the maid have thee?"

"I will well," said Lirette.

"Now are you well provided," said Sir Lancelot, "with knighthood, and a castle, and a lady. Lacks but a motto

and a name for the flower which is in thy shield."

"He that names it shall never find it," said Sir Martimor, "and he that finds it needs no name."

So Lirette rejoiced Sir Martimor and loved together during their life-days; and this is the end and the beginning of the Story of the Mill.



## DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Do you fear the force of the wind,  
The slash of the rain?  
Go face them and fight them,  
Be savage again.  
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,  
Go wade like the crane.  
The palms of your hands will thicken,  
The skin of your cheek will tan;  
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,  
But you'll walk like a man!





## “APRIL IS HERE”

By KATHLEEN W. GILBERT

UNDER the shade of a newly budding hedge one bright sunny morning, there might have been seen the figure of a woman young, beautiful and graceful, lying asleep. The fresh keen wind swept the masses of her pale golden hair across her cheeks and fluttered the folds of the dusky coloured cloak which was drawn closely round her.

It was so early, the sun having only just risen, that the birds were scarcely yet stirring, but as the first low thrilling note burst into song the sleeper awoke. Raising herself on one hand she gazed dreamily around her, the cloak fell from her shoulders and her hair sank back into its place. Surely such beauty was never seen as in the faint, delicate colouring of her rounded cheeks, in the blue eyes which rivalled the sky and bespoke sweetness, gaiety, mischief, and even petulance and temper, or the smiling happy lips which just now were parted with an expression that had something of wonder in it.

This lovely maiden rose to her feet, and slightly shivering, drew the dusky coloured cloak round her—the faintly tinted folds of the dress she wore could not shelter her from the keenness of the wind—and with her bare feet tripping over the soft grass, in pure happiness she burst into merry laughter and ran away.

She had not seen (indeed it was while she slept) a figure wrapped in a cloak—more dingy than her own—with slow faltering steps pause beside her couch of moss, and with thin hands tightly clasped as if in agony and pitiful quivering lips,



bend down and in a voice like the sighing of the wind, whisper :—" My life is over, my work is done." Then raising her eyes and gazing sadly at the budding trees and flowers she added :—" But let not the world forget it *was* my work ;" and crushing her hands passionately together the figure glided away and vanished.

Meanwhile the happy maiden was dancing on her way. The flowers and the trees seemed glad to welcome her, and as she ran she cried to them again and again that she was their queen, that she held Nature's reins in her own two slender hands. She still wore the cloak round her shoulders, for the wind was cold yet ; but she was too happy herself to heed how the primrose buds quivered and shook in the cutting blast, and when one bending tree whispered in her ear as she passed a wish that the wind would be more gentle, she wrinkled her pretty forehead angrily, and shaking her cloak petulantly the wind grew worse.

It was after several days of happy industry, for she was doing Nature's work well, that the maiden came suddenly across an old, old man. His face was careworn and wrinkled, his beard long and white ; and hidden in the folds of his loose cloak he carried something sharp and curved. The maiden stood wonderingly before him, unconscious perhaps how beautiful she looked. The cloak hung very loosely on her shoulders now, and her delicately tinted dress was wafted gently about her pretty bare feet ; around her everywhere flowers were budding and springing into life, and she had placed a wreath of yellow daffodils on her yellow hair.

The old man gazed at her in silence and turned away.

" Old man ! " cried the maiden angrily, " why did you turn away ? "

" I cannot stay," replied the man, still moving on.

A cloud seemed to pass over her sunny face.

" Do you know," she asked, " that you are speaking to one who has the reins of the earth in her hands ? "

" Aye, I know it," came the now distant voice of the grey-bearded man " I know you have it—as others have had it—for a time—only for a time."

" For a time ? " echoed the maiden, raising her voice to a pitch that showed a storm was pending ; which burst as the voice of the old man came back to her :—

" Yes, fair maiden, but for a time."

Her blue eyes filled, and fretfully shaking her cloak she burst into tears. With her eyes still glistening, she continued her way, but presently, in the delight of working amongst the trees and flowers, she forgot the cause of her anger—and the sun shone again.

Nearly every day the maiden met this grey-haired man, and one morning he walked slowly past her as she lay idly by a running brook, one hand thrown carelessly into the clear water, the other partially holding the cloak round her shoulders. She looked up saucily as she saw him, and waved an invitation for him to come and sit by her side, but the old man shook his head.

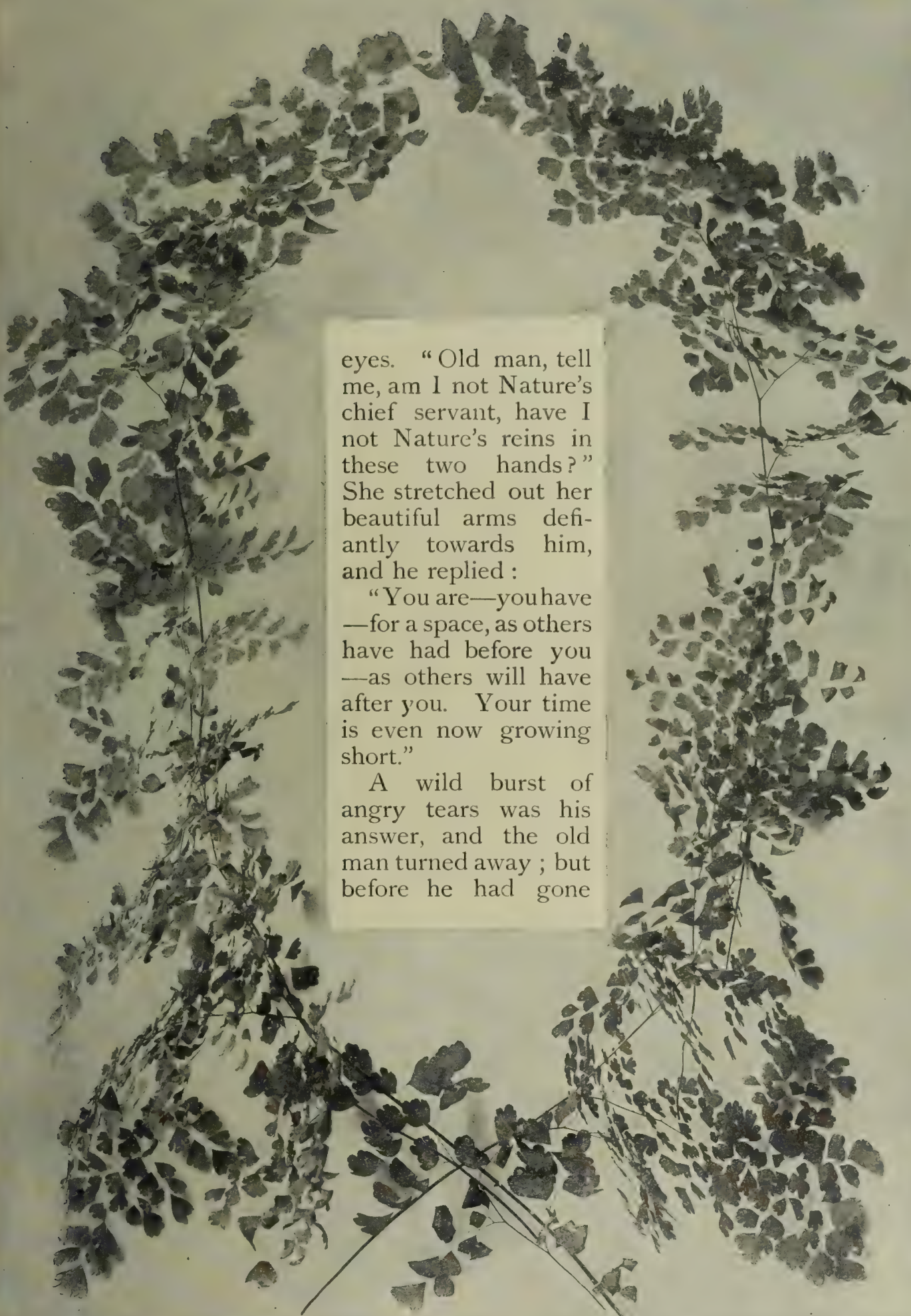
" I may not stay—I may not be idle, I must go on—go on for ever."

The maiden raised herself. " As for that," she said, " I may as well say that too ; that is the pleasure of my life, that I am here for ever, watching this earth which is in my hands, noticing each flower, as it grows from youth to perfection."

A light so gentle and tender shone in her eyes that the old man gazed at her in pity, but clasping that sharp curved weapon he ever carried with a tighter grasp, he answered somewhat sternly : " Maiden, your time upon this earth is limited, as others have found it—those that have gone before you, and as those that come after you will find it."

" Before me—after me ? " she questioned, an angry light flashing in her





eyes. "Old man, tell me, am I not Nature's chief servant, have I not Nature's reins in these two hands?" She stretched out her beautiful arms defiantly towards him, and he replied :

"You are—you have—for a space, as others have had before you—as others will have after you. Your time is even now growing short."

A wild burst of angry tears was his answer, and the old man turned away ; but before he had gone



very far the maiden was at his side, looking up into his aged face with a penitent smile shining through her tears.

"Old man," she said, "wait with me, for I would know many things."

"I must not wait," was his reply; "others may live, others may die, but I must go on for ever."

Her tears began to fall again. "Why," she sobbed, should you not die, why—but I will *not* die," she added wildly. Then: "Tell me," she asked suddenly, again walking by his side, and letting her cloak drag along the ground, "who are you that you live on for ever?"

Her lips were now parted with a dawning smile, and the old man said:

"My name is Time."

"And who am I?" she asked timidly.

"Your name is April," he replied in the same gruff tone. "You are one of twelve sisters," he continued, "who live on this earth in turn. March—poor discontented maid, half wishing to beautify the earth and yet half clinging to the shades and chills—died when you awoke to continue the task of brightening and making beautiful the earth."

"And you imply," said April, "that I shall not finish that task."

"And neither you shall," was Time's reply. "You only help it on a little way; she that comes after you—" he paused.

"Will she finish it?" April asked, her voice pitched in its highest key.

Time shook his head. "The work will not be finished till the year be dead."

April thought a moment with puckered brows; suddenly smiling she raised her head. "Ah, Father Time," she said, "then we shall come again next year, and every year, and begin again?"

"April," said Time, pausing in his rapid walk for the space of a moment, "I have ever found your namesakes the most difficult to convince. You laughing, mischief-loving Aprils cling so passionately to life. No, fair April! once you fall asleep in death, this earth will never see you more."

"And next year?" she asked breathlessly.

"Next year another April will be at my side, laughing, crying, as you."

"*Cannot* I come again?" she asked pitifully.

"No," he said, "of all my many years never once has the same April come back to me. Alike you must necessarily be, but never the same."

Flourishing his weapon, Time at a greater pace continued his way, and April, flinging her beautiful arms round a tree for support, drooped her golden head and sobbed, bitter, silent, almost sullen tears, while the trees and rushes moaned for very sympathy, and a soft rain falling filled the flowers' eyes with tears as silent and wistful as April's own.

And so for many days April's face continued to wear a gloomy and sullen expression; no smile lighted for one instant her heavy eyes, which besides were red with weeping. A chill, melancholy atmosphere hung over the earth, as April drawing round her the cloak, which of late she had almost discarded, glided silently over the damp grass.

One day as she was walking restlessly to and fro, she came face to face with Father Time. Without any greeting, he took a lock of her beautiful hair in his horny hands, and after studying it closely, asked if she noticed any change in it.

"It is more golden, richer in colour, more beautiful," she said curtly, tossing her head and so dragging her hair from the old man's grasp.

"Just so," was his reply. "Your face is rounder and of a deeper colour, your form is taller and more supple—what does all this show?"

"That I am more beautiful," she replied; in her vanity throwing aside her cloak and standing in her beauty before him, the soft dress folding gently round her. A smile even began to shine through the gloom of her face, like the sun peeping out between black clouds.





DAFFODILS AND TULIPS.



"Even so," was Time's reply, making as though to move on. "Have a care, maiden, that your life is not ended before your task is done."

"What has that to do with my beauty?" asked April, wondering, though still defiant.

"I only strive to point out to you a lesson from your ripening beauty," somewhat sadly replied Time; and, catching at his meaning, the smile that was dawning disappeared from April's face, and, pouting, she stood sullenly before him.

Time caught her roughly by the hand. "Is it *fair*," he asked, "that this earth should suffer for the whims and fancies of such as you? Look round you; the flowers would rise and shake the tears from their eyes, but that *you*, their pattern, moan and sulk all day—your days are even now numbered."

April stood trembling before him; her anger melted away, and, lifting her glistening eyes, smiled pitifully as she answered:

"I will be good, oh! I will be good. Tell me," she added, slipping her hand in his, "tell me how I can employ the time I have left me." She said this with such pathetic earnestness that Time, wondering, did not answer for a minute, then he said: "By smiling, child; smiling your own sweetest smiles, and then the earth will love you more."

"Then the earth does love me?"

"Yes, indeed, you are the forerunner of the golden summertide."

"Then it is only because I hint to them that there is one better than I coming that they love me—not for myself?" April pressed her hands to her heart as she spoke.

"Nay, gentle maid, they love *you*. Is it not you that put all the first green on to the trees, bring to blossom all the early flowers? You tell them that the winter is over, and that the summer is at hand."

"Ah! yes," replied April, "that the summer is at hand. Father Time," she

added presently, "I am jealous of that summer." The smiles vanished from her face, and with glistening eyes and drooping lips she turned her head away.

She did not speak again until she paused beside a bush, and, bending her head, seemed to whisper a greeting to it; then she looked up at Time.

"This," she said, softly touching the budding leaves with her white fingers, "is my best friend. What is its name?"

"The world calls that a rose," replied Time.

"And the flower?"

"Beautiful, beautiful," replied Time gruffly.

"Ah! I thought so," April replied. "I knew it must be so. Though now with its bare stalks it is ugly, yet I feel drawn to it, and sometimes," looking up with a bright swift smile, "I feel I cannot wait for the time for it to blossom, so impatient am I to see it, touch it, and smell it." She spoke dreamily, and Time looked sadly at her, then said abruptly:

"April, that blossom you will never see; that is the summer's own flower."

April looked up startled, then sank down with a low cry by the side of her favourite plant. She had no heart to deny it, and only moaned out her sorrow, and Time, pitying her, passed on.

Presently April rose, and then pressing her trembling lips on the plant's young buds, she caught up her cloak, and ran lightly away with brave smiles chasing away the tears. When she came to where the violet grew in glorious profusion, she whispered, bending over them: "At least I have seen you, sweet flowers, and you are mine, for some are dying even now." She stretched her arms over them, and murmured softly: "My own, my *own*!" and then she passed on from flower to flower, with smiling lips but tearful eyes.

From this day Time began to haunt her almost hourly, and one day April caught him sharpening his scythe. She asked him what he was doing, and gruff



Time replied : "The year is growing older, that is all."

April shivered and grew pale, but turning to a bed of flowers and crushing some blossoms to her heart, she strove to regain her courage, and then, with a wild burst of sobs, she flung herself at Time's feet.

"Not yet, dear Father Time, not yet. Oh ! let me live, I pray you, let me live ! I cannot die. I love the earth, and dare not leave it."

Then a shadow fell upon her, and, lifting her eyes, April saw a vision. For a moment the shadow of a young maiden with fairer, fresher, fuller beauty than her own, with her arms full of flowers, passed before her. But drawing her hands across her eyes, the vision

faded, and April, raising herself proudly, said : "No, she shall not find me weeping." With her two hands she parted her hair from her eyes, then, trailing her cloak with one hand behind her, she began to walk silently among the flowers, Time dogging her footsteps persistently. As she turned once he was gazing at her sadly with his hand on the scythe ; the next he had it raised in the air, and April, knowing her time had come, flung her cloak from her, and, stretching her arms up to the blue sky above, burst into a sweet song like the carolling of birds, then, without a tear or sigh, but with a beautiful smile on her lips, she sank down among the dying daffodils and violets, and fair, young May stood shyly in her place.



AZALEAS.



## TREACHERY IN THE CAMP

By W. G. YARCOTT

"I T'S cheek wot gets people on," said Mr. James Stoker, generally known, for some mysterious reason, as "Nibby." "It's cheek. If I 'ad my desserts I'd be drivin' 'alf-a-dozen cabs of my own now, 'stead of 'anging about this shelter, an' looking after other blokes' gees. I've been too bashful. Never thought much of myself, so other folk ain't thought much of me."

"Ah!" observed a spruce young "hansom," with a wink at the other two drivers who formed the remainder of Nibby's audience. "Ah! There's a lot in wot you say."

"Yus," said the modest and flattered Nibby. "It's cheek wot does it. There was a man I knew once, 'e 'ad some cheek if yer like; an' now 'e's got a wife an' a cookshop an' twins. When I knew 'im we was lodgin' in the same 'ouse, an' 'is room was next to mine. Well! 'e 'ad to be up at five ev'ry mornin'; but, bless yer, 'e couldn't do it. Talk about sleep, I never did! 'E slept 'eavier 'n a ton of lead. Consistence 'e was always late. Well, one day 'e brings home a big alarm clock, an' he says to me: 'I ain't never going to be late no more!' Next morning I wakes up all of a sudden, thinkin' somethin' 'ad 'appened. There was a 'orrible screechin', rattlin' noise louder'n murder. I sits up an' finds it's 'is blessed alarm clock goin' off. I covers up my ears with the blankets, but lor! that wasn't no good. Five blessed minutes that thing went on afore it run down. Course, I couldn't get to sleep after that, an' there was I, stark starin' wide awake at five in the mornin', an' me not 'avin' to get up till seven. Well, I stood it for a week; then I says to 'im: 'Look 'ere, you'll have to drown that clock o' your'n. It's woke me up

reglar at five every blessed mornin'!' 'E looks at me 'ard for a minute, then 'e says, surprised-like: 'Wot, does it go off? I thought it was a wrong 'un. I never 'ear it!' 'Don't yer?' says I. 'Well, I do.' 'Fancy me not 'earing it,' he says. 'I am glad I wasn't done over it. Tell you what we'll do. When it wakes you up, you come into my room and wake *me up*! Then it'll be all right. See?' Talk about cheek! Right you are. I'm coming."

Nibby hastened away to greet a new-comer.

The spruce young driver—Jackson by name—grinned.

"Rum old chap, ain't 'e?" he remarked.

"Yes," said another. "'E ain't by no means a bad sort though. There's worse than old Nibby about. 'E's been 'ere nigh on fifteen year now, and I never 'eard anyone say a word against 'im."

"That so?" said Jackson. Then he became thoughtful.

Later in the day he found an opportunity to speak with Nibby alone.

"Look here," he said mysteriously, "wot would you say if I was to come an' put ten quid into your 'and?"

"Get off the earth!" returned Nibby, in disgust. "Wot would *you* say if I come and told you you'd won the Victoria Cross a-walkin' in yer sleep?"

"But I ain't jokin'. I'm as serious as old 'forty-bob-or-a-month.' Fact is, I've been athinkin' over wot you sed to-day, and it's quite right—you 'ave been too modest and retiring like. Now wot I think is this: I'll get up a sort of friendly lead for you. Reg'lar thing, you know—bit of singin' and music and a collection. I'll make all the arrangements and all that, and start off the collection with a



sovereign. See? That's just to start 'em off. You're to give me that back afterwards and a couple of pounds or so for my trouble. Leave it all to me, and don't you know nothing about it. It's got to come as a sort of pleasant surprise to you. See?"

Nibby did see, and it seemed to him the most brilliant suggestion he had ever heard. Now that the matter was broached he felt a mild surprise that nobody had ever made such a proposition to him before. He was so obviously fitted to receive some such token of appreciation.

He gazed at Jackson in admiration.

"Wot a wonderful 'ed-piece you've got," he said. "Ah! and what a kind 'art to think of an old knacker like me."

"Now, now, never mind that," responded Jackson, deprecatingly. "I likes to see true merit rewarded."

"So do I," said the to-be-honoured one, feelingly.

Nibby assumed an important air that night, when his wife returned from the washing, by which she added to the household income.

"Sarah, a miracle 'appened to-day," he announced.

She looked at him suspiciously.

"A miracle?" she repeated. "'Ow? Didn't you 'ave no beer?"

Nibby overlooked this sarcastic reference to his weakness.

"A hangel came to me to-day," he said. "A hangel. You wouldn't 'ave known 'im as such, but there's many a soft 'art 'id be'ind a cabman's weskit, an' Joe Jackson's a real hangel if there ever was one. Wot d'yer think 'e's goin' to do?"

The lady meditated for a moment, then volunteered the suggestion that Mr. Jackson's being an angel was, perhaps, going to reform all bad and worthless people, commencing with drunkards.

"Don't you try to be funny," warmed Nibby, somewhat ruffled. "Just you listen."

He outlined the plan that the ingenious Jackson had arranged, concluding with solemn emphasis:

"'E says I'll get at least ten pounds; an' very likely"—this with magnificent condescension—"I'll give you 'alf-sovereign out of it."

Mrs. Stoker did not seem exactly overwhelmed by this meditated generosity, but Nibby was too busily engaged in planning future (solitary) joys to notice her lack of enthusiasm.

The succeeding fortnight passed like a blissful dream to Nibby. He lived in a paradise of anticipation. In odd moments he worked out small sums on the wall with a piece of chalk.

One evening Jackson confided to him the progress made.

"This is going to be a big thing," he said. "Everybody's in favour of it. We've got a committee of four, and a chairman. Old Ben Tuffet's the chairman. I'm just one of the committee."

"Ah!", said Nibby, with face abeam. "It *is* true then. I'd begun to think I'd dreamt it all."

"It's costing me a bit, you know," remarked the other, cautiously. "I've paid for the tickets—and—and things. Tell you wot, I don't want to seem greedy, so I'll just take the first five pounds and let you 'ave all the rest."

Nibby's jaw dropped.

"Five pounds," he gasped, wondering whether the affair was for his benefit, or Jackson's.

"Five pounds," said the other firmly. "If you don't like it, say so, and we'll let the whole thing drop."

"No, no!" said Nibby hastily. "It's all right, only—— it's all right." *Zb!w*

But it was an indignant Nibby that poured the tale of Jackson's avarice in Mrs. Stoker's ears that night.

"H'm," commented the lady. "Just wot I thought. Nice old hangel for yer, ain't 'e. It's a case of one for you and two for 'isself. Look 'ere, don't you be done. I'll tell you wot to do."

Then Mrs. Stoker suggested to her



doleful spouse a little plan, a simple little plot to punish the disgraceful conduct of Jackson, and as the plot unfolded the face of Nibby grew bright in the sun, and he radiated admiration on the lady.

"That's prime. That'll do the greedy chap. Ho! Ho! That'll be a surprise for him. Lor', what a mind you've got Sarah."

"'Aven't I," said the ingenious lady in justifiable self-admiration.

\* \* \* \* \*

The auspicious night arrived. The concert and club room of the "Driver's Gloves," kindly lent for the occasion by the host thereof, was packed with an enthusiastic assembly of cabmen and their wives. It seemed amazing that so many drivers could be present without appreciably reducing the number of cabs in the streets.

The chairmanship of Old Ben Tuffet was a masterpiece of diplomacy. The charming innocence with which he called upon certain members of the meeting to sing was only matched by the surprise of the said members at being so unexpectedly called upon. And the rapturous applause that rewarded each effort would have gratified the heart of a Patti or Paderewski.

The only unfortunate incident that hampered the general harmony of the proceedings was the wrath of Ginger Bates, who volunteered an encore to his song of nine verses, but was politely, though firmly, informed that encores could not be permitted. He chose to consider it a personal affront, and extended an invitation to any two of the committee to go outside and see the matter out like men. Yet even he was pacified by the chairman's private message to the effect that they were reserving his second song as gem of the second part of the programme.

The psychological moment came. The chairman, who had been very thoughtful for a few minutes, rose, and placed his hand affectionately on the

shoulder of Nibby, who, as the guest of the evening, had with his wife been seated by the chairman's side. He cleared his throat, and the room grew quiet.

"Ladies," he said, "and mates, you all knows well enough wot I'm going to say, so I shant say it. I'll just say as our old friend Nibby Stoker ain't 'ad the best of luck in his life, and I look to you to 'elp 'im now as much as you can. Our young friend, Mr. Jackson, 'ere, 'as kindly agreed to speak for a minute on Nibby's behalf, so I'll just shut up and let 'm do the talkin'. Mr. Jackson, I calls upon you."

Jackson rose with conscious modesty and launched out as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen. As the originator of this meeting of Nibby's friends, I suppose I ought to say a few words, but really, I don't think I can do more than to urge you to contribute as much as you can to the plate. I needn't say 'ow glad I am to see such a lot of you 'ere, and I'm sure Nibby's 'art must be just boiling over with joy and gratitude that so many's 'ere to prove they ain't just 'good-day, 'ow-are-yer' sort of people, but downright good pals. I ain't known Nibby as long as some of you, but I don't give way to nobody in my feelings towards 'im. And as the old proverb says 'Deeds talk louder'n words,' I'll just prove it and start the collection with a bit of gold."

He tossed the sovereign into the plate that everyone might see the yellow gleam, and there was a slight gasp in the room as the munificence of the gift was realised.

The committee were on their mettle at once. They each contributed a half-sovereign, and the chairman, scorning to be outdone by Jackson, contributed a whole one.

The audience did their duty nobly. The chink, chink of coin upon coin sounded in merry and rapid sequence, as the plate passed round the room, and the face of Nibby assumed an ex-



pression even more beatific than before. So, also, did the face of Nibby's wife. The round of the room complete, the piled up plate of money was carried in state to the chairman, who counted it in solemn silence.

"Eleven pounds, seven shillings, and ninepence," he finally announced, and with a gesture of great dignity placed it before Nibby amid terrific applause.

There fell a hush as the apparently overcome recipient arose to return thanks, and the stillness was painful when he opened his mouth to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen, mates all," he commenced, "I need 'ardly say this is the proudest moment of my life. I shall look back to this night with pleasure and pride as long as I live." (This was sheer plagiarism.) "It's the honour of the thing more'n the money that makes me feel like this—though," he added hastily, "the money's very welcome, goodness knows. I ain't no orator, so I shan't make no oratorio; but there's something I must say.

"Nigh on twenty year my wife's borne me company. She's stuck to me through everything, though our troubles have been a blessed sight more than our joys. But now the time's arrived when I can do something to show wot I think of 'er.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I 'ereby give to my dear old wife every blessed 'apenny of this money wot you've just give me. Every blessed 'apenny of it she's deserved, an' every blessed 'apenny she shall 'ave."

At this astounding manifestation of conjugal regard enormous applause burst from every person in the room, save one—Mr. Jackson, whose face took a sickly pallor, as a horrid suspicion crossed his mind that Nibby was playing him false.

Gradually the plaudits died away. Nibby was still standing. He had evidently something more to say. He placed the money in front of his wife, and resumed his speech.

"If," he said, "if there's a single man or woman wot's contributed to this as feels I ain't doing the right thing, let 'im or 'er now speak, or—or—(something dimly familiar occurred to him, and he finished with a satisfied air) or fer ever 'old 'is peace."

Now here was displayed the cunning of Nibby, for here he flickered a wink at the agitated Jackson, a wink that expressed much. It seemed to say, quite plainly, "It's all right. Don't be worried. I haven't forgotten our little arrangement." And Jackson, reassured, sank back into his seat, whence he had half risen.

The meeting then began to dissolve. Jackson waited awhile, then, seizing a favourable moment, took Nibby aside and remarked:

"Well, everything's gone all right, eh?"

"Rather," responded Nibby heartily.

Then there was a slight pause.

"Well—er—'ow about my five pounds?"

"Eh, your wot?"

"The five pounds you agreed to give me out of this."

"Wotever d'yer mean?" said Nibby indignantly. "Why, that's all altered! I've given it to the missus. You never said nuthing when I asked if anyone didn't agree to it."

"Said nuthing! Course I said nuthing. Didn't you wink at me," exclaimed the angry Jackson:

"Wink!" returned Nibby. "Good 'eavens! Did I go like this?" Here he winked again.

"You did; and I want that fiver, quick."

Nibby groaned.

"Oh lor," he said. "'Ow unfortunate. I thought I'd been cured of that winkin' 'abit long ago. It's nervousness, the doctor says. I s'pose the excitement to-night made me do it."

"Are you going to give me that fiver, or ain't you," demanded the other, striving to keep cool.



"Well, I don't want to seem unkind," said Nibby blandly, "so I'll tell you wot I'll do. I'll put the 'ole thing before the committee and the chairman, an' if they says all right, I'll try and get the missis to 'and it over."

A sense of his own helplessness forced itself upon Jackson as Nibby enunciated this cool proposition.

"Dash—*dash*—DASH!" he said, and submitted to adverse circumstances.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nibby felt justified in taking a holiday next day, and indulged in the luxury of laying a-bed till noon. His affectionate dame tolerated this—yea, even encouraged him to the extent of providing breakfast in bed.

When he finally arose he had become an optimist pure and simple. Never in all his existence had he felt so satisfied with life. He sauntered out into the kitchen, where his spouse was busy, and beamed good-naturedly upon her.

"By gum! Sarah," he remarked, "I

did that Jackson chap a fair treat, eh?"

"Yes. Good notion, wasn't it?"

"Rather," responded Nibby, chuckling. "Now bring out the money, old gal. Spread it out on the table, and let's 'ave a look at it."

Mrs. Stoker slowly and deliberately placed upon the table one half-sovereign.

"You can 'ave that," she said firmly. "The rest of *my* money, the money wot you gave me last night, 'as been in the Savin's Bank this two hours. It's in *my* name, and it's goin' to stop there till *I* choose to take it out, which won't be till *I* want it. Now, don't get excited, J. Stoker. *It's* done, *Jackson's* done, and *you're* done."

Then the shamefully-treated Nibby gazed at the muscular proportions of his wife, and the rosy tints in his optimistic frame of mind grew suddenly grey. He picked up the coin from the table, and walked from the room a gloomy, speechless, for ever-and-ever pessimist.

## DELIGHT IN DISORDER

By ROBERT HERRICK

(1591-1674)

A SWEET disorder in the dress  
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction;  
An erring lace, which here and there  
Inthralls the crimson stomacher;  
A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
Ribbons to flow confusedly;  
A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat;  
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility—  
Do more bewitch me than when art  
Is too precise in every part.



# DARBY O'GILL and the LEPRECHAUN

BY

HERMINIE TEMPLETON

*Illustrated by Garth Jones*



**T**HE news that Darby O'Gill had spint six months with the Good People spread fast and far and wide.

At fair or hurlin' or market he would be backed by a crowd agin some conveynient wall, and there for hours men, women, and childer, with jaws dhroppin', and eyes bulgin'd stand ferninst him listening to half frightened questions or to bould mystarious answers.

Alway, though, one bit of wise advise inded his discoorse: "Nayther make nor moil nor meddle with the fairies," Darby'd say. "If you're going along the lonely boreen at night, and you hear, from some fairy fort, a sound of fiddles, or of piping, or of sweet woices singing, or of little feet pattering in the dance, don't turn your head, but say your prayers an' hould on your way. The

pleasures the Good People'll share with you have a sore sorrow hid in them, an' the gifts they'll offer are only made to break hearts with."

Things went this a-way till one day in the market, over among the cows, Maurteen Cavanaugh, the school master—a cross-faced, argifyng ould man he was—contradicted Darby pint blank. "Stay a bit," says Maurteen, catching Darby by the coat collar. "You forget about the little fairy cobbler, the Leprechaun," he says. "You can't deny that to catch the Leprechaun is great luck entirely. If one only fix the glance of his eye on the cobbler, that look makes the fairy a presner—one can do anything with him as long as a human look covers the little lad—and he'll give the favours of three wishes to buy his freedom," says Maurteen.

At that Darby, smiling high and knowledgeable, made answer over the heads of the crowd.

"God help your sinse, honest man!" he says. "Around the favours of thim same three wishes is a bog of thricks an' cajoleries and conditions that'll defayt the wisest.

"First of all, if the look be taken from the little cobbler for as much as the wink of an eye, he's gone forever," he says.



"Man alive, even when he does grant the favours of the three wishes, you're not safe, for, if you tell anyone you've seen the Leprechaun, the favours melt like snow, or if you make a fourth wish that day, whiff! they turn to smoke. Take my advice, nayther make or moil nor meddle with the fairies."

"Thru for ye," spoke up long Pether McCarthy, siding in with Darby. "Didn't Barney McBride, on his way to early mass one May morning, catch the fairy cobbler sewing an' workin' away under a hedge. 'Have a pinch of snuff, Barney agra,' says the Leprechaun, handing up the little snuff box. But, mind ye, when my poor Barney bint to take a thumb an' finger full what did the little villain do but fling the box, snuff and all, into Barney's face. An' thin, whilst the poor lad was winkin' and blinkin', the Leprechaun gave one leap and was lost in the reeds."

"Thin again, there was Peggy O'Rourke, who captured him fair an' square in a hawthorn bush. In spite of his wiles she wrung from him the favours of the three wishes. Knowing, of course, that if she towldt anyone of what happened to her the spell was broken, and the wishes wouldn't come thru, she hurried home, aching and longing to in some way find from her husband, Andy, what wishes she'd make."

"Throwing open her door, she said, 'What would ye wish for most in the world, Andy, dear. Tell me an' your wish'll come true,' says she. A peddler was crying his wares out in the lane. 'Lanterns, tin lanterns!' cried the peddler. 'I wish I had one of thim lanterns,' says Andy, careless and bendin' over to get a coal for his pipe, when, lo and behold, there was a lantern in his hand."

"Well, so vexed was Peggy that one of her fine wishes should be wasted on a palthry tin lantern that she lost all patience with him. 'Why, thin, bad scran to you,' says she, not mindin' her own words, 'I wish the lantern was fastened to the ind of your nose.'

"The word wasn't well out of her mouth till the lantern *was* hung swinging from the ind of Andy's nose in a way that the wit of man couldn't loosen. It took the third and last of Peggy's wishes to relayse Andy."

"Look at that now," cried a dozen voices from the admiring crowd. "Darby said so from the first."

Well, after a time people used to come from miles around to see Darby, and sit under the straw stack beside the stable to advise with our hayro about their most important business—what was the best time for the settin' of hins and what was good to cure colic in childher, an' things like that.

Any man so parsecuted with admiration an' hayrofication might aisily feel his chest swell out a bit, so it's no wondher that Darby set himself up for a knowledgeable man.

He took to talking slow an' shuttin' one eye whin he listened, and he walked with a knowledgeable twist to his chowldhers. He grew monsthrously fond of fairs and public gatherings, where people made much of him; and he lost every ounce of liking he ever had for hard worruk.

Things wint on with him in this way from bad to worse, and where it would have inded no man knows, if one unlucky morning he hadn't rayfused to bring in a creel of turf his wife Bridget had axed him to fetch her. The unfortunite man said it was no work for the likes of him.

The last word was still on Darby's lips whin he rayalised his mistake an' he'd have give the worruld to have the sayin' back agin.

For a minute you could have heard a pin dhrop. Bridget, instead of being in a hurry to begin at him, was crool dayliberate. She planted herself at the door, her two fists on her hips an' her lips shut.

The look Julius Sayser'd trow at a sarvant girl he'd caught stealing sugar from the rile cupboard was the glance



she waved up and down from Darby's toes to his head and from his head to his brogues agin.

Thin she began an' talked steady as a fall of hail that has now an' then a bit of lightning an' tunder mixed in it.

The knowledgeable man stood purtendin' to brush his hat and tryin' to look brave, but the heart inside of him was meltin' like butter.

Bridget began aisily be carelessly mentioning a few of Darby's best known wakenesses. Afther that she took up some of them not so well known, being ones Darby himself had sayrious doubts about having at all. But on these last she was more savare than on the first. Through it all he daren't say a word—he only smiled lofty and bitther.

'Twas but natural next for Bridget to explain what a poor crachuer her hus-

Even in his misery poor Darby couldn't but marvel at her wondherful memory.

By the time she began talking of her own family, and especially about her Aunt Honoria O'Shaughnessy, who had once shook hands with a bishop, and who in the rebellion of ninety-eight had trun a brick at a Lord Liftinant, whin he was riding by, Darby was as wilted and as forlorn as a rooster caught out in the winter rain.

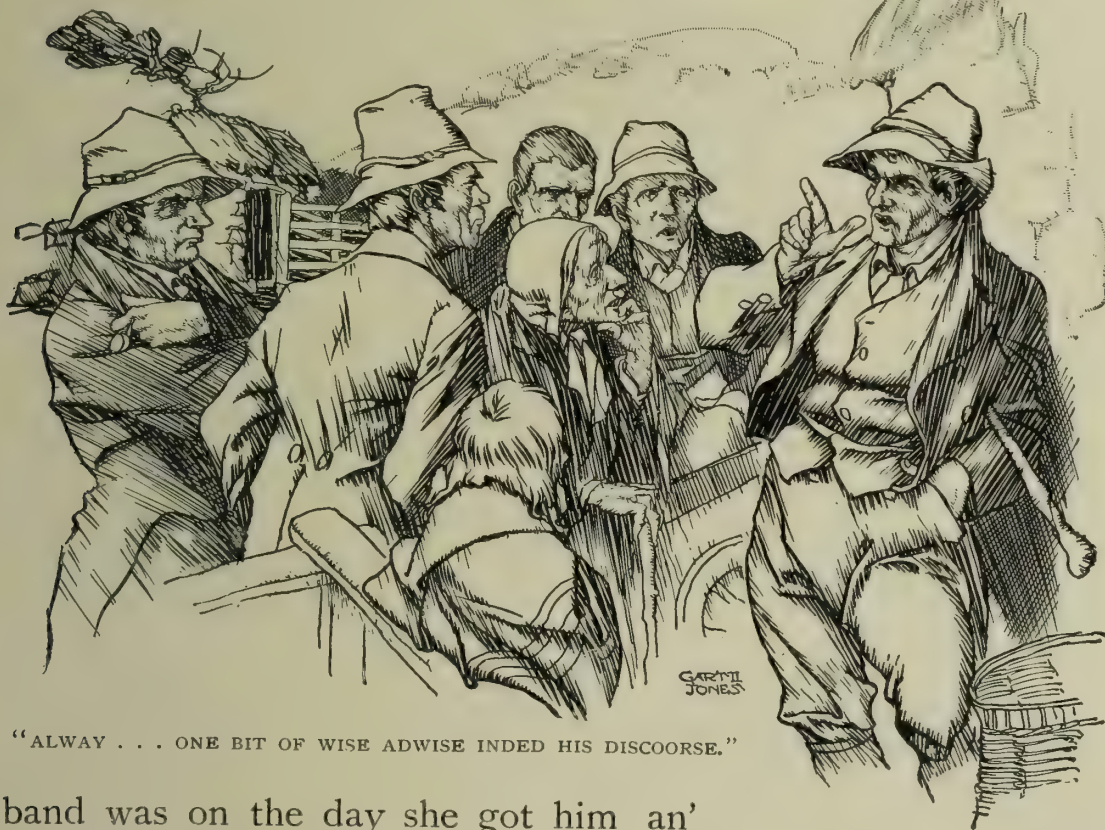
He lost more pride in those few minutes than it had taken months to gather an' hoard. It kept falling in great drops from his forehead.

Just as Bridget was lading up to what Father Cassidy calls a pur-roar-ration—that being the part of your wife's discoorse whin, afther telling you all that she's done for you, and all she's stood

from your relay-tions, she breaks down and cries, and so smothers you entirely—just as she was coming to that, I say, Darby scrooged his caubeen down on his head, stuck his fingers in his two ears, and making one grand rush through the door, bolted as fast as his legs could carry him down the road toward the Sleive-na-mon Mountains.

Bridget stood on the step looking

after him too surprised for a word. With his fingers still in his ears, so that he couldn't hear her commands to turn back, he ran without stopping till he came to the willow tree near Micky Doolan's forge. There he slowed down to fill his lungs with the fresh, sweet air.



"ALWAY . . . ONE BIT OF WISE ADWISE INDED HIS DISCOORSE."

band was on the day she got him an' what she might have been if she had married aither one of the six others who had axed her. The step for her was a little one thin to the shortcomings and misfortunes of his blood relaytions, which she follyed back to the blaggardisms of his fourth cousin, Phelim McFadden.



'Twas one of those warm-hearted, laughing autumn days which steals for a while the bonnet and shawl of the May. The sun from a sky of feathery whiteness laned over, telling jokes to the worruld an' the goold harvest-fields and purple hills, lazy and continted, laughed back at the sun. Even the blackbird fly-ing over the haw tree looked down an' sang to those below, "God save all here," an' the linnet from her bough answered back quick an' sweet, "God save you kindly, sir."

With such pleasant sights and sounds an' twitterings at every side, our hayro didn't feel the time passing till he was on top of the first hill of the Sleive-na-mon Mountains, which, as every one knows, is called the Pig's Head.

It wasn't quite lonesome enough on the Pig's Head, so our hayro plunged into the valley an' climbed the second mountain—the Divil's Pillow—where 'twas lonesome and desarted enough to shuit any one.

Beneath the shade of a three, for the day was warm, he sat himself down in the long, sweet grass, lit his pipe, and let his mind go free. But, as he did, his thoughts rose together, like a flock of frightened, angry pheasants, an' whirred back to the owdacious things Bridget had said about his relations.

Wasn't she the mendageous, hum-brageous woman, he thought, to say such things about as illigant stock as the O'Gills and the O'Gradys?

Why, Wullum O'Gill, Darby's uncle, at that minute was head butler at Castle Brophy, and was known far an' wide as

being one of the foinest scholars an' as having the most beautiful pair of legs in all Ireland.

This same Wullum O'Gill had tould Bridget in Darby's own hearing, on a day when the three were going through the great picture gallery at Castle Brophy, that the O'Gills at one time had been kings in Ireland.

Darby never since could raymember whether this time was before the flood or after the flood. Bridget said it was durin' the flood, but surely that sayin' was non-sinse.

Howsumever, Darby knew his Uncle Wullum was right, for he often felt in himself the signs of greatness. And now, as he sat alone on the grass, he said out loud:

"If I had me rights I'd be doing nothing all day long but sittin' on a throne, an' playin' games of forty-five with me Lord Liftinant an' some of me generals. There never was a lord that liked good ateing or dhrinking betther nor I

or who hates worse to get up airly in the morning. That last disloike, I'm tould, is a great sign entirely of gentle blood the worruld over," says he.

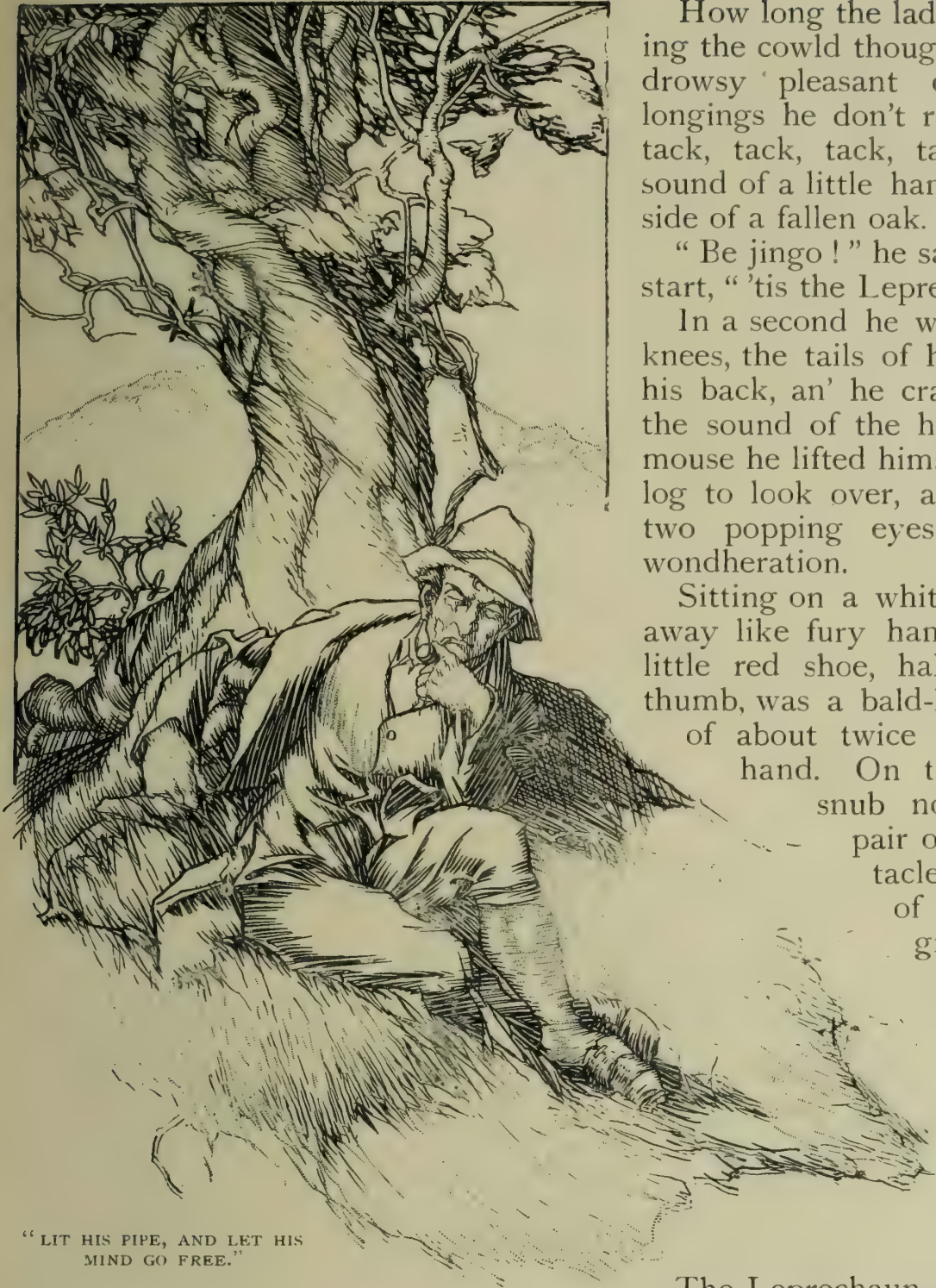
As for his *wife's* people, the O'Hagans and the O'Shaughnessys, well—they were no great shakes, he said to himself, at laste so far as looks were consarned. All the handsomeness in Darby's childher came from his own side of the family. Even Father Cassidy said the childher took afther the O'Gills.

"If I were rich," says Darby to a lazy ould bumble bee who was droning an' tumbling in front of him, "I'd have a castle like Castle Brophy, with a great picture gallery in it. On one wall I'd



"THEN SHE BEGAN AN' TALKED STEADY AS A FALL OF HAIL"





"LIT HIS PIPE, AND LET HIS  
MIND GO FREE."

put the pictures of the O'Gills and the O'Gradys, and on the wall ferninst thim I'd have the O'Hagans an' the O'Shaughnessys."

At that idea his heart bubbled in a new and fierce delight. "Bridget's people," he says again, scowling at the bee, "would look four times as common as they raylly are, whin they were compared in that way with my own relations. An' whenever Bridget got rampageous, I'd take her in and show her the difference betwixt the two clans, just to punish her, so I would."

How long the lad sat that way warming the cowl'd thoughts of his heart with drowsy 'pleasant dhramas an' misty longings he don't rightly know, whin—tack, tack, tack, tack, came the busy sound of a little hammer from the other side of a fallen oak.

"Be jingo!" he says to himself with a start, "'tis the Leprechaun that's in it."

In a second he was on his hands an' knees, the tails of his coat flung across his back, an' he crawling softly toward the sound of the hammer. Quiet as a mouse he lifted himself up on the mossy log to look over, and there, before his two popping eyes, was a sight of wondheration.

Sitting on a white stone, an' working away like fury hammering pegs into a little red shoe, half the size of your thumb, was a bald-headed ould cobbler of about twice the height of your hand. On the top of a round snub nose was perched a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, an' a narrow fringe of iron-grey whiskers grew under his stubby chin. The brown leather apron he wore was so long that it covered his green knee-breeches an' almost hid the knitted grey stockings.

The Leprechaun—for 'twas he indade—as he worked, mumbled an' mutthered in great discontent.

"Oh, haven't I the hard, hard luck!" he said. "I'll never have thim done in time for her to dance in to-night. So thin, I'll be kilt intirely," says he. "Was there ever another quane of the fairies as wearing on shoes an' brogues an' dancin' slippers? Haven't I the——" Looking up he saw Darby.

"The top of the day to you, dacint man," says the cobbler, jumpin' up. Giving a sharp cry, he pinte quick at



Darby's stomach. "But, wirra, wirra, what's that woolly ugly thing you have crawlin' an' creepin' on your weskit?" he said, purtendin' to be all excited.

"Sorra thing on my weskit," answered Darby, cool as ice, "or anywhere else, that'll make me take my two bright eyes off'n you—not for a second," says he.

"Well, well! Will you look at that now!" laughed the cobbler. "Mark how quick an' handy he took me up. Will you have a pinch of snuff, clever man?" he axed, houlding up the little box.

"Is it the same snuff you gave Barney McBride awhile ago?" axed Darby, sarcastic. "Lave off your foolishness," says our hayro, growin' fierce, "and grant me at once the favours of the three wishes, or I'll have you smoking like a herring in my own chimney before nightfall," says he.

At that the Leprechaun, seeing he but wasted time on so knowledgeable a man

must be a castle like Castle Brophy, with pictures of my kith an' kin on the wall, and then facing them pictures of my wife Bridget's kith an' kin on the other wall."

"That favour I give you; that wish I grant ye," says the fairy, making the shape of a castle on the ground with his awl.

"What next?" he grunted.

"I want goold enough for me an' my generations to enjoy in grandeur the place for ever."

"Always the goold," sneered the little man, bending to dhraw with his awl on the turf the shape of a purse.

"Now for your third and last wish. Have a care!"

"I want the castle set on this hill—the Devil's Pillow—where we two stand," says Darby. Then sweeping with his arm, he says, "I want the land about to be my demesne."

The Leprechaun struck his awl on the



"THERE, BEFORE HIS TWO POPPING EYES, WAS A SIGHT OF WONDERHATION."

as Darby O'Gill, surrendered and granted the favours of the three wishes.

"What is it you ask?" says the cobbler, himself turning on a sudden very sour an' sullen.

"First an' foremost," says Darby, "I want a home of my ansisthers, an' it

ground. "That wish I give you; that wish I grant you," he says. With that he straightened himself up, and, grinning most aggravatin' the while, he looked Darby over from top to toe. "You're a fine knowledgeable man, but have a care of the fourth wish," says he.



Bekase there was more of a challenge than friendly warning in what the small lad said, Darby snapped his fingers at him an' cried:

"Have no fear, little man! If I got all Ireland ground for making a fourth wish, however small, before midnight, I'd not make it. I'm going home now to fetch Bridget an' the childher, and the only fear or unaisiness I have is that you'll not keep your word, so as to have the castle here ready before us when I come back."

"Oho! I'm not to be thrusted, amn't I?" screeched the little lad, flaring into a blazing passion. He jumped upon the log that was betwixt them an' with one fist behind his back, shook the other at Darby.

"You ignorant, suspicious-minded blaggard," says he. "How dare the likes of you say the likes of that to the likes of me?" cried the cobbler. "I'd have you to know," he says, "that I had a repitation for truth an' voracity ayquil, if not shuperior, to the best before you were born," he shouted. "I'll take no high talk from a man that's afraid to give words to his own wife whin she's in a tantrum," says the Leprechaun.

"It's aisy to know you're not a married man," says Darby, mighty scornful, "bekase if you——"

The lad stopped short, forgetting what he was going to say in his surprise an' aggaytation, for the far side of the mountain was waving up an' down before his eyes like a great green blanket that is being shook by two women; while at the same time high spots of turf on the hillside toppled sidewise to level themselves up with the low places. The enchantment had already begun to make things ready for the castle. A dozen foine threes that stood in a little groove bent their heads quickly together, and thin by some invisibile hand they were plucked up by the roots an' dhropped aside, much the same as a man might grasp a handful of weeds an' fling them from his garden.

The ground undher the knowledgeable man's feet began to rumble an' heave. He waited for no more. With a cry that was half of gladness an' half of fear, he turned on his heel an' started on a run down into the walley, leaving the little cobbler standing on the log, shouting abuse after him an' ballyraggin' him as he ran.

So excited was Darby that, going up the Pig's Head, he was nearly run over by a crowd of great brown building stones which were moving down slow an' ordherly like a flock of driven sheep; but they moved without so much as bruising a blade of grass or bendin' a twig, as they came.

Only once, and that at the top of the Pig's Head, he trew a look back.

The Divil's Pillow was in a great commotion; a whirlwind was sweeping over it, whether of dust or of mist he couldn't tell.

After this, Darby never looked back agin, or to the right or the left of him, but kept straight on till he found himself, panting and puffing, at his own kitchen door. 'Twas tin minutes before he could spake, but at last, whin he tould Bridget to make ready herself and the childher to go up to the Divil's Pillow with him, for once in her life that raymarkable woman, without axing, How comes it so? What rayson have you? or Why should I do it? set to work washing the childher's faces.

Maybe she dabbed a little more soap in their eyes than was needful, for 'twas a habit she had; though this time, if she did, not a whimper broke from the little hayros. For the matther of that, not one word, good, bad, or indifferent, did herself spake till the whole family were trudging down the lane two by two, marching like sojers.

As they came near the first hill, along its sides, the evening twilight turned from purple to brown, and at the top of the Pig's Head the darkness of a black night swooped suddenly down on them.





"CASTLE BROPHY COULDN'T HOULD A CANDLE TO IT."

Darby hurried on a step or two ahead an' resting his hand upon the large rock that crowns the hill, looked anxiously over to the Divil's Pillow. Although he was ready for something foine, yet the greatness of the foineness that met his gaze knocked the breath out of him.

Across the deep walley, and on top of the second mountain, he saw lined against the evening sky the roof of an imminse castle, with towers an' parrypets an' battlements. Undher the towers a thousand sullen windows glowed red in the black walls. Castle Brophy couldn't hould a candle to it.

"Behold!" says Darby, flinging out his arms and turning to his wife, who had just come up, "Behold the castle of my ansisthers, who were my fore-fathers!"

"How," says Bridget, quick and scornful, "how could your aunt's sisters be your four fathers?"

What Darby was going to say to her

he don't just raymember, for at that instant, from the right hand side of the mountain, came a cracking of whips, a rattling of wheels, an' the rush of horses, and, lo and behold! a great dark coach with flashing lamps, and drawn by four coal-black horses, dashed up the hill and stopped beside them. Two shadowy men were on the driver's box.

"Is this Lord Darby O'Gill?" axed one of them in a deep, muffled voice. Before Darby could reply, Bridget took the words out of his mouth.



"It is," she cried, in a kind of a half cheer, "an' Lady O'Gill an' the childher."

"Then hurry up," says the coachman, "your supper's gettin' cowl'd."

Without waiting for any one, Bridget flung open the carriage door, an' pushin' Darby aside, jumped in among the cushins. Darby, his heart sizzlin' with vexation at her audaciousness, lifted in one after another the childher, and then got in himself.

He couldn't understand at all the change in his wife, for she had always been the odherliest, modestist woman in the parish.

Well, he'd no sooner shut the door than crack went the whip, the horses gave a spring, the carriage jumped, and down the hill they went. For fastness there was never another carriage ride like that before nor since. Darby hildt tight with both hands to the window, his face pressed against the glass. He couldn't tell whether the horses were only flying, or whether the coach was falling down the hill into the walley. By the hollow feel in his stomach he thought they were falling. He was striving to think of some prayers when there came a terrible joul't, which sint his two heels against the roof, an' his head betwixt the cushins. As he righted himself the wheels began to grate on a gravelled road, an' plainly they were dashing up the side of the second mountain.

Even so, they couldn't have gone far whin the carriage dhrew up in a flurry an' he saw through the gloom a high iron gate being slowly opened.

"Pass on," said a voice from somewhere in the shadows, "their supper's getting cowl'd."

As they flew undher the great archway Darby had a glimpse of the thing which had opened the gate, and had said their supper was getting cowl'd. It was standing on its hind legs; in the darkness he couldn't be quite sure as to its shape, but it was ayther a bear or a loin.

His mind was in a pondher about this

when, with a swirl an' a bump, the carriage stopped another time; an' now it stood before a broad flight of stone steps which led up to the main door of the castle. Darby, half afraid, peering out through the darkness, saw a square of light high above him which came from the open hall door. Three sarvents in livery stood waiting on the thrashol.

"Make haste, make haste," says one in a doleful voice, "their supper's gettin' cowl'd."

Hearing these words, Bridget imagetly bounced out an' was half way up the steps before Darby could ketch her an' hould her till the childher came on.

"I never in all my life saw her so audacious," he says, half cryin' and linkin' her arm to keep her back; an' thin, with the childher follying, two by two, according to size, the whole family payraded up the steps till Darby, with a gasp of deloight, stopped on the thrashol of a splendid hall. From a high ceiling hung great flags from every nation an' domination, which swung an' swayed in the dazzlin' light.

Two lines of men and maid servants, dhressed in silks an' satins an' brocades, stood facing aich other, bowing an' smiling an' wavin' their hands in welcome. The two lines stretched down to the goold stairway at the far ind of the hall.

For half of one minute, Darby, every eye in his head as big as a tay cup, stood hesitaytin'. Thin he said, "Why should it flutther me? Arrah, ain't it all mine? Aren't all these people in me pay? I'll engage it's a pritty penny all this grandeur is costing me to keep up this minute." He trew out his chest. "Come on Bridget!" he says, "let's go into the home of my ansisthers."

Howandever, scarcely had he stepped into the beautiful place, whin two pipers with their pipes, two fiddlers with their fiddles, two flute players with their flutes, an' they dhressed in scarlet an' goold, stepped out in front of him, and thus to maylodious music the family proudly marched down the hall, climbed





" 'T WAS A LOVELY SIGHT TO SEE 'THEM ALL WHIN  
THEY WERE SITTING THERE."



up the goolden stairway at its ind,  
an' thin turned to enter the biggest  
room Darby had ever seen.

Something in his sowl whuspered that  
this was the picture gallery.

"Be the powers of Pewther," says the  
knowledgeable man to himself, "I  
wouldn't be in Bridget's place this  
minute for a hatful of money. Wait, oh  
just wait, till she has to compare her own  
relations with my own foine people! I  
know how she'll feel, but I wondher what  
she'll say?" he says.

The thought that all the unjust things,  
all the unraysonable things Bridget had  
said about his kith an' kin were just  
going to be disproved and turned against  
herself made him proud an' almost  
happy.

But wirrasthru! He should have  
raymembered his own adwise not to  
make nor moil nor meddle with the  
fairies, for here he was to get the first  
hard welt from the little Leprechaun.

It was the picture gallery sure enough,  
but how terribly different everything was  
from what the poor lad expected. There  
on the left wall, grand an' noble, shone  
the pictures of Bridget's people. Of all  
the well-dhressed, handsome, proud-  
appearing persons in the whole worruld  
the O'Hagans an' the O'Shaughnessys  
would compare with the best. This was

a hard enough  
crack, though a  
crushinger knock  
was to come.  
Ferninst them, on  
the right wall,  
glowered the  
O'Gills and the  
O'Gradys, and of  
all the ragged,  
sheepstealing,  
hangdog looking  
villains one ever  
saw, in jail or out  
of jail, it was  
Darby's kindred.

The place of  
honour on the  
right wall was  
given to Darby's  
fourth cousin, Phe-  
lem McFadden,  
an' he was painted

with a pair of handcuffs on him. Wullum  
O'Gill had a squint in his right eye, and  
his thin legs bowed like hoops on a barrel.

If you have ever at night been groping  
your way through a dark room, and got  
a sudden hard bump on the forehead  
from the edge of the door, you can  
understand the feelings of the know-  
ledgeable man.

"Take that picture out!" he said  
hoarsely, as soon as he could speak.  
"An' will someone kindly inthrojuice  
me to the man who med it. Bekase,"  
he says, "I intend to take his life. There  
was never a crass-eyed O'Gill since the  
world began," says he.

Think of his horror an' surprise whin  
he saw the left eye of Wullum Gill twist  
itself slowly over toward his nose and  
squint worse than the right eye.

Purtending not to see this, an' hoping  
no one else did, Darby fiercely led the  
way over to the other wall.

Fronting him stood the handsome  
picture of Honoria O'Shaughnessy, an'  
she dhressed in a shuit of tin clothes,  
like the knights of ould used to wear—  
armour I think they calls it.



She hildt a spear in her hand, with a little flag on the blade, an' her smile was proud and high.

"Take that likeness out too," says Darby, very spiteful. "That's not a dacint shuit of clothes for any woman to wear."

The next minute you might have knocked him down with a feather, for the picture of Honoria O'Shaughnessy opened its mouth and stuck out its tongue at him.

"The supper's getting cowl'd, the supper's getting cowl'd," some one cried at the other ind of the picture gallery. Two big doors were swung open, an' glad enough was our poor hayro to folly the musicianers down to the room where the ateing an' drinking were to be thransacted.

This was a little room with lots of looking glasses, and it was bright with a thousand candles, and white with the shiningest marble. On the table was biled beef an' reddishes an' carrots an' roast mutton an' all kinds of important ateing an' drinking. Beside these stood fruits an' sweets an'—but sure what is the use in talkin'?

A high-backed chair stood ready for aich of the family, an' 'twas a lovely sight to see them all whin they were sitting there, Darby at the head, Bridget at the foot, the childher—the poor little paythriarchs—sitting bolt upright on aich side, with a bewigged and befrilled serving man standing haughty behind every chair.

The ateing and dhrinkin' would have begun at once—in troth there was already a bit of biled beef on Darby's plate—only that he spied a little silver bell beside him. Sure, 'twas one like those the quality keep to ring whin they want more hot wather for their punch, but it puzzled the knowledgeable man, and 'twas the beginning of his misfortune.

"I wondher," he thought, "if 'tis here for the same raison as the bell is at the Curragh races—do they ring this one so

that all the table will start ateing an' drinking fair, an' no one will have the advantage; or is it," he says to himself agin, "to ring whin the head of the house thinks every one has had enough? Haven't the quality quare ways! I'll be a long time learning them," he says.

He sat silent an' puzzling an' staring at the biled beef on his plate, afeared to start in without ringing the bell, an' dhreading to risk ringing it. The grand servants towered cowl'dy on every side, their chins tilted, but they kep' throwing over their chowlders glances so scornful and haughty that Darby shivered at the thought of showing any uncultivaytion.

While our hayro sat thus in unaisy contimplaytion an' smouldhering mortification an' flurried hesitaytion, a powdhered head was poked over his chowlder, and a soft beguiling voice said, "Is there anything else you'd wish for?"

The foolish lad twisted in his chair, opened his mouth to spake, and gave a look at the bell; shame rushed to his cheeks, he picked up a bit of the biled beef on his fork, an' to consale his turpityaytion gave the misfortunite answer, "I'd wish for a pinch of salt, if you plaze," says he.

'Twas no sooner said than came the crash. Oh, tunderation an' murdheration, what a roaring crash it was! The lights winked out together at a breath, an' left a pitchy throbbing darkness. Overhead and to the sides was a roaring, smashing, crunching noise, like the ocean's madness when the winthry storm breaks agin the Kerry shore; an' in that roar was mingled the tearing and the splitting of the walls and the falling of the chimneys. But through all this confusion could be heard the shrill laughing voice of the Leprechaun. "The clever man med his fourth grand wish," it howled.

Darby—a thousand wild voices screaming an' mocking above him—was on his back, kicking and squirming and striving to get up, but some load hilt him down an' something bound his eyes shut.



"Are you kilt, Bridget asthore?" he cried. "Where are the childher?" he says.

Instead of answer, there suddenly flashed a fierce an' angry silence, an' its quickness frightened the lad more than all the wild confusion before.

'Twas a full minute before he dared to open his eyes to face the horrors which he felt were standing about him; but when courage enough to look came, all he saw was the night-covered mountain, a purple sky, and a thin new moon, with one trembling goold star a hand's space above its bosom.

Darby struggled to his feet. Not a stone of the castle was left, not a sod of turf but what was in its ould place; every sign of the little cobbler's work had melted like April snow. The very threes Darby had seen pulled up by the roots that same afternoon now stood a waving blur below the new moon, an' a nightingale was singing in their branches. A cricket chirped lonesomely on the same fallen log which had hidden the Leprechaun.

"Bridget! Bridget!" Darby called agin an' agin. Only a sleepy owl on a distant hill answered.

A shivering thought jumped into the boy's bewildered sowl—maybe the Leprechaun had stolen Bridget and the childher.

The poor man turned, and for the last time darted down into the night-filled walley.

Not a pool in the road he waited to go around, not a ditch in his path he didn't leap over, but ran as he never ran before, till he raiched his own front door.

His heart stood still as he peeped through the window. There were the childher croodled around Bridget, who sat with the youngest asleep in her lap before the fire, rocking back an' forth, an' she crooning a happy, continted baby song.

Tears of gladness crept into Darby's eyes as he looked in upon her. "God bless her," he says to himself. "She's the flower of the O'Hagans and the



"HIS HEART STOOD STILL AS HE PEEPED THROUGH THE WINDOW"

O'Shaughnessys, and she's a proud feather in the caps of the O'Gills an' the O'Grady's."

'Twas well he had this happy thought to cheer him as he lifted the door latch, for the manest of all the cobbler's spiteful thricks waited in the house to meet Darby—nayther Bridget nor the childher raymembered a single thing of all that had happened to them during the day. They were willing to make their happy-davitts that they had been no farther than their own petatie patch since morning.



# FISHERMEN OF THE DEEP SEA

By A. J. KENEALY

*Illustrated by Martin Justice*

SALT water fishing has many delightful phases. The fragrant breath of the brine, the sparkle of the dancing wave-crest, whether in river estuary or open sea, the exhilarating ozone which vivifies the stagnant blood of the city dweller and sends it racing through each artery and vein with the electric thrill of new and buoyant life, are some of the attractions that lure seaward the adventurous angler. From March till October the season on the coast abounds in glorious sport to a lover of the rod and reel.

It is not, however, the coastwise branches of the pastime that I am called upon to discuss in this yarn, but rather some out-of-the-way experiences of fishing in the ocean, hundreds of miles from land: the fishing being done from sailing vessels homeward or outward bound.

My old skipper, Captain S——, of the *Rajah*, was a sportsman every inch of him, and his height was six feet. When in the South Atlantic, in about forty degrees of latitude, every ship attracts a great number of sea birds, from the kingly albatross to the pretty little Cape pigeon. It is the custom of many sea captains to shoot these birds from mere wantonness—just for the satisfaction, I suppose, of their slaughter. When dead or wounded they fall into the sea and quickly become the prey of their cannibalistic seamates. My captain never permitted this brutality on any vessel under his command. He was a capital shot and a thorough sportsman, and he taught me many a valuable lesson which I needed very much—one, in particular, being never to kill for the mere lust of killing.

The captain of a clipper has few

opportunities for fishing with the fly. His short time ashore is too much occupied by business to afford leisure for diversion. My skipper was rather skilful with rod and reel, and made the most of every chance to enjoy his favourite recreation. The ocean, in the tropics both north and south of the equator, abounds with flying-fish and bonitos. There are doubtless many other varieties, but these are the kind the sailor sees every day. The flying-fish, leaping out of the water to escape the voracious bonito, sometimes lands on the deck of a passing ship, and soon is sizzling in a frypan. The bonito in turn is gobbled up by dolphins, vulgarly known as porpoises and sea-pigs by Jack Tar. The bonito delights in playing about the bows of a ship sailing swiftly in the glorious trade winds. He exults in the roar and the tumble and the foam stirred up by the ship's sharp cutwater in the sparkling sea. That is the time when Jack, intent on a mess of fresh fish for dinner, seeks to capture him with rude tackle, which ordinarily consists of a large hook baited with white rag and secured to a stout line. Sallying out nimbly to the end of the flying jibboom, he sits astride it, and if the ship is braced sharp up on the port tack, as is the case when outward bound in the south-east trade, and the breeze is blowing stiff, Jack has all he can do to hang on when the ship 'scends and pitches on the heaving bosom of the sea. Over goes the hook and line. The lure skims the water as the vessel falls and rises. The bonitos rush forward to investigate with wariness as well as boldness. If Jack is lucky he may hook an especially ravenous specimen, and if the fish happens to be a big fellow he finds it no easy task to hoist him up to



his precarious perch on the jibboom-end. Nor is the battle over when he has the fish in his grasp. It is then, indeed, that the real struggle begins, for the bonito out of water is full of vigorous fight, and often manages to get away after the hook is extracted from his muscular jaw, while the sailor, hanging on by his eyelids and toenails, seeks to take him to the security of the deck. With a wriggle, a jerk, and a flap of his tail he is as likely as not to leap to freedom and the sea, leaving behind a much surprised and disappointed seaman, who, after the custom of his kind, seeks relief in swearing. So fierce a fighter is the bonito that a small boy on the *Rajah* who hooked a monster, while trying to grapple with him lost his hold and fell from the jibboom-end overboard. Fortunately the ship was sailing slowly, and the quick lowering of a boat saved him from being drowned. He was a tough, wiry boy, but the bonito was too much for him.

An ingenious Finn, who was a ship-mate of mine, was a most successful killer of bonitos. He would secure an empty milk tin or sardine box, and from it fashion a first-class imitation of a flying-fish. Securing this to a hook, he would play it so artistically as to catch as many as a dozen fish in his watch below. When he could be prevailed upon to lend his tackle to a messmate his good fortune seldom accompanied it. I believe that his skilful manipulation of his little tin lure was the sole secret of his big catches.

It was a goodly sight to see the Finn at work on his lure. Hours he would spend in fashioning it until it was exactly to his liking, and then he would polish it until it glittered. He had a contract with the steward, who used to give him a pound of tobacco and a nip of rum for a fish. The tobacco was served out to him in bulk as he earned it, but the liquor was given him at the rate of a glass a day. This was for prudential reasons. The Finn, however, with a

lump of chalk, kept strict and accurate account on his bunk board of the number of nips due, vowing that no shark of a sea lawyer should get to windward of him. Not if he knew it! And I am sure no steward ever did.

Standing on the martingale back-rope when the vessel was plunging her bows into the blue water, and drenching him with wild spray, this daredevil would impale bonitos with the grains—a fish-spear shaped like Neptune's trident, only that it has four tines instead of three. Dangerous in the extreme, but capital sport. He had few imitators.

It occurred to Captain S—— to try his luck with the bonito with rod and reel. I had never heard of this experiment before, and had the good fortune to be chosen as my skipper's assistant in the enterprise. Of course, angling from the deck was impracticable, as the *Rajah* was a frigate-built ship of the old school, towering high out of the water, so that if a fish was hooked there was no way whereby he could be secured. One bright forenoon, when the south-east trade wind was sleepily whispering and there were only smiling ripples on the shining sea, the skipper ordered the star-board quarter boat to be lowered. In the stern-sheets he placed his rod—a rather stout one about nine feet long—and a landing-net with a short handle. Descending to the boat, the skipper took up his position aft. The boat was then allowed to tow about one hundred feet astern of the ship by a strong line. The *Rajah* was sliding through the water at only a three-knot speed, the wind being so soft that only the white hearts of the skysails and royals swelled out to its gentle pressure, the big topsails and courses hanging limp to the mast.

From the boat the ship presented a picturesque spectacle—one that a marine artist would have lingered on with delight; but Captain S—— was intent on sport, and had no eyes for artistic effects. He began to wield his rod with the skilful touch of the practised angler.





"A BIG BONITO SEIZED THE SPOON, AND THE HUM OF THE REEL MADE DELIGHTFUL HARMONY AS THE FISH DARTED AWAY WITH THE LINE."



The lure was a glittering spoon, somewhat elongated, such as is used for trolling; the skipper made it dance on the surface of the sea most deftly, and take flying leaps occasionally in imitation of the bonito's natural prey, the flying-fish. But not a bonito broke water in response to the captain's dexterous casts. That there were plenty about he was assured, for he had sent me forward to look over the bows, and I had seen them sportively playing about the bright copper of the cutwater as it cleaved the purple sea. Suddenly a school of fluttering flying-fish, skimming the air with silver, tenuous wings, flew over the boat about fifteen feet from the water's edge, falling with a flop after a short flight of perhaps fifty yards. The captain saw his opportunity and plied his rod with renewed vigour. A big bonito seized the spoon, and the musical hum of the reel made delightful harmony as the fish darted away with the line. It took a good ten minutes before the skipper reeled him in exhausted to the side of the boat, when I gathered him in with the landing-net. He weighed about twenty pounds. The captain declared that he thought he had got hold of a man-eating shark. The bonito is a handsome fish of the horse-mackerel type, thick and sturdy, with varied tints of vivid green, dark blue, and white. His flesh is red, and seems rather coarse to the jaded palate of an epicure, but grilled fresh from the sea and with the addition of a dash of red pepper and a little butter, the sailor looks upon him as a luxury.

Before it was time to "shoot the sun," seven fat bonitos had fallen victims to the captain's prowess. A more delighted man I never saw. These were probably the first bonitos caught in this manner in the South Atlantic. So engaged was the skipper in his sport that he was not aware of a rising squall, which, when it struck the *Rajah*, careened her to the scuppers. The boat, with tautened tow-rope, was dragged through the water at a

twelve-knot speed. The water came in over the gunwales, and it seemed as though our sport might have a tragic ending. I was just about to cut the boat's painter to save the boat from being towed under when down came the skysails, royals, and topgallant sails by the run, and we heard the welcome cry of "Back the maintopsail!" from the lusty throat of the chief mate. The *Rajah* was hove to with main and crossjack yards aback, her headway was stopped, the boat was hauled up to the gangway, the skipper climbed aboard, the boat was hoisted to the davits, and the morning's sport was over.

The experiment was repeated more than once. When the bonitos were shy the captain hit upon a successful method of attracting them to the boat. He cut up into small fragments the contents of a couple of cans of salmon, and casting occasional morsels overboard, rarely failed to entice the voracious fish within range of his rod. So far as deep water angling is concerned, it was probably an innovation. The greedy bonitos scented the savoury bait from afar. Their silvery scales flashed in the sunlight as they skimmed the surface and ventured close to the boat for more.

Some nasty weather is encountered in the South Atlantic. I well remember the *Rajah's* being caught in a regular "rip-snorter" of an easterly gale. So hard did it pipe that all the canvas the old bucket could stagger under consisted of three lower topsails and a foretopmast staysail. It was a chilly Sunday morning, and dead to windward the lofty peak of the Island of Tristan d'Acunha soared skyward. It is a blustering region, and the squalls from that rugged volcanic isle blow exceeding fierce. The sea was boisterous, and the ship laboured much. Occasionally she careened over to a particularly heavy gust so far that she would scoop a deckful of water over the rail. The captain was on deck watching his ship. We had just hove the log, and I was





"THE SHARK, WHICH HAD BEEN BASKING LISTLESS NEAR THE SURFACE, . . . WITH A SAVAGE SWOOP AND A SWISH OF HIS TAIL-  
MADE A DEMONIAIC RUSH AND BOLTED BIRD, PORK, AND HOOK, CLOSING HIS JAWS WITH A FEROCIOUS SNAP."



hauling in the line over the lee quarter when I observed a great fish following, the log-ship dancing over the water as I pulled. I called the skipper to look at the big fellow, knowing what a fish lover he was. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it's an albacore, and as fine a one as I ever clapped eyes on. Go below and bring up my fishing-tackle box."

Down the cabin stairway I tumbled, and returned with the tin box in which the captain kept his gear. Under the shelter of the companion-way he quickly rigged his line, choosing a hook strong enough to hold a shark, and fastening to it a large spoon bait about six inches long. The albacore, which is of the tunny and horse-mackerel species, seemed to find plenty of amusement in the region of our rudder trunk. No sooner had the bait touched the water than it was ravenously seized and run away with, the skipper paying out line gingerly with a turn round a belaying-pin, which fairly smoked with the friction. The ship was making little or no headway, but forged to leeward fast. Whenever the line slackened the captain and I hauled on it for all we were worth. It was a strange sight, that fishing in the ocean amidst a heavy gale and an ugly sea. The efforts of the fish became less forceful in the course of half-an-hour, and at last, quite played out, he floated alongside. We happened to have among our crew a Portuguese sailor who had made more than one whaling voyage out from Dundee. This man, whose name was Manuel, was a capital hand with a harpoon. Accordingly, he was called on in the emergency. The fishing line was passed forward outside the rigging, and the albacore was hauled amidships. Manuel with unerring aim drove the harpoon nearly through him, and it took all of the watch on deck to hoist him aboard. I can see them now floundering in the lee scuppers up to their waists in water and hauling on the fish, which weighed nearly three hundred pounds and proved an agreeable change

from salt junk. I was a sailor for more years than I care to own to, but that was the only albacore I helped to capture.

Catching sharks in the doldrums is a favourite diversion of sailors. The shark is generally eight or nine feet long, and his capture is prosaic in the extreme. A chunk of pork, impaled on the shark hook, and hove overboard, is generally greedily grabbed. The fish is hauled on board by main force. The carpenter cuts his tail off with his axe, the cook dissects him with his knife. His backbone is cut out to make into a walking stick. The jaws are kept for a curiosity. If the hungry sailors care for his flesh it is theirs for the cutting. The carcass is thrown overboard.

Once, and once only, did I witness the hooking of a shark which was out of the common. It was in the Indian Ocean about a hundred miles south of the equator. The sea was smooth as a pond, and there was not a breath of wind stirring. The ship lay motionless in the glaring sun, the slumbering deep below and the serene and cloudless sky above. It was afternoon, and the skipper paced the poop, impatient at the weather, and whistling softly for the breeze that would not come. From right astern there came in sight the dorsal fin of a shark, projecting so high out of the water that it attracted the special attention of the captain. The water was clear and limpid, so that objects deep down might be distinctly seen. The shark floated alongside and proved to be one of the variety known as the tiger shark, with bands of light orange colour on a body of bluish gray. The usual school of pretty little pilot fish accompanied him. Such a monster he was that all hands watched his movements with interest and curiosity. The captain was the most excited man aboard. He determined to capture the great fish and take the jaws, backbone, and tail home as curios. As he looked at the giant floating majestically alongside he realised that the ordinary two-inch line of manila hemp usually



attached to the hook would be powerless to hold him when goaded by a sharp barb to a savage struggle for his life. So the captain ordered up from below a coil of flexible steel wire of great strength and lightness, and bent the end of it to the length of chain attached to his biggest shark hook, a new and formidable weapon of extra sharpness. A six-pound piece of pork was stuck on the hook. Having seen that there was a turn or two of the wire rope round an iron bollard on the poop the skipper hove the bait overboard. It made quite a splash in the water, but, instead of the bold, fierce, and rapid rush which it was expected the shark would make, nothing followed. The pilot fishes were indignant at their master's apathy, but although they rubbed up against his head with kittenish caresses, they failed to excite either appetite or enthusiasm.

"Suppose you try him with live bait," suggested the chief mate. "There's a big Brahma cock in the coop that is neither useful nor ornamental."

Chanticleer, a tall specimen of the breed, gaunt, bony, and as big as an average turkey, was lugged out of his pen in spite of indignant cackles and spiteful pecks. His lanky legs were lashed to the shank of the hook and then he was thrown overboard.

The shark, which had been basking listless near the surface, taking no apparent interest in the proceedings, with a savage swoop and a swish of his tail made a demoniac rush on the flapping fowl, bolting bird, pork, and hook and closing his capacious jaws with a ferocious snap. It was then that the fun began. As soon as he felt the prick of the hook he darted from the ship at a twenty knot clip at least, the captain and the mate slacking away the line and snubbing him as much as they thought the wire rope would stand, until finally they brought him to a dead stop about two hundred and fifty feet from the ship. Then a dozen men "tailed on" to the line and we had all we could do to haul

him alongside, holding on to all we got and still keeping a turn round the bollard. Never had I seen such plunging, such thrashing, and such violent turmoil as that shark made in the smooth, still sea. Every moment we expected the wire rope to part in two or the hook to snap, but the gear was good and it bravely endured the stress and strain.

The method finally adopted for landing him on deck was ingenious. First he was hauled to the gangway amidships, and the line that held him was pulled as taut as possible. Then a running noose of stout hemp was made round the wire line and skilfully worked over his head and the entire length of his body until it reached his tail. Then it was hauled taut and made fast to a bitt on the deck. The shark was now moored head and stern and was practically under control so long as the lines held. A stout chain sling was next passed round the middle of his body, and by means of a powerful tackle from the main yard, the fall of which was taken to the winch, he was hoisted clear of the water.

It was an exciting moment when we got him clear of the rail and canted the yard so that he hung inboard ready for lowering on deck. The principal danger was that his tail might get adrift, and then it would have been perilous indeed. But the stout line endured the mighty strain of his spasmodic struggles, and slowly and cautiously he was lowered to the deck. With a few strokes of the carpenter's biggest axe his tail was severed. This always seems to paralyze a shark, no matter how full of life and vigour he may be. His head was cut off. A tape measure was applied, and his length proved to be thirty-four feet nine inches, extreme measurement, from stem to stern. He was ripped open according to custom, but nothing of note was discovered in his interior. His backbone, jaws, and tail were all that were kept. The rest of his carcass was cast overboard; the deck was washed and the incident closed.



# LOVE AND LITERATURE

By MARGARET WESTRUP

## I.

PATRICIA WALTON did not often dream. She was generally esteemed a practical young lady by her friends, and a hard-hearted one by her lovers.

But then one's friends and one's lovers do not know everything. So this morning Patricia propped her elbow on the table, and her little white determined chin in her hand, and dreamt. Her eyes, while she dreamt, were fixed on a small insignificant basket filled with violets and moss. A little way off another basket stood—a handsome basket with glorious roses—pink, white, and red, trailing their sweetness all over it, twining over the very handles. But Patricia's pretty eyes never glanced at it. She was absorbed in the humble basket with the violets and moss. For she could not discover the sender. Morning after morning a little basket of flowers came for Patricia that was different from all the others. And there were a good many others, Patricia being so pretty as to be irresistibly charming, and so rich as to be able to frame that prettiness as exquisitely as she chose. There can be no doubt that Patricia was spoiled. Besides being pretty and rich, she was an only child, and her parents worshipped her.

A good many people worshipped Patricia. There was something more than prettiness, and wealth, and wittiness to be worshipped, though some did not know it. But she was spoiled. Nobody ever said "No" to Patricia; she could coax so prettily. When she went in for photography all her men friends grinned amiably at the horrible caricatures of themselves she produced, and swore they were perfect likenesses. When her women friends were not quite

so obliging, the men friends assured Patricia it was just their "beastly vanity," which was rather hard on the women.

Her latest craze was writing, and she may be pardoned if she thought that at the least she had *talent*, seeing that various editors of her acquaintance had published various short stories of hers, and paid her for them too. Nevertheless, she hadn't any talent for writing.

But she was not thinking of literature now, though in a little while she was going to pay a visit to an editor whom she did not know, and in the pages of whose magazine she coveted to appear. She had decided not to send her stories to the editor of the *Monthly Literature*. Somehow she thought it would be better to take them.

But now her mind was occupied with the sweet-smelling violets before her. Who sent them? She knew where the roses, and the lilies, and the orchids came from; but these sweet-smelling violets? She puckered her white brow under the little feathery curls that strayed so lightly over its whiteness. A boy brought them every morning—a horrid, disagreeable boy who refused to say a word as to whence he came. He only said: "The boss sent 'em, miss." He would say that as many times as she liked, but nothing else—at any rate, nothing else relating to the flowers. Curiously enough, Patricia, gazing at the violets, fell a-dreaming over the only man who had ever slighted her. Her cheeks grew pink at the memory. It was one day when she was out alone. A silly little dog had caught hold of her skirt and worried it. A man had come along and taken the dog off, but the dog had turned and snapped at his hand. The man had pretended it was nothing. Patricia liked the way he had



pretended ; it had been *real* pretence. He had not meant her to see ; but she had seen blood trickling down his forefinger. It was only a scratch, he said, but Patricia had been full of pity, and she had bound the finger up with her little lace-edged handkerchief. His own handkerchief, peeping from his breast-coat pocket, would have been more to the purpose, but he did not make the suggestion. They had been alone in the street, and Patricia had smiled and blushed, and sweetly told him where to bring the handkerchief when he had done with it. "And you can ask for me," she had said softly. "You have been so kind. I would like to know how your finger gets on." And the man had sent the handkerchief back by post !

Patricia had been snubbed, and Patricia had felt sore and angry.

She had liked the combination of steady grey eyes and a very dark face. She was very hard to please for a week. Then she thrust the thought of this man's boorishness from her. But it came back now and then. And it had come back now.

Then she sighed, and pushed back her chair and rose.

"It's time for me to beard that old editor," she observed.

Then she picked out a few of the violets, and tucked them into the bosom of her gown.

And many men wondered that day who was the rival who had been so honoured.

And Patricia wondered too.

## II.

"A young lady to see you, sir," said the type-writing clerk.

"What's she want?" asked his chief in an ungallant tone.

The clerk smiled.

"Manuscript, sir."

"What the dickens are you bothering me for, then? Don't you know by now to——"

"Yes, sir." The clerk blushed. "She's different somehow. I think you'd see her, sir, if you saw her——"

It struck him he was growing incoherent, so he stopped.

"I won't see her"—grimly. "Tell her to leave her manuscript, and I'll consider it at my earliest convenience."

The clerk turned to go, and Patricia tripped in.

It wasn't often that grim office saw such a radiant vision within its smoky walls.

The editor rose.

Patricia glanced at him, and her cheeks grew pink.

"Oh!" she said softly, then her eyes sparkled. "I've brought two short stories for you to read," she said airily. "Can you read them now while I wait?"

"Certainly," said the editor meekly.

Patricia put her parcel down, took a seat, and watched him undo the knots, which, feminine fashion, were very numerous indeed.

"You'd better cut it, hadn't you?" she suggested at last.

"Oh—ah—yes!"

The editor cut the string with his pen-knife. Then he looked up at her. He had steady grey eyes set in a strong dark face.

"I could read them, and send my opinion on to you," he said.

Patricia searched his face for any sign of feeling. But it expressed only courteous attention.

"I'd rather you read them now," she said, loosening the soft feather boa she had round her throat.

"Very well." The editor's eyes were fixed on the little knot of violets she had in the bosom of her gown.

There was a feeling of some sort in his face now. Patricia tried in vain to read it.

She stamped on the floor with a small angry foot.

The editor sat down, and took up "The Failing of Elizabeth."



"Your name's Shirley Grantham, isn't it?" observed Patricia irrelevantly, and then she grew suddenly pink and stamped her foot again. But the stamp was against herself this time.

"Yes," said the editor politely, and began to read her story.

Patricia watched him from under the big brim of her hat. When he had finished he put it down and looked at her.

"You want my opinion," he said.

Patricia nodded.

"No good," said he tersely.

Patricia gasped, and her face grew scarlet.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh!"

"I couldn't use it in the *Monthly Literature*," he said. "I am sorry."

"But—but—why?"

"I have told you."

"But I have had stories in the ——— and the ——— and the ———" (mentioning three contemporary periodicals).

"Yes"—grimly.

Now Patricia coveted to see her name in the *Monthly Literature*, because the *Monthly Literature* had the highest reputation for good fiction. Yet it was a comparatively new venture, and its editor was a poor man.

Considering that she had never had "No" said to her in all her life before, she was taking it rather well. The editor's grey eyes noted that. They were the kind of eyes that note everything.

"Perhaps," she suggested with a timidity entirely new to her, "I might write another." She looked up at him from under her hat with a pretty pleading look that belonged to no one but Patricia.

The man seemed made of iron.

He waited courteously.

Patricia looked down at the tip of a dainty shoe protruding from her skirts. Tears smarted under her long lashes.

Then she looked up with a little smile.

"Then you don't want me for a contributor," she said. "Tell me *quite* plainly, you don't want me"—smiling bravely—"for *anything*?"

"I don't want you for a contributor," said the editor—fire leapt into the grey eyes—"I want you for a wife!"

Patricia sat petrified, her eyes wide and fixed. Then she rose with a swirl of soft draperies.

"How *dare* you!" she whispered. "Oh, how *dare* you!"

He smiled grimly.

"I'd dare a good deal to get my wish," he said, "now."

"I believe," said Patricia, the colour leaping back to her cheeks, "I believe you are mad."

He said nothing.

Patricia picked up her sunshade.

"It is no insult," said the editor steadily, "for a man to ask a girl to be his wife."

"It is! All in a minute! You've only known me a minute"—Patricia's eyes were stormy—"only a minute."

"Pardon—six months the day before yesterday."

"Oh!"

Patricia's eyes fell till the lashes lay on her flushed cheeks. Then she drew her head erect. In every pose she was irresistibly charming. That was the danger about Patricia. "You will please send the stories to the address on the outside sheet," she said. She took a ridiculous little purse from the dainty bag hanging to a gold chain round her wrist. She hunted for stamps, and found none. She took out a shilling, and handed it to Shirley Grantham.

"Thanks," he said, handing her back some change. "That will be right, I think."

Patricia's little white teeth shut on the red lip beneath. She turned to the door. The editor opened it for her, and accompanied her downstairs.

At the door he paused. After all, he was *not* made of iron.

"If you write another story," he said,



with a momentary weakness, "I shall be pleased to give you my opinion on it."

"Good morning," said Patricia.

### III.

Patricia had written another story. She had studied all the short stories in all the numbers of the *Monthly Literature* that had yet been published. Then she had written her story.

"I'll give it to Peter Lang," she said. She said it to herself many times in the intervals of writing the story. Peter Lang was the sub-editor of the *Fortnightly Miracle*.

Several of Patricia's stories had appeared in the *Fortnightly Miracle*.

She took a long while over this story. She re-wrote it three times, and then scratched out and put in words and sentences till she had to write it out a fourth time. All that took a long while, and then in between Patricia had a good deal to think about.

The little basket of flowers still arrived every morning. Patricia looked at them now with suspicious eyes. But the eyes were soft too, and sometimes she almost smiled—not quite—but near enough to bring a little dimple peeping out at the left corner of her demure lips. Her friends, male and female, never noticed how adroitly she led conversations up to a certain name. The name was Shirley Grantham, and Patricia learnt a good deal about the owner of the name.

But she learnt nothing bad.

After she had really finished the story she left it in the drawer of her writing table for two days. At this time Patricia was sometimes cross.

On the third day she decided to send the story to the editor of the *Monthly Literature*. She would not let personal feelings stand in the way of her Art.

On the fourth day she decided to *take* the story to the editor.

She would not have him think she was afraid to come.

On the fifth day she took it. She

looked absolutely bewitching. The editor received her with grave courtesy, and Patricia felt herself growing bewildered.

It took a good deal to bewilder Patricia.

But she had been almost bewildered ever since her last visit to the editor of the *Monthly Literature*. She sat and watched him again as he read her story. He had a fine face and head, and there was plenty of character in both for her to watch.

He laid the story down at last, and looked at her steadily.

"Is it better?" Patricia found herself asking quite humbly.

"No; it is worse."

Patricia's face lost all its brilliance.

"It is laboured," the editor said. He spoke quietly and slowly, as if the words were wrenched from him. He was looking at the sweet pathetic face before him as he spoke.

Truly he was *almost* a man of iron.

"You—you are certainly frank," said Patricia.

"You asked for the truth."

"Yes."

But then Patricia so often asked for the truth, and got something so very different from what this man gave her.

She decided rapidly that what the others gave her was not truth.

"Shall I ever be any good at it?" she asked.

"No."

"I have no talent at all?"

"Not for that."

"For wifely duties, I suppose?"

Directly the words were out she could have bitten her tongue off in her vexation. She grew pink right down to her soft throat.

How horrid of her! Oh, how horrid! But Patricia had been ruffled and told unpalatable truths, and she was not used to anything in the least like that.

"Yes," said the editor.

She laughed—a little scornful laugh that would have annihilated most of the men she knew.



"I assure you," she said rising, "you are *most* mistaken! You do not know me at all."

"I know you very well," said the editor. "I've never lost sight of you since that day, Pa—— Miss Walton."

She saw that his dark face was white.

"But why didn't you——" the words burst from her, and then she stopped, all glowing and shy.

"You know why," he said.

She looked up at him questioningly, then dropped her eyes swiftly.

"But—but——" she murmured.

"But now I am a weak fool," he said. "So long as I did not speak to you I was strong. I knew my weakness, and I kept away; but"—his voice was low and determined—"now I will move heaven and earth to win you. You came. I cannot help it. I cannot give you up now."

There was a little tense silence.

"Money," murmured Patricia, "isn't everything."

She murmured it very softly and shyly, but he heard it.

"Patricia!" He took a step nearer to her.

Patricia drew back. He stood still and looked at her.

"You," murmured Patricia reproachfully, "were very nasty about my stories."

"Yes."

"Wouldn't—wouldn't anything make you nicer about them?"

She looked at him with pleading eyes.

"No," he said.

Patricia gave a little gasp.

"Wouldn't *anything* make you publish one in your magazine?"

Her cheeks were brilliantly pink, her eyes misty with coaxing. He looked straight down into her face.

"No," he said.

His right hand gripped the edge of the table; his face was white.

"Why?" said Patricia.

"Because I will keep up to a certain standard, and your work is *not* up to it."

The words dropped slowly from his firm lips.

"You love your work better than—than anything?" said Patricia, rosy pink.

"No," he smiled, "I do not."

There was a silence.

Then Patricia held out a warm, gracious little hand.

"Not one of the others would have done it," she said breathlessly. "Oh! you are—you are fine!"

He took the hand between both his.

"I always knew the stuff you were made of, Patricia," he said softly. "It's—it's rare stuff."

She dimpled with a delight that not the most flattering compliment had ever made her feel before. He bent and kissed the little hand in his. Patricia drew it away gently.

"Will you come and see us to-morrow?" she said demurely.

"Patricia——"

"No. You may come and see us; that is enough."

"It's more than I deserve, my—Miss Walton."

Patricia dimpled again.

"I'm not your Miss Walton," she said.

"Yet," said he, his grey eyes aglow.

"Oh!——" she stopped abruptly, and the office boy came in.

Patricia glanced at him as he laid some papers down on the table.

"Oh!" she breathed.

When he had gone she turned to the editor of the *Monthly Literature*. Her lips were parted, her cheeks very pink, and her eyes were shining.

No one in all the world had ever seen Patricia look quite like that before.

"Then——!" she cried.

He smiled.

"Yes," he said, "then."



# EMERGENCIES OF THE ROAD

## HOW THE AUTOMOBILIST SHOULD MEET THEM

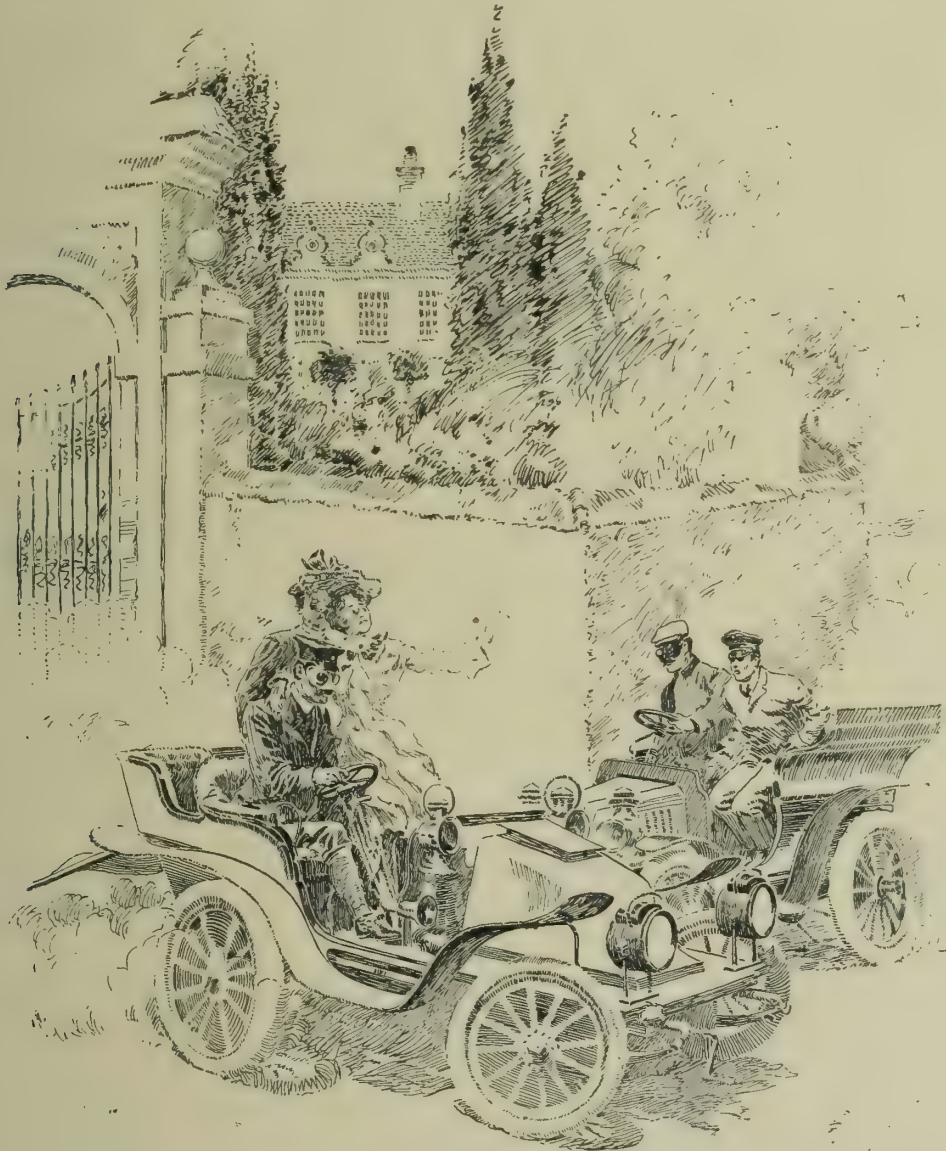
By J. DUNBAR WRIGHT

*Drawings by Harry S. Watson*

**N**O automobilist has any right to go at a rate which could possibly be called fast until, by experience, he has learned the emergencies one meets in fast driving, and has such perfect control of himself that, automatically, he does exactly the right thing in the right place. Let him go slow until he has the emergencies of the road classified, and has for each a

remedy. Then, if he is one of the men who can acquire an extreme alertness, both mental and physical; if he can keep his head cool and his nerve good, he may safely trust himself to try higher speed.

I never saw a better example of the sort of alertness and self-control I mean than when riding one day in the outskirts of Paris, with Fournier. I sat in



"DO NOT CUT A CORNER UNTIL YOU CAN SEE YOUR WAY CLEAR."



the driver's seat, and we were running along at high speed, not knowing we were in the city limits. Quick as a flash, Fournier said, "There's a policeman!" and before I knew what had happened he had jumped over me, in spite of the fact that the machine was running thirty miles an hour, had shoved me into his place, taken my own, turned around, and was running away.

To acquire such self-control the driver should have his mind concentrated into a thought something like this: "What will I do if a lot of chickens, or a crowd of children, or a herd of cows appears before me, or if I meet some one rounding a corner, or if my machine starts to skid?" and to each of these he should have an answer so thoroughly impressed upon his consciousness that he will act upon it instantly.

The classification of the more common emergencies comes to every one through experience. To the outsider or the beginner many of them will look like very laughable and unimportant things. For instance, to warn the new automobilist against pigeons and chickens is very apt to excite his risability; but they are really dangerous obstructions, nevertheless. This does not lie in the fact that either one is big enough to wreck an automobile. A machine of even light weight, striking a pigeon in the road, would not feel it; but chickens and pigeons both have a way of waiting until the machine gets close at hand, and then flying straight up. If the automobile is going faster than they expect, just as likely as not the driver's face will collide with the rising bird. This may temporarily blind him, or, much more likely, excite him, so that his machine swerves to one side, and something disagreeable might happen.

For chickens and dogs it is best to slow down, if possible. One reason for this is the ethical one that you have no right whatever to destroy other people's property. Chickens and dogs mean a great deal to farmers who own them,

and they have fully as good a right upon the road as you have going at a high rate of speed. Until you have learned to respect property and the feelings of other persons, you have no business running an automobile at all. If you can't slow down, and the chicken rises and comes for your face, duck your head a little, and throw up one arm, somewhat as a boxer does in guarding a lead, at the same time watching the road as he watches his opponent. I have struck pigeons in this manner. Chickens are apt to fly lower.

Never attempt to dodge a dog. You are as apt to kill it when dodging as any other way, and you run chances of running into a tree or ditch, and possibly turning your machine over. If you can slow down, do so. If you can't, let the dog get out of the way or go over him, unless he is a large one; then the danger increases according to the size of the dog. I remember talking to Charron, after the finish of the race from Paris to Lyons—a distance of 355 miles. He said he ran over a big dog, which threw his car off the road, into the ditch, between two trees; but he was going so fast that he could not stop his machine before it was out on the road again. Then, finding he had escaped without very serious damage, he continued for fifty miles, when he was obliged to stop, clean out what was left of the dog, and repair the pump. Notwithstanding this, he finished at an average speed of sixty-one kilometers an hour. Always, in going over animals of that size, have a firm grip on the wheel, and avoid any possibility of getting out of the centre of the road.

Never dodge cows. They are stupid, and will move about in ways least expected. In case of cows, slow down always. In fact, it is impossible to dodge them. You had better stop short and see what they are going to do about it. I had this impressed upon my mind this year, while competing in the tourists' section of the Paris-Vienna



race. It was in the Austrian Tyrol, and happened to a big Panhard car driven by a Frenchman. He was a mile ahead of me, and was, at the time of the accident, going down a rather steep but not dangerous grade. All of a sudden, as he was turning a corner, some cows loomed up in the road. As nearly as I could find out, he did not stop, but attempted to do a little dodging, which resulted in turning too much to the right, and not putting on the brakes soon enough; as a consequence, the car broke directly through the fence and went down the mountain. The front axle stuck in the ground with such force, that the enclosed tonneau left the frame with its occupants, and shot some ten feet beyond the place the car was wrecked. The most remarkable part of it is, no one was killed.

Next to emergencies growing out of obstructions of this character, come those which arise in turning corners and climbing or descending hills. The worst corners that one has to turn are on angling roads, especially mountain roads, where the turns are numerous and short, with a hill on one side and a precipice on the other. There is a great fascination in running fast at turns, and if they are of the right sort, there is not much danger; but it

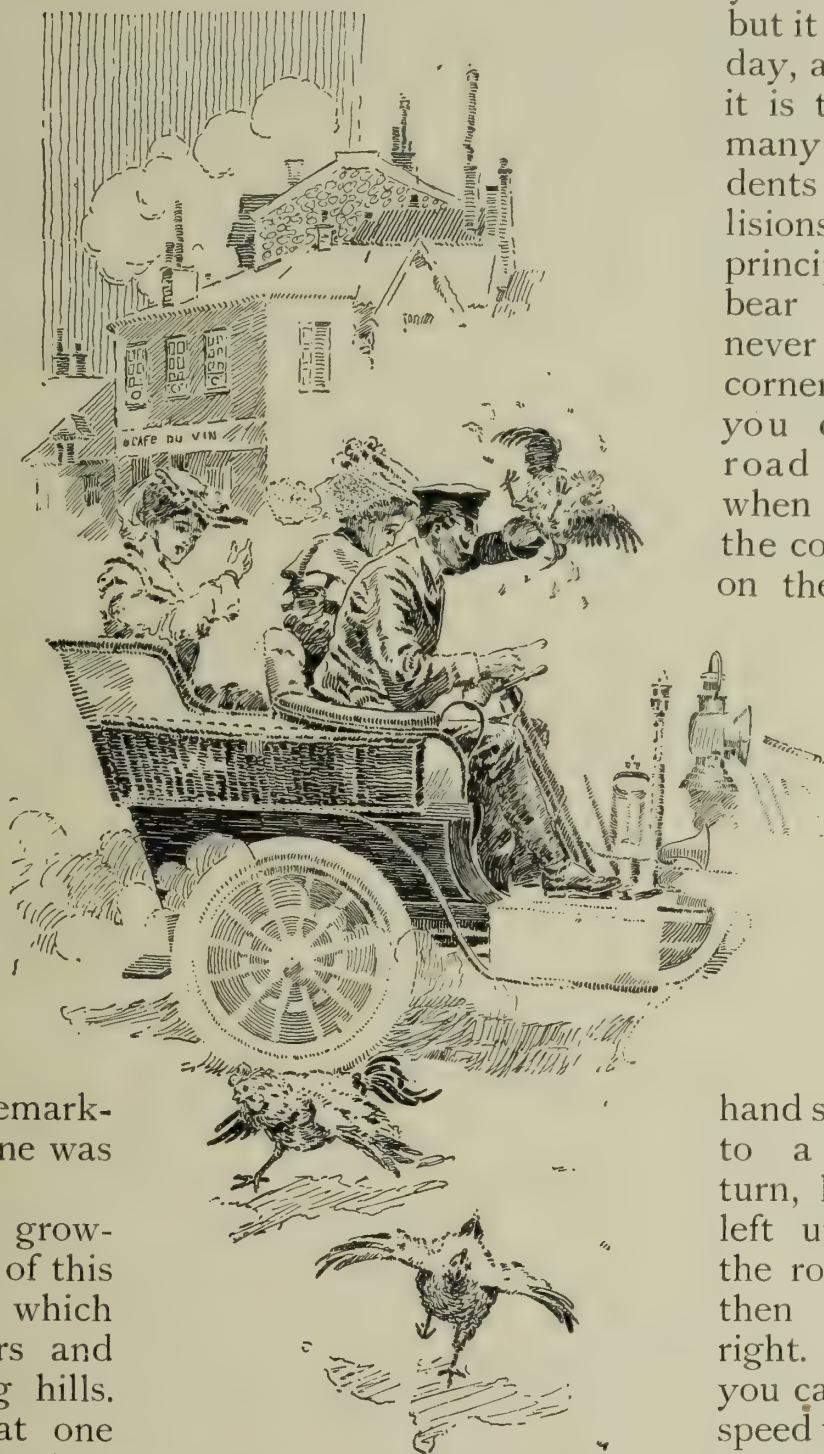
takes practice to go around a corner properly, and I have driven with men who are all right on straight-a-ways, but at corners they gave me wonderful heart action. Of course, it is dangerous to go around a corner fast until you can see

your way clear; but it is done every day, and wonderful it is there are not many more accidents from collisions. A good principle to always bear in mind is, never cut the corner off unless you can see the road clear, for when you do cut the corner, you are on the wrong side

of the road, according to the law, but not according to the manner of correct driving. For instance, if you are on the left-

hand side and come to a right-hand turn, keep to the left until you see the road clear, and then cut to the right. Doing this, you can keep your speed up and strain your car much less than taking the full curve to the left.

If you cut the corner before you can see a clear way, and somebody is doing the same thing from the other direction, you will not have time to arrange any little matters before the funeral. Of



"IF THE CHICKEN COMES STRAIGHT AT YOUR FACE, THROW UP YOUR ARM, AT THE SAME TIME WATCHING THE ROAD."



course, always blow your horn loud and often.

Many old-timers never do this, but it's a good habit, and may obviate a serious accident. I very narrowly escaped an accident this last summer at Aix les Bains. It was on the road which runs along the lake and has many very quick and dangerous turns. I was to the right, which was correct though contrary to the English custom, and was going about twenty miles an hour, possibly a little slower at the turns, at no time cutting corners; I was blowing my horn. The lady that sat by my side asked me what I did that for, saying that her husband never took such precaution. Just at this moment her husband's big motor came tearing around the corner. Fortunately the driver heard my horn, and I could see his machine swerve, although I did not know for a moment whether or not he was going to get far enough over to let me go by. There was nothing for me to do but to keep to the right and trust to luck. We passed each other by about an inch, and I think in future he will blow his horn.

In passing a machine upon the road at high speed, there is also danger. This comes from the fact that the foremost machine is likely to make a cloud of dust so you cannot see the car, and do not know how far it is off, except from the way the dust rises. When you notice it is close to the ground and you feel it beating against your face, you know it is time to get ready to pass. Always slow down if you can, but if you can't, as in a race, blow your horn, turn as far as possible, and trust to your luck; but don't lose your nerve, if you are temporarily blinded in a dust cloud. After you pass the car, be sure you are well ahead before going to the centre of the road again; in other words, get to the centre gradually. I have seen men turn to the centre quickly after passing a car, evidently forgetting the speed of the car which they are going by. If the back wheel of your machine should strike the

front one of the car you are passing, it would certainly complicate matters. Another great element of danger, here, is that you may meet another machine coming into the cloud from the opposite direction. This is one particular reason why you should keep your horn going continually.

Talking about the sounding of horns, don't do it in cities. It is very well on the country road, at turns, when passing another machine, and in a great many other cases; but in the city it is too confusing. If a woman, crossing the street, suddenly hears an automobile horn, it frightens her, and she is likely to act very much like a cow or sheep. First she stops, and then jumps; and she is just as likely to jump into the path of the machine as not. The only way to meet emergencies in the city is not to allow them to arise. In other words, go slow; always go slow on city streets. I have driven in Paris with Renault, Fournier, Charron, and many others, and cannot recall a single instance when they have blown a horn. When I see automobilists going through cities blowing a horn, I know they are beginners.

Perhaps the most trying emergencies are on mountain roads. A man whose nerve is good on the level, is still likely to lose his head completely if the automobile gets away from him and goes coasting down hill. I doubt if there is a more awful sensation in the world than to feel that your machine has gotten away from you on a hill. It is like the old nightmare, in which one falls and falls and falls from the top of the building. It may happen in going up hill or down. Defective brakes are perhaps the most usual cause in going down. Therefore, before you start to descend try your brakes and see if they are all right. All machines should have two brakes, one on the machinery and one band brake on the back axle. All the French machines have two, and no one should be allowed by law to build one here or abroad with only one brake. First, try



the foot brake, then the other; if the hill is long, keep changing them, so that they will not heat up. Never feel that your car is getting away from you, and if by any chance it should, never be going so fast that you could not run into a bank or tree without killing yourself. Of course it happens very seldom that your brakes fail to work, but it's always best to have something up your sleeve in case they fail. As a last resort, you can throw in your reverse gear. This stops your car surely, but also smashes the machinery. That can be fixed; a broken skull not so easily.

Going up very steep grades is dangerous, and one should always be prepared, in case the car should stop and commence to back, as the brakes never hold so well going backwards as forwards. On all foreign machines they have a pick, which is under the car and, when dropped, acts as a safeguard in case the brakes do not work. This pick you never use except on grades which you cannot take at anything but your first speed. On such grades it is best to let it drop; should you find your car stopping, apply the brakes and let it back slowly: then trust to the pick.

This year I had an experience in going over the Alberg Mountain, in Austria, some 5,000 feet high, in many places with an eighteen per cent. grade. On this mountain I had my pick down all the way, and had occasion to use it

three times when I rested the motor. Resting a motor is always a wise thing to do, even if it does not stop from its own free will. It thus has a chance to cool off, and always seems to appreciate a little rest of this kind, by going better afterward. If you are going up a long hill, of course the motor becomes very much heated, and if you can change the water once or twice it is always well to do so. In going up very steep mountains, always keep your eye on the bank, because it may come handy to back into, if you should suddenly stop and find your brake and pick out of commission. Always listen carefully to the sound of your machinery. You will come to know just when it is running rightly, and to recognise any sound which would indicate that something is wrong. When this happens, dismount and examine everything thoroughly.

To sum up, the whole question of meeting emergencies lies in having an alert mind, concentrated entirely upon the work in hand, ready for the dangers that may be encountered; a cool-headed nerve which makes a man do the right thing at the right time, even though a wreck seems inevitable. A man who can acquire this state of mind will meet emergencies as they rise, while one who cannot concentrate, and cannot keep cool in extreme danger, has no business running a machine, and will never be able to meet emergencies, no matter what instruction is given him.



# HOW LADY GOWAN WAS ENTERTAINED

By JEANNETTE COOPER

*Illustrated by Will Grefe*

"I KNEW when we let Amy go to England that we were laying up trouble for ourselves."

Kate was scribbling away furiously as she spoke, tucked up at one end of the hammock, a block of paper on her knees, and a stubby pencil between her first two fingers.

Mrs. Baily, the sister from the west, who was accused by the others of having social aspirations, spoke persuasively :

"Now, Kit," she said, "you wouldn't want the Radcliffes to monopolise Lady Gowan," and then there was a shout of laughter, in which she joined, for the Radcliffes might have basked in the exclusive light of Lady Gowan's society for ever without objection on Kit's part.

"It will be for only one afternoon," suggested Mrs. Osborne ; while Amy put her pretty head down on the cherished manuscript and said, "But, Kit, they were nice to me in London," which settled it.

And just then Mildred Radcliffe came across the lawn.

Mildred always crossed the lawn instead of going around by the walk. She could quite see herself, as a slender, white-robed figure, moving under the greenery. Mildred oscillated between the æsthetic and the conventional, and just now, in spite of the picturesque passage across the grass, the conventional was in the ascendant. She wore a gentle smile, and was trying hard to keep excited self-importance out of her tone.

"Lady Gowan and her son arrived this evening!" she said. "The Burtons gave them a letter to us, you know."

They did know, having heard it from each member of the Radcliffe family.

"I don't see why they want to come to this stupid little place," she went on

after a polite murmur from Mrs. Osborne ; "I am afraid the Burtons have made us out a more interesting family than we claim to be."

"Impossible!" *sotto voce* from the boy to his nearest cousin.

"Of course we shall do what we can. I want you to come over to-morrow afternoon, Amy. They will probably remember you."

"Perhaps," said Amy modestly.

"Remember her?" echoed the boy. "Do you suppose any one could forget her? In my opinion ——"

"Don't notice him, Mildred," interrupted Amy, gently ; "he babbles." At which ungrateful remark he tipped her chair forward and slid her gently to the porch floor.

"You are the most unconventional family," said Miss Radcliffe, in a tone that plainly meant undignified. "If I bring Lady Gowan here to call, you'll have to promise to behave," with a little laugh to temper the severity of her rebuke.

"Don't worry, Mildred," Mrs. Osborne hastened to forestall any remark from Kate. "I am going to send Jack home if he isn't good. He was invited to stay only during good behaviour."

"Then he ought to have gone before he came," said Amy, smiling up at the tall young cousin.

"The son is only plain Mr. Gowan, you know."

"Thank you, so much" Kate could not be suppressed any longer. "I was unsettled as to whether I should address him as 'Your Lordship,' or 'Sire.'"

"Good girl!" whispered Jack, applaudingly.

"I hope you'll wear your blue, Amy. It looks more elegant than just muslin, and English people are so——"



"Exactly!" began Kate; but Mrs. Osborne tossed a rose she had been holding into her sister's lap, and Kate relapsed into silence. As Jack said, Marion always had something ready to throw at the family genius. Under the circumstances he felt called upon to speak.

"We are going to look over our things this afternoon," he began in a loud, cheerful tone, "and fit the poor girl out."

"Must you go, Mildred?" murmured Mrs. Osborne, as the guest arose in the midst of Jack's eloquence.

"Yes, I've a dozen things to do. I shall expect you at four, Amy, in your blue," and with a graceful inclination Miss Radcliffe departed.

"Really, I think we shall have to drop Mildred," said Jack, sinking wearily into the hammock and upsetting Kate's papers and plans. "She doesn't belong."

"I should like to entertain those people nicely," said Marion, apropos of nothing.

"Something simple, but choice," supplemented Betty.

"Something to mark the contrast between the old families of the town and the *nouveaux riches*," assented Jack, with his cheerful smile.

"What sort of woman is Lady Gowan, Amy?"



"HE SEATED HIMSELF UPON THE TOP STEP AND LOOKED UP AT HER WITH A SATISFIED EXPRESSION."

"Not a bit snobbish; that is about all I know. May Jones says she is very sentimental—likes Miss Braddon, and revels in people's love affairs. At the same time she doesn't want any girl to look at her son."

"Her son is plain Mr. Gowan, you know," interjected Jack.

"She is rather an imposing old lady but the son is very friendly and jolly."





"LADY GOWAN WAS GAZING WITH FLATTERING ATTENTION AT THE RACONTEUSE."



"Did *you* look at her son?" reproved Jack

"Only occasionally," laughed Amy. "Go and make your lemonade, Jack, while your elders prepare to entertain the Gowans."

\* \* \* \* \*

Amy was on the side porch the next morning, washing out some lace ruffles for the afternoon's muslin, and singing "Bonnie Dundee."

Suddenly, around the big syringa bush that screened her from the street, appeared a young man.

"I heard your voice," he said, "so I just came around. You don't mind, do you?"

Amy gave an involuntary glance at the faded blue calico that clothed her youthful form.

"No-o, I think not," she said, blushing a trifle, and devoutly wishing she had not sung so loud.

"Your tone is doubtful, and you have not offered to shake hands. Therefore I must go away;" and he seated himself upon the top step and looked up at her with a satisfied expression.

He was a good-looking youth, broad-shouldered and straight-featured, with the girl's complexion that Nature bestows on both sexes indiscriminately in the British Isles.

"We are stopping at the top of the street," he said, watching her interestedly as she rinsed her laces and sat down beside him to pull them dry.

"I suppose you mean that you are staying at the end of the street."

"In your *patois*, yes. In English pure and undefiled, we are stopping at the top of the street."

Amy laughed.

"It is quite too warm to teach you your mother-tongue in half an hour," she said.

He opened his eyes.

"What put that idea into your head?" he demanded.

"What idea?"

"That I am remaining only half an

hour. I assure you I have no other engagement for the day."

"But I have," she laughed.

"Have you, really?" regret in his tone.

"Yes; I am invited this afternoon to Miss Radcliffe's to meet Lady Gowan and Mr. Gowan."

"Jove! I had forgotten;" with a glance at her as sufficient explanation. "But, I say, you're not going to make me go away in half an hour because of a garden party at four o'clock. There's a good bit of time before that, and the *mater*—by Jove, there is the *mater*! Two to nothing she's coming here."

"How does she know?" began Amy, but her voice died away. The portly dame in black and rustling attire was already at the gate. Now she was going up the walk to the front porch, and Kate was on the front porch, copying one of the tales that she sent out so hopefully and received back so philosophically. Kate was quite capable of not recognising nobility when it interrupted the flow of genius. It was a dilemma. Young Gowan, with amusement on his features, was watching Amy.

A long pause followed, while Amy listened anxiously and her companion kept his eyes on her pretty, perplexed face with evident enjoyment.

Presently:

"Yes, it is much pleasanter here in the garden, isn't it?" said Lady Gowan, and she and Kate came across the lawn and sat down in the rustic chairs before the syringa bush. "You Americans are so keen about your piazzas; now, at home we like better just sitting in the garden." She leaned back and untied her bonnet strings. "Don't trouble to call Miss Palmer now; she is busy, I dare say."

"Isn't she, though?" whispered her ladyship's son, but the whisper sounded alarmingly loud in the stillness, and Amy's imploring face impelled him to silence.



"You are younger than Miss Palmer?"

"Yes." Kate was thinking of her novel, and wondering if there was any possibility of relief. Conversation was not Kate's strong point.

"It is odd she has not married. She is quite a beauty."

"Worried about plain Mr. Gowan," thought Kate. "I must quiet her mind."

"I hardly think Amy will ever marry," she said.

"Ah!" said Lady Gowan, sympathetic interest in her tone. "Has she been crossed in love?" which expression

almost proved Kate's undoing, and caused Amy to look anywhere except at the young man beside her.

"He died," sighed Kate, thinking what fun it would be to tell Jack about it.

"And she still mourns, poor dear! How sweet!"

"Don't you like the smell of the syringas?" Kate essayed to return to the paths of truth, but her ladyship would have none of it.

"How did it happen, my dear?" she inquired, with that frank desire to attend to other people's affairs while keeping one's own undisturbed.

"Gracious, why doesn't some one come?" thought Kate.

"He was killed," she said.

"Ah, poor young man! And how was he killed, my dear Miss Palmer?"

"It's a strange story," said Kate pensively.

Lady Gowan was gazing with flattering attention at the *raconteuse*. "She is having a good time," thought that unvarnished young person, "and Amy wanted her to have a good time."

"It happened in Wyoming. Amy was spending the summer there on a ranch. The man she—she cared for (the love passages in Kate's stories were always brief) used to ride out from the town on horseback. Part of the way lay through a cañon about which the cowboys told



"YOU KNOW WHY I CAME HERE, AMY, DON'T YOU?"





"AMY STOOD, A FIGURE OF TRAGEDY IN BLUE CALICO . . ."

strange tales. Dead Man's Cañon, it was called."

"Gruesome name!" shuddered her listener.

"I don't know that I ought to tell this." Kit's conscience was imperfectly subjugated.

"Oh, my dear young lady, I shall, of course, never mention it. Your poor sister! So young, too! Pray, go on."

"Well," continued Sapphira, "one evening when they were expecting him he failed to come; and in the night a black storm came up in the foothills where the ranch lay. Amy was lying awake, listening to the wind roaring in

the pines, when she heard a horse gallop into the yard."

Kate was now enjoying herself. Amy was not. She tried to convey the true state of affairs to Mr. Gowan by a glance, but he had stopped looking at her and was staring at the back fence with an intensity that the beauty of the fence did not warrant, so she put both hands over her ears to shut out Kate's ridiculous tale. When she removed them Kate was saying impressively:

"Something horribly cold sprang on his horse, behind him. He knew no more till he recovered consciousness in the ranch house, to find Amy bending over him."



"And he died?"

An instant's hesitation between death and insanity ended in favour of the former.

"Yes; he lived only long enough to tell his story."

Mr. Gowan ceased from his contemplation of the fence, and turned to Amy with British determination in his blue eyes.

"Is it true?" he said.

She shook her head, and then, careless of consequences and a family in *dishabille*, rose and fled to the dining-room.

Mr. Gowan closed the door carefully behind him, and then, with relieved amusement in his gaze, confronted the flushed young woman who stood in the middle of the room, grasping a chair-back for support, while she tried to explain that her sister had been telling his mother a most inexcusable and baseless romance.

"I am partly to blame," she said, scarlet with embarrassment, but doubly trying to shield her erring sister. "I told her that—that Lady Gowan was—liked love stories, and Kate knew that none of us was presentable, and she tried to entertain her. It was too dreadful of Kate."

She was really pathetic, and the smile in his eyes changed to sympathy. He moved nearer, and opened his lips to speak comforting words, when, just at this point, Jack's voice was heard outside of the dining room windows, talking to Mrs. Baily.

"Ye gods, Betty," he said, "it was great! I didn't think Kit had it in her. I was on the piazza roof, and I nearly rolled off. You see, Kit wasn't going to have the dowager worry about Amy capturing her son, so she settled Amy with a broken heart."

"It was dreadful," said Mrs. Baily. "How could Kate! Has Lady Gowan gone?"

"Yes. Where's Amy? I've got to tell her;" and Jack and Betty appeared at the side door just as Kate burst in from the hall.

"Oh, Amy!" she cried, and then stopped, aghast.

Amy stood, a figure of tragedy in blue calico, still grasping her chair-back, and glared with reproachful woe at the newcomer. Betty and Jack supported each other in the opposite doorway. Kate saw them as in a dream; but what held her fascinated gaze was the tall, broad-shouldered, fresh-coloured, unmistakably English, strange young man in the centre of the room. How had he come there? Where had he been? Why did everyone look so strange?

"Where——?" she gasped.

"We were on the side porch," said Tragedy icily.

The whole scene flashed upon Kate's vision—herself telling Amy's thrilling romance, while Amy and her Englishman sat perforce and heard it. A struggle was visible on her saucy little brown face; penitence looked from her eyes; then the corners of her mouth went up, and she leaned against the doorpost and broke into hysterical laughter.

Jack's boyish roar chimed in; and at that, with an apologetic glance at Amy, Mr. Gowan gave way to ill-timed mirth. Betty was smiling broadly. Amy flashed one glance around, and then saved her dignity by sweeping out of the room with as much *empressement* as a too-brief blue calico would allow.

"I—I am ashamed," gasped Kate, finally, wiping her eyes and looking truly remorseful. "I don't know how I could have been so dreadful, Mr. Gowan; but I got into it, and then I couldn't stop, she was so—so nice and sympathetic."

He nodded appreciatively; it was evident that he was quite without any proper feeling of resentment.

"I know," he said, smiling at Kate with a friendliness she did not deserve. "The *mater* does love a romance."

"It was inexcusably rude," said Mrs. Baily, severely.



"It was, Betty. I realised it." Kit was now sufficiently doleful to have satisfied her offended sister.

"It was the jolliest thing I ever heard," declared Mr. Gowan. "Don't you worry, Miss Kate ; I'll never tell the *mater* you were chaffing. It was very nice and clever of you to be so entertaining."

"Just wait till you get Amy's opinion of your niceness and cleverness, Miss Kit," said Jack, darkly.

The tender, confidence-inviting sympathy with which Lady Gowan treated Amy that afternoon was a source of deep joy to her son. He tried to catch the bereaved damsel's eye, but she firmly ignored his efforts. Inwardly, she was divided between mirth and wrath. Mildred was nonplussed at the amount of attention which her English guests bestowed upon Miss Palmer, who had worn muslin, after all, and presented a very undistinguished appearance. She, herself, wore a New York gown, and manners to correspond. She wondered afterward whether a picture hat and a sweet unconventionality would have been better.

Mr. Gowan walked home with Amy, refusing a seat in the carriage with his mother and Mildred.

"We leave to-morrow," he said, regretfully, trying to see the face under the big black hat. Only a round chin and a pair of red lips were visible, and the lips murmured a polite assent and settled into a firm red line. It was not encouraging, but he was English.

"I shall come back before I sail."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, I say, Miss Palmer," he protested, "I think I've been punished enough. Won't you please be nice and friendly, as you were in London?"

She laughed and melted, turning her smiling face up to her companion.

"You ought to cut us all," she said, "if you had any sense of your duty."

He bent his tall head.

"You know why I came here, Amy, don't you?" he said.

But Amy did not, so he told her, lingering at the gate to finish the story, which took a long time in the telling, because the black hat drooped so that he could not see how the tale was being received.

He waited in anxious silence when he had done. The late sun slanted under the maples and shone on the slender, motionless figure in the white gown. Jack's voice could be heard singing lustily a stave of "Bonnie Dundee."

"What would Lady Gowan say?" she said, lifting troubled eyes to his. It wasn't much of an answer, but there was something in the eyes beside the trouble, and he took possession of her hands in happy certainty.

"She may be a bit surprised, under the circumstances," he said, with a laugh in his eyes, "but she is sure to love you, dear, because you are mine, and because no one could possibly help it."



## AN EPISODE

By TRISTRAM CRUTCHLEY

"IT would be a great match," mused the Count von Raefelstrom.

"But the Emperor will never consent," snarled his companion.

The Count indulged in one of those inscrutable facial contortions known as diplomatic smiles.

"After all, Marshal," he said, "we were only discussing possibilities."

The soldier snarled again, and his gilt spurs clanked angrily. To relieve his discomfiture, he rose and stretched himself. It occurred to his latitudinal intelligence that the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Grand Duchy of Waldorf-Bornitz might reasonably be well informed on this particular matter.

The reflection was not soothing.

"But, my dear Count," he reasoned, almost coaxingly, "she's the Emperor's only daughter, and there's the Grundal boundary business to be settled, and the Bolonia Succession question, beside a round dozen of the ordinary international differences."

"Really, Marshal, you wouldn't have the Princess marry the Prince of Grundal *and* the King of Bolonia, in addition to a round dozen of ordinary European Sovereigns? Such a step would, at the least, alienate the Church."

The Marshal smiled grimly.

"You bandy words well, von Raefelstrom. But there, it's your profession!"

"And yours, my dear Bränder, seems to be to settle as many as possible of these petty squabbles, whilst sacrificing as few as possible of your master's female relations."

Bränder winced, but good-humouredly renewed the attack. Like a good soldier, every now and then he changed his tactics. This time he tried to entice the enemy from his position by means of a feint.

"Candidly, I don't think your Prince is worth her."

"If your devotion were not a by-word," replied the Count, "I should say that you were distinctly uncomplimentary to the Emperor's sister, to say nothing of her son."

"There's my point again," replied Bränder, resuming his seat with a sigh of satisfaction; "we've already sent one Imperial Princess to Waldorf. Surely we may be allowed to emulate heredity and skip a generation."

The Count von Raefelstrom glanced at his companion and quietly rose. The room in the palace in which this conversation was taking place was immediately over the great ball-room. A Court Ball was in progress, and the sound of a dreamy waltz stole upwards through the open window. The soft strains seemed to influence the Count, for he abandoned his diplomatic attitude.

"Her Highness's marriage to my master," he began, "was a great thing for Waldorf-Bornitz, but it was a greater thing for the Empire. We Waldorfians are born fighters. Our State is the most prosperous, yet the most remote, of all those which own allegiance to this Court. How many times, my dear Marshal, has revolution threatened dismemberment?"

Bränder merely shrugged his shoulders. He had no head for mathematics. Besides, he had the modesty to think that any remark by him might break the thread of the discourse.

"And every time it was Her Highness who tided matters over." Bränder admired the Count's modesty, but maintained a discreet silence.

"Man, she was adored! Time after time she kept the swords in their scabbards by her sheer personality. Why she died, only God knows."



The Count's utterance became passionate. He thought it best to pause.

"After her death," he continued, in a milder tone, "her influence faded. His Highness fell more and more into line with the primitive ideas of the majority of his courtiers. The Imperial party, however, managed to secure the education of the heir-apparent, and he was sent here—to me."

Here the Count paused again and smiled.

"His education is now complete. He has a great task before him, but, in his heart, he is his father's son."

"Why, then, should they quarrel?" asked the Marshal. "To my knowledge the Duke of Weinstadt has not *seen* his father for three years."

The Count frowned.

"I repeat," he said, "he is his father's son."

Marshal Bränder was a little convinced.

"And so your idea is for the Princess to take the place of her aunt?"

The Count became diplomatic again.

"My idea!" he gasped, in amused surprise. "My good Bränder, with all your knowledge of men—and of women, too—cannot you see that the couple are already in love with each other?"

"Come, —come, von Raefelstrom," laughed Bränder, "you make fun of my simplicity, but the notion of love and diplomacy harnessed together! Ha, ha!" He glanced sideways under his eyebrows. "You'll hardly approach the Emperor as an emissary of Venus?"

The Count apparently did not hear.

"It would be a great match," he said, musingly.

At that moment voices were heard outside, and a servant flung aside the curtain and announced:

"A messenger from Weinstadt to his Excellency the Count von Raefelstrom."

\* \* \* \* \*

The ball in the great hall below was at its height. Brilliant uniforms and dazzling toilettes intermingled like

some bewildering kaleidoscope. The evening was late, and the Emperor had already left, giving the older and more *blasé* courtiers an opportunity to retire to private apartments or wherever else their fancy prompted. But the floor was still crowded with dancers who allowed unbounded enthusiasm and vigour to compensate for earlier hours of strict decorum.

The members of the Imperial family had, of course, quitted the room with the Emperor, but many of them were now seated in a low balcony over the grand entrance.

Here, in a curtained box, sat the Princess Anna, her lips parted and her eyes sparkling with enjoyment. Behind her lounged the Duke of Weinstadt, heir-apparent to the Grand Duchy of Waldorf-Bornitz. In appearance he was of middle height and his figure was straight and well-knit. He wore the brilliant uniform of a captain of the Imperial Guard, surmounted by the light blue sash of some Imperial Order, while suspended from his collar he displayed the Star of the Order of the White Horse, the highest honour which the Grand Duke, his father, could bestow.

His features were regular and his brow thoughtful, but there was in his eyes just that touch of merry recklessness which appealed to women, just as, in his own sex, his tact and good fellowship won him the friendship of his elders and contemporaries.

He was leaning over her chair, but at something he said she turned her head and their eyes met.

"For your sweet sake," he was saying, "I could do anything—even that."

"Ah! do, Philip. It is your duty. To your future subjects you are little more than a stranger."

"To their eyes, perhaps, Princess. But in their hearts my mother's son will never want for a place."

"Suppose someone should supplant you even in that. Ah! Philip, perhaps



my love gives me quaint fears, but I feel it is your duty to return to your father's court at once. You have given me the right to speak my mind."

"And I know what your mind is dwelling on; but have no fear on that score. My uncle is a true man."

"But a weak one, Philip. I have heard my father say so again and again. Then he is a soldier, well loved by the people as your father's brother, while you——"

"I am a deserter," laughed the Duke. "Yes, I have sought higher things than the art of cut and lunge, and in the seeking I have found a weapon which shall disarm even criticism."

The Princess smiled acknowledgment, and was about to speak when the door was opened and the Count von Raefelstrom stood beside them. The Duke looked up, annoyed.

"Your Highnesses will pardon my intrusion," began the Ambassador. He was somewhat out of breath, and seemed strangely excited. Then turning to the Duke he said, "I have grave news for your Highness, from Weinstadt." The Duke bit his lip and turned pale. The Princess exchanged a glance with him. Both naturally thought of her recently spoken words.

"You may speak out, Count. There are reasons why the Princess may hear your news."

Anxious as he was, the old courtier smiled, and bent low as he raised the lady's hand to his lips. But he was stern again in a second.

"You must be prepared for painful news, sir."

"My father!"

The Count spoke slowly.

"Your father has passed away."

"Dead! Not dead?" Duke Philip seized the Count's hand, but he merely bowed his head.

"My heart is too full even for sympathy, sir, but it is true."

The young man fell back into a seat, and the Princess, with tears in her eyes,

took his right hand in hers and gently pressed it. He pulled himself together, but averted his eyes.

"Go on, Count," he said.

"It happened two days ago; the end was very sudden. There is a Mission now on the road to acquaint your Highness and the Emperor officially of the sad event, but the Warden of the Palace of Weinstadt, Baron Ecclestein, hearing of other things, sent a messenger post-haste to me." Here the Count paused.

"Well!"

"Three hours after the Grand Duke's death, that is to say about fifty hours ago, six high nobles agreed to invite your Highness's uncle to accept the Crown."

The Princess and her lover both sprang to their feet.

"What was the result? Did he accept it?"

"When the messenger left they were closeted together, sir."

Duke Philip thought for a minute with his head bowed. When he looked up again, it was clear that his course had been decided upon.

"I must return at once, to-night, Von Raefelstrom. I will seek an immediate audience of His Majesty and shall be ready in an hour. Meanwhile not a word to anyone. The Mission must bring the first news of my father's death. When will they arrive?"

"Not till to-morrow night, sir. Do you intend to ask His Majesty for a sufficient bodyguard?" It was scarcely so much the Ambassador as the tutor who asked the question, but his face, trained to suppressed emotions, did not show the anxiety he felt as to the answer.

"Not a single man, Count. You and I must go together, and alone. We will discuss our plans on the way. Make all preparations for an immediate departure." The Count smiled with gratification and bowed himself out of the apartment.

"Good-bye, my Princess," whispered Duke Philip, "I cannot at this time



“speak of love, but I will return very soon and take you back to reign in Waldorf. Pray for me. Good-bye.”

\* \* \* \* \*

And so it was that after two days and three nights the Duke of Weinstadt and the Count von Ræfelstrom watched the sun rise over the capital of Waldorf-Bornitz.

The Duke's spirits were revived by the sight. Throwing back his heavy travelling coat from his shoulders, he inhaled the morning air to the full capacity of his lungs.

“What fools we are, Count,” he cried, “what arrant fools to cultivate our minds and play havoc with our souls and bodies in a far capital while the mountains of Waldorf exist! How could we sit up all night writing a sonnet to our lady's nose or the lobe of her ear, while we might be *living* poetry and romance in our own native land?”

“Come now, I protest, your Highness,” laughed the Ambassador, “I never immortalised a lady's ear unless I was sure of her lips.”

“Having achieved so much, my dear Count, why did you never aspire to her hand?” pursued the Duke, in the same vein.

The Ambassador drew himself up as though the subject were distasteful to him.

“There was always the danger of talking diplomacy in my sleep,” he said.

“But come, sir,” he continued after a pause, “let us mount. See, the sun is rising. It will be high up in a hour.”

Another pause. A singular depression seemed suddenly to have fallen over both.

“May it not set red!”

“God forbid,” replied the Duke of Weinstadt.

The two men mounted in silence the horses which were to carry them over the last short stage of their journey. The Duke had elected to leave his coach on the frontier and complete the journey

in a manner as inconspicuous as possible. The travellers were attended by a single servant, dressed in a sober and unpretentious livery. Even they themselves wore heavy cloaks of dull texture with broad-brimmed hats of the kind mostly used by the merchant class.

A simple plan of action had been drawn up. It spelt unequivocal success or downright failure. It could, therefore, scarcely be wondered at, that the Duke was grave and thoughtful as he headed his horse towards the pass that leads down to Weinstadt. Seeing his pre-occupation the Count reined in and followed his pupil and master at a discreet distance.

Duke Philip's reflections were not of a soothing nature. By this time his father's death would be the talk of every Court in Europe. The Court *Gazettes* would contain eulogies of a gallant soldier and soft reminiscences of his noble consort: and the sceptics would wonder if her *régime* would now be renewed or if Waldorf-Bornitz would again be plunged into militarism and revolution.

The new Grand Duke was a frivoler—so folks would say—wasting his time in the Emperor's anterooms. Besides, he was little more than a boy, what could be expected of him?

And the Grand Duke asked himself the same question. He was now about to put to their first test all those principles of kingcraft and tact suggested to his boyish mind by his painstaking tutor, fostered by many hours of contemplation and introspection.

He recognised that his uncle, though himself a man of weak mind and few abiliteis, was backed by men of tried bravery and recognised authority, who could undoubtedly carry out the *coup d'état* if they set their minds to it. His own chief claim to the affections of his subjects was as the son of his mother. A straw might turn the balance either way. The idea predominant in his mind was—at all costs—to prevent bloodshed



and it was for this reason that he had firmly refused the "escort" which the Emperor had offered, almost forced upon, him. For Duke Philip knew the people of Waldorf-Bornitz.

If he succeeded there would be prosperity and peace. He knew it. The Grand Duchy would improve its position in the counsels and markets of the world and—his thoughts wandered back to the palace and to his Princess.

If he failed, the country would shut itself up, as it were, like a snail; old abuses would be revived; the country would be ruined by petty warfare, the community by militarism. What, in the circumstances, would happen to himself he did not care to think. The very idea made him smile grimly.

But there! The situation had been reviewed, the arrangements as far as possible perfected. The rest was in the hands of Providence.

Duke Philip straightened himself in the saddle, and urged his horse to a canter. Count von Raefelstrom apparently divined the change of mood, for he was immediately at his pupil's side, coaching him in various points of etiquette and precedence which obtained at the Grand Ducal Court.

They had ridden thus for some distance, when they came to a place where the road forked. Here they reined in their horses and glanced around.

"We are a little early, sir," said the Count, "but the Baron will doubtless be here to time. He would know the importance of punctuality."

While he spoke the Duke raised his hand to his ear. The sound of hoofs could already be faintly heard, and before long a mounted man could be seen in the distance. He was in uniform. Approaching the travellers, he slackened his pace and carefully scrutinised them. Von Raefelstrom signalled to him, and he thereupon advanced, saluted the Duke and dismounted. The Count presented him in due form as Baron Ecclestein, Warden of the Palace of Weinstadt.

Duke Philip, with a smile, held out his hand in greeting, but the old soldier, evidently deeply moved, raised it to his lips.

"God grant Your Highness may reign over us for many years," he said.

The Duke bowed his head.

"Your services will not be forgotten, Baron," he replied. "Owing to your prompt action in sending a messenger, we are here a day earlier than would otherwise have been possible. We all know what that may mean. What fresh news is there?"

"His Highness your uncle has given no sign, and remains within his apartments. I believe his followers to be at their wits' ends, but naturally I have been kept as much as possible in the dark. In view of Your Highness's anticipated arrival to-morrow, a council will be held this morning. This much I have been able to gather, and I believe the plan is that your uncle shall be enthroned at midday."

"To-day, Baron? How to-day?"

The Baron looked confused at the Duke's question.

"In accordance with the law, sir, after seven days have passed, the new Sovereign may be crowned."

"*May* be. But is it not usual to wait until the dead Sovereign's remains have been laid to rest?"

There was anger in Duke Philip's voice, and the Baron plainly grew more nervous, and looked appealingly into Von Raefelstrom's questioning eyes. Fortunately, the Duke changed the subject.

"Where will this council be held?"

"At a tavern called the Rosenlaube, sir, on the outskirts of the town, not far from the Ducal Gate. I have prepared a list of names of those whose loyalty to Your Highness is, I fear, in question."

The Baron handed a paper to the Duke, who scanned it with a frown and an occasional exclamation of anger. But this exhibition of his feelings soon passed, and he placed the paper in his breast.



"The list corresponds fairly with that I had already formed. And now, gentlemen, to your posts. My uncle must be detained within the castle pending my further instructions. For this step, Ecclestein, I will give you written authority."

Duke Philip scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed them to the Warden with a smile.

"That may be useful in case of my failure. His Highness's person is to be strictly respected. Your men within the castle are reliable, Baron?"

"Loyal to the heart, sir. They have been specially chosen."

"Good! Then good-bye, gentlemen, the rest must be left to me."

Count von Raefelstrom questioned him anxiously.

"I shall proceed to the inn," he replied, "and take my luck."

There was a flash of the boyish recklessness in the Duke's eye which made Von Raefelstrom look anxious, and caused a smile to flicker round the Warden's mouth. "We'd better shake hands," he added. "No, shake this time"—the Count had made a motion as though to do homage—"there's plenty of time to be a Prince; for the present pray that I may be a man."

Von Raefelstrom and Ecclestein drew themselves up and saluted. The Duke touched his hat. And so leaving his two most trusted servants, Philip, Hereditary Grand Duke of Bornitz-Waldorf, turned his horse's head and made for Weinstadt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Charlotte, the pretty daughter of the innkeeper of the Rosenlaube, was plucking flowers in the garden which lay between the inn and the road. As each bloom was added to her basket, she raised her head and looked, with an expectant air, down the road in the direction of the town.

So occupied was she by this double occupation that she quite failed to notice

a traveller on horseback coming from the other direction, until he had actually reached the gate and called twice.

When at last she turned and ran to open the gate her face was covered with blushes. The stranger made her a bow and dismounted. By this time the worthy Gasthalter himself had appeared at the door, but he did not run, as was usual, to place his house at his guest's disposal. On the contrary, he seemed distinctly worried.

"Come, man," cried the traveller impatiently, "must I groom my horse myself?"

The stranger bore an air of authority which spurred the old man to action. He led the horse to the back of the house, whilst its owner, having exchanged a compliment with Charlotte and extracted a rose from her basket, walked into the guest-room. Here he was quickly joined by the innkeeper.

"I am an early visitor, eh?" he said.

"I had but barely opened the house sir. And, indeed, but for being earlier than usual, I should have had to keep you waiting."

"Why early on this particular morning?"

"A party of gentlemen intended meeting here at an early hour, sir. In fact, they are already late."

"Doubtless your daughter is watching for them, in order to give you timely warning of their approach." The old man's face clouded.

"She is a wayward girl, sir."

"You are having exciting times in Weinstadt?"

"Ay! sir, times of mystery and intrigue. To one who, like myself, loved good Princess Augusta, there seem bad omens about."

"You loved her, did you?" he asked the stranger.

"Ay! sir, and had cause, too. You noticed my daughter Charlotte? Well, one day, about five years after she married the Grand Duke, poor soul, she, that is the Princess, was driving with the



young Duke Philip, a merry little urchin of four, and little Charlotte was accidentally knocked down by the horses and nearly run over. As it was she was a little stunned, and the Princess got down out of her carriage and picked the child up in her own arms and drove back to the palace with her. The Grand Duke's own physician doctored her, and she was sent back here in a Royal carriage for all the world like a princess."

The stranger listened attentively to this narrative, and, for the first time for many years, he felt tears in his eyes.

"See, I also loved her," he said, and drew out of his pocket a beautiful miniature. The innkeeper instinctively wiped his hands before touching it. The elegant setting of precious stones escaped his notice, but he looked long at the beautiful face it enframed. In handing it back he naturally looked at its owner, and suddenly he stepped back and began to tremble violently.

The traveller noticed his agitation and placed a firm hand on his shoulder.

"What is your name?"

"Rutter, sir, Hans Rutter!"

"Well, Rutter, these gentlemen who are coming here will plot against the Princess Augusta's son. Probably you know it. I must hide in the room and hear what they say. Do not be afraid. No harm shall come to you. Take this money. It is a small present from the new Grand Duke to your daughter. Now leave me, and remember, keep strict silence."

The old man backed himself to the door with an air of great bewilderment and unable to take his eyes off the stranger's face.

"Remember," said the latter, taking a pace forward, "not a word."

Rutter nodded intelligently, tried to articulate something, and disappeared.

Almost immediately there was a sound of voices from the garden. The traveller glanced round the room and observed an old high-backed oak chair in front of the fireplace. In this he seated himself,

having arranged a screen at his back which effectively hid him from observation.

As the voices approached he recognised that one of them was pretty Charlotte's. Her companion was evidently a soldier, for the clatter of his spurs and his sword almost drowned his voice.

"I vowed I would be first in order to have a kiss from my little sweetheart," he was saying. "Heaven knows when I shall get another. There will be great changes going on soon."

"And then, Conrad, mine, what then?"

"Why then a little nest for you near the town, with servants and carriages."

"And we shall really be married?"

"We'll see what your father says," was his answer. He laughed uneasily.

Just then more spurs sounded outside and two more officers entered, addressing the first comer as Schwarzkopf.

They talked together in an undertone, and at intervals others entered, until the traveller had counted ten. Then one came alone and there was silence.

"What news, Baron?" asked one, at last.

"His Highness would make no communication to me personally, but said he would be with us presently."

There were murmurs of impatience.

"It will indeed be the eleventh hour," said one.

"His Highness should have more consideration," said young Conrad Schwarzkopf.

"For my part," said he who had been addressed as "Baron," "I hope we shall none of us repent our step." There was a moment's silence.

"Duke Philip will arrive to-morrow," said the Baron. "How will he come?"

"No news of him yet. If he comes with a large Imperial escort it will be awkward. But surely no breath of our movements can have reached him. If only we could win Ecclestein and his Guards."

"We want no silken courtier in



Waldorf," cried Conrad Schwarzkopf, "and no more Princess Augustas."

At these words there was a murmur from all, and the stranger tilted back his chair. As he did so the screen fell with a crash, and disclosed him standing with his back to the fireplace, his body wrapped in a heavy cloak, and his head covered by a broad-brimmed hat.

"I am afraid I overheard what was intended for a private conversation," said the stranger calmly.

"What are you doing here, sir?" asked one.

"If I am not mistaken, sir, this is a public place. Perhaps I might with reason ask the same question," he answered, smiling. The faces were mostly unfamiliar to him, but one of them he knew to be that of Baron von Freidahl, the Chamberlain.

"It is not often," he continued, with a bland smile, "that one hears the name of the Princess Augusta spoken lightly in Waldorf."

There was a murmur of sympathy, and young Schwarzkopf turned very red. He found vent in abuse.

"Who are you, sir, and why do you remain covered in the presence of gentlemen?"

"I prefer it; these old inns are so draughty."

Schwarzkopf gathered a little courage.

"And what do you hide under that coat?" he asked in a tone of banter.

"Among other things, a sword," replied the stranger; "later it will be at your disposal. At present I gather you have other things to think about—treason, for instance, gentlemen."

Several made a step towards him, but he regarded them with a merry smile, which half convinced them he was speaking in jest. But the Baron von Freidahl stood by the door and looked earnestly into his face.

"If I am wrong, I crave your pardon, gentlemen; but I gathered it was your intention to depose the Grand Duke and enthrone his uncle."

There was a dull silence, and at last it was Schwarzkopf who spoke.

"He is a courtier, one who loves the society of women. The Grand Dukes of Waldorf-Bornitz have been soldiers and brave men. We have resolved to have our late Sovereign's brother to reign in Weinstadt."

"But what, think you, will Duke Philip have to say to this?"

"Oh, doubtless he will fume a little, but it will be too late, for to-day the matter will be settled."

"Before the funeral, sir, surely——"

"Ha! you have but just arrived, or you would know that the obsequies of our late esteemed Sovereign took place yesterday."

"By whose authority?"

There was extreme anger in the speaker's tone, and again several officers advanced threateningly. But the stranger's expression changed, and he waved them back with a smile; and the Baron von Freidahl, who stood silently by the door, noticed that the smile was a bitter one.

"You will pardon my astonishment, but I have lived for some years away from Weinstadt, and am but ill-informed. But what, think you, will Duke Philip have to say to this?" asked the stranger for the second time.

"Oh, as for that," said one, "it is said the Emperor will come to his assistance. But what of that? We can devastate the country in a week. And what Imperial army could force the mountain passes of Waldorf?"

"I only advance a theory, gentlemen," said the stranger courteously; "but does it not strike you that His Highness would be aware of the physical geography of his own country and seek other means?"

"Oh! a truce to all this talking," interrupted young Schwarzkopf, walking towards the window. "Where is His Highness, our new Sovereign? Must we, gentlemen, indeed drag him to the Cathedral?"



"Suppose, for instance, Duke Philip had secured His Highness's person," suggested the stranger.

Several officers walked to the window and gazed up the road towards Weinstadt. And, lastly, went the old Baron von Freidahl. And as he looked, through the Ducal Gates came pouring a crowd of townspeople running helter-skelter towards the inn. But they were a rabble, not an escort. No Royal equipage preceded them.

The Baron looked at the stranger and smiled, then threw his grizzled old head back as one who has come to a conclusion.

The noise of the crowd came nearer and nearer. Most of the officers hurried to the door and the window to seek the cause.

"They come to acclaim their Sovereign. Am I not correct, sir?" said the Baron, turning towards the stranger.

He bowed.

"Come, gentlemen," shouted the Baron, for the turmoil had now reached the very gates of the inn, "a truce to scheming for a Prince who cannot keep his appointments. You see before you our rightful Sovereign, Grand Duke Philip. Of his character you can have little doubt. God save His Highness!"

And as they stared, the traveller threw off his hat and cloak, and stood before them in the uniform of Grand Marshal of their own beloved Army.

Young Schwarzkopf was the first to find his voice.

"God save your Highness," he shouted, but there was a nervous quiver in his voice. And the others took up the cry.

"You must judge as you will, sir," said the Baron, "afterwards. For the present Your Highness should show yourself to the people. There is a balcony on the floor above."

"Stay a moment," cried Duke Philip, raising his hand to command silence; "I came to you as an eavesdropper, but it was of necessity. I am anxious to

forget all that I heard. I confirm you, my lords, in all the offices you held under my father, all except Colonel Schwarzkopf. He, for six months, will accompany my uncle on a visit he will make to his country palace. If at the end of that period his manners and his morals are improved, he shall be recalled, and the lady to whom I heard him plight his troth shall be appointed a Maid of Honour to my Royal Consort, the Imperial Princess Anna."

Schwarzkopf hung his head. The other officers looked at each other and smiled. Then, with no uncertain voice, they gave vent to their congratulations on their Sovereign's betrothal.

"And now to go upstairs, gentlemen. But, Baron, lend me your helmet. My merchant's cap is but a shabby head-dress in which to meet my subjects. In exchange I give you this Star, and may you live long to wear it."

So saying, Duke Philip detached the Star of the Order of the White Horse from his own breast, and affixed it to the Baron's.

The old man's face was red, and the tears coursed down his cheeks, and fell on the Grand Duke's hand as he bent to kiss it.

\* \* \* \* \*

As His Highness stepped on to the balcony, surrounded by his Staff, a silence came over the crowd.

Von Raefelstrom and Ecclestein occupied prominent positions in front. The demonstration was plainly to be attributed to them. The Grand Duke smiled at them triumphantly.

Then Baron von Freidahl shouted: "Long live His Highness the Grand Duke Philip."

Little by little the whole crowd burst into a storm of cheering.

"I suppose," thought Duke Philip, as he stood facing them, at the salute, "I suppose they would have done the same for my uncle."



## ABOUT THE COUGAR

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

THE most widely distributed of American mammals and the least known of any is undoubtedly the cougar. This magnificent cat has not even a name by which it may indubitably be recognised. Cougar, puma, panther, mountain lion, painter, catamount, and even pampas-cat, are used indifferently by the general writer. The naturalists are divided in choice between puma and cougar, while among our native populations the animal has as many names as there are tribes differing in tongues.

Inhabiting a hemisphere and ranging over more than one hundred degrees in latitude—from fifty-one degrees south to certainly as far as fifty-two degrees north—all that is recorded positively of this animal thus far is gathered from observations of the caged specimen and of victims of the chase. Outside these data there is a tangle of tradition and report.

Undoubtedly it is to the elusiveness and the many-sidedness of this big cat that we owe the guess work arising out of contradictory statement and the love of imaginative projection. To one party to the rencontre the animal appears thus and so, and that fixes the impression—for such an adventure will seldom occur but once to the same individual—while another person, encountering another cougar, will carry away an altogether different idea of the creature.

To the modern sportsman, armed with a breechloader and by great good fortune led to the quarry upon the heels of his dogs, there is but one phase to the encounter. And this leads him to think meanly of an animal which, so formidably armed, allows itself to be treed by his, often contemptible, pack of curs. And about the limit of knowledge of the cougar, gained afield and authentically reported, is summed up in that brief

survey when the great yellow cat looks helplessly down upon a yelping dog pack. The hunter brings off the skin and goes home with a contempt for the lion, setting it down as cowardly because it refuses to match such primitive weapons as teeth and claws against a repeating gun, as effective as a gatling.

In his "New Natural History," which perhaps contains as good an account of the cougar as any, Professor Lydekker quotes Mr. F. W. True as authority that the cougar was not found on the Atlantic coast, in the States of New Hampshire, New Jersey, Delaware, nor in Michigan nor Indiana. This conclusion is certainly erroneous with regard to Michigan and Indiana. It is probable there was no territory covered by the United States which did not harbour these animals at the earliest date of settlement. Before advancing lines of occupation, however, the cougar has everywhere quickly retreated to the nearest mountain fastnesses, and where such retreat has been impossible it has, with a wonderful facility, adapted itself to the tactics of infinite caution. These animals, more quickly than any others, have learned that the upright walker possesses a weapon against which they are entirely defenceless, and they avoid him as others avoid the skunk and its congeners. There is no longer any opportunity, in North America at least, to study the real and absolutely natural cougar in its primitive environment. It is the hunted and dog-driven animal, scrambling to its last foothold, which must largely leave its impression with the modern zoologist. This is a pity, for the animal is of finer fibre and of a subtler intelligence than any of its congeners and presents a wider divergence of individual character than any—excepting, perhaps, the common domestic cat.



If all the Indian cougar lore could be collected it would undoubtedly present a body of mythology and tradition not to be paralleled in any other single subject. Add to this the tales of American settlers and we should have a cyclopedia of marvels without precedent or possibility of competition. And the beast which has so much appealed to the imagination, and which still eludes a just comprehension, is certainly entitled to solid respect for qualities outside the categories of the raw head and bloody bones.

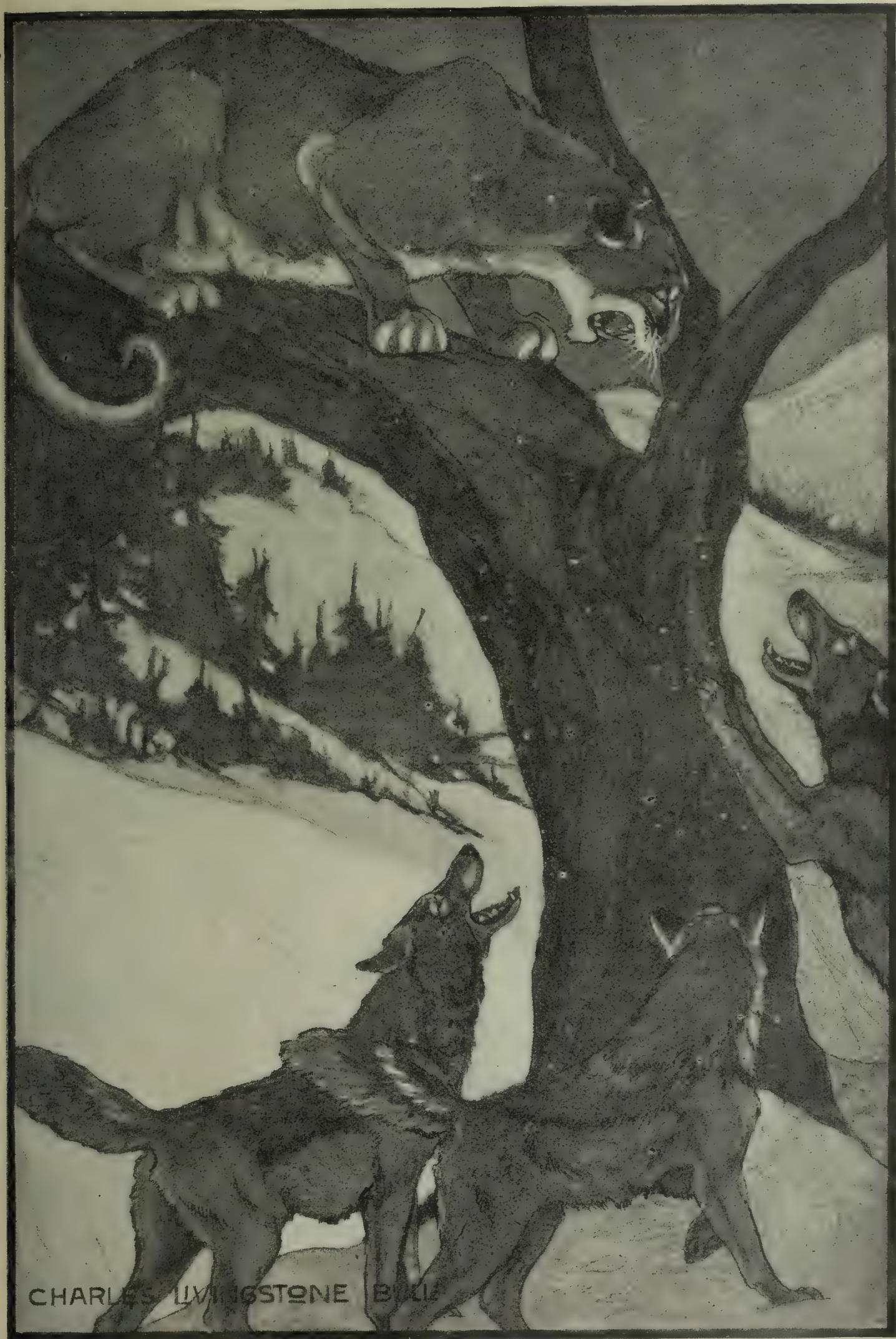
Twenty-five years since, in the Black Hills of South Dakota and in parts of the Indian Territory, the big cat retained a habitat practically undisturbed. Here, at least, the naturalist could have set at rest the mooted question of its scream. On French Creek, in the early days of 1875, our pioneer prospectors' camp was located in the shadow of some pinnacled rocks, and around us was primeval forest of pine. There was no sign in this country, not even a burned tepee stake, an artificial mound, or a discoverable shard of pottery, to give evidence of human occupancy. And here the cougar assuredly screamed with no uncertain voice. We had been in camp but two or three days when we were literally jerked out of our blankets by the voice of a mountain lion. Had an electric battery been turned on the feet of thirty-five sleepers their uprising could not have been more instantaneous. While that prolonged, quavering, ear-filling *miau* was still running down our spinal columns we scrambled for our guns and straightened up to look skyward, whence those sounds descended. Clearly outlined in moonlight upon a point of rock some sixty or eighty feet above our heads sat the cougar, wailing his weird night song, a music possibly superinduced by the smell of a dead horse—which he would on no account touch—in the gulch below. Nearly a score of men saw the animal, and, with remarkable unanimity,

punctured the air about him with 44s and 50s. One of the latter missiles smashed through his ribs and landed him upon a talus heap within a few steps of the writer's wagon. This was my introduction to the large "red lion" of the Black Hills and Big Horn countries. The specimen was a male, and measured, laying a string along the curves, four feet eleven inches from tip of nose to root of tail. Not more than a foot of the tail remained, the cougar having lost a portion in some accident or encounter. Quite possibly he had been treed by wolves in cold weather. The colour of this fine male was of a decidedly rufous tinge upon the back, shading to a fawn tan upon the flanks, and with the usual light markings upon throat and belly.

Owing to the hot springs of the district, the Siouan tribes held this semi-mountainous district in reverence. So, for ages, a district teeming with vegetable and animal life remained unhaunted of men. Fresh evidence of its long continued immunity from the biped hunter could be gathered from every journey afield and into its unexplored recesses. Nowhere else have I met with birds and beasts so absolutely unafraid, so unsophisticated in the uses of weapons at long range. And this condition applied only to the non-migrating habitants. The elk, the buffalo, or the wolf would flee you here at sight, or scent, as quickly as elsewhere. Not so the blacktail, the pine hen, the grizzly, or the cougar.

The largest cougar I have ever seen came upon me while I was pecking quartz rock at the bottom of a gulch some two miles from our French Creek camp. I was at rest about mid-afternoon, seated upon a vine-grown boulder and eating a lunch, when a yellow apparition descended upon me from the steeps above. A slight racket of the creature's claws upon the rocks gave admonition of its approach, and, looking upward, I saw a cougar dropping from rock to rock, coming unconcernedly, click-clack,





CHARLES LIVINGSTONE ILLUSTRATION

"THE WOLVES WILL KEEP WATCH UNTIL THE COUGAR'S FEET ARE FROZEN AND THE ANIMAL FALLS INTO THEIR WAITING JAWS."



click-clack, straight down toward me. The animal appeared not to notice me, unless, indeed, as some visionary creature such as may have fallen upon the retina of its dreams, until it stood upon a level at less than fifteen yards. Then it halted at gaze, realising a new creature in its front. Its great head was uplifted, its greenish-yellow eyes seeming to flare out their surprise; its legs were rigid; its tail curved upward interrogatingly, and every gray and yellow hair lay straight down upon its skin. Not fear but astonishment was in this expression. The animal was a splendid old male, graying from age, exceeding the size of a Great Dane dog, and of a marvellous likeness to the maneless Asiatic lion. He stood upon a flat rock with a long leap between us, but I had learned that neither the cougar nor the grizzly "wanted any truck" with me, as a rule, and, with a good six-shooter in hand, felt no particular fear of my caller. Evidently he wanted none of me, at least after the first startled survey. His eyes presently lost their green glare, and his hair again stood at a natural angle. His ears pricked forward, and his lion-like tail swept to and fro rather amicably for a moment. All too soon he leaped off the rock and trotted noiselessly down the gulch, stopping now and then to lift his great head in a friendly and curious backward glance.

It was my good fortune to discover the newly abandoned lair of a family, and further, and to me new, evidence of that fastidious cleanliness which is a marked characteristic of the animal. This retreat was not at all the typical "panther's den" of tradition, but a bush-grown harbourage under the edge of a rock, with just enough of shelf to keep off the rain. I should not have found this breeding place but for a certain well-gnawed array of bones scattered over a little smooth bench above a creek channel. From this boneyard there was a very traceable path leading through grass and brush to the retreat where the dam had

housed her young. The evidence here told plainly of the cougar's long immunity from annoyance and attack and of a thoroughly cleanly habit of life. There was no bone or other sign of feasting about the lair. The dam had carried her kill to the creek bench in every instance, and the children had been called to the dining room. As bones which would have been crunched or eaten by grown animals had been perfectly cleaned by the kits, I was able to judge of their summer's diet. This had consisted mostly of minor game, rabbits, marmots, grouse, and the like, with an occasional small deer. At least one whole family of badgers, old and young, had been served, pussy having probably lain for them at their hole until they were all in.

In the winter of '77 the skins of these animals were rarely seen, even at the isolated shacks of chronic gunners whose camps resembled slaughter pens. One of our prospectors on Whitewood, however, out for "Christmas venison," after some hours of tramping came upon the snow trail of a big lion, countering the tracks of the identical buck he was following. In a brief time thereafter he reached a point where the cat had made its kill, having dashed out from cover of bush upon the unsuspecting deer. The cougar had dragged its prey—a two-year-old blacktail buck of not less than two hundred pounds—along the bottom of a ravine for several hundred yards. Our hunter found the carcass, hardly cold, neatly buried under a heap of snow and pine needles. One ham had been torn away, and, finding the game otherwise well bled, he brought away the half saddle and as much as he could conveniently carry. Much to my regret, this hunter did not take note of the signs which would have informed a careful observer of the cougar's mode of attack. Of this mode in general, however, I think there can be no reasonable doubt. The cougar does not leap upon



its big game nor drop upon it out of treetops, but sneaks close or lies in wait upon the level, and goes from cover in a straight rush, like the tiger or the hunting leopard. It endeavours to seize upon the lower throat or shoulder with its teeth, and to twist the quarry's head against this "purchase" in its powerful forearms until the neck is broken. Failing in this attempt, yet making good its catch-hold, the cougar will—to put it modernly—go in and finish in any old style. It will usually finish once tooth and claw are engaged, but sometimes it fails and even gets the worst of an encounter. Felix Michaud, a most reliable free trapper of the old régime, once told me he had watched a lion stalking a bull elk. It was a Teton Mountain cougar of the big variety. It went from cover in a headlong rush but missed its neck stroke as the bull lunged ahead, catching him at the point of the shoulder and going under his belly. Both animals were bowled over in a mix-up of hair, hoofs, claws, and horns. In a brief struggle, as they rolled over together the cougar was thrown into the air, as if hoisted by a spring trap, by a convulsive kick from the bull's hind leg. The maddened elk gained its legs and chased its enemy off the field. An unlooked-for punch in the wind had taken the fight out of pussy.

A still more thrilling sight was once

witnessed by a Sergeant Roseman. Roseman was lying in wait for grizzly, with the fresh carcass of a deer for bait, when two lions and Old Ephraim came to dispute for the tit-bit. The cats were first to put in an appearance. They came trotting down a dry run just above which Roseman had taken cover. The two sniffed the carcass of his deer over carefully, and, finding it fresh and clean, took possession. The male threw himself upon it, and gave vent to his pleasure in a whirring purr. Roseman could have killed either animal, of course, but wanted to make sure of both, and so waited to get the chance of a cross-fire while they should be feasting. This wait gave him quite the finest thrill of a somewhat exciting career. For presently a big grizzly, attracted by the smell of his meat, ambled out of the run and came shuffling forward to investigate.

Expecting the lions to run, and knowing the grizzly could not get beyond his reach, Roseman was about to shoot the biggest cat when both the animals showed unmistakable intentions to fight, and the hunter withheld his fire. Both cougars raised their backs, and the rocks vibrated with their snarls. The grizzly, hungry and nothing loath to fight for a meal, charged, roaring like a bull, and both the big cats closed with him in a fury which spoke for their undaunted



"FLATTENED ITSELF UPON THE SANDS."





"LITHE, CURVING LEAPS, GRACEFUL IN THE EXTREME."

courage where the odds were not all against them. Roseman said the three animals rolled together for a full minute in what appeared to him a huge, animated ball of hair, teeth and claws, out of which tufts of gray and yellow fur flew as though winnowed by machinery. When the beasts were finally sifted out of this whirlwind of a fight the smaller lion was badly crippled, but the larger stood its ground, and Old Eph, clawed and mauled from head to heels, appeared to have had quite enough for the morning. He was about to retire in good

form, grumbling his deep discontent, when the Sergeant cut off his complaint with a bullet. Roseman also got the crippled lion, but the male escaped scot free.

In the winter of 1882 I was camped with a party of hunters in the woods of Indian territory. Here white hunters had not much disturbed the wild things, and the Indians, having an abundance of beef, did not exert themselves to hunt. As a consequence, wild turkeys swarmed, and the plentiful cougars went abroad boldly and wore sleek coats. Scarce a day passed without some sign or sight of the big cats. At our hunter's "wicky-up" in a prairie opening, backed by cover of bush and timber, we several times heard the "singing" of the painters." On one of these occasions some Comanches had corraled and slaughtered several beef steers in the brush about sixty yards from our camp. Not long after dark a parcel of cougars came to the bones and beef heads which the Indians had left, and literally made the night hideous with their cries. To heighten the effect of their dismal caterwauling the wind blew a "norther" and played mournful accompaniment

upon the skeletons of trees. I can only give an idea of this cougar concert by saying that a chorus of tomcats, intensified by the resonance of a steam calliope, might offer a fair conception of the changes which were rung upon our ears. For an hour or more I would not allow my companions to fire a gun, and we lay upon our blankets listening to the ebb and flow of doleful music. Then, out of sheer weariness, I, took my ten gauge, walked down to within fifty yards or so of the squallers, and bombarded the



bushes. We heard no more of them that night, neither again while we were camped at that spot. An examination of the abundant signs the next morning convinced us that two old cougar dams and their half-grown kits had disputed possession of the beef heads and other edibles. One family had possession and the other had been seeking to intimidate or drive them away. And the result was a chorus which would have done credit to a Congo jungle. Everywhere that the animal has been found it has happened to the first settlers to listen to the unrestrained and natural voice of the cougar, and everywhere this discerning cat has stilled that voice at the bark of their dogs and the crack of their rifles. Their tales of the "squallin' of painters" have passed into the marvels of tradition.

One hazy day, with the wind stirring just enough to offer ideal turkey shooting, I was footing it softly among the tree trunks of a hackberry grove, when I came to the creek bank at a wide channel where a flat, dry sandbar extended for fifty yards or more. Peering from cover cautiously—for a sandbar is prime turkey ground where little shooting has been done—I saw, at some forty yards, a yellow object vault upward and show against the background of water beyond. A second glance showed me a cougar at play. Judging from the animal's antics, I at first thought there must be another close at hand. But no, the lithe, elegant cat was simply frolicking by itself upon the sand. It was a well-grown animal of a very light fawn colour, and about the size of the average menagerie specimen. When it threw itself upon the yellow sand a keen eye was needed to trace its outlines. Its play was evidently made from the love of action and mimicry, and consisted in chasing mythical birds or small things, and pretending to catch and devour them. Its leaps, bounds, and shiftings of attitude were similar to those of a kitten in chasing and cuffing

an erratic and elusive butterfly. Some of its lithe, curving leaps were graceful in the extreme. As I had approached under cover, with a breeze carrying my scent crosswise, I could watch the cougar's antics at ease and without fear of discovery. All too soon, however, my enjoyment of its graceful and lightning-like evolutions was interrupted by the plaintive and inquiring *pyouk-youk-yoké-yoké-yoké* of a turkey. This cry came down the wind from up creek and apparently on my side. Instantly the cougar vanished. It now took the keenest of scrutiny to make out any outline of the big cat, which had flattened itself to lie in wait for the coming bird.

*Pyouk-youk-yoké? Yop, Yop, Yop?* The plaining bird was coming nearer, and the stalker upon the sands flattened itself until a mere line of grayish shade blent with the sand. I could not see, but I believed that the creature had even buried its nose to hide the black spot upon its upper lip. I, too, was after turkeys, but I could not afford to miss the stalk of a hunter who so far surpasses my breed; and so I squatted behind my bush and watched as eagerly as the "painter" for a bronze patch upon the sand. There followed as much as two minutes of silence. *Pyoke-yoke? Yop, Yop, Yunk?* Startlingly near the inquiry sounded now, but the bird was under cover upon the opposite bank, and going by. At the end of another minute the cougar arose and, with pricked ears, stole softly down the bar to where the streamlet narrowed, leaped across, and disappeared in the bushes beyond, whether to still hunt the yopping turkey, I do not know. I could not have stopped the hunter, had I wished, for my shells were loaded with nothing larger than BBs.

Some days later, in crossing a jam of driftwood in the channel of this same creek, a yellow cat jumped out from under my very feet and leaped to gain cover of the bush. This time I had



three Os, and a double charge amidribs stopped pussy at less than twenty yards. It may have been the frolicking cat of the sandbar, but I have always hoped not.

From Felix Michaud, of whom I have spoken, I first learned that the great cat's worst enemy is the gray wolf—"buffalo wolf," Michaud called it—*Canis Americanis*. These animals, hunting in packs and catching sight or scent of the cougar, will invariably give chase—not only because driven by hunger but from that venomous animosity current between dog and cat. By force of superior speed and numbers the wolves sometimes succeed in pulling down and devouring the bigger animal, despite its fighting capacity. This calamity usually befalls the cougar in winter time, when it is compelled to go far afield in search of food, and when its tracks are easily followed over the snow. Should the quarry succeed in gaining a tree its fate, in bitter cold weather, will still be very uncertain; for the wolves, unless called off by an easier chase, will watch, in a restless state of action which keeps their own legs limber, until the cougar's feet are frozen, and the animal, powerless to cling, falls into their waiting jaws. Thus the lion has been killed minus tail, ears, and even several of its toes, lost in standing such a siege. But the wolves sometimes suffer. One of Michaud's mates once found the fresh carcasses of three mangled wolves upon the snow, also the tracks of several retreating wolves and of the retiring but victorious cougar.

Everywhere, in the wolf country, the cougar will fly from dogs, as a rule treeing to escape even from the most diminutive and contemptible of curs. Nothing could speak plainer of the ages of its persecution by the dog kind. On the other hand, in South America, where there are no wolves, the cougar will attack any number of dogs with an insatiate fury born of race animosity. In that country, too, the cat becomes a

persecutor of its own kind, and sets upon and worries its heavier and clumsier relative, the jaguar, whenever there offers fitting opportunity. Again the cougar, or puma, of the La Plata country and southward, becomes a non-resistant when attacked by man. Upon the pampas of Patagonia the animal has been known to approach the Gaucho and the traveller, and to frolic about him as if desiring his caresses. Is there not room here for interesting speculation?

The more southern of North American Indian tribes were known to have tamed the cougar, and occasionally to have reduced the animal to a state of domestication more perfect than that of the wolf-dog. Is it thus within the possibilities that districts—that the whole of South America—was stocked from the domesticated animal carried thence in migration?

The iron hand of the master, who also worshipped his subject-captive, may have bred the ineradicable spirit of submission. The chief objections to the force of such theorising would seem to lie in the large powers of adaptability inherent in the beast. Yet, in North America at least, the animal has nowhere, in any recorded instance, displayed the spirit of non-resistance to its biped persecutor. We should count that sportsman foolhardy indeed who would adopt the tactics of the coon hunter, who climbs after his quarry when his dogs have treed it.

I know there is a difference of opinion as to whether a cougar will, under any circumstances, stand its ground before a man or openly attack him. So far as my personal knowledge and collection of creditable evidence go, the question is settled in the affirmative. So also with regard to the occasional temerity and ferocity of *Canis Americanis*. The cougar is at times, and constitutionally, a coward, and again gives individual exhibition of a courage which sometimes amounts to foolhardiness. The dam will sometimes take any kind of odds in a



stand to protect her kits ; and again, in an excess of terror, will abandon them at the mere scent of a man or the echo of a dog's bark. A Choctaw Indian once told me that near his "wicky-up" in the Kiamishi Mountains, he had found two young cougar kits in their lair so nearly starved that he could with difficulty revive them. An examination of the spot showed him that their dam had fled upon catching his scent, or else had been frightened off at the sound of his axe. But he said that usually the dam would have taken her young out of reach.

Of the cougar, with a wider significance than of any other of our wild animals, it can be said that no two individuals

are alike. There is in this species of the cat diversity of character in the individual only paralleled in some of our domestic breeds of animals. The bear, especially the grizzly, the fox, and the wolf, among wild animals, perhaps come second in differentiation of individuals. But these are not to compare with the cougar in the diversity of its resources, the range of its emotional exhibit, and of its sense perception. And the difference between this elegant, alert, resourceful, fastidiously clean, and wholly delectable cat and its frowsled, dull witted, and clumsy congeners of the lynx varieties is well nigh great enough to put the species beyond the range of generic classification.





# HOW I LIVE WITHOUT COOKING

By W. T. LARNED

SINCE April, 1902, I—presumably a type of the race—have lived without cooks, without cooking. I have rejoiced to some extent in fire for illumination and heat, and I have recognised its service in manufactures and the fine arts. According to Mr. Kipling, Mowgli found it useful when he would lord it over the wolf-pack; and despite the scandalous stories spread by Shelley and some of the later vegetarians as to Prometheus's true motive for grand larceny, it seems altogether possible that fire will for a long time to come be indispensable to flesh-eaters. Yet I, who do not call myself a vegetarian—chiefly because I am not, however much I would like to be—have come to find fire somewhat superfluous in the preparation of food.

It must be acknowledged that the experiment was not entered upon without considerable misgiving and inward debate. To delete from one's daily fare the hereditary rights of the stomach is an appalling prospect for the stoutest heart. The Navajo Indian at a pinch will take up two holes in his belt and call it supper. But that is necessity. He does not do it as long as there is game, fish, and the like to be had. For a full-grown man with a fair appetite and a good digestion deliberately to fling away the flesh-pots, to rebel against the accepted experience of ages, and to kick away a prop of civilisation—Oh, Ajax, smiter of men, would you have had the courage? What does raw food suggest but such unconsidered trifles as nuts and fruits and milk? When it comes to a menu, what properly ordered imagination does not shrink from the suggestion of uncooked vegetables, wheat in the grain, and—but here the fancy halts. Enjoy such stuff as

that, with all the abundance of the market to draw upon! Live on it week in and week out! No more steak, nor roast beef, nor turkey with appetising sauce, nor game, nor steaming vegetables, nor soups, to say nothing of *entrées*! Shades of Lucullus, what Barmecide's feast awaits me! There was an Irishman who protested against the "animal food" prescribed by his physician, because, as he explained after he had tried it for a few days, the bran wasn't so bad, but he couldn't manage the hay and oats.

However, after some preliminary investigation I fortified myself with the example of several persons who had been living for a year or more on raw food with apparently excellent results, and who had come to take it all as a matter of course. Such a stimulant was all the more welcome because my "will to believe," as Professor James would put it, had been sorely strained by a patient investigation of several pseudo-scientific follies; and this frame of mind was intensified by a thorough knowledge of the history of medical and kindred delusions.

I adopted the following bill-of-fare finally, and all at once, and with trifling variations I have adhered to it daily since:

Breakfast: An orange or apple. An egg beaten up and added to a glass of milk. Half a dozen prunes. Half a dozen English walnuts. A small bowl of ground wheat as it comes from the threshers. Butter.

Luncheon: Half a dozen nuts. Three or four figs. A glass of milk. An apple.

Dinner: A little celery, or lettuce, or watercress. An egg beaten up and added to a glass of milk. A small bowl



or wheat. A little fresh cheese. An apple or two. Butter.

Besides this, a quarter of a pound of raw meat, disguised with mustard, has been eaten between meals for a part of the time. During the entire summer and autumn practically no meat was eaten. I do not care for it, nor miss it when it is omitted, and probably I could dispense with it altogether. But there has seemed to me no good reason why I should give it up entirely for the present.

A word as to the variations from the bill-of-fare. These have been chiefly in the nature of subtractions. Thus both the butter and eggs have been for some time omitted, and my luncheon has generally been confined to two bananas and a very generous handful of nuts. The milk—a quart in all—is divided between breakfast and dinner. Though the possessor of a most excellent appetite, these things fully satisfy my hunger.

The total cost per day of such a menu in the heart of London is from a shilling to eighteen pence, including the meat.

It has been amusing to note the mental attitude of the average person, myself included, toward the conception of raw food in the abstract and as it appears upon the disclosure of the actual bill-of-fare. What seemed at first to be little short of fasting was seen to be on a little closer acquaintance a variety of palatable and sustaining food. But I believe that only those persons who have really adopted the regimen are no longer sceptical as to its agreeable qualities and satisfactory results.

It will be observed that wheat is practically the staple of the diet. Many persons who have not ventured, and who do not mean to venture, upon the experiment of uncooked food in its entirety have nevertheless taken to the wheat as a substitute for bread—using it in the form of compressed cakes or merely grinding the grain in a certain way. In both cases it is eaten hull

and all, and, aside from its nourishing qualities, is readily seen to have a therapeutic effect which need not be entered into here. When partaken of dry, or even with butter, it is difficult eating for most persons unaccustomed to it, but when used as any ordinary cereal, with milk and sugar—which is my own mode of preparation—it is quite a different thing.

Sugar is of course cooked, but the devotees of the raw-food idea are not wholly intolerant of “palate ticklers,” nor are they prejudiced against the common fare of mankind further than is implied in their theory that great heat injures certain elements of food. While my personal experience has certainly recommended uncooked food as agreeing with me individually in every way, and while the evidence of the fare’s sustaining as well as palatable qualities seems abundant, I myself am not committed to the theories advanced concerning the vitalising character of organic cells which have not been subjected to the influence of fire. That must be left to scientific inquiry, in which I am not trained.

As an unscientific spectator, however, it is interesting to observe certain accredited testimony which seems to be particularly pertinent to this subject. I refer to the use of raw meat in the hospitals of continental Europe and this country; to the official tests made in Paris with guinea-pigs, and which have apparently determined the inadvisability of overprotection from bacteria by sterilisation; finally, to the discovery that to superheat milk is to injure the proteids therein, and to the consequent substitution of Pasteurisation for sterilisation. It has even ended in a recent medical outcry against Pasteurisation itself, on the ground that micro-organisms must not be tampered with in a food product manifestly meant by Nature to be assimilated in its raw condition. I say I cannot help noting these things



but I lack the unscientific rashness of generalising therefrom.

As to the use of wheat in the grain in the singular manner already described, some curious information might be collected on that score. But it serves the present purpose to note in passing what is generally but vaguely recognised—the literal title of honest bread to its designation as “the staff of life.” For if wheat does not contain all the elements required by man for food, it is at least essential to his stay upon this planet. Sir William Crookes has pointed out that unless chemistry artificially comes to our relief, the failure in the soil of the properties necessary to wheat production will be a serious menace to the race.

My weight has been above the normal a good deal since taking to what may seem to many a somewhat meagre diet, and is at the present writing considerably above it. My muscular condition—thanks to simple and brief exercises—is admirable, and my health is better than it has been in many years. There have been periods during the last nine months when I have enjoyed a degree of mental activity surpassing anything of the sort I have ever previously known, and I am seldom conscious that I possess a stomach, excepting during the cheerful hour of anticipation that precedes a meal. All of which may readily be verified from other sources.

Persons who make successful experiments of this sort are naturally led, through surprise and enthusiasm, to reach sweeping conclusions therefrom, and the temptation is emphasised upon the examination of corroborative evidence which seems thoroughly to fortify their claims. But for my own part I am content to waive even such confirmation of an extreme idea as may seem to be afforded by the assurances of two reputable men who aver that they once lived and flourished for a

month on raw wheat alone. For I cannot, even if I would, be unmindful of certain unlike and yet quite parallel demonstrations.

There are the negative tests of fasters like Tanner and others. There are also such vicissitudes as that which befell a Navy surgeon, personally well known to me, who was driven to subsist for a term approximating sixty days on raspberry jam, while stationed off the western coast of Africa in the old days of sailing vessels, who performed his usual duties during that period without serious physical inconvenience and without ill consequences; and—who still likes raspberry jam. Finally, there are the claims, varying in degree of credibility or the reverse, of a man insisting that one or two baked bananas for a meal is bountiful living for a brain-worker of strenuous habits; of an Edinburgh man who avers that raw oatmeal and deep breathing, alternated with apples and full inspirations, met all the requirements of his inner man for a number of weeks; of a Manchester author who flourishes on a single daily repast, with precaution as to chewing which makes the late Mr. Gladstone’s thirty mastications per mouthful bear an analogy to a certain slang expression.

Possibly there are scores of persons who, like Mark Twain, lose their appetite when they indulge in more than two meals from sun to sun. By riotously allowing himself three Mr. Clemens, you may remember, was threatened not merely with emaciation, but found all his senses impaired excepting his sense of humour. The Stoics, indeed, held that an olive was sufficient for a philosopher’s daily food; but I believe that Thoreau did not go so far. Nor has it yet been announced in this connection that love is enough, but no doubt some one will arrive with the propaganda in the due course of time. For already the enthusiastic apostles of raw food rejoice greatly to see hoist with his own petard



the anticonnubial poet who derisively asked :

“Will the love that you’re so rich in  
Build a fire in the kitchen,  
And the little god of love turn the spit?”

But, speaking only for myself, I require—as always—three meals a day, and feasting is more to my taste than fasting. So with a catholic appetite for whatever form of good food there happened to be on the table, yet with an idiosyncrasy which rejoiced least of all in cold things, I was encouraged in April, 1902, by the reflection that summer is liberal with natural products that we all like to eat raw, and that warmth even in one’s interior might easily be dispensed with in a semi-tropical climate. Winter was another matter. Now, curiously enough, I did not altogether renounce coffee or cocoa during the hot weather—for these stimulants of perhaps a lifetime are not necessarily rejected nor despised by “the cult.” But since the cold weather set in I have given up hot drinks entirely—at first because it was less bother to do so, and afterward because they were not missed.

Cold hands and cold feet are no longer known to me, and while I put this largely to the credit of a minute’s exercise to promote the circulation, it may not be altogether impertinent to associate the condition with my morning habits: A cold sponge or douche bath with water fresh from the faucet; leisurely exercise in scant attire, with fresh air from an open window; and a cold, grateful breakfast—the milk sometimes frozen in severe weather, and always at least chilled. Heavy underwear has become absolutely unnecessary, and here in London I did not bother unpacking my winter overcoat till the Christmas holidays.

Another thing: The customary fare

of a lifetime was abandoned utterly between my last hot dinner and my first raw-food breakfast, and for a period of six months I did not eat a single cooked meal.

I then dined heartily with some friends, being curious to see whether a return to old customs could be accomplished without indigestion—eating everything, from soup to dessert. It had no bad effect whatever. So now, at will, when the social amenities prompt—which does not happen to be oftener than once in two or three weeks—I dine in the old way. If the food is well prepared I enjoy it, as one enjoys any change, but not to such an extent that I do not very gladly return to my own bill-of-fare. If the meal is not fastidiously prepared, and particularly if it is served by a caterer, the change does not bring me any enjoyment. And this has happened at one of the most expensive restaurants in London.

So, in all sincerity, I am so well satisfied with my simple plan of living that ever to revert to former ways is far from my present intention. Its advantages are partly obvious, partly inferential, and partly pure theory. Such as they are they appeal to me.

Some of these days, when it seems worth while bothering about, I will not hesitate to try the more elaborate menus affected by the high livers of the raw-food cult. These embrace such feminine devices as the preparing of eggs in six different ways; the luxurious invention of puddings; astonishing soups—heated, not cooked—made variously from rice, cabbage, chestnuts, peas, wheat and potatoes; together with a truly Gargantuan course dinner of which I may not here give a hint beyond its inclusion of nut croquettes.

But why seek variety for the present when one does not crave spices?





## LIGHTNING

By FREDERICK STREET

WE have little fear of electricity in these days. In those manifestations of its energy which we have learned to control and even to create, it does too many common daily services for us. But lightning is a very different matter. We forget that it is only the great untamed manifestation of electricity, and not unnaturally we look at the two types of the same force with the same difference of feeling with which we regard a piece of artificial ice in a refrigerator and an iceberg from the deck of a steamer. What harm lightning is capable of is well known; how to prevent it from doing harm is still a vague and vitally interesting question. Every year in this country many lives are lost by lightning stroke and scores of persons are injured.

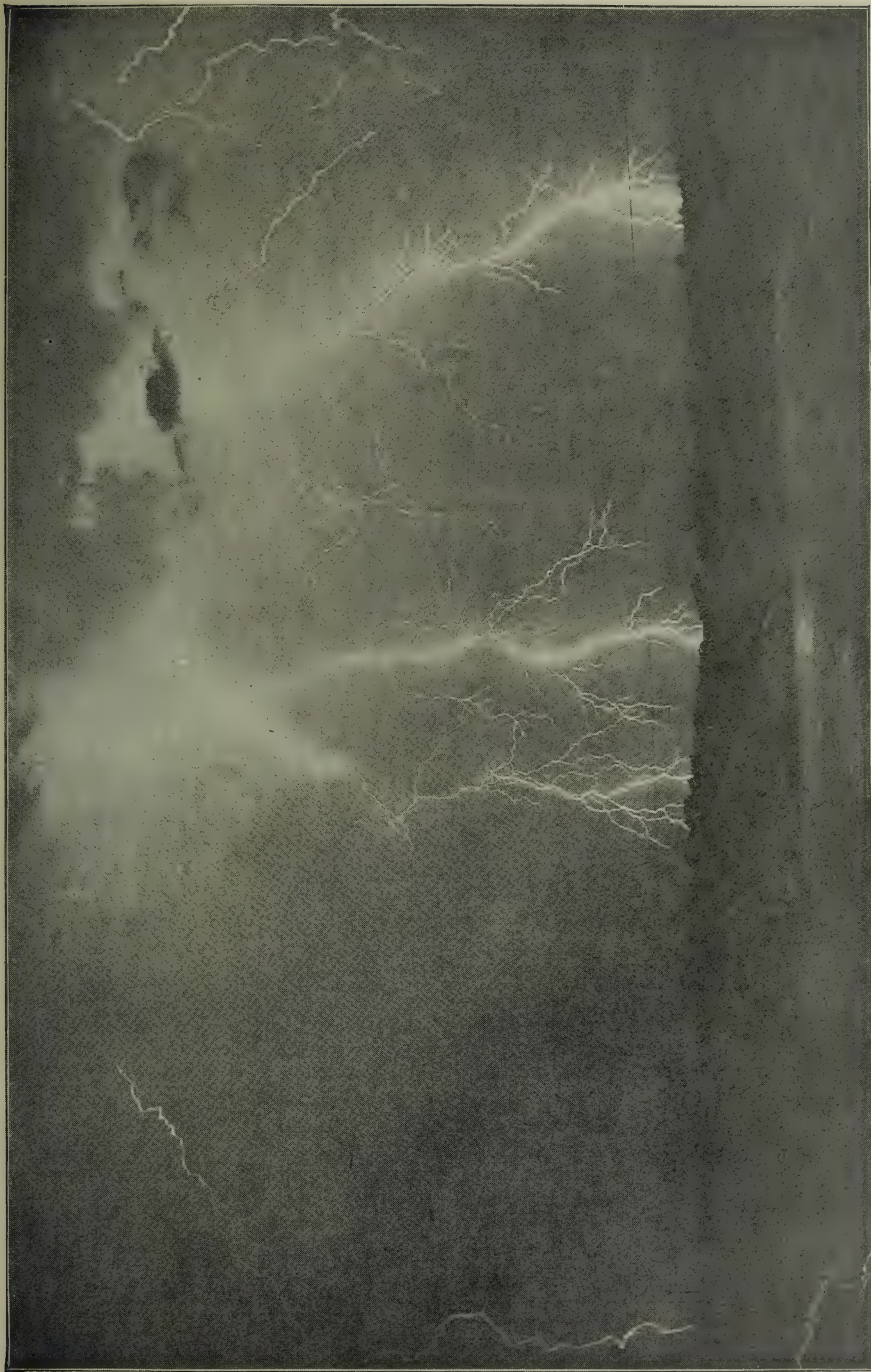
The average number of thunder storms during the year varies a good deal in different parts of the country. The season for thunder storms is the summer, beginning in the present month of April and lasting till September.

The original causes of thunder storms have never been clearly determined. The normal electric conditions of fair weather become at times disturbed—for reasons which the scientists cannot definitely make out—simultaneously with

other meteorological changes. Certain known conditions of heat, wind and moisture are present at these times, and it is suspected that motion of some sort—either the mechanical motion of wind causing friction between the air particles or molecular motion, as when water vapour is condensed into a liquid—is this unknown motive power behind the upsetting of the electric field. Some scientists think that they have discovered a distinct connection between the condensation of water vapour and the electrical state of the atmosphere. When these favourable phenomena occur the potential difference between the clouds and the surface of the earth is increased, as a general thing rather suddenly and over a small territory.

The simplest illustration of this condition of things is given by a Leyden jar. This is a glass jar coated with tin foil both inside and out for about four-fifths of its height. The two coatings of the jar serve as condensing and collecting surfaces, and the whole apparatus forms what is called a condenser. If the inner coating be connected with an electrical machine and the outer one with the earth, the former will acquire a positive and the latter a negative charge. If a metallic rod be brought





ONE OF THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIGHTNING. THE PLATE WAS EXPOSED OVER A PERIOD OF SOME MINUTES, AND SHOWS A NUMBER OF SEPARATE FLASHES OCCURRING DURING THAT TIME.



near the two surfaces of the jar a spark will be obtained, the power of which will depend upon the potential of the inner coating and on its electrical capacity. In the natural electrical conditions the cloud represents one coating of the jar, the surface of the earth the other, and the non-conducting air in which we live the glass between the

exists between the earth and the sky it may be relieved by invisible and silent discharges from the top of every rock, building, tree, wire or any other conducting object within the strained field, as well as from the under surface of the cloud. The discharges which take place in this way through a human being who is standing on the top of a high



A POWERFUL, DESTRUCTIVE BOLT

two coatings. In ordinary weather the difference of potential between the upper regions of the atmosphere and the earth is not great enough to overcome the resistance of this layer of non-conducting air. The cloud, however, serves as a condenser of enormous extent as compared with those used in laboratories, although the amount of charged surface exposed to the earth does not in most thunder storms exceed a few square miles. When this electrical tension

mountain can be so severe as to be very startling to the involuntary conductor.

The zone of danger wherein a bolt may descend at any time during a thunder storm is generally within the area of the storm cloud, although it sometimes spreads out in front of the cloud. Almost any upright object in this area is a better conductor than the air in which it stands, so that the wonder is, not that so many things are struck, but that so many escape.



Occasionally it happens that the flash is an oscillatory one which goes back and forth from earth to sky and from sky to earth a number of times along exactly the same track. At times the

tenth of a second is needed for the full effect of any light upon the eye, we get only a very faint idea of the brilliancy of the flash. If a flash were permanent it would be one hundred thousand times



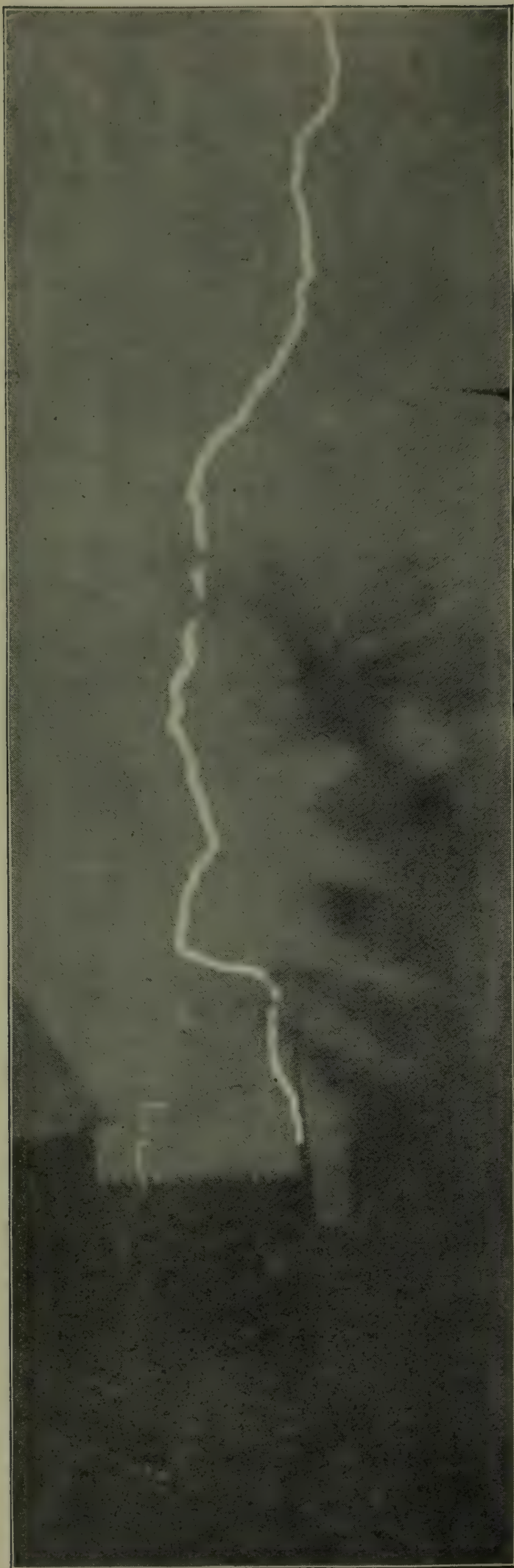
PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING DISCHARGE OF ONE CLOUD INTO ANOTHER AND A BRANCHING FLASH, ILLUSTRATING THE TENDENCY TO DISSIPATION OF FORCE.

flash is from the earth upward to the sky, and these ascending strokes are just as destructive as are the descending ones. It is absolutely impossible for us to conceive of the rapidity and brilliancy of lightning. It has been estimated that a flash occupies less than the one millionth part of a second. As one-

more brilliant than the light we now experience.

The comparative safety of the modern city from lightning is due to the network of wires which covers it and the number of tall buildings with iron points, tin roofs, metallic gutters and steel frames connected with the water, sewer





and gas pipes, which form an excellent system of conductors. Still the city is not by any means absolutely protected, for when a cloud with a tremendous store of energy approaches quickly, all the wires and pipes in ten cities cannot prevent it from discharging recklessly right and left.

It is in the country that most of the fatal accidents occur, and they are about evenly divided between people who are struck in houses and those who are killed in the open or while seeking refuge under a tree. To stand under a tree in a thunder storm is perhaps, next to clinging to a lightning rod, the most dangerous position that can be chosen. It is also a well-established fact that some kinds of trees are better conductors and therefore more dangerous than others. For many years a very careful record was kept in a forest of 45,000 acres in Germany, which showed that birches were apparently the trees best safeguarded from lightning, while oak and fir trees were the most frequent victims.

The natural tendency of both men and animals to huddle together in a storm has resulted in many terrible tragedies. Only a year ago eleven people were killed by one bolt in Chicago. In England a famous case of this kind is on record, when fifteen people who had sought refuge from a storm in a church porch all perished together. In a jail at Biberach, in 1819, twenty convicts were chained together in one room during a severe thunder storm. The jail was struck, and they were killed to a man, the chain probably acting as a particularly good conductor. In the famous storm that passed over the village of Chateau-les-Moutiers, in France, when the lightning struck the church during mass, two of the officiating priests were struck down, while the third escaped unharmed, an accident then attributed to his being the only one who was clothed in silken vestments. By the same flash more than eighty people in the congregation were injured, some of them fatally,



and six dogs which happened to be in the church at the time were all killed.

There are numberless cases on record where whole herds of sheep and cattle have been struck with fatal effect. Accidents from lightning to living things under water seem to be rather rare, but one remarkable flash is on record which struck the lake of Zirknitz, in 1670, killing so many fish in that body of water that the day after the storm the country people in the neighbourhood scooped up enough of every variety, which were floating dead on the surface of the lake, to make twenty-eight cart loads.

When the people are struck by lightning it often happens that their clothes are torn from them and blown into shreds. Their shoes almost invariably



THE EARTH IS POSITIVE WITH RESPECT TO THE CLOUD. DISCHARGES ARE GOING UPWARD, AND ILLUMINATION OF UNDER PORTION OF CLOUD MASS RESULTS.

have the tops slit as if a charge of powder had exploded inside of them. In a village in the south of England a man who had been struck by lightning was found lying unconscious on a country road and stripped stark naked, while his clothes were

scattered in fragments at some distance. The man was brought back to life and recovered, but the clothes were too far gone to recuperate. Sometimes a stroke of lightning has thrown iron tools out of workmen's hands and even set fire to their clothes without doing the men themselves any harm beyond stunning them for a moment. In 1898 at least a dozen deaths were reported in America of women struck in the act of stripping clothes from wire clothes lines. If the wash is hung on



FLASHES BETWEEN CLOUDS, RESTORING THE ELECTRICAL EQUILIBRIUM OF THE UPPER AIR.





A STRIKING FLASH SHOWING UNUSUAL ILLUMINATIONS OF THE CLOUD MASSES.

one of these clothes lines it is safer to let it get wet than to try to save it from a quick shower. There are perils even in being too conscientious a washer-woman.

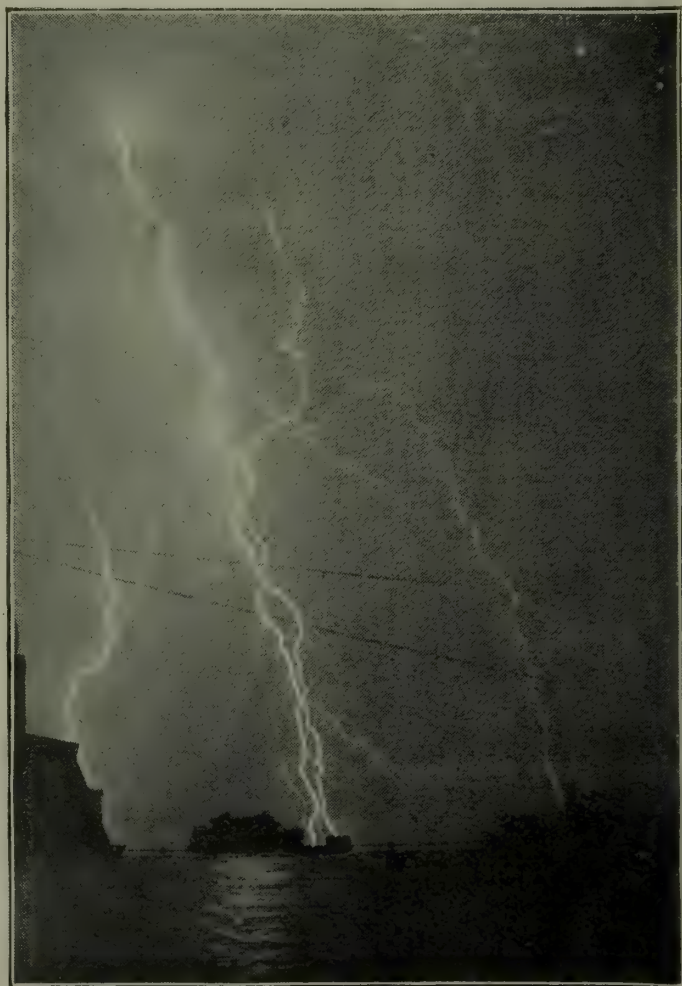
It is the apparently freakish quality of lightning that surrounds it with a certain mystery and awe. The case of a farmer whose team was struck on a country road when the horses and the man sitting in the back of the cart were killed, while the driver escaped unhurt, helps to prove the theory that in the midst of the most destructive flashes there are certain safe spots.

It is common

enough to see trees which have been struck by bolts not only broken off short near the ground, but splintered into mere kindlings.

This is not the actual work of the bolt itself. The sap, turned into steam by the terrific heat caused by the passage of the stroke, expands and explodes, ripping up the tree in every direction.

Franklin thought that he had solved the question of protection against lightning when he put up the first rod in 1752, but public confidence in lightning rods has wavered back and forth a good deal since then. At present the scientific opinion seems



A FLASH FROM THE SKY INTO A RESERVOIR OF WATER.



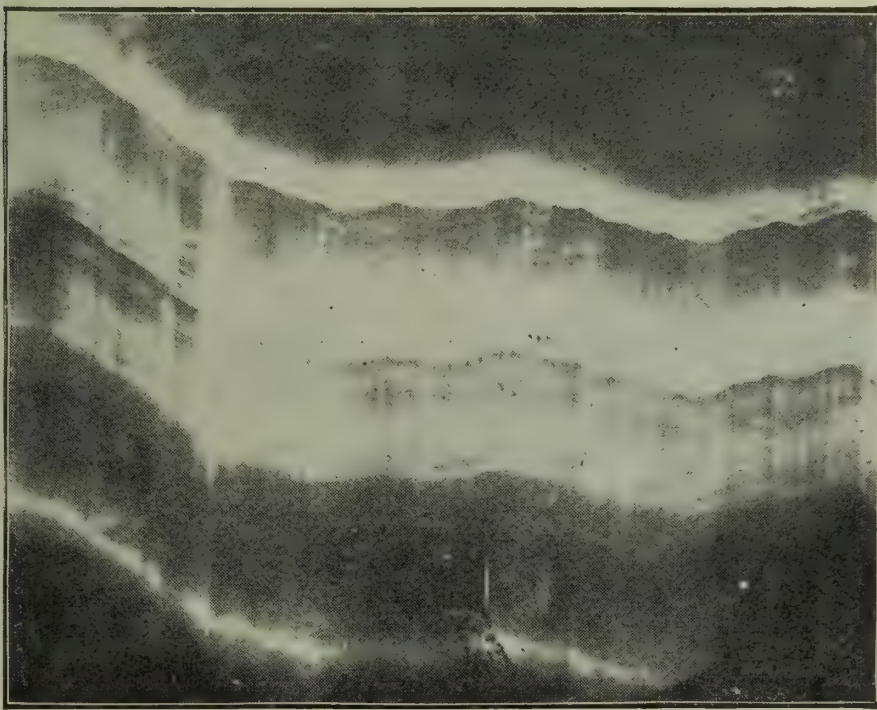


AN OSCILLATORY FLASH. THE SPACE SEPARATING THE UPWARD FROM THE DOWNWARD STROKES CAN BE DIMLY DISTINGUISHED IN THE UPPER PART OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.

to be that rods properly put up are a great protection to any building. A lightning rod has two duties: to conduct the charge to the earth, and by constantly affording a passage from the clouds to the

foot. The tip of the rod should be pointed and plated or gilded as a protection against rust, and the rod carried down to earth-plates buried in damp ground or in water. The line of descent to the earth should be kept as free from curves and turns as possible, and if the rod approaches water or gas mains during its course, it is best to connect it with them. There is no need of insulating a rod which is on the outside of a building, and it should be connected with all metallic surfaces or masses employed in the construction.

The general rules for personal safety in a storm are to avoid standing under or near trees, in the doorways or open windows of buildings, close to cattle or near chimneys or fireplaces. When a person has been struck by lightning and becomes unconscious the

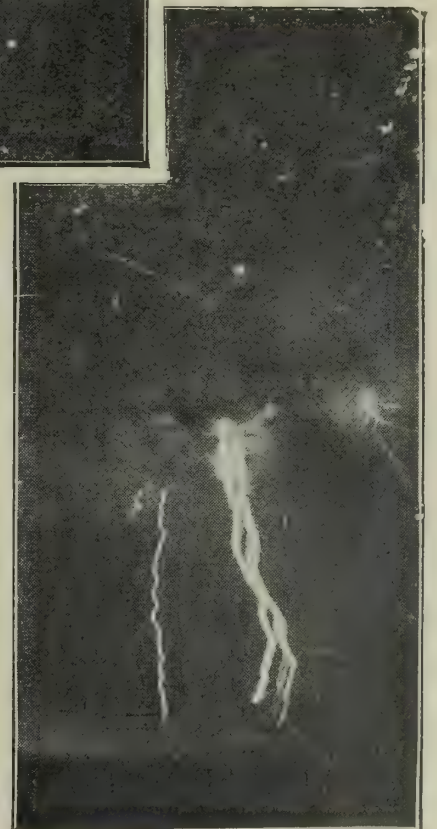


FLASHES TRAVELLING PARALLEL PATHWAYS.

SPECTRUM OF AIR ILLUMINATED BY A PASSING FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

ground, to equalise the potentials without making a disruptive charge probable. A number of points well connected with the ground on a large building, are like small water pipes connected with a large reservoir, which except in the case of a very sudden and severe rise, serve to carry off the overflow safely. A large conductor in the same sense is like a main or waterway provided against a sudden flood. In nine cases out of ten an iron or a copper rod will carry the flash to earth, but there are strokes too heavy for this pathway, and overflows result. A proper rod is a strip of copper in the form of a tape weighing about six ounces to the

attempt to revive him should be begun without an instant's delay. Respiration and circulation should be stimulated by warming the body with flannels and





by making the injured person breathe artificially. People have often been revived after being apparently without life for more than an hour.

Lightning, of course, tends to strike the highest object within reach. The easiest and shortest path from the cloud to the earth is generally in line with a tower or a steeple, and the earliest records of damage by lightning deal



A CIRCULAR FLASH.

mostly with church spires. In the "Church History of England," Thomas Fuller says that there was scarcely an abbey in England that had not been burned down at least once in its history through the agency of lightning. The spire of the cathedral of Strasburg was struck and somewhat damaged in the early part of last century. Since then it has been covered with rods, and though it is known to have been struck more than once no harm has been done to it. One famous building of antiquity which, according to the records, was never once damaged by lightning during its thousand years of existence, although placed high on a hill above a city in a mountain region where thunder storms are very frequent, was the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. The temple was overlaid within and without by plates of

gold. Now gold is one of the best of electric conductors, and in this way the whole building was protected with a perfection and thoroughness that has never been attempted before or since.

Constructions like the Eiffel tower in Paris and the Washington monument in America would naturally be marks for lightning, and they undoubtedly do act continually as pathways for brush discharges of electricity, but the material of the one and the elaborate system of protection of the other keep them from any damage. The Eiffel tower, which is constructed entirely of iron, is probably one of the safest places possible to imagine in a thunder storm. In the case of a flash of the kind shown in the illustration on another page, people on the tower were entirely undisturbed. It has been often noticed that when a thunder storm is passing over Paris the flashes of lightning will cease entirely as the storm reaches the Eiffel tower and begin again as soon as the centre of disturbance has passed beyond the reach of that conductor. On the Washington monument the tip of the pyramid at the top of the shaft is made of a cone of aluminium about eight or nine inches high, connected by a number of copper bars bristling with points, with the four hollow wrought-iron phoenix columns supporting the elevator machinery. These columns are connected at their base with a well in the foundations of the monument. Since this protective apparatus was put in the column has passed unharmed through severe storms.

That lightning has its useful as well as its harmful effects is a scientific fact. It radically modifies the elements of the atmosphere and transforms oxygen into the ozone which destroys miasma. All the imperceptible remains of organic matter are destroyed on coming in contact with electrified air, and the electric spark combines gases held in suspension and forms new substances which descend in rain to fertilise the soil.





THIS EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT 10.30 P.M., ON MAY 3, 1897. THE EIFFEL TOWER FORMS  
THE MOST PERFECT LIGHTNING ROD IMAGINABLE THE PEOPLE WITHIN WERE UNAFFECTED  
OWING TO PERFECT INSULATION.



## “GETTING EVEN”

### THE STORY OF A SMUGGLER WHO DIDN'T SMUGGLE

By CHAS. GREY GREY

**B**ILLY TREHARNE came of a good old smuggling stock, and latter-day civilisation had somehow failed to eradicate the taint in his blood which trends to illicit dealings and eventually to conflict with the powers that be.

As he was an old friend of mine I came in for rather more than my share of his yarns, generally pretty steep ones that needed whole salt-cellars to season them, but on occasion Billy came down within the bounds of probability, and the following tale was told me by the said Billy in one of his more than usually veracious moods. I give the tale as it was told to me.

It seems that some twenty-five or thirty years ago Billy was Captain William Treharne of the tramp steamer “Rathcoole,” and the “Rathcoole’s” tramping took her so regularly round the Mexican Gulf ports that she almost came to imagine herself a liner between London, the West Indies and the Gulf. In fact a sort of prehistoric Elder Dempster Freighter.

Now some men seek for evil things to do, and others fall across the path of temptation whenever they go outside their door. Billy wasn't naturally depraved, but those West Indian ports were too much for the virtue of the descendant of many generations of Cornish smugglers; and Captain Treharne fell away from grace. The path of temptation absolutely rose from where it lay and caught Billy's tramping feet as a tram-line catches a bicycle wheel. Billy, like the bicycle, slipped, skidded, and fell. He started in quite a small way, smuggling odd boxes of extra-special Havanas, and odd pounds of selected Virginia, which came to him *via* New Orleans. Then he started playing

the game heavily, and that was where his fall hurt. He managed to run some thousands of cigars and some hundreds of pounds of tobacco before the Customs tripped him up. When they did get him he suffered heavily, lost many pounds of excellent tobacco, which was confiscated (and burnt in a manner the manufacturers never intended), and he—as the lawyers put it—was “mulct in a heavy fine.”

Captain Treharne of the “Rathcoole” resolved to get even, and next trip he ran some more of his favourite blends and brands, which by extra judicious stowing in unconsidered trifles of cargo he got ashore safe. That paid him well, and nearly squared up the loss on the confiscated cargo. Still he wanted to “get his own back,”—to use his own phrase—and for that end concocted a deep and skilful plot; the day being past when revenge on a Revenue Officer could be obtained by “laying” for him and clumping him on the head with a club. Accordingly next trip he carefully stowed a few boxes of cigars and a few pounds of tobacco where they would be found by the keen-nosed Customs officer. These being found he was fined again *pro rata*, but the quantity being small, the fine was small too. He knew that now he would be marked as a confirmed “runner,” and that was where the plot came in, also where the skipper of the “Rathcoole” began to feel pleased with himself.

When he next visited New Orleans, Billy Treharne expended a proportion of his ill-gotten gains on buying up a few hundredweight of ‘scrap tobacco, sweepings of the warehouses, and so on. This was carefully stowed [away for future use. Billy being part owner] of the “Rathcoole” could do pretty well as



he liked, so he expended more wealth on a rather unnecessarily large supply of coal, and coal costs money in the Gulf Ports. Then he started for home. When the little "Rathcoole" had kicked and wriggled herself to within a few hours of sight of England the skipper hauled the crew aft, individually swore them to secrecy, and explained the plot. The crew being all loyal Englishmen (no "Dutchmen" for Billy) saw the humour of the situation and grinned. Then Billy produced the scrap tobacco and sent for the ship's cook.

"See here doctor," said Billy, "I want the use of those coppers of yours for a few hours to boil down these sweepings."

"Boil terbaccer, sir?" questioned the cook. "Ye'll ruin the coppers and the men'll never eat anything that'll be cooked in 'em again."

"Never you mind," said Billy; "get your fires going, and you'll see."

So for several hours the cook and Billy were busy boiling up a strong solution of nicotine, and the cook's galley reeked like a docker's dirty clay pipe. Then Billy sent for the chief engineer, and remarked: "Mister McKay, will you kindly have a few wee graves dug on the top of all that extra coal you've got left over this trip?"

McKay, who was in the joke, retired to his bunkers and had the necessary graves dug as required.

Then the skipper, the cook, and McKay proceeded to scientifically distribute that nicotine solution between the graves in the coal so that it should percolate to the bottom-most plate in the bunkers.

By this time they had been running up Channel for some hours, well in sight of land, and nearing their first port of call. Everything was made "ship-shape and Bristol fashion" below, and into port they went, the "Rathcoole's" bunkers and galley smelling like a cut-plug factory.

As soon as the Revenue Officer came

aboard Billy gratuitously declared 500 cigars and 12 pounds of tobacco, and offered duty on the same.

Now that alone, from a twice-convicted smuggler, was enough to rouse suspicion; so off went Mr. Revenue Officer on the spy-around. He tackled Billy's cabin first, nothing to be found there; then the mate's quarters, nothing there; then the fo'c'sle, one man found with 200 cigars; nothing to do with the skipper though. Then he tackled the galley.

"Ah!" said the Revenue man, "there's nothing to see, but this *smells* suspicious."

"Can't say it's pleasant," replied Billy; "seems to me that our cook has been smoking some unholy muck in the tobacco line here. Sort of seems more a case for a quarantine officer than a Revenue man, though."

"That don't go here," snapped the Revenue man, "you'd far better declare the stuff right off, than let us find it and get fined yourself; though, to tell the truth, you'll a sight more likely get juggled the third offer. Come, now, where is it?"

"Where's what?" asked Billy, innocently enough.

"Where's *what*!" almost yelled the Revenue man. "Where's all this tobacco you're trying to run? Come, now, own up. I tell you, bluff don't go down here."

"Who's bluffing?" answered Billy. "I've declared all the tobacco I've got aboard, and you can turn the darned old 'Rathcoole' inside out, but you won't find another ounce."

"We'll see about that later," said the Revenue man.

Well! Nothing was found in the galley, and nothing elsewhere, till they came to the stoke-hold, and thence to the bunkers. Here the Revenue man was struck by the quantity of coal on hand for an in-bound ship, and his suspicions rose, like the comb on an angry cockatoo.

"Seems you've got a lot of coal



aboard, now, Captain Treharne," said he.

"Yes! Good coal that," replied Billy. "Never used so little coal on a trip since I've skippered the 'Rathcoole.' I tell you, McKay's a marvel for economy."

"Seems to me you'd have room for a small packing case or two under that lot," surmised the Revenue man.

"Have a look and see," suggested Billy.

Then the Revenue man stuck a shovel into the coal, and gave a premonitory sniff.

"Lord! That's very like the smell of tobacco," said the officer.

"It is, *very* like," assented Billy.

"Is it?" asked the officer.

"May be so," said Billy.

"Look here, captain, for the last time! Is there tobacco concealed aboard?"

"Not one bit."

"Then I'll have to search this coal. You've too much aboard for a home-bound, and this bunker reeks of tobacco."

"Well, then, search it. I don't mind a bit. Only, mind, you'll have to replace things as you find 'em."

"Very well, here goes then," said the Revenue man, and he started. He shovelled away till he got pretty black, and then he gave up and sent ashore for a couple of men. They came and shovelled, and between them they bunged up the stoke-hold with coal, and the reek of tobacco grew stronger. Then night fell, and the Revenue man stayed his hand till the morrow.

Next morning he turned up afresh with more helpers, and they hove coal

about all day, out of the stoke-hold on to the deck in bags and buckets. Coal-dust flew everywhere, and still they shovelled and hove. The "Rathcoole" grew black all over, as ships in the agonies of coaling always do, and finally, as evening fell again, the Revenue crew fetched up on the bottom of the bunkers, which were damp with a sticky liquid that reeked abominably of stale tobacco. Then said the Revenue officer to Billy, who was calmly eyeing the finishing touches, "What in the earth, or the waters under the earth, is this liquor, and *why*, in heaven's name, does it smell of nicotine this way?"

"Oh! that," replied Billy, "that's an idea McKay picked up in New Orleans for a coal-saver. You just buy tobacco sweepings, boil 'em down, pour the liquor over your coal, and there you are. See the way it's saved our coal this trip."

"Then why on earth didn't you tell me that before?" frantically demanded the Revenue man.

"Because you asked me whether I had tobacco aboard, which I *had not*, and you swore I had. Anyhow, you never asked where the smell came from," asserted Billy. "And now," he continued, "you'll kindly put that coal back, and clean my ship afterwards."

And, reluctantly, that Revenue officer set his men to work, and they put the coal back, cleaned the ship to Billy's satisfaction, and departed woefully. Then Billy sent in a claim for more wealth for unjust detention in port. And he got it, and that's how he got even with the Revenue—at least, that is how Billy Treharne says he did it.



# THE ABERRATION OF MACLEISH

By WILLIAM BEATTY

THE old-established firm of Gregg & MacIndoe, Limited, Eastern Merchants, Constantinople, having come to grief, owing to the defalcations and flight of its principal partner, Andrew MacLeish, its manager, was perforce compelled to begin the world afresh. Feeling, naturally enough, that something of the odium of the failure attached to himself, he carefully avoided pestering his friends and former acquaintances for assistance, preferring to help himself rather than risk the mortification of a refusal, and this reticence and independence was intuitively understood and respected by all.

Just, however, when things were at their worst Destiny came along, and, to the alienation of this regard, kicked him back to prosperity.

To explain the nature of this sudden transformation which—so unaccountable was its effect—caused every one who had formerly known him to cold shoulder MacLeish, it will be necessary to give in some detail the history of his experiences subsequent to the failure.

Having invested all his savings in the business the Scotchman, when the burst came, was left to face the world with little more than a dozen pounds. How he nursed that sum we need not tell. Suffice it to say that it was not, like the widow's cruse, inexhaustible. One evening, after three days of hunger and thirst, the last of it went off in smoke and coffee at Mustapha's.

Very glad to be out of the noisy crowded streets, which he had been perambulating since morning, he crept in there, wearily enough, and seated himself upon a divan; and there, for more than an hour, in company with a gentleman who had entered shortly after himself, he

remained smoking and sipping his coffee, as indifferent to his surroundings as his neighbour.

For some time business was brisk, but as the evening wore on a deadly dulness and a drowsy atmosphere of perfumed smoke and leather and sleep pervaded the café.

Involuntarily MacLeish's eyes closed—a momentary vertigo caused him to sink back against the cushions of the divan.

When he recovered he feebly made to light his pipe, but its bowl was empty—as empty as his stomach, his pockets and his heart.

It was all up with him at last then, he reflected. With a clean record and a facile tongue—a knowledge and command of the language that was unrivalled and which, combined with his physique, could deceive even the natives into the belief that he was a descendant of Osman—he was on the point of starvation. Well, it was a miserable enough finish to die of want in a second-rate café.

As there was no help for it, apparently, he resigned himself to the inevitable. Unable to find work, and determined neither to borrow nor steal, there was no other conclusion possible.

Things having come to such a pass it is little wonder that MacLeish considered himself a much abused man.

"Yes, my boy," he ruminated, "it's pretty hard lines, but you're done for good this time."

He was just arrived at this point, and wondering how long he would have to remain where he was before his demise was discovered, when, by chance, his glance fell upon the table in front of his neighbour.

For a moment or two he studied the refreshment upon it in a speculative



fashion, then, as if seeking corroboration, sniffed the heavy atmosphere, and slowly raised his eyes.

The stranger gravely bowed.

"I think your name is MacLeish," he said.

MacLeish admitted the fact.

"Can I have the pleasure of your company outside for a little?"

MacLeish replied with a shake of the head.

"Why not?" asked the unknown.

"Can't," rejoined MacLeish laconically.

"Can't?"

"No food," murmured MacLeish; "dog-weary."

"Order some."

"Daren't."

"How's that?"

"Haven't a piastre left."

At this a lazy smile illumined the full yellow face of the Oriental.

Signing to a waiter he murmured a few words, and was presently served.

The moment the man's back was turned he pushed the glass towards MacLeish and motioned him to drink.

With a trembling hand MacLeish obeyed.

"Ah," he muttered, "I thought so."

Then he sighed, lay back upon the divan and smiled. He had lived too long among the subjects of the "Sick Man" not to know the value of so much solicitude. In the art of driving a bargain, as he knew to his cost, a Turk was as pawky as a Scot.

Knowing this, and divining that he was still of some value, MacLeish's heart grew merry. It amused him to think of the haggling in prospect.

He was still smiling when the other, who had been watching the effect of his prescription, gravely nodded his satisfaction.

"I thocht ye wad like it, man," he whispered; "I'm a Scotchman mysel'."

MacLeish glowered stupidly at the speaker for a space, then genially acknowledged, with a friendly shake of the hand, the confidence reposed in him,

and resumed his smile. The fatuous self-satisfaction upon the Ottoman's face as irresistibly invited amusement as his unblushing announcement compelled admiration. So much assurance and cleverness was deserving of recognition. The accent was perfect. "Cunning devil," thought MacLeish.

"Aye, I'm a Ru'glen man," continued the Turk, "and so is my brither, auld Mustapha. But come awa', it's wearing late—and come quately, if the Talisker hasna affected your legs."

"But what for?" inquired MacLeish.

"Are ye no hungry, man?"

Mechanically MacLeish arose and followed.

"It's the whisky," he muttered, as he staggered along after his guide; "it's just the Talisker on an empty stomach. I'm just fair drunk, fair drunk—or else I'm dead. But who ever heard of a Turk from Ru'glen? A Turk from Ru'glen; oh, Lord!" he cried, and fell into such a boisterous fit of laughter that his conductor was forced to stop and remonstrate.

"Bismillah," he growled, now speaking the language of the country, "hold thy tongue, thou son of a dog, else thou wilt ruin us both."

"Oh, I'm drunk — unconscionably drunk," soliloquised MacLeish with a chuckle.

"You're either that or fair demented man," snarled the other, relapsing into the Doric.

More confounded than ever by this fresh outbreak, MacLeish subsided into an accommodating state of mental and physical subordination, which permitted the unknown to oster him along at pleasure through a maze of dark, disreputable, unsavoury streets and lanes.

Just, however, as the stimulating effect of the spirit had begun to wear off, and his legs were giving way, the Turk brought him up in front of a door.

"We're just about there, man," he whispered, as he pushed MacLeish through and closed the wicket behind



them. "Hold on for a bit, and you'll get as muckle's ye can eat."

"The sooner I have a bit of something the better," muttered MacLeish.

All at once, however, he came to a stand. With apprehension in every line of his figure he craned forward and peered into the semi-darkness.

"Tut, tut, man!" said his guide, "come awa'—ye canna smell't sae faur awa'."

But MacLeish remained immovable.

From somewhere in the distance came a murmur as of water splashing in a fountain. A faint suggestion of music tuned the perfumed air that whispered through the leafy screen. The flash and twinkle of many coloured lamps and the dancing forms of sylphs in white patterned the dusky perspective.

"My God!" he exclaimed, now convinced that he was really dead and arrived in the Moslem's Paradise. "It's worse than I thought."

"What's wrang now?" inquired his conductor testily.

"Wrong!" groaned MacLeish, who was a bachelor, remembering the black-eyed ones. "Wrong, I've a character to lose, man, and want out of this. There are none of my folk here, anyway. They were Free's to a man, and sat under Dr. Drowsy, in Tobago Street, and he would never have let one of his flock slip into such a Paradise as this, or, for that matter, any other."

"Paradise, Paradise," repeated the Turk; "wha's talking about Paradise? Tut, tut, man! come awa', and never fash your head ower a place ye'll never see."

"I won't stir another step," replied MacLeish doggedly. "There's something uncanny about this business."

The stranger made a gesture of annoyance.

"Dinna be a fool, sir," he said. "It's no every man that's doon on his luck has sic a chance as you. Man, there's a billet waiting ye up by that mony a lad wad peril his craig to win, and yet ye

wad prefer deein' in the gutter rather than lie wi' a fu' wame on silk and satin. Tut, tut!" he expostulated, dragging at MacLeish, "come your ways, and dinna be thrawn."

MacLeish, however, still resisted.

"If it's such a good berth, why don't you apply for it yourself?" he asked.

"Because it wadna suit me at a', at a'," replied the stranger, still urging him to go forward.

"No, no," objected the Scotchman, "that will hardly pass. I never heard yet of a Glasgow man that let a good thing go by him."

"I'm no a Glasgow body, man; there's no a particle o' Glasgow dirt about me. I'm a Ru'glen man, I tell ye," was the indignant response.

"Well, all the same, I don't see why you should be so devilish anxious to assist me," persisted MacLeish.

"To be sure you dinna, but if your head was as cogglie on its shouthers as mine, ye wad help Auld Nick himsel'."

"I don't see what your head has got to do with me?"

"Oh, man," groaned the stranger, "but you're a sair handfu'. Will ye come up by to the house, you contumacious deevil, or will ye no? I canna stand claverin here a' nicht."

MacLeish pondered a moment.

"What is the nature of the appointment? Is it onerous?" he asked.

"Onerous—onerous? Not it, sir. I wish I had the job," was the reply. "Ye've but to rise, eat, drink and be merry, and gang to bed fu'. It's a veritable sinecure, man."

"Go on," said MacLeish.

With a grunt of approval the stranger resumed his journey, which, after they had threaded a perfect labyrinth of shrubbery, at length ended before a huge, imposing pile that glimmered through the dusky night with all the unexpectedness of one of those palaces MacLeish remembered reading about in the "Arabian Nights"



"It feels solid enough," he muttered, fingering the masonry as they entered.

Reflecting, however, that it was hardly worth while, in his disembodied state, to doubt the existence of matter, and being, moreover, for a spirit, remarkably hungry, he postponed his metaphysical researches, and made no comment. In short, if a succulent chop and the Princess Badroulboudour had appeared at that moment he would have chosen the chop, without pausing to consider whether it existed in the mind as an idea, or was demonstrably a material fact.

Having apparently a notion of MacLeish's gastronomic cogitations, the Turk soon had him seated at a well-spread table. The noble trencher-work, however, of the half-starved man dismaying him, the stranger, the moment he considered his guest within a measurable distance of repletion, thought fit to interfere.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, laying a restraining hand upon the glutton, "if ye worry the victuals like that, man, you'll eat yourself into Kingdom Come."

With an angry gesture MacLeish thrust him away.

"I thought—you told me—I could eat and drink—and sleep as much as I pleased," he mumbled.

"To be sure I did, but that was conditional on your accepting the appointment."

"Well, I accept it," nodded MacLeish.

"I wouldna be in sic a deevil o' a hurry," counselled the Turk.

"Oh, oh! then you are not concerned in the matter, eh?"

"Concerned? I'm mair than concerned, man," returned the other dolefully. "But good sakes!" he pleaded, "waste nae mair time now, but come awa' and see my principal. Ye can finish your eating again."

"Very well," returned MacLeish, fetching a long breath. "Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned, I'll follow thee."

With something like a sigh of relief the stranger led the way, and, after ushering him through a suite of luxuriously appointed rooms, introduced the Scotchman into an apartment more gorgeously furnished than any they had traversed. It was dimly lit and very quiet, and, so far as he could discover, without an occupant.

Giving a deferential cough, the Turk advanced to the curtains of an alcove, and whispered a word or two.

"Is that you, Abdallah?" enquired a voice.

"I grovel at your feet, Sultan of Sultans."

"Then you have managed well?"

"Allah be praised! No one has seen him, Your Majesty."

"Good!" exclaimed the invisible. "I will speak with him."

Whereupon the curtains parted, and, to MacLeish's amaze, Abdul Hamid, the Commander of the Faithful, came forth.

As he sat down upon a divan and lit a cigarette, the Turk, Abdallah, switched on the electric light.

"Whew!" whistled MacLeish, still dominated by his idea. "They've poisoned him off at last, then."

The Sultan flicked the ash from his cigarette and eyed MacLeish, and MacLeish eyed him back. He had known Hamid below as a broken-down nerve-shattered, shrunken specimen of humanity, who lived in constant dread of assassination.

As he was yet gazing at the man, wondering that he should still be the same nervous debilitated wretch, Abdallah signed him to approach.

"Boo, man—mak' a boo," he directed.

"No, no, Mr. Abdallah," returned MacLeish. "We're a' John Tamson's bairns here. Down below in Stamboul it was all very well; but that's an old story."

"Oh, ye're daft, man, fair daft," groaned Abdallah. "Whaur d'ye think ye are?"

"In Paradise, Abdallah, in Paradise; though it's not just exactly what I expected it to be."



"Gude help us, are ye at that haver again. Paradise, ye gowk," said Abdallah, "ye're in the Dolmabagtsche Palace."

"What! am I living?"

"Leevin'! To be sure ye are; ye wouldna be muckle gude as a corp. But I doubt whether ye are compus mentus," was the dejected reply.

But at this point Abdul Hamid, who had been watching the two with some suspicion, broke in, requesting to know what was being said.

On Abdallah replying that he had just been preparing the man to hear His Majesty's proposal, Abdul nodded.

"Good," he said, "he speaks French, I suppose?"

"He's a first-rate linguist, Your Majesty."

"So much the better," returned the Sultan. "He will be able to act the part as well as look at it." Then addressing himself in that tongue to MacLeish, he began——

"You have been unfortunate of late, Monsieur, I understand?"

MacLeish admitted as much.

"That being so," went on Abdul, "I presume you would have no objection to improve your position."

"Certainly not, Your Majesty"

"Well, in that case, I have an offer to make. Are you agreeable to do me a service?"

"Short of murder, or anything discreditable, I am—if the consideration is adequate."

"You will have no reason to grumble," returned the Sultan.

"That," answered MacLeish, "will depend altogether on the nature of the service. Until I hear what it is I can hardly express an opinion."

"Tell him, Abdallah," commanded Abdul Hamid, lolling back indolently on the divan.

Abdallah cleared his throat.

"It's just this way, Mr. MacLeish," he began, drawing him aside. "His Majesty finding the cares of State, for the time

being, over heavy, is desirous of taking a bit of a holiday in order that he may put some flesh on his banes, and that, as ye ken, canna be done unless a body has an easy mind."

MacLeish nodded.

"Weel, sir," went on the speaker, "that being sae, he has been compelled, in order to have this jaunt, to cast about for a suitable man to fill his shoon while he's awa', for, as ye may surmise the wheels winna birl as they should if there's a cog wanting. In fine, sir, Providence, as we ca' it at hame, having decreed that ye should come doon in the world, for the purpose o' being at hand the now—having transformed ye, in fact, into the leevin' image o' His Majesty, he's minded to be Mr. MacLeish for a spell, and leave you to ca' the machine."

"The devil!" exclaimed MacLeish, "you might as well have left me to die at Mustapha's."

"Tut, tut, man; it's no as bad as that," remonstrated Abdallah. "The cooking's a' done under my ain supervision, and there's aye a blackie or a messan to pree it before you taste it yoursel'. It's a thousand pounds in your pouch, man, if ye agree."

"I wouldn't have the job at double the money."

"Dinna be thrawn, man, dinna be thrawn," adjured Abdallah.

But though he pled and argued, and even threatened, the Scotchman was firm. Evidently suspecting a hitch somewhere, Abdul impatiently intervened.

"So he refuses!" he exclaimed, when Abdallah had explained.

"Point blank, Your Majesty."

"Does he know the alternative?"

"I was just coming to that, Your Majesty," murmured the Turk.

"Tell him."

"Oh, ho, so there's an alternative," remarked the Scotchman.

"There's just that," said Abdallah, "but if ye're wise you'll no meddle wi't.



Ye wad be far better to chance a bit dose o' something in your parritch, man, than be soused intil the Bosphorous in a sack.

"Oh," said MacLeish, elevating his brows. Then for a space he remained silent, as if considering the situation.

"Well," said he at length, with a shrug, "what must be, must be, I suppose. Only, as I know nothing of affairs, you will, perhaps, allow me to observe that I may give the show away."

"Abdallah will see that you make no mistake," returned Abdul Hamid. "For a month you are to be Sultan of Turkey, and I am to be free. That is the bargain. It will be an easily earned thousand."

MacLeish smiled sardonically.

"Supposed anything happened," he said.

"It would make no difference—to me. I should still be alive," returned Abdul with equanimity, "I would return——."

"Yes, yes, of course," assented MacLeish, "to be sure you could always return. But when does the farce commence?"

"Now," replied Abdul rising energetically. "Come, make haste, let us change," he cried.

When the exchange was made, MacLeish was fain to admit that the reflection of Abdul Hamid, as he posed in front of a mirror, might very well have been his own. In ordinary circumstances he would no more have resembled the man than did Abdallah, but want and privation having metamorphosed him into a haggard duplicate of the Sultan it would have been hard to differentiate between them.

Leisurely assuming Abdul's discarded belongings, and his place, MacLeish, after picking a cigarette from a box at hand, lolled back on the divan and challenged criticism.

"Will he do?" smiled Abdul Hamid, turning to Abdallah. But Abdallah, who was looking very uneasy, only bowed.

"Well, is the matter settled?" asked the Scotchman.

"Yes," nodded the Sultan. "May Allah watch over you. Farewell!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was something like five or six days short of the contract time, when Abdallah, in great perturbation, came running one fine morning to inform MacLeish that, owing to an international crisis and the pressure of the Ambassadors, a certain treaty would have to be signed next day.

The soi-disant Sultan yawned wearily.

"I'm telling ye," said Abdallah, "that the treaty will have to be signed the morn. If it isna, the fat will be on the fire."

"Well, what of that?"

Abdallah stared in amazement.

"Ye dinna seem to understand," he gasped.

"Pefectly, Abdallah, perfectly," nonchalantly rejoined MacLeish. "If the treaty is not signed there will be the devil to pay. The Powers, in fact, will declare war. That's your point, I take it?"

"Precisely."

"Just so. But I wouldn't let that bother you," shrugged MacLeish. "What must be, must be, you know," he grinned.

"Maun be, maun be; what d'ye mean by maun be?"

"I mean," replied MacLeish, with exasperating coolness, "that if the treaty is to be signed, it will be signed, if not, it won't."

"Oh, but it must be signed, and it will be signed," exclaimed Abdallah.

"I'm not so sure of that," was the meditative reply.

"Man, but ye are a cool hand. Wha cares whether ye are sure or no?"

"You will, shortly, Mr. Abdallah."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. The fact of the matter is, Abdallah," confided MacLeish, "as I don't sleep well I'm getting a bit tired of the job. Its' too monotonous, anyway, for one thing, and, for another, I don't



enjoy my meals as I could wish. No," he sighed, "I don't enjoy my food. I'm afraid," he wound up, "I'm afraid I shall have some difficulty in coming to a decision."

"Deefeculty, deefeculty!" gasped Abdallah. "What have you to do wi' the matter? It's to the Sultan it will have to be submitted."

"To be sure, Abdallah, that's so," returned MacLeish; "therefore as I am the Sultan——."

"Na, na, I canna recognise you in the matter at a' at a'; ye are no an interested party," returned Abdallah.

"Can't you," smiled MacLeish. "Well, I hope before I'm done with you, to be able to persuade you not only to recognise me but my interest as well. As the Sultan of Turkey, *in praesenti*, and the man in possession—and possession as you know, Abdallah, is nine points of the law—I will show you what my interest is, and how I mean to look after it——."

"Eh, man," exclaimed Abdallah, who began to have an inkling of something or other, "but ye are a most unprincipled blackguard."

"Yes, for a man who doesn't hail from Ru'glen, I'm running you and Abdul pretty close. But to come to business, Mr. Abdallah," went on MacLeish very smoothly, "let me tell you, you old rascal, that if you are anxious to preserve the *entente cordiale*, you will have to take my blackguardism into account. When you picked me up at Mustapha's you saved my life, and for that I was prepared to be grateful—but your precious master did not give me the chance. It was do this and take your thou, or —take the consequences. Well, under the circumstances I accepted the situation. Having kept my part of the bargain, I expect you and your master to keep yours. The month, let me remind you, is not up. If you and Abdul wish to resile you will have to pay through the nose to do so. If you won't pay, well, —— so much the worse for both of you."

"The waur!" exclaimed Abdallah incredulously, "the waur! How's that, man?"

"In this way, Abdallah," said MacLeish; "let Abdul refuse my terms, and—I stick where I am for the rest of my natural life."

Abdallah was quick to realise the gravity of the situation.

"And what might be your terms?"

"My terms, Abdallah, are for your master's consideration."

"Weel, ye'll have to see him, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied MacLeish, who understood what was in Abdallah's mind, "the sooner the better. So if you order my private brougham I will honour Mr. MacLeish with a visit."

"Tut, tut," expostulated Abdallah, in a fluster, "that winna do at a', at a'. That would be maist undignified. Hoots, awa' wi' ye, the thing's preposterous. I'll just bring him up at the darkening——"

"Give me his address and do as I bid you, sir," commanded MacLeish.

"I'll see you—to the back o' beyont first," was the truculent reply.

"What, you refuse?"

"I do, I do," rejoined Abdallah, snapping his fingers, "ye can mak' a kirk or a mill o't as ye please."

"H'm. Have you considered the—the alternative," observed the Scotchman dryly, preparing to clap his hands.

Abdallah's yellow face turned a sickly green.

"Ye daurna, na, na, you wadna daur."

"As sure as I'm alive, man," scowled MacLeish, "if you don't tell me where to find Abdul Hamid, you'll go souse into the Bosphorus in a sack this very night."

"Oh, man, but ye're nae better than a Town Councillor; you're a disgrace to your country."

"Quick!" exclaimed MacLeish rising.

"He's at Mustapha's."

MacLeish clapped, and an attendant appeared.



"His Majesty's private brougham, at once," ordered Abdallah.

When the carriage was ready MacLeish had Abdallah locked up, and then, with the key of that gentleman's prison in his pocket, drove off to visit Abdul.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A gentleman to see you, sir," said the servant, ushering the Scotchman into a very comfortable and tastefully appointed apartment.

"What, are you tired already?" smiled the Sultan.

"I am, Abdul, I am," replied MacLeish, "it's a weary business. I'm not fattening on the job."

"So I see," returned Abdul, who, now that he was as well fleshed and contented as he had before been discontented and cadaverous, bore a startling resemblance to MacLeish as he had been; "so I see," and he offered MacLeish a cigarette.

But MacLeish declined.

"Business first and pleasure afterwards," he said.

"Ah, you have come on business, then."

"Yes, I want to resign."

"Oh, you want to resign?" smiled Abdul.

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Well!" echoed MacLeish in some astonishment. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, monsieur," replied the Sultan, "to tell you the truth, I have found things so very agreeable of late that—that—well—I have decided to retire permanently into private life."

MacLeish's jaw fell. Such a contingency had never occurred to him.

Again the Sultan offered him a cigarette.

"Thanks," said MacLeish, mechanically accepting it.

Then for a little the two men smoked in silence and looked at one another. Abdul, the picture of content, inhaled his cigarette and drank his sherbet with evident enjoyment. MacLeish, with a horrible tightness across his chest and

about his temples, followed his example, endeavouring the while to simulate an easy unconcern. But all the time he was thinking, thinking of a way out of this unexpected *impasse*.

Of a sudden, however, just as he was about to throw up the sponge, he had an inspiration.

"H'm," he observed reminiscently, lazily scrutinising the room, "you live better than I did."

"Yes, yes, I'm very comfortable; I manage pleasantly enough."

"Doubtless, doubtless, but——" and MacLeish gave a shrug.

"But—but what?" enquired Abdul, visibly uneasy.

"Why, riches, you know. It would be devilish hard on you. I don't suppose you've ever done a hand's turn all your days; it would be devilish awkward if anything went wrong—and you had to scrape for a living."

"Oh, I'm all right."

"Yes," hazarded MacLeish boldly, "for a month. But suppose—suppose Abdallah—dried up?"

The Oriental was beaten; his face proclaimed it. With a sigh of regret he glanced around.

"You have won," he said, "you shall have your thousand."

MacLeish eyed him superciliously.

"My thousand," he sniffed.

"Well," enquired Abdul, "is not that our bargain?"

"It was yours, not mine," returned MacLeish.

"Well," sullenly, "how much do you want?"

"If Your Majesty," rejoined the Scotchman, producing a paper, "will deign to sign this little document, requiring Abdallah to draw upon your Treasury and hand over to me, Andrew MacLeish, the sum of fifty thousand in full of all claim for depreciation incurred in Your Majesty's service, we will cry quits."

"Fifty thousand!" gasped the Sultan.

"Fifty thousand," nodded MacLeish grimly.



"Never!"

"Very well," was the stolid rejoinder, "if you prefer to work, or starve, rather than buy my resignation, good and well, it won't inconvenience me. I can easily manage to rid myself of a dangerous dignity. I have only to refuse to-morrow to sign a certain treaty to bring about war and deposition——"

With a groan the Sultan adhibited his signature.

"I have the supreme felicity," smiled MacLeish, as he rose and pocketed the order, "to wish Your Majesty a very good day. Abdallah will call for you in the evening."

With fifty thousand to his credit, MacLeish thought to return to his former way of living, but his friends and acquaintances would have none of him. To a man they cold-shouldered him and, worse still, requested him to resign from his Club.

For a time he was unable to account

for their behaviour. But a word from Mustapha enlightened him.

"Ye see, sir," said that person, "it was that ploy of Abdul's that discredited ye. A'boddy took the man for you, but as he kent nane o' your friends he just snubbed them richt and left. At first they ca'd it an aberration o' the mind, but syne his style of living—which was just as lavish as your ain the noo—garred them think the worst."

"The worst," echoed MacLeish.

"Aye," shrugged Mustapha; "they just believe now amang themselves that ye didna come oot o' that failure as clean-handed as ye should."

"Good Lord! And I can't explain."

"Ye micht, but I doubt ye wadna get muckle credit. I'm thinking ye'll hae to flit."

"I think that too, Mustapha," nodded MacLeish.

And he not only thought it, but acted accordingly. He sailed next day.

## IN THE HEART

By WINIFRID LEAL

BELOVED, when fair Morn doth kiss the hills,  
Day breathes of Thee!  
And when cool Eve the drowsy woodland stills  
Night breathes of Thee!

For when the sunshine strikes upon mine eyes,  
My thoughts greet thine along its rays of light;  
And when the stars in darkening heavens rise,  
Our spirits meet in the still peace of night!

And though, between us, flows earth's widest sea,  
And life-long barriers keep us apart,  
Yet we are very near—I, Love, and Thee—  
For who can closer lie than in the heart?



# IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

*Illustrated by Orson Lowell*

TO Belden, pacing the library doggedly, the waiting seemed interminable, the strain unnecessarily prolonged. A half-hour ago quick feet had echoed through the upper halls, windows had opened, doors all but slammed, vague whisperings and drawn breaths had hovered impalpably about the whole place; but now all was utterly quiet. His own regular footfall alone disturbed the unnatural stillness of a large house.

Outside, the delicious October sun poured down through an atmosphere of faultless blue. The foliage was thick yet, and the red and yellow leaves danced heartlessly in the wind. A year ago they had gone on a nutting-party, and Clarice had raced with the children and picked up more than anybody else. Now—even to think of her brought that faint odour of salts-of-lavender and beef-tea that disheartened him so, somehow, when he sat by her bed coaxing her into sipping the stuff.

Someone was coming down the stairs. It was Peter's step—his new one since last Friday, when they had all, it seemed, begun to walk and talk and breathe a little differently. Belden hurried across the room and caught him at the foot of the steps.

"Well, old man, how goes it?" he demanded, with a determined cheerfulness.

His brother-in-law stared at him emptily.

"It's to-morrow," he said, gripping the newel-post, "to-morrow afternoon. Jameson is coming—they'll do it here. Jameson brings his special nurse for the—the operation, but the other one is due at five, and you get her just the same. I told Henry to put up the dog-

cart. I don't know, though—maybe the runabout—no, the tyre's loose. Still, it might do——"

"For heaven's sake, Peter, don't bother about it. I'll find a trap. What else does he say?"

"He says there's a good fighting chance—a very good one. He says her stamina alone—oh, Belden, what shall we do? *What* shall we do?"

Peter sat down heavily on the lowest stair.

"Only last week she was so well—and yet she really wasn't. I suppose he knows. But it doesn't seem possible. I can't get it through my head. Poor little Caddy! She never had a sick day in her life. No headaches, like most women, even—no nonsense. Oh, Belden, *what* shall we do?"

"Brace up, Peter. Think what a good fighting chance means—think of that! It's not as if Caddy were old; she has that on her side. She's seven years behind me, you know."

Peter scowled.

"You're fifty, aren't you?"

"Not a bit. Only forty-eight, and just that, too. Now you go out and get the nurse, and I'll stay here. It'll do you a lot of good. Don't mope around in the house all day. What's the use?"

"I can't leave the house. Honestly, Belden, I can't. I've tried twice, and I just walk right back. It's no good. There's the cart—and you won't be long, will you?"

Belden took up the reins with a vague sense of momentary relief. It was something to do. Under the influence of the fresh autumn air his spirits rose. He found himself enjoying the swift rattle of the cart and the beat of the horse's feet. After all, think of Caddy's fine



constitution! A fighting chance—that was little enough to say, though. Why couldn't he have put it a little stronger? Hitchcock was always a pessimist.

At the station the usual crowd of well-dressed suburbanites quieted their

horses and waited impatiently for the train. As Belden drew up into line they greeted him with a sort of subdued interest.

The train thundered in; in an incredibly short time all the passengers



"OH, BELDEN, WHAT SHALL WE DO?"





"I AM THE NURSE SENT FOR BY DR. HITCHCOCK. ARE YOU MR. MOORE?"

were hurried off. Where was that nurse?

As his glance wandered through the thinning crowd, it was met suddenly and squarely by two brown eyes, set in a fresh pink face, framed by dark hair lightly sprinkled with gray. The second that he looked into that woman's eyes taught him her character, absolutely, as finally as if he had grown up with her. One could trust her, he thought.

She walked straight up to the cart. "I am the nurse sent for by Dr. Hitchcock. Are you Mr. Moore?"

"I am Mrs. Moore's brother—Mr. Belden," he explained. "I'll see to your luggage."

"That is all arranged," she returned briefly. "I am ready. May I ask you to hurry? Dr. Hitchcock was anxious for me to see her before six, when the fever begins."

His nerves were more sharply edged than he knew. An instant irritation seized him.

"There is plenty of room in the back

of the trap for your luggage," he insisted. "The delivery people are very uncertain. Better let me look after it."

She swung herself up beside him with a firm, assured motion. For a heavily-built woman she carried herself very lightly.

"I think not," she said decidedly. "The man has started, I am sure. I would rather lose no time."

He bowed and started the horse. He disliked her already. To a deep-seated, involuntary disgust that any woman should have to earn her living he added a displeased wonder that one should choose this method of doing it. Why did they not marry? This woman was good-looking enough. She was very obstinate—almost dictatorial. His idea of womanhood was hopelessly confused with clouds of white *tulle*, appealing eyes, and a desire for guidance. It was impossible to connect any of these characteristics with the woman beside him.

For a while they drove in silence.





"OH, WILL! OH, WILL!" SHE GASPED, "ISN'T IT TERRIBLE?"

Then compunction seized him and he remarked on the beauty of the foliage. She assented easily, but seemed no more relieved by the speech than embarrassed by the silence. It was impossible to treat her as a hired servant: one felt a strong personality in her. Before they reached the house he was searching for conversation that should not bore her.

As they stepped into the wide hall, where he observed with a shade of displeasure that her luggage had come before them, Dr. Hitchcock met them.

"Ah, Miss Strong, glad to see you. Come up. On time, as usual, of course! I was afraid you couldn't make it. Jameson comes to-morrow, you know—"

They were up the stairs; Belden stood idly in the hall where they had left him. He had an idea of showing

her the house, stating some of the facts of Clarice's sudden and terrible need of her, indicating that in a family so jarred from the very foundations it would be wiser to look to him than to the bewildered master of the establishment; but this was not necessary. Evidently she persisted in dispensing with his services.

His hand slipped to his pocket, but he replaced the cigar uncertainly: it seemed not quite the thing to smoke. Ought he to go to Peter? In his mind's eye he saw the poor fellow haunting the landing by Caddy's door; he had an idea that in some way he kept things quiet by doing this. And how could one be sure that the troubled creature wanted company?

There was a violent ring at the bell, a jarring of wheels on the asphalt. The door flew open and the prettiest little



woman imaginable, all fluffy ends and scarlet flowers and orris scent, rushed toward him.

"Oh, Will! Oh, Will!" she gasped, "isn't it terrible? Where is Peter? Can I see her? Oh, Will!"

Instinctively he took her in his arms—one always did that with Peter's sister—and she put her head on his shoulder and cried a little, while he patted her and murmured, "There, there!"

She was so manifestly comforted, and it was so pleasant to comfort her—this was what a woman should be. He felt a renewed sense of capacity, of readiness for even the most terrible emergency. He led her gently to the great cushioned window-seat and listened sympathetically to her excited babblings.

"It will kill Peter—it will kill him! In—in a great m-many ways, you know, Will, Peter isn't so—so c-calm as Caddy. He is just bound up with her. Suppose—Oh, Will!"

"Don't cry, Sue dear, don't!" he said soothingly. "She has a good chance—a fine chance, really. These things are mostly resisting power, you know, and think what a lot of that Caddy's got!"

"Oh, I know, I know!" She sat up, not wholly withdrawing from his arm, and patted her eyes, breathing brokenly. Little gusts of orris floated toward him.

"Where are the children?" she asked, almost herself now.

"They're here—Peter wants them one minute and sends them away the next. I should send them to grandmother's, but he won't hear of it."

A light step sounded on the stair. The nurse appeared on the lower landing. She was dressed in cool blue gingham; the straps of her white apron marked the firm, broad lines of her bust and shoulder.

"Is this Mrs. Wylie?" she said in her clear, assured voice. "Mrs. Moore would like to see her a moment. Will you come with me?"

"I will come directly," and Sue gathered together her gloves and hand-bag,

"She's very good-looking—it's a pity her hair is so gray," she breathed in his ear. As the two women stood together a moment on the landing he realised, not for the first time, that Sue was a little too small. But he had never thought her *sallow* before.

Peter came in by the greenhouse door, walking slowly, his hands behind his back. He looked old for the first time in his jolly, persistently boyish life.

"Those chrysanthemums are all drying up," he complained fretfully; "not one of the servants has done a thing since—since—O Lord, Will, what shall we be doing this time to-morrow? Where are the children? Where's Miss Strong? There's a woman for you! Caddy took to her directly. She's there now. She talking to her about the children. Oh, my God!"

Belden grasped his hand and they walked silently up and down the hall.

"Aunt Lucia's coming to-night," Peter resumed nervously. "She will drive me mad. Take care of her, will you? If I could have her turned away—but when you think she was just like a mother to Cad all these years, what can you do? She has a right. You'd think she'd have some sense from living with Cad so long. I told Henry to go for her—and there they are," he added, as the cart drew up before the open door.

Belden went slowly down the steps; he detested Aunt Lucia, and Clarice had always stood between them.

"How do you do?" he began, assisting her from the high seat. Her long crape veil caught in the wheel, and the numberless black and floating ends of her costume wound themselves about him as he bent down to disentangle her.

"Oh, Wilmot, this is a terrible day for us all, is it not? Be careful of the hem of that veil, please. When I last kissed Clarice good-bye I little thought *what* a good-bye it was! Is she conscious? You have muddled the boa, I think, but never mind. Can I see her once more?"



"For Heaven's sake, Aunt Lucia, anybody would think Caddy was in her grave! She's a long way from it yet, thank God! Of course she's conscious, and cheerful as the—as ever. I don't think you really needed to——"

"My dear Wilmot, I prepared Clarice for her confirmation, I dressed her for her wedding, and I was here when the children were born. If you think that I would fail her in this crisis you have a very poor idea of my character. But then, I am perfectly aware that you always had. Oh, there is Peter! My poor Peter!" She rushed toward him, and Belden smiled sardonically as his brother-in-law planted a perfunctory kiss on her chin.

"This may comfort you, Peter, as it has me so often in such circumstances. So short, so true, so helpful. '*Underneath are the everlasting arms!*' Do you feel that, Peter?"

"I—I—yes, indeed, Aunt Lucia—you must want a bite of something, I'm sure, driving so far."

Peter writhed miserably in Aunt Lucia's crape-and-jet arms.

"Not till I have seen her, Peter. Afterward I shouldn't mind. I have brought such a beautiful address by Bishop Hunter. It was delivered on the occasion of the death of——, unless I forgot to put it in with my knitted shawl. I believe I did. I will send for it directly. When my dear husband—he was so fond of Clarice—died, I read it more than anything else, except the Prayer-book, of course. You will surely find it a help."

"Yes, Aunt Lucia. Your room is ready, and——"

"Not till I have seen her, Peter."

"Susy is there now, and Miss Strong says nobody else this evening. Tomorrow——"

Aunt Lucia drew away.

"Do I understand that Susy Wylie—no relation at all—is preferred before the only mother Clarice has had for all these years?"

Peter winced. "But you weren't here, Aunt Lucia," he argued wearily.

"Who is Miss Strong?"

"Here she is!" There was great relief in Peter's voice. "Miss Strong, my aunt, Mrs. Wetherly."

"Mrs. Moore sends you her best love, and wants you to get thoroughly rested, so that you can see her the first thing in the morning, Mrs. Wetherly. She says you are not to let them frighten you."

As if by magic the formidable frown faded from Aunt Lucia's forehead. She smiled approvingly at the nurse.

"Very well. I should like to ask you a few questions—Clarice was always thoughtful."

They moved away together. The two men stared at each other.

"How do you account for that?" Belden queried.

"Oh, it's her calm way and her voice. You want to do everything she asks. Norah says she's sure Mrs. Moore will get well now, with her to take care of her. By George, Will, if she pulls Caddy through it'll be worth her while, I tell you."

"Oh, they always do their best. And they all have that habit, I fancy. It's part of the training."

Peter looked up surprised.

"You don't like her, eh?"

"How absurd. I never considered her particularly. I don't care for masculine, dictatorial women, on general principles——"

"Oh, nonsense! I tell you you've taken a grudge against her, and you should get rid of it as soon as possible."

"I suppose I have a right to my opinion," Belden began hotly, but a wave of remorse surged over him at sight of the other man's drawn, nervous face.

"Any one would think we had nothing to do but quarrel over a trained nurse," he said lightly.

"She's all you say, I haven't a doubt, old man, and if she pulls Caddy through, I'll sing her praises louder than any of you."



They sat in silence. A burst of laughter from the kitchen garden startled them, and Belden started up as if to check it.

"Don't stop 'em—it's the servants. Why shouldn't they laugh?" said Peter quietly. "I've been thinking it all over. If Caddy—if—if she doesn't get well, she doesn't want a lot of black and all that. It's bad for the children. And she said the children oughtn't to grow up without a mother—think of that!"

"I guess that's all right," said Belden sadly. "Look at my boy there!"

A slender, stoop-shouldered lad slouched by the window, his hands in his pockets, an unlighted cigarette in his mouth.

"Well, well, we all have our load!" Peter's mood had changed utterly, to the other's astonishment. He seemed gentler, more thoughtful, controlled beyond belief.

"I don't see why we shouldn't smoke," he added, and they lighted cigars.

"You see, we talked it all over," he said, half to himself, "and she's so reasonable and calm, herself. . . . She says Margaret's going to grow up just like her. That's a comfort. And there's the boy."

Suddenly the cigar dropped from his lips to the floor.

"Good God, Belden!" he shouted, "I kept thinking she'd be here, too! I forgot—I—Oh! Do you think I'll stand it? Do you think I'll put up with it? Why didn't Hitchcock know before? It was his business to know! I tell you I'll ruin that man if it takes every penny I've got!"

Belden stared at him helplessly. Was this Peter, this red-faced, scowling menace? As he watched him silently the nurse came in from the greenhouse.

"Mrs. Moore wants to say good-night to you, Mr. Moore," she said, her deep, clear voice echoing strangely after the hoarse passion of Peter's rage. "I found these all picked—were you going to take them to her?"

Peter drew a deep breath and put out a shaking hand for the flowers.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, Will—I talk like a fool," he half whispered. "I can't get used to this cursed see-saw. First I'm all ready for it, and then I'm nearly mad. And so it goes—up and down, up and down."

"How is she? Is it all settled for to-morrow? Hitchcock said that perhaps——?"

"Mrs. Moore is doing very well—really very well. She was a little excited when Mrs. Wylie was with her, but she is nicely sleepy, now. I think it will be better to stay only a moment. She will get a good night's rest to-night, it is so cool. The weather is on our side."

She smiled into his eyes and nodded gravely. He brightened and squared his shoulders. As he went quickly up the stairs, Belden stopped the woman.

"Tell me," he said authoritatively, "how is my sister, really? What do you consider her chance?"

She looked him easily in the eyes. "It is impossible to say," she returned gravely. "Your sister is a very brave, self-possessed woman, and seems to have a good constitution. That is, of course, half the battle. But her case is very complicated, and until the operation, no one can tell. You may have every confidence in Dr. Jameson. He is a capable surgeon."

Before her non-committal eyes his own fell baffled. He was more irritated than he cared to own. Could she not see that he was prepared for anything, that his self-control was as great as her own? She treated him like a child; those professional reserves, necessary, doubtless, in the case of Peter and his excitable sister, were wasted on him. Why could she not see it?

"I am quite aware of Dr. Jameson's skill," he said coldly, "but I had hoped that you would find yourself able to break through the professional attitude sufficiently to give me your real opinion—which, of course, you must have formed."



She threw him a quick glance. "Ah, my friend," he thought exultingly, "you have a temper, then!" But in an instant it was gone.

"I have told you all I was able to tell," she said evenly. "I have been here but a short time, you know."

She turned and left the hall, and he, chafing under a sense of merited rebuke, conscious of a foolish petulance, went discontentedly into the library. He seemed to be continually at fault with Miss Strong, but unable to resist the effort to master her.

The evening was very lonely and still. Peter had gone to his room early and the children had effaced themselves: Susy was with them. Aunt Lucia read by the fire. Belden's mind turned unconsciously to the old days when Caddy and he dreamed out their future in the nursery. It had all come out just as she had planned, except this. Poor little Caddy—a fighting chance!

The next morning seemed to fly by them: it was nine o'clock, ten, eleven.

At this hour a feverish activity suddenly spread through the house. They met and passed each other, hurrying, troubled, secretive; the servants stumbled and quarrelled in their purposeless haste. To Belden, quieting when he could, sternly optimistic everywhere, at heart heavy and uncertain, it seemed that the one anchor of their hopes was this calm, clear-eyed woman in her uniform of authority!

Peter hung pathetically on her lightest word; the children, dazed and terrified, ate and exercised at her command; his own boy, a strange hard look in his furtive eyes, followed her like a dog, and Aunt Lucia submitted with unprecedented meekness to an abrupt curtailment of her interview with Clarice. He himself went into the bedroom for a moment, half uncertain of the reality of the experience. It was absurd to re-



"I DARE SAY YOU ARE SURPRISED."



member that he might never see her, conscious, again—his own little Caddy.

He sat awkwardly on the side of the bed.

"Well, little woman, how goes it?"

"Queen's taste, Will!"

"Good for you! I'm proud of the Beldens, Caddy—Billy acts like a drum-major."

Her eyes softened.

"The dear boy," she murmured. Their eyes met. "*Look after him*," hers said, and his, "*As long as I live!*" He stooped and kissed her lightly. "Mind you look as well as this to-morrow!"

"Oh, I shall be all right. Miss Strong will take care of me. When I think how I have the best of everything—such care—I've been a very happy woman, Will, dear."

His eyes filled. He threw her a kiss and went out blindly. A hand touched his arm.

"You've done her good," said the nurse softly. "You stayed just long enough. She'll take her nap now."

He went heavily into his own room. Below him a little porch led out from the smoking-room, and as he sat lost in a miserable reverie, voices rose from it to his window.

"Nobody knows what she's been to me. As much like a mother as I'd let her. I did everything but the cigarettes, and I meant to tell her I'd do that too, next month—that's her birthday."

Was this his boy, that pleading, shaken voice? He looked out: the lad was fingering Miss Strong's white apron nervously. She leaned over the railing of the little porch, her hand on his shoulder.

"You tell her about it—I'll never smoke another one. It was the last thing she asked me."

"I'll tell her—she will be so pleased, I know. She asked about you, yesterday. I'll let you know as soon as I can."

Belden, a little later, hurried downstairs, with a confused idea of thanking

her. On the threshold of the library he paused, amazed. Dr. Hitchcock sat before a small green baize table, studying five playing cards held fan-shape in his left hand. Opposite him sat Miss Strong, holding the pack expectantly.

"You can give me two, my dear, I think," he said as Belden entered. Looking up, he smiled apologetically.

"I daresay you are surprised," he suggested, "but I have been much exasperated, Mr. Beldon, and a long experience has taught me that nothing so quickly clears the mind as a little game of cards. Miss Strong—an invaluable person—is kindly assisting me. Did I say three? Yes, of course. Thank you. We are playing for beans, only, you see."

Belden watched them curiously. She sat as imperturbably as by Caddy's bedside, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on her cards.

"You will excuse me, Belden, but your aunt, Mrs. Wetherly, is a somewhat unusually irritating woman," continued the Doctor.

"What has she done?"

"She insists that Mrs. Moore shall not only see Mr. Burchard, to which I have not the least objection, but that he shall hold a Communion Service, directly, there. Now, if your sister had asked for this herself, it would be another matter, but unless this is the case I always regard it as a depressing agent. It is a strain, in any case."

"I think Mrs. Moore will go through with it very easily, doctor," Miss Strong interposed, slipping the cards into their leather envelope and gathering up the beans. "She will be fresh from her nap, and it will be very short. She has promised Mrs. Wetherly, you know, and it would distress her more to break it——"

"All right, all right. Have it your way. Much obliged."

He took the cards from her and went out.

"My aunt is very trying," Belden began.





"MISS STRONG HAD ALREADY TAKEN AWAY CANDLES AND FLOWERS."

"Oh, many people feel so about it," she assured him, "especially High Church people. She only did what she thought right."

He drew a breath of relief.

"You'll see she's not too tired?" he asked; and as he went to luncheon he wondered at the comfort he derived from that mute nod.

He was roused from the table, where the dishes left by them were untouched for the most part, by a disturbance in the hall.

"It's the priest," the waitress murmured, and with a frown he checked her rising tears.

Aunt Lucia bustled through the room.

"You must come, Wilmot," she whispered eagerly, "she asked for you.

Peter is locked into his room, and neither of the children has been confirmed. Susy, of course, is a Presbyterian. Not that dear Mr. Burchard would object—he is so broad. But you have no excuse. Oh, it is beautiful, Wilmot! She looks so lovely!"

He followed her wearily. What did it matter? It seemed to him ominous, terrible—but it would please Caddy. She sat propped up in the bed. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes bright. White chrysanthemums stood in silver vases, candles burned softly on the white-draped dresser. Mr. Burchard, in the hall just beyond, was slipping his surplice over his head. A faint odour of wine mingled with the flowers.

Belden dared not look at her. She





"A DRAWN, OLD, WHITE-FACED MAN . . . LEANED WEAKLY IN A CHAIR."

was to him, in that moment; mystic, holy, a thing apart. He dropped on his knees beside a silvery white apron, his eyes on the floor, his heart beating hard.

The clergyman entered slowly, the service began. It was all a murmured maze to him. Aunt Lucia sobbed quietly beside him, but as he glanced at her he caught a light on her wet, uplifted face that thrilled him strangely. Her deep responses spoke a faith and surety that swallowed for the moment all her little sillinesses and obstinacies.

The solemn words grew in intensity, the candles flickered audibly in the secret hush. The clergyman moved

toward the bed, and they heard Caddy's breath draw out in a deep, shuddering sob.

Belden set his jaw; it was cruel, brutal! They were killing her. His clenched fist moved blindly toward his neighbour: he touched her hand and gripped it fiercely. He held hard to that cool, firm hand.

"—*be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen.*" There was a little stir. The hand was drawn from his.

"Come, now," whispered Aunt Lucia, and he walked, stumbling and stiff from kneeling, from the room. At the door he glanced a second backward, but only Dr. Hitchcock was to be seen, bending over the bed. Miss Strong had already taken away candles and flowers, and Caddy's triple mirror was back on the dresser.

Mr. Burchard, in his long black cassock, offered his hand cordially.

"I am glad you could be with us, Mr. Belden," he began, but the other broke in:

"If you have tired her, if this—makes a difference—" he muttered fiercely, "you will have me to settle with. Mind that!"

He hurried down the stairs, his hands still clenched.

From then, the time raced on incredibly. The great surgeon, with his two assistants, was in the hall; he was on the stairs; he was lost to sight. There was a momentary rush and bustle, the closing of a door. Peter came out, whispering to himself, and disappeared somewhere. The others, clustered in the library, spoke fitfully.

"They carried her on a cot into the west room," somebody murmured close to Belden. It was little Margaret. "I saw her. She waved her hand at me! I threw her a kiss. Miss Strong smiled at me—I love Miss Strong."

Aunt Lucia sobbed. Susy bit her lip and played with Billy's unwilling hand.

"Where's my father? Where's he gone?" he demanded. "Who's that other woman with the apron?"



Miss Strong appeared at the door. "She has taken the ether very well indeed; they are much pleased," she said softly. They hung on her words; they overwhelmed her with questions. She soothed them like children.

It grew suddenly clear to Belden that Caddy would die. It must be so. He wondered that they had hoped for anything else. He was sorry for them all. He watched indifferently while Miss Strong led the children away—he knew she was taking them to their father. Later, while Aunt Lucia, on her knees, read through streaming eyes from her Prayer-book, and Susy talked nervously to him, he watched the firm, full figure of the woman pacing up and down the piazza outside, her arm drawn through his restless boy's.

"God bless her!" he said aloud.

\* \* \* \* \*

Afterwards, he could never recall the consecutive happenings of the end. He was only separate pictures.

In one, a strange young man opened the door and said the words that frightened them with delight.

In another, a drawn, old, white-faced man—surely not Dr. Jameson—leaned weakly in a chair, while a woman handed him a tiny glass of coloured liquid.

In yet another, a father hid his face in his little daughter's bosom and sobbed, with shaking shoulders; his tall son smiled bravely over the bent head.

In the last picture he himself bore a part; for when he came upon his shy, suspicious boy, clasped in the kind arms of the woman whose brown eyes, once seen, had haunted his thoughts ever since, he gathered them both to him irresistibly. As he laid his cheek against hers, he felt that it was wet with tears.

"It lies with you now," he whispered in her ear, "to give her back to us well and strong. He says you can. Afterwards——"

She drew away from him.

"I—I must go. I am so glad—I will do my best," she answered unsteadily.

He caught her hand. "And afterwards?" he repeated, a growing mastery in his voice. She tried to meet his eyes, but her voice fell, conquered.

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## TELL HIM SO

By J. A. EGERTON

IF you have a word of cheer  
That may light the pathway drear  
Of a brother pilgrim here,  
Let him know.

Show him you appreciate  
What he does; and do not wait  
Till the heavy hand of Fate  
Lays him low.

If your heart contains a thought  
That will brighter make his lot,  
Then, in mercy, hide it not;  
Tell him so.



## IS IT REALLY ANY GOOD?

By CY WARMAN

*You're a critic in your attic up above the dust and din,  
On an essay you're in duty bound to do ;  
When your sanctum opens softly and a sonneteer comes in,  
Who was never any good, to you.  
But the poet smiles serenely while you're stifling a moan,  
For he wants your honest judgment on an effort of his own ;  
When you tell him that it's rotten and the sonneteer is gone—  
Is it really any good, to you ?*

*Were you ever any good, to him, William ?  
Was he ever any good to you ?  
Could you help him if you would,  
Would you scalp him if you could—  
Is he really any good, to you ?*

*You're a Beauty, by the Bard and by the Belted Hero wooed,  
Doing nothing, for you've nothing else to do.  
Or, perhaps, you're pouring Pink Tea for a pink-a-doodle-dude  
Who was never any good, to you.  
When you listen to his lyric of the diamond in the skies,  
With a glimmer that is dimmer than the shimmer of your eyes ;  
When he tells you where his treasure lies, and other little lies—  
Is he really any good, to you ?*

*Was he ever any good, to you, girlie ?  
He was never any good, to you.  
Would you lose him if you could,  
Could you lose him if you would,  
Is he really any good, to you ?*



*You're a Merger, with a hundred million dollars in the bank,  
Up and doing till there's no one left to do.*

*When your ship is on the ocean, and the oil is in the tank,  
Is it really any good, to you ?*

*When you're owning all that's ownable between the earth and sky,  
Every four-and-twenty hours will another day go by ;*

*But you couldn't eat a carrot lest you'd double up and die—  
Is it really any good, to you ?*

*It was never any good, to me, Rocky ;*

*Was it ever any good, to you ?*

*Could you stop it if you would,*

*Would you stop it if you could—*

*Is it really any good, to you ?*

*You're a soldier. There's a Sultan on a lonely little isle,  
Doing nothing, for there's nothing else to do.*

*When you hail him and the Heathen comes to greet you with a  
smile—*

*Is it really any good, to you ?*

*You approach him with your Bible and your bottle and your gun,  
If he doesn't hike he's High-balled and you'll shoot him if he run ;  
When a hundred weedless widows stand aweeping in the sun—*

*Are they really any good, to you ?*

*Were you ever any good, to him, Johnny ?*

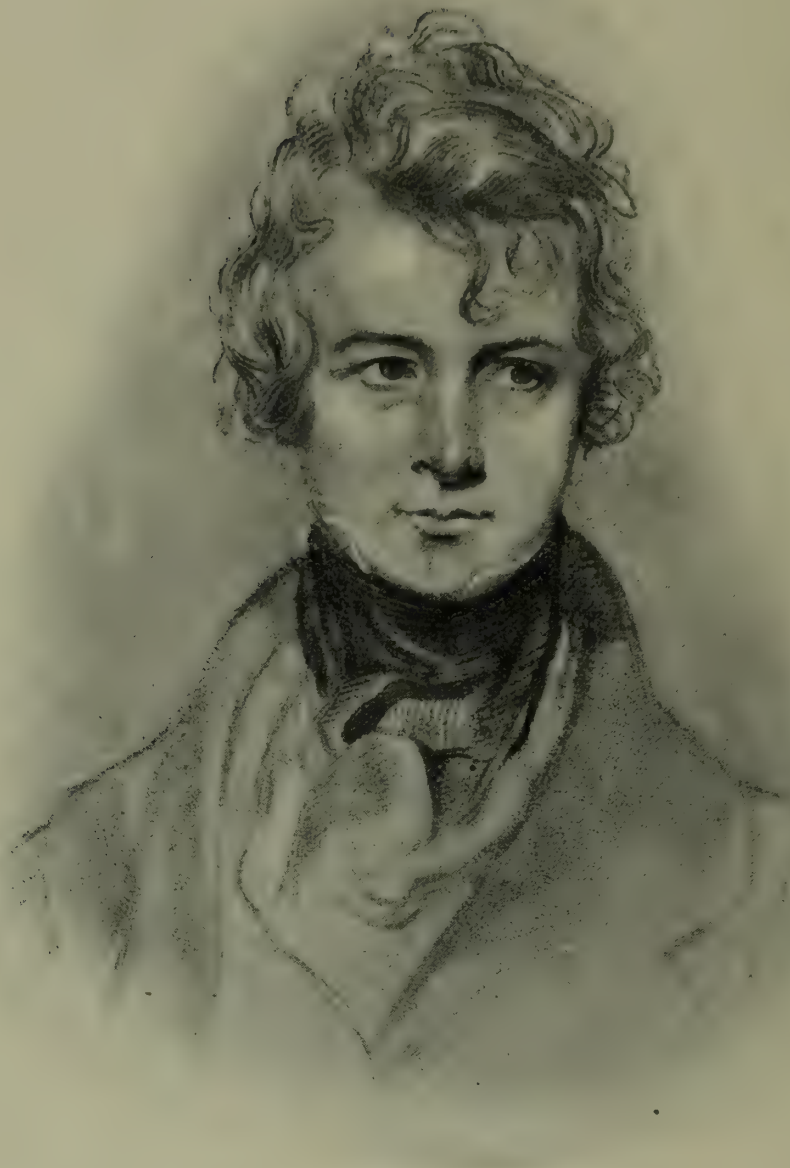
*Was he ever any good, to you ?*

*You could win him if he would,*

*You would skin him if you could,—*

*For he isn't any good, to you.*





N. P. WILLIS.

## THE IDLERS' CLUB

By ROBERT BARR

*"I was never more pleased at the conclusion of a day than with the turtle soup, turbot and turkey, which wound up the wonders of Brighton. I know what the critics think of travellers who venture to acknowledge that they eat; but I must summon up courage to record the fact, that this was a glorious dinner, gloriously done justice to, and the critics may take their will of me."*—N. P. WILLIS.

*Ancient Lights.* The extract which heads this page is taken from an old volume which I purchased the other day at a second-hand bookstall. The volume is long since out of print; the author him-

self is out of print, and so are all those distinguished people to whom he referred on its pages, and who were mightily scandalised by his references. The book is called "Pencillings by the Way"; it was written by Nathaniel Parker



Willis, published in 1832, and scalped by Lockhart in the *Quarterly*. The *Quarterly* alone survives. Four years before the above date Christopher North had written for *Blackwood's Magazine* an article in three "Fyttes," entitled "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket." Christopher was one of those whom Willis visited, and as the great North spoke mostly of himself, he may have made reference to this *Blackwood* contribution, and this may have suggested to the young writer the idea of depicting his hosts in their sporting jackets, as one might say. Hence the trouble that ensued.

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Washington Irving had *The First* come and gone. The *Interviewer*. impression he left in England had been one of delight. He violated no confidences, and he wrote of the olden time in a manner so charming that his works have become classics. N. P. Willis held a diplomatic position in the foreign service of the American Government, and he came to England with admirable letters of introduction, which opened wide, doors which usually remained closed to the ordinary traveller. I believe several of these introductory letters were from Washington Irving himself. So far, so good. Willis went home, collected the newspaper sketches he had written on tour, and "Pencilings by the Way" was the result, which I bought for half-a-crown. We writers may start out bravely at six shillings a volume; but to the complexion of the half-crown shelf, or even the fourpenny box, must we all return, Horatio! Willis did not know it, but he was, really, the first interviewer; the precursor of *Society Journalism*. Alas! poor Yorick, thy quips and thy tittle-tattle read innocent enough now that twenty years are past, and we are used to this sort of thing from Labouchere or T. P. at sixpence or a penny.

N. P. W. disguised his *Society* victims in the dominos of *Journalism* the initial and the dash, *in Embryo*. and thus, pure as snow, expected to escape calumny. He speaks of attending a reception at Lady B——'s, and seeing there the elegant Count D'O——, and the humourist C—— L——, and the poet T—— M——. Then so careless was he in the compiling of his book that every now and again he spells out the names Lady Blessington, Charles Lamb, and Tom Moore. He took his devastating course up through England and Scotland, staying with Duke A——, Earl B——, and Sir John C——, writing down faithfully what was said at table or in the smoking room; making a running comment upon the personal appearance and manners of host and guests. "Phancy the pheelinks" of the British aristocracy and the great in literature and art when these prattlings came out in a book with the initials like rows of ostriches, their heads stuck in the sand! I imagine that the next man who came along with excellent letters of introduction met a cool reception. The lines which I have quoted refer to a dinner given to Willis by Wallack in Brighton, and it is gratifying to know that the meal was a success.

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Willis is a forgotten *[N. P. Willis]* man; nothing he has written will be remembered; yet he wrote much that was extremely popular in its day. His friends thought him capable of accomplishing a great novel, and he may have been of the same opinion himself—most writers cherish that delusion—but I don't think he ever attempted the task. Once when urged to do something worthy of his pen—there were no type-writers in those days—he replied in the preface of his book, "Outdoors at Idlewild," that "to live as variedly, as amply, and as worthily as is possible to his human faculties while upon this



planet, has been his aim ; and not to be remembered after he shall have left it." He had his wish ; he made money while he lived, and he left no work worth treasuring. "Idlewild" was his country home on the Hudson, on the opposite bank from "Sunnyside," where Washington Irving was residing when the sentence I have quoted was written. But Irving lived variedly, amply, and worthily also ; and accumulated much more of this world's gear than did Willis, and all through writing books that will probably never be forgotten, so if there is a moral to be drawn from the latter's rule of life, the reader must draw it for himself ; I don't know exactly what the moral is. A library that a man has gradually collected during his life is a "give-away" to his intellectual progress. I find I have several volumes of Willis on my shelves, so there must have been a time when I thought him worth buying. A man's pilgrimages also tell tales of him. Once I tramped over the estate of "Idlewild" ; but ten years later my steps turned toward "Sunnyside," and I have visited Irving's place several times since. "Idlewild" is the more picturesque of the two, and there is a wild brook running through the property which I should like to own.

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This brook, however, *The Brook*. was an exasperating possession of Willis's. He says : "Among the neglected of the world I have always thought are the streams under the river size — those that have valleys of their own and can turn a mill, but are not navigable, and scarcely down on the map. My own experience is that it must be a small stream to be enjoyed both sides at a time. The glen of Idlewild is but a morning's ramble in extent, but, its stream falling over a hundred feet within our own gate, has varieties of charm that will at least occupy what loving I have time for."

The trouble with Willis's brook was that it would not run on Sundays, and it was on Sundays that his friends came to see him, so he yearned for a brook that, like Tennyson's, would go on for ever. Willis complains, and explains : "Yes ; for the five mills above us on the stream shut their sluice-gates on Saturday night to start with full ponds on Monday. In the summer it takes twenty-four hours to fill all these industrial reservoirs, and on the first working day of the week—when our friends have just left us—the loosened waters come down, and the cascades are in their glory."

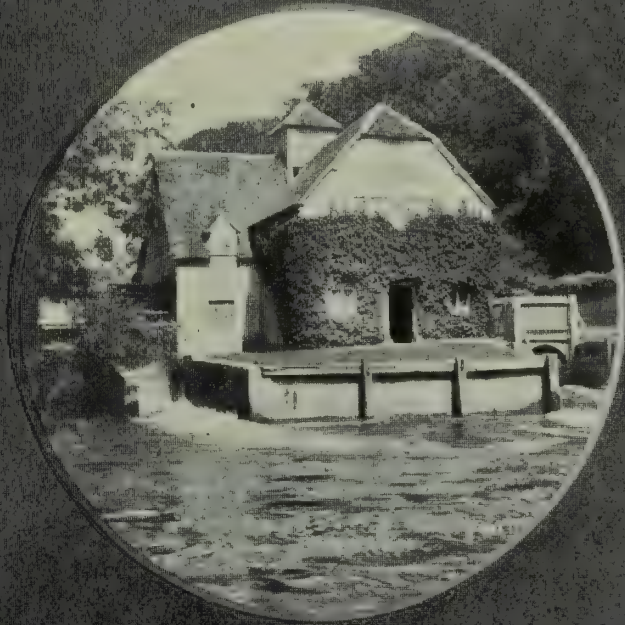
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All the foregoing brings *Lunch and* us gently to the fact that *the Law*. the watermill season is now open, and that I have been tramping over the land in search of them. I saw it stated somewhere that the little river Wyke, which enters the Thames at Bourne End, drives more mills than any other of its length in the world, so I resolved to walk down the Wyke. I took train to High Wycombe, which I discovered to be an enterprising town at the bottom and on one hillside of the Wyke valley. By the time I reached High Wycombe I was hungry, so I went into a tavern for lunch. I wish I dared set down the name of that hostelry in capital letters, but the law stands in the way. I saw in the papers a while ago that a thirsty journalist in the north of England entered an inn and called for a temperance drink named Scotchandsoda, which, they inform me, tends to allay thirst. They charged him something like 3s. 6d. for the beverage, and he thought that was above market price. Expostulation being in vain, he wrote up the incident in his paper, and the publican sued him for slander. The judge seemed to think that an inn-keeper may charge what he likes, and so the verdict went against the journalist. If it were not contempt of court I should say that this was a



most outrageous miscarriage of justice, and the journalist should have been thanked for doing a public service. I

got the worst meal in the world at the Blankety Blank Hotel at High Wycombe. I think we tramps ought to



MAPLEDURHAM MILL.

regret that the journalist did not break the syphon over the inn-keeper's head, and thus get the worth of his fine in assault. I believe that it is more economical to commit a breach of the other fellow's head than to commit a breach of the libel enactments, and I think it would be more satisfactory. As the law stands, I am not allowed to say that I

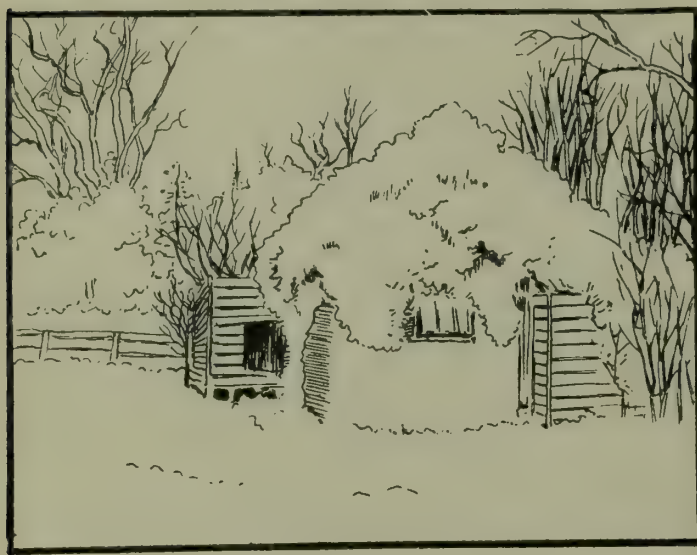
have *some* rights in this supposedly free country.

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Anyhow, I came out of  
*Meals.* that dirty dining room  
feeling ruffled and unfed,  
thinking High Wycombe a low Wy-  
combe in every sense of the word. I  
was in no mood to see the beauties of



the town, if it has any, which I will never believe. An inn, good and reasonable, is of great value to a place, and when I come across any such I'm going to mention the fact. So I put the eulogy of N. P. Willis on an excellent meal at the head of the Idlers' Club in the hope that it may spur providers to provide commendably. In another part of this magazine I have allowed a man to tell how he lives on a shilling a day or thereabouts. He may do it for all of me, but I will stick to



THE RUINED MILL.

the juicy beefsteak and the sizzling, succulent chop, bristling hot from the grill. I read in the telegraphic despatches a few weeks since that a celebrated person, who had solved the problem of living on a few nuts each day, died unexpectedly as he was preparing a treatise on the subject. The scheme is not new, for when I was a boy I learned of the Scottish carpenter who put green spectacles on his donkey and taught it to live on pine shavings; but the fate of the celebrated person and the donkey was identical. "Sunny Jim" may leap o'er the fence if he likes on the newest advertised patent food, but give to me, after a tramp, the roast beef of Old England, and be prepared to hear that I want more.

"Feed the brute," was the advice given to the newly married woman who was anxious to retain the affections of her husband.

This brute, who writes these lines, being practically unfed, got out on the street at High Wycombe ready to quarrel with the most inoffensive inhabitants thereof, so I take this occasion of apologising to the conductor of the 'bus which I found standing in the main street of the town. The 'bus was beautifully painted and bore on each side of it the words, 'Forget me not.' This phrase seemed adding insult to injury, for I was hardly likely to forget High Wycombe and its provender.

'Where does this 'bus run to?' I enquired of the unsuspecting conductor.

"To Loudwater, sir," he answered civilly.

"Then why the deuce don't you have the name painted on its sides instead of that silly sentence?"

"I didn't paint the 'bus, sir," said the conductor with some justifiable asperity; and I make no doubt he spoke truthfully.

"Has the 'bus been crossed in love? Has it met with disappointment? Why does it wish remembrance of the world?"

"Well, they say, sir, that Bucks people are silly," remarked the conductor.

"I never heard that, and I was not aware this was Bucks."

"Then, sir, you are sillier than the Bucks people."

I regret to say that this was taken by the onlookers as one on me, and a bystander remarked, "'E donno w're 'e are," at which this foolish crowd laughed.

"Are you going to Loudwater, sir?" asked the conductor.

"Yes."

"Then get on, sir; we're just off."

"I don't see why I should get on the 'bus when I am going to walk."

And with that I bade an everlasting farewell to High Wycombe.



There is the main road  
*"Listen down the valley, and there*  
*to the is a back road; the 'bus*  
*Watermill."* took the one, and I took  
 the other. There are also

two streams, which seemed rather odd, for the valley is not as wide as that of the Nile. On the main road all the watermills possess tall chimneys, so I knew there was little use in looking for the picturesque on that thoroughfare. Coming out of the town a pond lay at my right hand, and at the further end I found a mill in active operation, with a mossy undershot wheel. Watermills have that delightful fashion of half doors. I should like to be a miller just for the privilege of leaning on the half door and looking out on the water. There was a little gate and I was about to unlatch it when I noticed the miller leaning on the half door to the south, so I went round to him, but, he seeing my hand on the gate latch came through the mill to the east door, and when I reached the south door he wasn't there. I turned and went through the gate, but he had gone back to the other door. I went back also, but by this time his suspicions were thoroughly aroused and he dodged to the east door. We missed each other several times, but at last he came out and cornered me, with a determined Sherlock Holmes expression fixed on his face.

"What are you about?" he demanded sternly.

"I seem to be about the outside of this mill a good deal," I replied pleasantly, although I recognised that my actions required explanation.

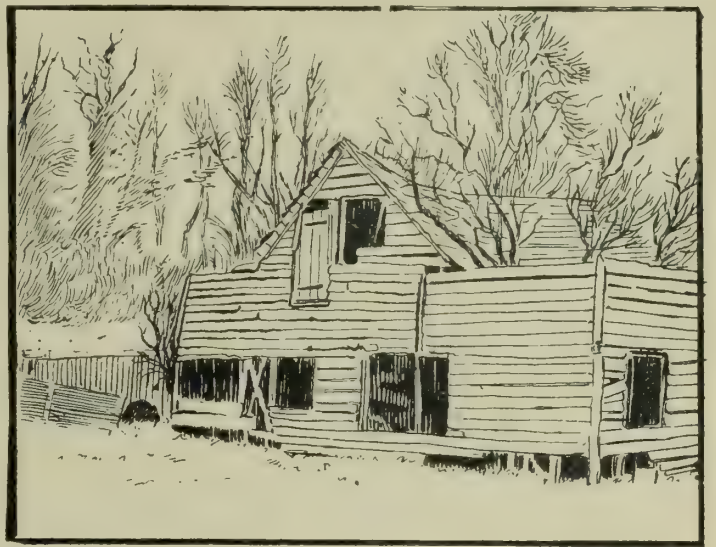
"What do you want?"

"I want you principally, but you seem in doubt which door you will hang over."

I saw, however, that I had completely lost his confidence, so I made no effort to regain it, but tramped on to the next mill, which was in somewhat picturesque ruin.

*Our*  
*Water*  
*Famine.*

Away down the valley I came to another mill that was a going concern without a brick chimney, and I was more circumspect in my approach, so the miller and I had a long talk, he leaning over the half door while I stood on the road outside. From him I learned much that is sad about watermills. They are doomed, it seems, and very soon we will have no more of them. Water power is not costless, as I had imagined. There is the up-keep of



MILL ON WANDLE.

miles of stream and various expenses that make watermilling too costly. The future lies with the gas engine, now that producer gas can be made for something like twopence a thousand feet. Besides this, water power near London is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The great Wen, as Cobbett called it, infinitely greater now than in his time, is sucking up the water of the land like a gigantic sponge. For miles around it wells are giving out and streams are running dry, yet there might be poured into London pure water from a Welsh lake, crystal and uncontaminated, in superabundant quantity, at a cost infinitely less than is charged for the present supply, did not Parliament and vested rights stand in the way. And this is not the worst of it.





BRIDGE OVER WANDLE.

"We would have to shut down the mill," said the miller, "if it were not for the sewage water that comes down the valley! It has killed all the fish—this used to be a well-stocked trout stream—but it turns the wheel."

This flows into the Thames, and forms part of the drinking water of London!

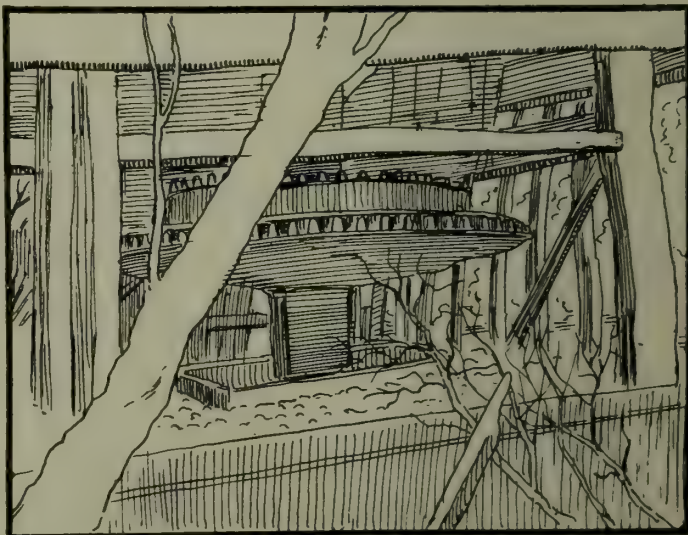
I shall now stand in  
*John B. Gough.* this polluted Wyke valley  
and recite to you John B.  
Gough's tribute to water,  
as I heard him render it years and years ago. This greatest of all temperance lecturers was always ill at ease when he first faced his audience. It was not until he got his hands underneath his coat-tails that he became as one transformed—an old man eloquent. At the beginning of a temperance lecture he seemed halting and ashamed, and the audience, that had not heard him before, was invariably disappointed. But by and by he warmed to his subject, his hands clasped together under his coat-tails, he walked up and down the stage, and the tails began to flirt as if they were alive. Then listen to him!

"Not in simmering still, o'er smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, surrounded with the stench of sickening odours and corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence

of life—pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, *there* God brews it; and *down*, low *down* in the deepest valleys where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain's top, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm clouds brood and the thunder-storms crash; and far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music and the big wave rolls the chorus, sweeping the march of God, *there* He brews it—that beverage of life—health-giving water.

"And everywhere it is a thing of life and beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the glacier; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many-coloured bow, that seraph's zone of the siren, whose warp is the rain-drops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction."

I think the most beautiful bit of writing in the language is John Ruskin's description of the spring at Carshalton,



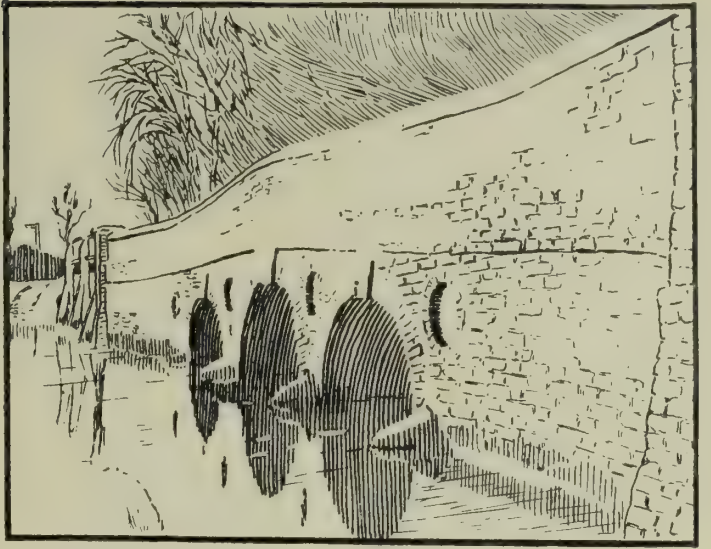
THE WOODEN COGWHEEL.



which you will find in his preface to "The Crown of Wild Olive." If you know of anything more lovely, I wish you would send it to me. Here is Ruskin's sentence:—"Just where the welling of stainless water, trembling and pure, like a body of light, enters the pool of Carshalton, cutting itself a radiant channel down to the gravel, through warp of feathery weeds, all waving, which it traverses with its deep threads of clearness, like the chalcedony in moss-agate, starred here and there with white grenvillette; just in the very rush and murmur of the first spreading currents, the human wretches of the place cast their street and house foulness."

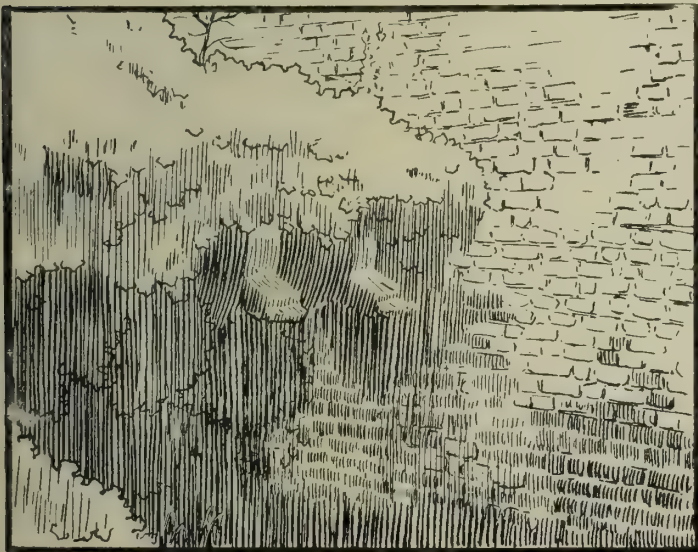
This brings us from W. to W.: from the Wyke to the Wandle. I believe the "human wretches" at the source of the Wandle have reformed, for when I last saw the spring it was reasonably pure and clear. Ruskin's bitter censure did good in all probability. The Wandle runs through a flat, unlovely country, and were it not associated with the names of John Ruskin and William Morris, I doubt if I would have tramped along its muddy banks as I did last week, narrowly escaping arrest for trespass.

Before bidding farewell to the Wyke valley, I may add that as darkness came



BRIDGE NEAR MITCHAM.

on when I reached Wooburn Green, the objectionable features of the landscape were blotted out; and if I could have forgotten what the miller had told me of the quality of the stream, I would have enjoyed my stroll along side of it. The road leaving the Green is diverted by the church standing in its way, and the old square tower loomed up grandly in the darkness, like some mediæval building, which perhaps it is. Perhaps my appreciation of it was enhanced by the fact that I had a most excellent tea at a pastry shop on what I took to be the western side of the Green, and this repast went far to mitigate the effects of the dismal lunch at High Wycombe. So the Wyke valley, like the rest of the world, is made up of bad and good. Here follows a letter I have received about a mill on the Wandle.



THE BROKEN WHEEL.

"Sir,—Talking of water—*The Delights* mills, there is one I wot of *Mitcham*. off at Mitcham; it is in ruins, and will soon fall to pieces. The works are wonderful: great wheels made of wood, cogs and all. I think it is simply lovely. Thousands pass it weekly, but they see it not; and I never remember any scribe 'doing it.' It's just out of the village on the Brighton Road; walk till



you come to the Wandle, and look over the bridge. Ask for Ashby's Mills if you find any difficulty. Their mills are on the other side of the river, and if you don't know Mitcham, don't miss the village green. It is well worth seeing, especially on Saturdays in summer, when there is a home match. Best real cricket in England, on a real country green that has the best turf in the world. The youngsters treat that turf as if it were holy ground."

With all of this I cordially agree. I took some pictures of the ruined wooden mill, and they are distributed over these columns. Judge Haliburton, the celebrated "Sam Slick," used to say that a wooden building could not be picturesque in decay, but perhaps that was because there were so many delapidated wooden structures in Nova Scotia, where he lived, that he tired of them.

My correspondent mentions another village near London, of which he says :—

"It is the best sample of a real country village near London. Farms, cottages, and big house jambed all up together with a church in the middle, and if you can paint you will paint it; at any rate, you will not write it up, for you will respect it too much and keep it a secret, and take only your choicest friends to it on their promising to keep mum."

Following the reckless and extravagant fashion of publishers nowadays I offer one grand cash prize of a penny to anyone who gives the correct name of the village referred to. In case of two or more sending in the accurate solution, the penny will be divided, and it must be distinctly understood that the decision of the Editor is irrevocable and final.

## LIFT UP THINE EYES

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

COMRADE, that seek'st the clew  
Of whence and whither to.  
Rather, in trust, let be  
The shrouded mystery!  
Brood not, but toward the skies  
Lift up thine eyes!

If the sworn friendship fail,  
And fleeing foes assail,  
If Love, half deified,  
Turn scornfully aside,  
If ogre Doubt arise.  
Lift up thine eyes!

Grip faith, to thee (not fate!)  
In the good ultimate!  
With this, from sun to sun  
Until thy race be run,  
And the last daylight dies,  
Lift up thine eyes!









"JERKED MR. WALKER OUT OF HIS FOOTHOLD, AND SWUNG HIM OUT OF THE WAY OF THE ROCK."



# MOUNTAINEERING AS A PROFESSION

## THE STUDIES, DUTIES, ADVENTURES, AND AMBITIONS OF THE ALPINE GUIDE

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE

S PORTS and pastimes brought many new professions into existence during the course of the nineteenth century. Very likely, if one tried, one could fill half a column with a list of them; but that would be tiresome and superfluous. The purpose of this article is to give as full an account as possible of one of these new professions, which has grown and organised itself elaborately without getting much attention from the newspapers—the profession of Alpine guide. Those who climb mountains for their amusement cannot but be interested in the fortunes of the men who climb mountains for their living.

Guides of a sort, of course, have existed from the earliest days of mountaineering. That is to say, the local men who knew the mountain paths could always be hired to place their knowledge and experience at the disposition of the traveller. But these men were by no means guides in the modern sense of the word. They always had some other trade. They were goatherds, or crystal seekers, or chamois hunters, or even smugglers, glad to earn a little additional money by acting as guides on the rare occasions when travellers came among them. By degrees, the best men among them learned from the travellers to take an interest in mountaineering, and began to explore the mountains on their own account. It was a great step forward when the illustrious de Saussure offered a money prize to the first man who should climb Mont Blanc, and promised to pay the wages of any man who attempted the ascent but failed to make

it. The offer tempted a great many of the men of Chamonix. Among others, it tempted Jacques Balmat, by whom the first ascent of Mont Blanc was made. He began by climbing the mountains in response to the challenge of the great geologist; he ended by climbing as the professional attendant of tourists. Many of his contemporaries did the same—such men as the Coutets, for example. So far as the Chamonix district is concerned, their careers mark the beginning of the new profession. Some of them were taken far afield by de Saussure—to Grindelwald, to Zermatt, to Macugnaga.

With the great influx of tourists that began after the Napoleonic wars, the demand for the services of guides naturally increased. First at Chamonix, and afterward elsewhere, men found that there was a very good living to be made out of the business of an Alpine guide; and they also began to see the advantage of forming themselves into a close corporation, from which unqualified men could be excluded, and in which codes of rules could be enforced, under State direction, for the advancement of the honour of the calling. The Chamonix guides led the way, their first code dating from 1821, though other codes were substituted in 1851 and 1856. The Bernese Oberland guides formed their organisation in 1856, and the Pontresina guides in 1861. Each of the three organisations imposes tests of competence and rules of conduct, with the result that the young man who wants to be a guide must go through a course of study and pass an examination, no less than the young man who

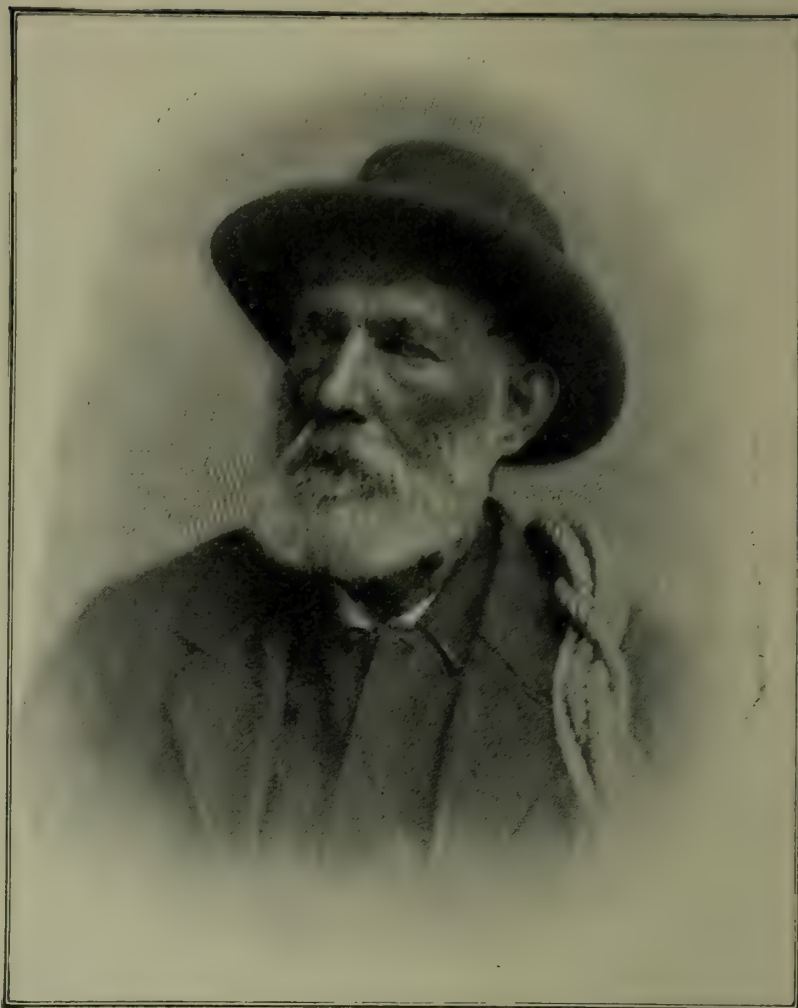


wants to be a doctor. Let us trace the career of such a one.

He is probably the son of a guide, for the profession, not unnaturally, runs in families. As a lad of ten or less, he begins to seek practice as a porter. He runs after you when he sees you tramping up the valley, and proposes to carry your knapsack or your camera. He will carry it quite a long way for half a franc. He walks with rather an awkward lumbering gait, but he can go on for ever so long without getting tired. Enter into conversation with him, and you will hear that his father or his elder brother has already taken him up some of the minor mountains in the neighbourhood, and that he has fully made up his mind to become a guide like them when he is old enough. And so, no doubt, he will. But he must first learn much and prove his fitness.

During the next few years he will naturally get all the practice in climbing that he can. If he can get paid for carrying luggage, so much the better ; but he will often carry it for very little, or even for nothing, for the experience to be got by taking part in first-class expeditions under first-class direction. At eighteen he will make formal application for a porter's license, which he will duly get if there is nothing against his character and he is able to carry the prescribed load of fifty pounds. His pay will be from seven to nine francs per day of eight hours, with his food.

The position of a porter is very much like that of an apprentice bound to a trade. He is under the orders of a guide, takes no responsibilities, and has to do what he is told. If a climber chooses to employ him as a guide—as may some times happen in the case of the simpler excursions—he does so at his own risk, and with his eyes open. The porter's license, which he is bound to submit for



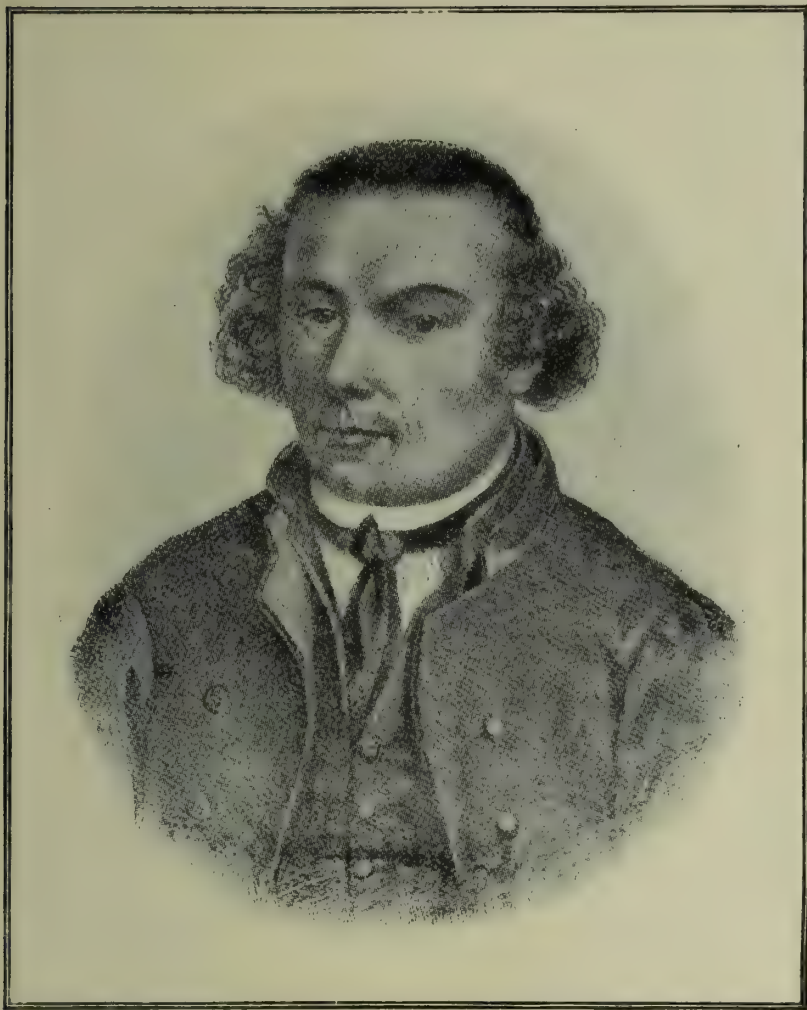
CHRISTIAN ALMER, THE FIRST MAN TO ASCEND THE MATTERHORN.

inspection, shows that he is a porter and nothing more. Before a porter may apply for a license as guide he must wait until he is twenty ; and must then pass an examination in snowcraft, icecraft, the general topography of the Alps, and the particular topography of his own neighbourhood. There are schools in which he can study these matters in the winter, and special boards of examiners are appointed in all the most important climbing centres.

Occasionally a candidate may be exceptionally dense. Our business, however, is not with him, but with the candidate who satisfies the examiners and gets his license.

Such a one forthwith becomes a member of the close corporation, bound by its rules, and entitled to its privileges. The rules are all set forth in a little book that is presented to him, and containing also a number of blank leaves on





JACQUES BALMAT, WHO MADE THE FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

which his employers may, from time to time, write their opinion, whether favourable or unfavourable, of his conduct or abilities. He is obliged to offer this book to his employer, both at the beginning and at the end of each engagement, and he is also required to submit it annually to the licensing authority when applying for the renewal of his license. He may be fined, and in extreme cases may lose his license, as a punishment for drunkenness or serious misbehaviour of any kind.

Such cases, however, are happily very rare, though some climbers have found it expedient to guard against the remote danger of drunkenness by leaving the brandy bottle at home, and only taking a small quantity of spirits in their own flask for use in case of emergencies. A friend of the present writer who omitted the precaution, once found himself with a guide who first got scared and then

got drunk on the Dent Blanche. But that was a very exceptional occurrence. On the whole, the Alpine guides are an admirable body of men—admirable alike for their temperance, their courage, and their resources, as well as their immense physical strength.

Anecdotes illustrative of their good qualities can easily be gathered wherever climbers meet. There are so many of them that one hardly knows where to begin. Perhaps the most dramatic of them is the story of Peter Knubel's leap.

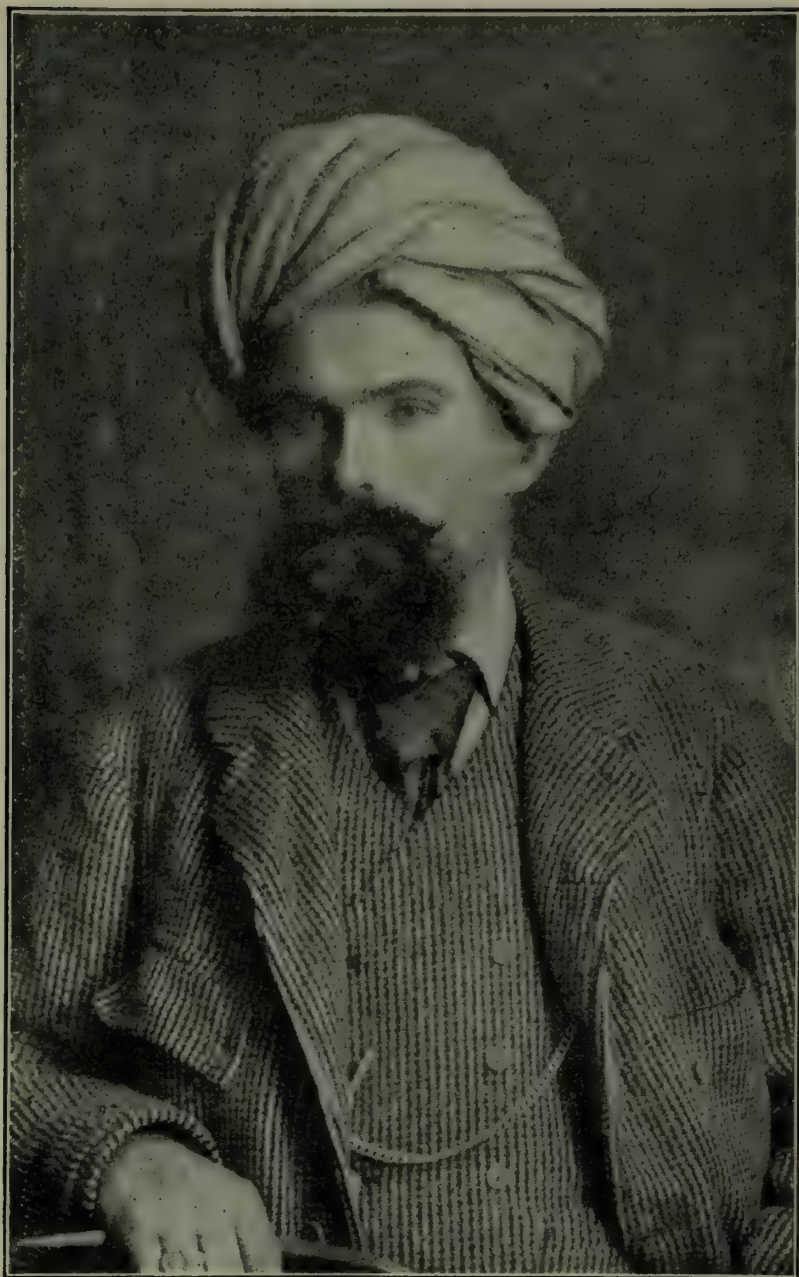
He was taking a party of three up the arête of the Lyskamm, with a steep snow slope on the one side and a precipice on the other. The climbers were, of course, all roped together. One of them slipped, and began to slide down the slope. The jerk knocked the two men next to him off their feet, and they began sliding, too. It was obviously impossible for Peter to sustain the weight of the three, and he had only the fraction of a second in which to make up his mind what to do. But he did not hesitate. Before the rope had time to tighten against him he leapt over the precipice into mid-air. The sudden jerk arrested the fall of his companions, and he hung there like a weight at the end of a pendulum, while the others cut themselves footholds with their axes, and then hauled him up again on to the ridge.

It is a wonderful story, and it does not stand absolutely alone. Two or three other guides are known to have saved their parties in almost precisely the same way—Ulrich Almer among the number.

Another story of a guide's strength and presence of mind is told by Mr. Horace Walker, an ex-president of the Alpine Club.

Mr. Walker was with Peter Anderegg





MATTHIAS ZURBRIGGEN, MOST FAMOUS OF ALL THE ALPINE GUIDES.

somewhere in the Engadine. Roped together, they were cutting steps up an ice slope, Peter leading. They came to a point where a huge boulder was embedded in the ice. Imagining it to be firmly fixed, Peter trod on it. To his consternation it began to move. It came straight for Mr. Walker, who, standing in the steps cut for him, could not possibly get out of the way. He thought nothing could possibly save him. But Peter met the emergency by a wonderful feat of strength. In an instant he shifted himself back into the ice step he had just quitted. Then, with a mighty effort,

he jerked Mr. Walker out of his foothold, and sustaining his weight by the rope that linked them, swung him out of the way of the rock. The rock thundered down in the very place in which Mr. Walker had been standing, and then Mr. Walker swung back again and resumed his foothold safely. There has seldom been a narrower escape in the history of climbing.

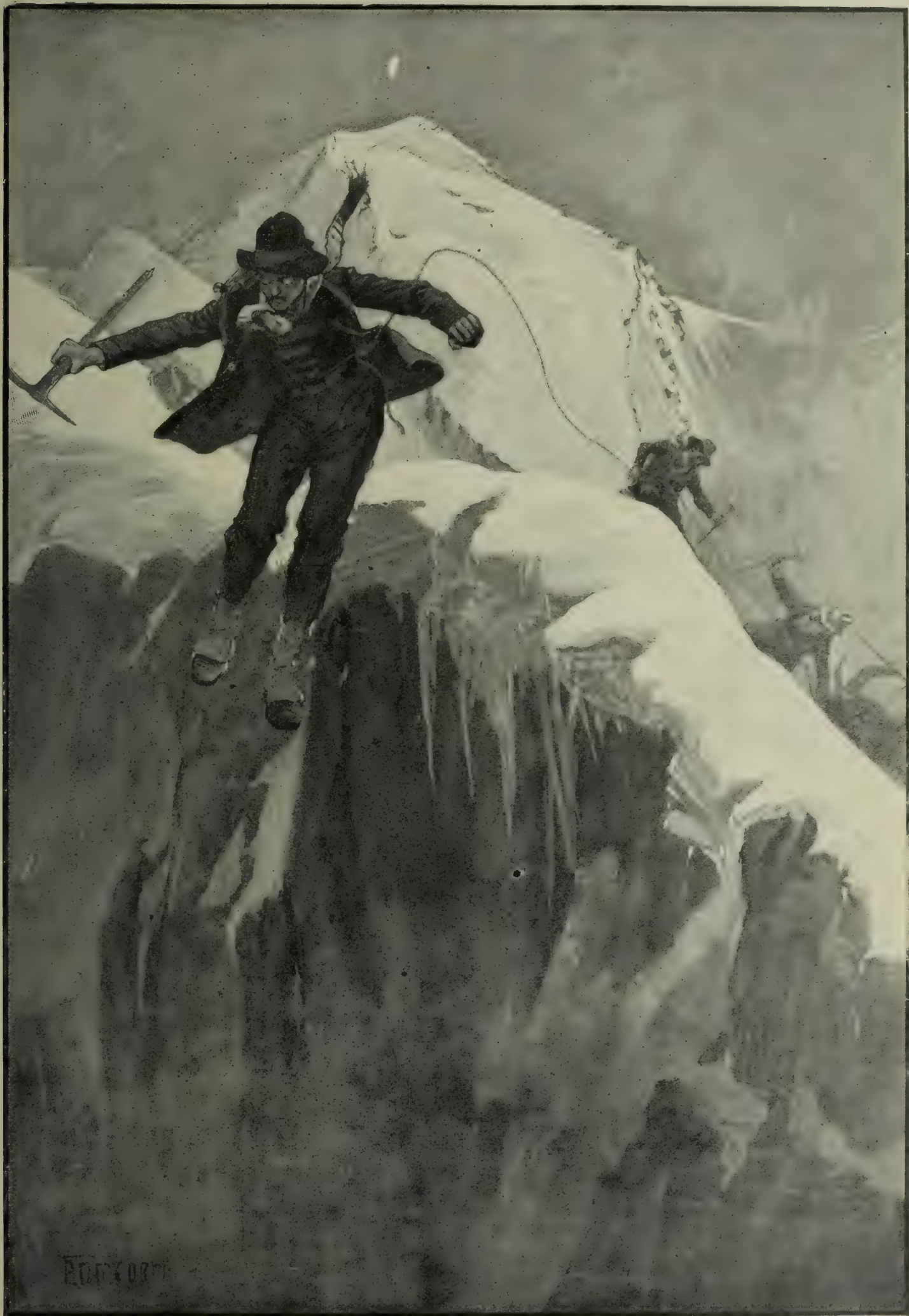
Another quality of the best guides is their wonderful faculty of finding or remembering the way through unfamiliar country. A story illustrating this gift, though the scene is not in the Alps, may be given in the words of another ex-president of the Alpine Club, Mr. C. E. Mathews. The hero of it is the great Melchoir Anderegg, now on the retired list, but still famous.

"He came," said Mr. Mathews, "to England on a winter visit to some of his old friends. He arrived at the London Bridge Station in the middle of a genuine London fog. He was met by Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Hinchliff, who accompanied him on foot to the rooms of the latter gentleman in Lincoln's Inn Fields. A day or two later

the same party found themselves at the same station on their return from Woolwich. 'Now, Melchoir,' said Mr. Hinchliff, 'you will lead us back home.' Instantly the skilful guide, who had never seen a larger town than Berne, accepted the situation, and found his way straight back without difficulty, pausing for consideration only once, as if to examine the landmarks at the foot of Chancery Lane."

Melchoir is, perhaps, the most justly famous of the older generation of guides. He is essentially a safe man—no less celebrated for his caution than for his





"BEFORE THE ROPE HAD TIME TO TIGHTEN HE LEAPED OVER THE PRECIPICE."



courage. "I have never known him," said Mr. Mathews to the present writer, "to be unequal to any emergency, and I have never heard him speak a word that could not be repeated in the presence of

snowstorm ; and Christian Almer, who made the first ascent of the Matterhorn with Mr. Justice Wills in 1854, and lived to celebrate his golden wedding by another ascent of the same mountain.



MELCHOIR ANDEREGG, ONE OF THE FAMOUS OLD TIME SWISS GUIDES.

a lady." To the same generation belong Bennen, whom Professor Tyndall called "the Garibaldi of guides," who was overwhelmed by an avalanche on the Haut de Cry ; and Michel Croz, who met his death on the occasion of Mr. Whymper's famous ascent of the Matterhorn ; J. A. Carrell, who died of exhaustion on his return from the Matterhorn, after two days' struggle with a

Most of them belong, or belonged, to the Oberland—the part which has produced more good guides than any other.

The guides of the present generation are not inferior to their fathers, and they have a wider range. They are not only climbers, but travellers. There are some of them to be met every season in the Canadian Rockies and the Selkirks.



They have been taken to Alaska, to the Andes, to the Himalayas, to New Zealand. At first they suffered from homesickness on these long journeys but now they are getting over that. Among the great names are those of Alexander Burgener, who was with the late Mr. Mummery on the Caucasus; Joseph Imboden, who was in the Himalayas with Mr. Graham; Antoine Macquignaz, who ascended Mount Saint Elias with the Duke of Abruzzi; and Illimani with Sir William Conway. But the greatest name of all is that of Matthias Zurbriggen.

Zurbriggen was the son of a shoemaker of Saas, and himself began life as a stable-boy at Sierre. Then he worked in a copper mine; then he made his living by driving a cart between Sierre and Brieg; then he worked on the Rhone embankment; then he went to Italy and became a tassel maker; then he became a postillion on a diligence; then he became a servant to a Swiss gentleman who was going shooting in Tunis; then he worked as a mason in Algeria; then he opened a shop at Macugnaga, where he began climbing in 1886. This time he had found his true vocation. After a few seasons in Switzerland he was engaged to accompany Sir William Conway to the Himalayas in 1892. Since then he has been again to the

Himalayas with Mr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman, and to the New Zealand Alps and the Andes with Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald. He is one of the few guides who, even at extreme altitudes, can defy mountain-sickness, and hopes to climb Mount Everest before he dies. He is a good traveller in the sense that he is perennially interested in the strange things that he sees. The number of notebooks that he took with him, and the diligence with which he filled them, was the constant admiration of the party with whom he climbed Pioneer Peak. The reason for all his note-taking became apparent when Mr. Fisher Unwin, who is both climber and publisher, issued a book from his pen.

Not every guide, of course, can hope to rise to Zurbriggen's eminence and prosperity; but for the competent man it is a calling with fair pay and prospects. The tariff for a big climb is in the neighbourhood of five pounds, sometimes may be a little more, sometimes a little less. The best men can generally, by arrangement, get something more than the tariff. Their ambition, as a rule, is to save enough money to start a hotel, or set themselves up in some sort of business, and it is an ambition in which they often succeed. Retired guides are the proprietors of a good many of the popular Swiss mountain inns.





# A FROST-BITTEN NIGHT ON THE CRAGS OF GREAT GABLE

By ARNOLD R. ELLIOT

**I**T must be now nearly twenty years since I first made my acquaintance with the Cumberland fells, and yet neither time nor other and weightier incidents in Alpine climbing have at all dimmed my recollection of this uncomfortable adventure. Many Alpine climbers laugh loud and long when first told that there is better, aye better, rock-climbing to be got in the Cumberland lake district than round and about the majority of Swiss climbing centres. After some persuasion, and grumbling at loss of time, I have known many who have spent a week in Wastdale, and come out of it again sober and laudatory. Such was my own experience, and though my golden opinions were perhaps excusably damped upon first acquaintance, I can at least vouch for a very wholesome respect for the climbing it can provide.

One very wet Easter a couple of climbing friends (who shall carry the pseudonyms of A. and B.) suggested a few days' scrambling on Scafell and Great Gable. For, as they remarked, we should get thoroughly soaked through at the sport, weather or no weather, and a few days' good scrambling, even with an extra pound weight of moisture in one's clothing, was preferable to heel-kicking in chambers. So we proceeded to look out our climbing boots, Alpine rope and rucksacks, caught the night mail at Euston, and in the early hours of Good Friday morning found ourselves in a healthy sea breeze upon the platform of sleepy little Seascale, with our impedimenta the chief object of curiosity to the solitary porter and one or two beach-urchins. A. had paid several visits to the dale already, and

knew the ropes well, so that a battered-looking trap was soon in evidence, and we and belongings stowed picturesquely inside it for the twelve mile drive inland to Wastdale Head. Seven a.m. found us shambling through Gosforth, and an hour later we were down by the shores of Wastwater and partaking of the one really satisfactory local dish—eggs and bacon—in the old inn.

The latter part of our drive had been rather a mixed joy. A steady drizzle had set in with a dense driving mist that had quickly obliterated the landscape and made our Jehu very cautious in the negotiation of the lake road, for it almost overhung the water in parts. This dismal outlook naturally knocked on the head any hope of a scramble that day, and we had to fall back upon the time-worn back numbers of our pipes. The following day broke grey and unsettled-looking, but without rain and a lifting mist, so that we felt with luck we might be able to put in some solid work, little guessing the variety the day would afford us. Two solitary climbers were already assembled at breakfast when we came home—I am told that nowadays a very much enlarged inn, and barns even, will not hold the invasion round Easter—and one, a last year's acquaintance of A.'s, warned us of the immense amount of snow we should encounter up above, and the care with which it would be necessary to tackle any of the stiffer climbs at present. A. had, however, set his heart upon conquering what has nowadays been named the oblique chimney on Great Gable Crag, and drew B. and myself with him in his enthusiasm at this his last year's find. A. saw to our commis-



sariat, B. wound our eighty-foot Alpine rope round his stalwart body, and presently we were tramping the boggy fields on our way to Great Gable.

We had barely reached half the height of the Gavel Neece—the western spur of the Gable peak—when the mist came swirling down upon us again, obliterating in a damp grey pall everything but the grass and scree slope up which we were labouring. Matters were looking black for our climb, but A.'s cheery confidence reassured us, and coming at last upon an almost undistinguishable "sheep-walk," we were duly landed on Beck Head, and with ordinary luck but a quarter of an hour from the foot of our chimney. We commenced the descent upon the Ennerdale side of the pass and round beneath the lowering crags of the Gable's northern face. The snow had drifted here in great banks, and we waded through it knee-deep in gingerly fashion, for the scree here slopes away from the foot of the crags to the valley at an acute angle, and a mass of snow and scree set moving would have been a little too realistically Alpine even for our enthusiastic leader. These crags are actually some nine hundred or a thousand feet of great black cliffs, broken into all along their face by Couloir gully and chimney, and although nowadays mapped and named in the most convenient manner for the novice, any particular climb is still hard to distinguish from the foot in a driving mist. The hand of civilisation had, however, scarcely reached to the dale, much less to these heights, at the time of which I speak; and we, without these modern helps, and in search of a doubtful climb that only one member of the party had casually noted, were soon hopelessly misled. Back and forth across the foot of those dour and humid crags we plodded, losing precious time and one another in our quest. Added to these little contretemps, snow, borne upon a north wind of more than generous strength, now began to fall, parting the

mist, however, and allowing us at length an uninterrupted view of the cliff-face. A few minutes later we heard A.'s war-whoop, and saw him gesticulating violently from a rocky ledge away up to our left. Our long-lost climb was found. B. and I scrambled carefully up to his perch and came into full view of the chimney—or rather the first thirty feet of it—tucked away in the rock face. It certainly looked most uninviting. Imagine a long straight crack from three to four feet wide running straight up out of sight above the head, black, dank, and slightly ice-glazed, and you have my first impression of that disastrous climb.

It must have been now just upon four o'clock p.m., snowing fitfully, and getting very cold; but A. was not to be daunted with our protests at the weather and the lateness of the hour. Uncoiling our rope he tied securely on and passed us the end to do likewise. The first twenty-five feet of the chimney appeared to be fairly easy, hand and foot holds being pretty obvious, but just above this point the rocky walls ran up smooth and wet to a large jammed boulder some ten feet above. A. stood considering this *impasse* for some minutes, obviously at a loss, and we were unable to help with suggestions from below, the light having become bad and the snow falling thicker. At last A. appeared to alter his position by placing both feet upon the opposite wall, and so hold himself across the chimney by the rigidity of his body alone. Working carefully upwards, first with back and then feet, he was at last able to clutch and swing himself on to the boulder. It was a fine piece of rock-climbing, but intensely risky, for had either foot slipped upon the ice-glaze covering the walls, he must have been inevitably killed upon the scree below. With the rope's support I could afford to be less cautious, and the same applied to B., who came third. We were now all collected upon, or just above the block, some fifty feet above the scree, half-



frozen, and, with the exception of our leader, feeling distinctly miserable. Darkness, too, was coming on apace, so that we could barely see our leader's movements. From this point the chimney appeared to have a slight slope inwards, and the few holds extremely hard to find in the bad light. Twice B. had come badly on the rope, in each case nearly pulling me from my anchorage, owing, as he complained, to loss of feeling in feet and hands. Twice I had conferred with the leader upon the advisability of returning upon our tracks. But, as far as we could judge, two-thirds of the climb had been accomplished, and, as A. pointed out, it would be simply courting disaster to the last man to pass down over the smooth-walled portion of the chimney again under conditions that were hourly becoming worse; and I think from this point he began to realise the danger into which his optimism had led the little party.

There was nothing else, therefore, but to proceed with all the caution our numbed limbs were capable of. A. did his trying part bravely, climbing the next thirty feet with great care, and finally landing in what I found to be on joining him a small cave formed by the jamming overhead of several immense boulders, and with a small and acutely sloping floor of scree caught upon others. The signal was now given to B. to move, but no slackening of the rope showed his start, and no reply came up from the black depths to meet our repeated shouts. A. at last began to look scared, and I must confess to even more acute emotion. For some little time previously B. had been climbing very slowly and in silence. This fact was now forcibly borne in upon us, and for the moment we were at our wits end how to act. To have pulled up a dead weight of full thirteen stone by sheer strength would probably have meant the cutting of our thin Alpine rope upon the chimney's icy projections, and the remainder of the rope was barely long enough for two-

thirds of the distance required to reach the poor fellow. There was nothing for it then but for A. or myself to unrope and descend as far as possible to reconnoitre. A. was already well anchored with feet placed firmly against a boulder, and surplus rope belayed round another projection; so there was nothing for it but to take up the duty myself. Banging my hands against the cave wall to revive the circulation I started. The first six or eight feet downwards were comparatively easy going; the chimney was here a good deal broken up, and the leader had of course cleared the holds to a large extent of their icy covering; but from this point, kick as I might on either wall, no foothold could I find in the inky blackness. For a moment I fear I gave way to silent panic, clinging in a numbed state to my insecure position, with sleet, snow, and biting north wind, blowing directly in upon and blinding me. The need for action soon pulled me together, however, and a glance at the rope, which appeared from my limited vision to run straight up and down, gave some chance of the hauling process we had at first abandoned being adopted with safety. I shouted the news to A., and climbing gingerly joined him in the cave again. But my arrival showed a still worse state of affairs. A. sat rigidly grasping the rope in the same position in which I had left him twenty minutes before, covered with snow, and quite incapable of movement and almost speechless. My nerves had now been so severely shaken that mental feeling seemed to leave me altogether, and I have just a dim recollection of passing the spare rope twice round a projection, and starting as vigorously as our sloping floor and low roof would allow to work upon A. with fists and snow. I pinched and pounded him, chafed his swollen hands, and was at last overjoyed to hear him swear in a feeble manner. Ten minutes of this, and, despite great pain to his feet and hands, A. was able to help me



with the hard task that we had before us.

A. crawled a foot or two upwards to the cave-back, and I sat jambed immediately in front. Shifting the rope over the smoothest piece of rock we could feel in the darkness, we commenced to pull together. We were first conscious of a jerk that nearly scooped us both from our lodgment, and which we should have been prepared for. It meant the falling of poor B.'s inanimate weight from its position in the chimney. Then our united efforts gradually bore fruit. Hand over hand the rope came in to us, and at last, to our relief, B.'s back appeared at the floor-edge. A. took firm hold whilst I reached out, and, with much difficulty, amidst a descending shower of scree, rolled him into safety.

But what a dreadful appearance he presented to the carefully shaded match we struck. His face was caked with frozen blood from a gash across the forehead, and had besides a dreadfully grey mottled appearance. His clothes were plastered with a thin coating of ice, cap and one glove had gone, and he was, as we had expected, quite unconscious. A small glass flask of whisky reposed in our rucksack at the foot of a chimney, and our immortal souls would have been given for it at that moment. But it was of no use wasting precious time in lamentation, and we both commenced upon him with the same methods I had used upon A. I have no precise notion of time's lapse before his return to consciousness, but it must have been fully half-an-hour, during which we chafed and pounded without cessation. During this grievous time the wind, snow and sleet continued to drive out of the pitchy blackness right in upon the little party, reducing the two animate members, soaked through as they were, to a state bordering on coma. We were unable either to get our patient to a complete state of sensibility, and I think his continuous lapses scared us more than any other event during this trying experience. In the intervals of attend-

ing to the sufferer I had made several ineffectual attempts to find a way out above, but the glaze of ice wherever a hand was placed, coupled with the darkness and blinding snow, made every effort an impossibility; and had we been able to force our way to the summit, it is quite likely that we should have lost our bearings, and lives as well, in an attempt to find one of the more easy ways off the peak.

There was nothing for it then but to wait for the dawn, with a silently registered hope that we might all see it again. I built up a pile of snow and scree over our legs, and with A.'s help endeavoured to shelter the sufferer as far as possible from the weather. My watch showed us that it was close upon 9 p.m., and that we had taken nearly five hours to reach our present insecure perch—a climb that is nowadays made by a small party and under favourable conditions in one or one and a half hours. Poor B. lay huddled up in our cramped refuge, groaning and rambling feebly at intervals, imagining himself still climbing hard in the chimney. I can remember but few details of the night of cold, cramp and anxiety that followed. A. and I had arranged to take alternate hourly spells at watching the sufferer, who lay breathing heavily, but whether in sleep or insensibility we scarcely knew. Midnight came and passed, after which I must have slept fitfully, overcome with fatigue and cold, despite attempts at wakefulness. At three o'clock I was sharply awakened by a shower of stones that went crashing and ricochetting down the chimney. B. had moved, and so thrown off the stony covering to his feet. With A.'s help I piled up more, dusted away the snow that covered us, and took a look round. It was intensely cold, but the snow had ceased, and through the driving cloud-rack the paling sky and a few stars could be seen. Between five and six o'clock it was light enough to make preparations for our descent, and very thankful were we now that we had not made



the attempt in the darkness. All three walls were coated with ice, and a slip upon them would have meant certain death to the last man at any rate.

A plan of action had been discussed by A. and myself in the frigid hours of the early morning, and was now put into practice. A. descended upon the rope to the pitch just above the smooth-walled section of the chimney, clearing away hand and foot holds as he went. I hauled up the rope again, and B., practically incapable of helping himself, and now in a light state of fever, was tied on and let carefully down to A., who wedged him in a secure position in the chimney. This accomplished, I climbed carefully to an inadequate hold just above them both and released the rope. Poor suffering B. was again swung like a sack of corn into the chimney, till he reached its foot, and there stuck up to the knees in drifted snow. A. roped up again, and with its help safely passed down over the smooth section and joined B. It was now my turn, so threading the rope between the jambed stone and the wall, I knotted it securely, slid down hand over hand, and in turn reached the snow and safety, the entire descent taking us nearly two hours to accomplish in our benumbed state. It

did not need A.'s fervent handshake to evince our united feelings, or the yell of relief we sent up when four moving dots appeared on the peak's north-western spur, and came rapidly down to us. They proved to be four dalesmen, sent in search of us immediately the light made this possible. With their welcome aid, we were before midday between the blankets, sipping hot toddy, and thanking our lucky stars that worse things had not fallen to our lot. The effects of the exposure were apparent in the entire party, and it was many weeks before the chief sufferer, B., regained the use of hands, feet, and own fit self at Seascale. He had been by far the most badly frost-bitten, the more so owing to the damage he had sustained to the head and consequent loss of blood. It appears from his misty recollection that a falling stone had struck him soon after I had commenced climbing to the cave-pitch, which singles me out as the regretful culprit.

This incident will perhaps be a warning to the present-day scrambler to avoid starting out late upon a climb, for it would seem that darkness is an enemy more to be feared than the elements, even on the Cumberland Fells.

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## A SUFFICIENT AUDIENCE

NEVER tried to rise to fame ;  
No one stops to cheer me.  
Crowds don't jostle where I walk,  
Tryin' to get near me.  
No one hollers "speech" when I  
Step on the verandy ;  
No one seems to think I'm great—  
No one, 'ceptin' Mandy.

When I sometimes make mistakes,  
Cuttin' foolish capers,  
No one has a word to say  
'Bout it in the papers.  
No one criticises me  
Jus' because I'm handy—  
An' they feel like sayin' things—  
No one, 'ceptin' Mandy.



# THE WOOD DUCK

## And Its Shooting

By  
Edwyn Sandys



THE great order *Anseres* the family *Anatidæ* contains a couple of hundred species

which have been grouped in five sub-families, viz.: The swans (*Cygninæ*); the geese (*Anserinæ*); the sea ducks (*Fuligulinæ*); the river ducks (*Anatinæ*); and the fish-eating ducks (*Merginæ*). In the sub-family *Anatinæ*, or river ducks, are found valuable and beautiful species, yet none more daintily arrayed than the subject of this sketch, the wood duck, or summer duck (*Aix sponsa*).

From Asiatic waters has come a small, web-footed fop whose garb suggests a blending of Chinese and Japanese sartorial art. He is no mean rival of the wood duck, and the same might truthfully be said of the rare and lovely Harlequin, yet if perfect specimens of the males of all three species lay side by side, in most eyes the wood duck surely would find the most favour.

As is the case with so many other

species, the male wood duck sports all the finery in his family. By this is not meant that his trim small spouse is a bit of a dowdy, for that would be far from the truth. She is as dainty and tidy a wee madam as one could desire to see, but she is wise withal, and the Quakerish simplicity of her dress might well be imitated by some other ducks—but, er—um! I digress.

The notable peculiarities of the wood duck include the rare beauty of the plumage of the male; the habit of alighting in trees; the nesting in hollow and frequently lofty trunks, sometimes at a considerable distance from water, and the not infrequent carrying of the young from the nest to the nearest water. The adult plumage is as follows:

*Male*.—Top of head and sweeping crest, golden green; sides of head rich with purple iridescence; bill, short, reddish; irides, orange red; from bill to end of crest extends a narrow, pure white line which passes above the eye, and from behind the eye to the end of the crest is a second white line, the two in sharp contrast with the lustrous surroundings and producing a striking effect; cheeks and sides of the upper neck, violet; chin, throat, and collar



around the neck, pure white, curving up in crescent form nearly to the posterior part of the eye; the white collar is bounded below with black; breast, dark violet brown, marked on the fore part with minute triangular spots of white, increasing in size until they spread into the white of the belly; each side of the breast is bounded by a large crescent of white, and that again by a broader one of rich black; sides, under the wings, thickly and beautifully marked with fine, undulating parallel lines of black, on a ground of yellowish drab; flanks, ornamented with broad, alternate semi-circular bands of black and white; sides of vent, rich light violet; tail coverts, long, hair-like at the sides, black glossed with green; back dusky bronze, reflecting green; scapulars, black; tail, dark glossy green above; below, dusky; primaries, dusky, silvery without, tipped with violet blue; secondaries, greenish blue, tipped with white; wing coverts, violet blue, tipped with black; legs and feet yellowish. Total length, 18-20 inches.

*Female.* — Head, slightly crested; crown, dark purple; behind eye, a bar of white; chin and throat, white; head and neck, dark drab; breast, dusky brown, marked with large triangular spots of white; back, dark glossy bronze brown, with some gold and greenish reflections; speculum, greenish, like the male; the fine pencilings of the sides and the hair-like tail coverts are wanting; the tail also is shorter.

While it is extremely difficult to give anything like an accurate pen picture of a fowl which glitters with metallic lustre that changes from bronze to purple and golden green with every play of light, enough has been said to bear out the statement that the wood duck is exceedingly beautiful. As it may easily be tamed, it is not at all unlikely that within a few years it will be an attractive pet upon many private waters, where certainly it is well worthy of a place. The note of this duck is a softly sweet, rather long-

drawn "*Peet—peet,*" the alarm note a musical "*Oe-eek! oe-eek!*"

When a pair of wood ducks find water and a hollow tree to suit, little time is lost in preparing the nest. This task and the covering of the eggs is performed by the female, for to the best of my knowledge, the male does little more than sit around on handy limbs and look pretty. During the period of nest building, and while his mate is laying, he is the beau ideal of a handsome and loving cavalier, ever attentive and seemingly most anxious as to her whereabouts should she happen to get out of his sight. But with the waning of the honeymoon he seems to feel rather bored with the whole business, and gradually he gets *clubby*—i.e., wanders from his own fireside and hunts up another drake or two to help him loaf away the summer. The busy little duck keeps her own counsel and "sits tight" on the dozen or more highly polished ivory-like eggs crowded together in a bed of soft decayed wood and down from her breast.

Quite frequently the nest is at the bottom of a hollow several feet deep, and no doubt the strong, hooked claws of the wood duck are a special provision for the oft-repeated climbing out of the hollow. The newly-hatched young are extraordinarily active, and so soon as they are dry and ready for their first peep at the outside world, either the mother carries them in her bill to the ground, or they scramble to the front door and reach the earth as best they may. I have kept close watch on a number of nests, and by the aid of an excellent glass have observed many details of the interesting ceremonies of moving day in Woodduckville. One nest in particular was in a huge hollow willow which had a decided cant to nor'ard and which stood perhaps twenty yards from the stream and leaned from, not toward the water, thus reversing the usual habit of such trees. In this tree were hatched eleven young and their





"THE MARSH PONDS CAN BE REACHED BY PUSHING . . .  
PROPELLING THE CANOE BY MEANS OF A LONG PUNTING PADDLE.



first flitting was as follows, as notes then taken show:—

The drake was conspicuous by his absence, for he was neither in the tree, in any nearby tree, nor on the visible half mile of stream. An observation late the previous afternoon had proved the existence of one newly-hatched duckling, which lay with the eggs about a foot below the entrance. Owing to the peculiar lean of the tree, it was possible to see the eggs and learn what was going on without any feeling for information, which is a dangerous experiment with the eggs of most birds.

Bright and early, therefore, the following morning I took position against a stump on my side of the stream. From this point the hole in the willow was plainly exposed, and with the glass I could see even the small scratches made by the duck's claws on the exposed wood below the doorway of her home. It was nearly ten o'clock before the sun shone fairly into the hole, and a few minutes later the duck came forth and stepped nimbly along the sloping trunk

for perhaps a couple of yards. She seemed anxiously alert, and for some time stood erect, twisting her neck about as though examining every yard of the surroundings. Presently she scratched her head with an action so comically suggestive of a certain class of human thinkers, that I was forced to smile. Evidently, she was a bit worried, but whatever may have been the troublesome problem, she presently solved it to her satisfaction, for she began to preen her feathers in a rapid and unusually energetic manner. Her toilet completed to her liking, she gave her tail a couple



“ BY A SERIES OF SLIDING SCRAMBLES.





"INTERESTING CEREMONIES OF MOVING DAY."

of quick flirts from side to side, then ran rapidly to the hole.

At the edge of it she paused as though staring within. It is possible she uttered some low call to her babies—her appearance suggested it, but I was too far away to hear. Finally, she thrust her head and neck into the hole and bent farther in until only her tail was visible. Clearly she was reaching down as far as she could. A moment later she straightened up and trotted down the trunk. Held by her bill was a duckling, which she released when still a couple of yards from the ground. It remained clinging to the bark exactly where she placed it. As she turned about, a second duckling, and then a third came out of the hole and began the descent. By a series of sliding scrambles they reached the spot

where she stood, and for the time made no effort to go farther. She remained motionless, seemingly intently watching the hole. Three more youngsters soon followed the leaders. Sliding, creeping, clinging, they covered three-fourths of the trip—then one missed its hold and fell to the ground—perhaps ten feet.

In an instant she was after it, and for several seconds she hovered pigeon-like above it. I feared it had been injured, but presently it trotted after her as she moved to the foot of the tree. Meanwhile two more had left the hole, one reaching its mates on the trunk, the other stopping half-way and apparently hanging by a foot, as though a claw had got fouled in the bark. Presumably, it made some outcry which she could understand, for she ran up the trunk, released it, and carried it to the foot of the tree, fluttering directly down instead of walking past the others. No sooner had she deposited it, than the lot on the trunk made a concerted move for *terra firma*. From their position lay the steepest part of the trip, and it was made in one quick slide.

The mother now showed signs of



extreme anxiety. For some distance about the tree the sandy soil was practically bare, and clearly she did not relish the idea of having her youngsters too long in such a place, yet there were three in the nest. One of these settled the question by coming out and making the descent in one grand leap. It never hesitated, but simply sprang into the air, and with rudimentary wings and small paddles stiffly spread, it shot down to the sand and immediately ran to the others. The mother then leaped upon the trunk, ran to the hole, and went in.

For perhaps five minutes she remained inside, and when she reappeared she held a young one, seemingly by the skin of its back. With this one she fluttered straight down, and at once released it. This left one in the nest.

Most interesting performances present something strong as the closing act, and the last baby duck surely was the star of the troupe. While his mother was attending to his small relative, this chap (I suppose it was a drake!) came out of the hole. For perhaps ten seconds he stood in the entrance as if waiting for all hands to give their earnest attention, then he started! No clawing at the bark, no fearsome clinging, nor any trace of hesitancy—he was not that sort. Whether or no he lost his balance, I am not prepared to state—anyway, down the trunk he came, running like a young grouse and gathering speed every skip. The pace, however, was a bit too good to last. Half-way down he tripped, or something, and in an instant he was spinning end-over-end, Rumpity-bump-biff-bang! Down he came, his last parabolic flight landing him fairly on top of the small group of brothers and sisters. He fell more different ways in one trial than anything ever I saw, yet the bouncing did not appear to hurt him in the least. I suspect he was the one last hatched, for he seemed very much less strong and nimble than the others.

Shortly after his spectacular arrival, the mother led the brood straight across the exposed strip at a smart pace. All were running their best before the cover was reached, mother and young appearing to have an equal dread of the bare sand. In a few seconds they were in the cover next the water, and shortly after in the water itself. I could not see them enter, but in a short time the mother sculled slyly along the edge of a mat of weeds. She swam deeply, as though striving to make herself as inconspicuous as possible, and at her tail were the young all crowded together like a small wooden mat, and occupying no more room than might have been covered by an ordinary dinner-plate. Under a tent-like mass of wild grape vines she halted, and I went down to my canoe, for I was anxious to see a bit more of them.

Had I not marked their hiding-place, the ducklings never would have been discovered. As it was, there was need for the sharpest scrutiny to locate them after the mother had flown. She did not go more than forty yards before pitching to the water, and she was in a perfect torment of anxiety. The young were packed together under the vine roots, but I managed to drive them all out. I was curious to learn if they could dive, and so soon as they had been forced clear of the cover, all but one answered the question by promptly going under. The one fellow—for I knew he was the "fat boy" who had flip-flapped down the tree, strove mightily to go under too, but he couldn't. He could put his head under and up-end all right, but to save his life he couldn't induce his fluffy posterior to follow the head. The wee paddles worked bravely, kicking drops of water at a great rate, but either the coat was too dry or the machinery too new, for the best he could do was to circle about in an irresistibly comical manner. Finally I laid hold of the fleecy tuft that served for his tail and lifted him to my knee. His beady eyes



had a peculiarly wild gleam, and his tiny paddles pressed with astonishing firmness against my leg. Happening to touch his funny little bill with the tip of a finger, his mouth at once opened to its fullest extent. His expression then was quite savage, and an instant later, to my amazement, he actually made an attempt to bite.

"You're a brave wee drakee, all right enough," I said to him as I attempted to lift him preparatory to turning him loose. The twin paddles, however, had a curiously firm grip and the sharp nails clung to the cloth. Then I remembered he was a tree duck, and better understood how his elders could perch, or run along a limb at will.

"I'll wet you, son, so that you can get under next trial," I remarked as I shoved him under. At once the small paddles were busy, and when a few seconds later the hold was relaxed, he sped deeper down. For fully a minute there was no sign of him and my heart sank, for there was a nasty possibility that his terror might have driven him too deeply among the bottom growths. Then I remembered something. A hasty stroke of the paddle made the canoe shoot many feet forward, while a glance backward detected the little villain tossing in the swirl and kicking his best to submerge himself. He had first come up under the canoe and probably had remained with only his head out for several seconds. He swam to the bank in short order, and unless he happened to be among those that tried to fly through my lead the next autumn, I never saw him again.

A peculiar capture of a half-grown drake may be worthy of reference. My comrade upon the day in question was a strapping young man, and we were fishing for bass in a stream beloved of wood duck. Where we were the water was perhaps eighty yards broad and twenty feet deep. The time was early August and the day excessively sultry. We two were, perhaps, the greatest water-dogs in the country.

"I can beat you across," Kit suddenly remarked. He knew he couldn't, but all he really meant was to have a swim.

In a very few seconds we were stripped to the buff, but before we could plunge, he exclaimed:

"See the wood ducks!"

Thirty yards away half a dozen flappers were pattering across the stream, and the way we plunged into the water was a sight to behold. We returned to the surface going at full speed and half-way across—as it proved just far enough to head off the last duck. The others no sooner reached the bank than they sprinted to cover like so many quail. Because wise men garbed only in freckles and sunburn never chase through rough cover, those ducks were safe, but not so the lone one.

"Give it to him!" I yelled, and we foamed in pursuit.

The unfortunate duck didn't know enough to return to the bank it had left, or its sole desire was to follow its friends, for go back it would not. Kit dashed straight for it, while I edged nearer to the desired bank. The duck scuttled ahead a few yards, then dived. Instantly I went under a few feet, then paused and stared toward the light. After half a minute's wait, I rose seeking air, and within a yard was the duck. A wild grab missed by a narrow margin, and again I went under and waited. The duck as it vanished was headed away from me, but I knew their tricks. Within thirty seconds, or so, as I stared toward the light, a long black thing hove in sight headed so as to pass directly over my face. I could distinctly see the head, neck, half-spread flapper wings, and the kicking feet.

It was not travelling very fast, and—this meant seriously, mind you!—I thrust my hand up and grasped the neck. Before I got to the surface I learned something about wood ducks' claws—they can scratch; but I had the drake, for such it later proved to be. Kit's first remark was, "You've got



him!" and when I held up the duck, his whoop of delight might have been heard a mile away. The bird wasn't injured a particle, but it was frightened nearly to death. I got it safely home and kept it until the first of the winter. It soon became as tame as a pet chicken. To my great sorrow a fox killed it one night in its pen.

The shooting of the wood duck is a sport I greatly fancy. There are three methods, which may be termed "jump-

ing," "polling," and "flight." About the time of the first light frosts, the ducks are much in the trees that overhang slow streams and ponds. When not in the trees, the ducks have a habit of skulking under the brush of the banks and quiet coves. They also like to stand upon almost submerged snags. When alarmed in such places, they may at once spring, or go trotting like grouse to the brush.

The man intent upon jumping wood duck should have a good canoe and a light, handy twelve-gauge — a good quail gun is the very thing. I kneel and have the gun resting in a crutch, so the heel-plate just comes between my knees. So placed, one can get it with the least waste of time, and it is wiser to waste no time when a wood duck springs. The paddle should be made fast by a yard of stout cord; it may then be dropped and recovered at will. The quickest way to get rid of it is to drop it clear. So equipped, one may steal up mile after mile of stream, keeping a sharp eye upon trees and low cover ahead, and hands ever ready to drop the paddle and seize the gun whenever the tremulous "*Oe-eek-oe-eek!*" tells the glad tidings.

It is indeed pretty sport, and none too easy, for only a smart and accurate shot can hope to excel at it. The surroundings, too, almost invariably are very pretty, for the winding



"I CAUGHT THE GLEAM OF HIS SUN-LIT GARB . . . AND PULLED."



water every few minutes reveals a new vista of noble trees, and drooping vines. Occasionally, a small flock of ducks humming down stream, dart around a bend without the slightest warning. Then is the moment for the swift man who can let go with one hand and take hold with the other, and shoot without bothering about getting the gun to his shoulder.

The first flight of wood ducks from the streams usually extends no farther than to the nearest marshes. There they frequent the lily-choked ponds, especially those which have a few old rat houses. The wood duck seems to love the top of an old rat house, presumably because it is apt to be the most convenient place for a sun bath. The marsh ponds can best be reached by pushing, *i.e.*, propelling the canoe by means of a long punting paddle which may be set against submerged roots and other tolerably firm stuff.

Next to jumping, I prefer flight, as follows: So soon as the young ducks are able to fly strongly, they are apt to start about sunrise and fly far up the stream to some special feeding-ground, or it may be their night resort in some small pond in field, or wood, or some particular cove of a stream. To these they return about sunset, straggling in singly, by pairs, and now and then a whole brood together. A man, properly placed beside the night resort, may enjoy perhaps half an hour's shooting of the liveliest description. Again, there may be half a dozen ponds, &c., near together, while the stream extends for miles above. Then it is no bad scheme to take post on the bank of the stream, and, say, a mile above the night resorts. The ducks usually follow the stream until they are close to their chosen spot; hence a man in the right place may have chances at all the fowl of a group of night resorts. I well remember one old "hide" of mine. It was on the very crest of a cliff-like bank of a narrow river. About a mile below were two big ponds in the open



"SET HIS WINGS AND HUNG FOR ONE INSTANT WITH  
THE SUN GLORIFYING HIM."

fields, and beyond them nearly one hundred acres of wet woodland. These places were in high favour, and toward sunset the ducks would come streaming down from feeding-grounds higher up.

Then the sport depended upon how the fowl arrived. If, as sometimes happened, they came in large groups, or too closely-following smaller lots, the shots at the first were apt to alarm others and so spoil the fun. But frequently they came straggling along in well-separated fives, sixes, and sevens, with an odd one, or a pair, every now and then. Then was there exceeding great joy in the hide, swift action, and the keenest of watches up stream, for it might happen that twenty or more shells would be used before the light failed, and the fellow who uses so many shells upon wood ducks and doesn't have fun, and incidentally knock down a fair percentage of fowl, should be deprived of his yellow jacket.

The last bird I killed will not soon be forgotten. It was in October, yet the weather was like midsummer.

"Too late, man—what ye thinkin' about?" exclaimed my host, when I had suggested a joint expedition up river.

"I'll go, anyway, this afternoon, just for a paddle," I replied, and away I went.

The stream was deserted, yet the five-



mile trip was wondrous pleasant. At the turning point I lingered long, merely lounging in the canoe, for farmers along the way had all told the same story—"Ducks were fairly plentiful, but all had gone to the marsh."

I suppose old memories had a deal to do with it, for somehow I fairly longed to see even one of the dainty beauties that formerly traded up and down that water. It was a perfect Indian summer day, the water like glass, the sky steel blue, and over all the magic haze which screens the death of the bleeding leaf. Great walls of painted foliage were mirrored in the sleeping water, and as I looked up the old stream from the old point of view, I thought: "'Tis indeed wondrous fair. Why couldn't just one of the wood ducks have held over for my benefit, if but to complete the picture."

He must have known—have purposely

delayed rather than have me disappointed. I saw him first, and as there was no time for getting to cover, I knelt in the canoe right in mid-stream. He saw me, but all he did was rise a bit and "*Oe-eeek*" for more steam. When he was almost overhead, for an instant I caught the gleam of his sun-lit garb, then, allowing at least ten feet, I pulled. He got it so fairly that all he did was set his wings and hang for one instant with the sun glorifying him, the misty blue above, and the billows of glowing foliage upon either hand.

For some minutes I almost wished I had missed. Then I paddled after him, lifted him from the water, and laid him gently upon my coat. He was the prettiest drake ever I killed, and all I need do is to raise my eyes to his glass ones and see them full of the same old question: "How the deuce *aid* you manage to fluke my undoing?"

## EDITION DE LUXE

By PAUL WEST

PRISCILLA is a poem sweet,  
As anyone may see,  
Of perfect lines and rhythmic feet  
And bound for life—to me.

Her brow, a frontispiece so rare,  
Contains no smallest line,  
But eyes speak volumes, and declare  
The whole edition mine.

About her mouth a winsome smile  
Of rapture gives a hint;  
Sweetheart, I'd travel many a mile  
For one unpublished print.

But lest I lost my treasure trove,  
Desired, though undeserved,  
I'll mark you "Copyright," my love  
And add "All rights reserved."



## FOOLISH SEVENTEEN

By KATHLEEN W. GILBERT

“**Y**OU are to have money—yes and a good deal of luck—but a fair man and a dark man are most decidedly going to give you trouble with your heart,” finished my cousin, gathering the cards together and shuffling them loosely in her hands.

“A fair, and a dark man,” I repeated to myself with a little conscious smile. We were sitting, my cousin and I, in the old-fashioned window-seat of the rectory drawing-room, and I, the rector’s daughter, who ought to have been plain, staid, up to my eyes in parish work, wearing my fingers to the bone in working stiff cotton shirts—I was no more than a laughing, foolish girl of seventeen, giggling over my fortune told by the cards.

Yet, if you have any desire to know what I was like I can aptly describe myself. My hair was fair, fluffy and curly; my eyes—by frequent consultation of my mirror—I had discovered were of a very dark violet colour; my mouth, I had decided, was just the right shape, and when partly opened showed a row of white even teeth. There, an artist could not have described the face of Honor Malton better; and talking of artists reminds me of a young artist staying in the village, and who, undoubtedly, was the “fair man” of my fortune.

Pushing the table and the cards to one side, I asked my cousin to come with me in the garden. It was a lovely June evening, and she rose at once and followed me. Such a sweet little brown thing she was, not as tall as I was but slender and graceful, with dark hair and brown eyes—I do not care for brown eyes personally, but they did well enough for her, who nobody considered a beauty, and who lived quietly on with us, and

made no fuss and was made no fuss of, at least when I was near.

I was not very talkative this evening. I leant my arms on an old moss-covered wall, and staring dreamily at the sunset puzzled my brains as to who the “dark man” could be.

Corryn wandered up and down, plucking flowers and softly singing, while I dreamed on. I could not fix upon one dark man more than another, until there was a step beside me and he came upon me—the doctor’s tall, bronzed-faced son, a matter of five years older than myself.

And from that hour my troubles began. One or the other was always at the rectory, the artist with his brushes, and the doctor’s son—the latter coming for no excuse, as I could see, just walking through the French window into the drawing-room where I sat working, and though I kept my eyes well fixed upon my needle, yet I felt his eyes were on me, until the silence would grow oppressive and I would burst out with some wild saying which he must have considered clever, for it brought a smile to his lips, and a queer dancing look to his handsome eyes.

But my trouble was this: when Reginald Peerson, the artist, was here, I could feel almost sure ’twas he I loved, and I felt so sorry for Arthur Dene, the doctor’s son, that I could have cried; and yet, when he was here, and the artist with his paint box had walked away, then it was Arthur Dene who could make my heart thump and my cheeks grow pink—that is, pinker than they were naturally.

To whom should I say “Yes” and to whom “No?”

If you believe me that worried me day and night, and I can trace to that very period a line that appeared on my



smooth forehead, brought there by my anxiety.

But as the days went on I grew philosophical. I took myself to task, standing with folded arms before my mirror.

"When the time comes," I argued, "your heart will prompt you to choose rightly—and then woe, woe to the forsaken one!" and at that the tears actually welled in my eyes, and a new phantom arose. "He whom I should have to tell with soft, pitying, though firm words, that I could not love, he will accuse me of encouraging him, and I shall earn the character of a hard-hearted flirt!" Was ever girl so beset as I was? Surely one lover was enough for any girl. I desired no more than one; but which, oh which! the dark or the fair?

\* \* \* \* \*

One evening I was strolling across the lawn with a few flowers dangling in my hand, when I happened to come upon Reginald Peerson, in his usual place (he was painting the picturesque old rectory), with brushes and palette, busily engaged in his work.

I paused beside him, but I do not think he heard me, for he continued to whistle under his breath. So I stood there fingering my flowers, with my picture hat rather on one side, and my muslin dress gently moving in the wind.

"If this is sold—!" he said suddenly, while a happy expression stole over his face; and at his words my heart began to flutter. It *was* the fair one then that I loved, and the time was come.

Not to show my nervousness, I said in a would-be natural tone: "What will you do then, Mr. Peerson?"

He started, poor fellow; he did not expect me to be so near, and lifted his cap. He looked at me somewhat queerly, then he said:

"I shall then," he said, "have completed a sum of money that will enable me to——"

I turned my face away, and murmured: "Yes?" (undoubtedly it was the fair one).

"To marry," he said, and I could feel he was looking at me. It seemed I could almost feel his arms about me; yet almost at the same time I heard the soft sound of his brush working on the canvas.

"You do not know my *fiancée*?" he said presently, and I raised my head at his words. What a queer way of proposing: making so sure of me. He evidently was so sure of me that he could afford to joke. *Was* it the fair one I loved after all?

I turned round and looked him full in the face: "No, I do not," I said.

"We have been engaged for three years," he said; "but I am not rich enough to marry just yet. But if I sell this picture I shall——"

But I did not wait to hear him finish his sentence.

Decidedly it was the dark one, not the fair one.

But I *cannot* describe the half-hour I had before dinner that evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was sitting sheltered by the tall ferns in a favourite nook by the river, when as I gazed pensively across the fields the "dark one" was by my side.

We talked for some time, and at last he said: "I cannot express how happy this summer has been to me."

"You look very happy at present," I said shyly.

We were standing up now, side by side.

"I *am*," he said quietly, adding presently:

"Shall I tell you, little girl, why I am so happy?"

"Yes."

"Because one I have long loved is going to be my wife." Then suddenly, impulsively, he took my face between his hands, saying: "Little cousin may I kiss you? for whatever is dear to Corryn is dear to myself."

I fought hard with the tears that struggled in my eyes, but I was able to raise my face naturally and receive my



cousin's kiss, and smile as I said how glad I was, and then crushing some flowers I had been wearing in my belt into his hands, I said: "Take them with my love to Corryn—and say how glad I am."

I stood smiling and erect until he had disappeared, and then I sank down amongst the ferns and wept my eyes out of recognition, not because I loved him, not because I envied Corryn—for I

did neither—but because I realised what a vain, self-centered girl I was. With shame I thought of the summer that was passing; but to describe my feelings is useless, and when I rose from my bed of ferns, as the sun was setting, I went home a sadder and a wiser girl. The next day was my birthday, and glad I was to feel as I woke in the morning that I had left "Foolish Seventeen" behind me.

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## UNDER THE APPLE TREES

By LYDIA KENDALL FOSTER

A SHIMMERING sheen of sunlight,  
A flutter of leaves that gleam,  
A twinkling dance of sun-flecked grass,  
As I idly rock and dream.

A full sweet calm like the ocean,  
With only a bird-song clear,  
While the singer tilts on a swinging bough,  
With a heart that knows no fear.

The glimmer of brilliant blossoms,  
Half seen through the bending trees,  
And the flitting flash of a butterfly,  
As he floats on the spicy breeze.

And far above through the leafage,  
A wonderful sky of blue,  
With a soft white cloud like thistle-down,  
Which the wayside gardens strew.

A shimmering sheen of sunlight,  
A flutter of leaves that gleam,  
A tranquil rest from the world of care,  
As I idly rock and dream.









## A BUNCH OF FLOWERS

By ARTHUR SCAMMELL

“WE shall want some flowers for the supper table to-morrow night. You might go into the market on your way home and buy some. I think you may spend half-a-crown, dear; and mind you get as big a bunch for the money as I should myself.”

The former part of this commission I promised to carry out, whilst my respect for female skill in bargaining forbade any hope of fulfilling the latter clause.

So that same evening, on my way westward (I will not use the word “home” in designating a little brand-new West Kensington flat), I went to a certain stall in Covent Garden market and bought some flowers; perhaps I paid more than the authorised half-crown; at any rate, I got a good bunch of mixed spring and early summer blooms. Daffodils, tulips, jonquils, and such hardy cottagers, a lot of forced carnations and piccotees, with a spray or two of maidenhair fern, a dash of exotic luxury in the shape of two orchid stems

with a blossom apiece, a cluster of azaleas, and roses—I think my wife herself would hardly have got more or better roses, all fresh from the hot house, roses red and roses white, pink, yellow, and velvety crimson, *Maréchal Niel* and *Marie van Houtte*, *Baroness Rothschild*, *Boule de Niége*, and, as a special act of grace, a lovely lot of new American beauties.

I went away well pleased with my purchase, thinking of the greater pleasure they would still give, and hoping that a little of reflected favour might fall upon the bearer of so precious a burden.

It was a time of year when every man, for some hours, at least, out of the twenty-four, should be taking his share of country pleasure and country work.

“Oh, to be in England now that April’s there!”

And, from the spring poetry view-point neither Charing Cross, the Underground Railway, nor even West Kensington can be considered as England.

Mornings of the goldenest, days of





the brightest, evenings  
of the calmest, and  
nights of the clearest  
now greet all country  
dwellers; and it has  
long been my fancy that men are  
not only happier, but wiser and  
better in the spring than in more  
prosaic times, that cheerfulness  
and love come with the season's industry, that the  
lengthened evenings with their witching twilight and  
blackbird lullaby, and the tender moonlight of May  
nights, must and do move our hearts at least a little in  
the right direction. It is in the spring, surely, that "the  
mountains bring righteousness and the little hills peace  
to the people."

But the country and its joy was not for me that day, so I tried to persuade myself that the evening was not so very fine after all, and that the blackbird in the ash would not sing so very much better than our canary in its cage.

When I got into the Underground train at Charing Cross, instead of reading my evening paper, I used it as a shield to protect my flowers from the dust, and I kept on looking under the paper to see that they were safe.





Princesses do not often travel by the Metropolitan, and perhaps the vulgarity and murkiness of the situation heightened the charm of the roses, so that when I fell into my usual doze my brain was possessed by their sweet scent and perfect beauty —and— I dreamed a dream, broken somewhat, perhaps, by the stopping of the train at the several stations, but a wonderful dream notwithstanding.

William Morris tells of a wizard who, amidst the snows of Christmas showed the king through an open window a sight of "the summer all aglow," and in like manner my dream opened a window in the grimy walls of the Underground, and gave me glimpses of flower land and flower scenes.

The spirit of the rose first passed into my dream, and showed me strange things. There came before me a swiftly passing vision of the great kosmical movements that had to be before one single flower could bloom upon the earth. I saw a vast swiftly - turning sphere, all of fiery vapour, rocked with tremendous throes, by which heat unspeakable and intensest light were thrown millions of miles into space. I saw the whole world a watery waste; restless billows for ever chasing each other round the globe, and never finding a friendly shore upon whose bosom they might fall and die. Then great mountains

of bare plutonic rock and leagues of dreary swamp, literally the habitation of dragons, for amongst the strange uncouth vegetation lurked fearful beasts, half reptile, half bird, with lizard tails and wings of leather. Then I seemed to



be aware of long, long ages of gradual change; of a more fertile earth, and diminished and gentler seas; countless seasons of sunshine and rain, frost and snow; of long struggles for existence, species against species, individual against individual; the evolution of new and





higher types, the ministrations of fertilising insects ; and at last a little shrub with thorns to hook itself upwards in the world, and with an inherited habit of spreading its outer green bark into a calyx, and its delicate inner bark into five coloured petals, and the elementary rose, the "canker bloom" of Shakespeare, was born. And to this wilding rose Shakespeare does less than justice. The flushed white of the petals he knew, and had watched their lightsome flutter in the summer breeze, but could

it be that he had never *smelt* the wild rose ?

But for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;  
Die to themselves.

A truer voice was this which next spoke of the hedge-rose—one of the sweetest voices of this generation, silent these twelve years past, to our loss. "The first, the dearest, the sweetest rose of June. . . . Straight go the white petals to the heart, straight the mind's glance goes back to how many other pageants of summer in old times. . . . Dear were the June roses then, because for another gathered. Yet even dearer now with so many years as it were upon the petals." My dream showed me





the lovers wandering by the side of bonny Doon, and the gathered rose, with its beauty and fragrance for new delight, and its thorn for after pain, and its memory fresh in Burns's verse for ever.

I saw village children scouring the lanes on a Whitsuntide holiday, casting away their bunches of over-blown May blossoms and faded bluebells, and tearing clothes and fingers on the briars in their eagerness for the June roses.

I saw with what a sweet tractability the wild-rose lent itself to the developing art of the gardener, alone, perhaps of all flowers losing nothing of grace and poetry in the process; trained to the highest degree of artificial perfection, the rose's native charm is still unbroken, its treasury of tender associations rather added to than diminished. It always smells of Paradise—never of the conservatory.

Other pictures of roses came before me. A gentle lady with eager com-

passion in her looks, and bearing a covered basket, hurries across a castle yard upon an errand of mercy. She meets her husband, who angrily accuses her of the crime of charity, and snatches the cover from the basket, when lo! in place of the bread which I knew had been there, the basket appears brimmed with roses. And so sweet St. Elizabeth goes her way.

Then I heard terrible noises of battle; the thunder of the charge of mail-clad men-at-arms and the whizz of arrows; the air resounding with cries of anger, and bitterness, and pain unspeakable. On the banners of the contending hosts I saw embroidered the red rose and the white, symbols of the heart of love and the pure mind. And I wondered if any of those who fought those dreadful fights every realised the pitiful mockery of those emblems of peace wrested to so base a use, and stained with such an outpouring of blood.





I saw two green mounds—two where there should have been but one—where youth and maiden, lovely but unhappy in their lives, lay buried, and from the grave of each sprang a rose-bush—red for love and life, white for sorrow and remembrance.



And they two met, and they two plait,  
And fain they would be near ;  
And all the world might read right well,  
They were two lovers dear.

Pictures of happy homes came into my dream—stately houses and humble cottages, inhabited by all sorts and conditions of men, and about the doors, and peeping in at the windows — roses, always roses. I saw companies of friends

in moonlit gardens, where was joy, talk, and music and dancing, youth and love, and still—roses.

And I noted a typical lover of a past generation—a gallant cavalier figure, beautified with lovelocks and lace ruffles, and rosettes of ribbon. He plucked one of the flowers, and bade it be his messenger to his love, and to tell her, as the summit of all praise, that her beauty was even equal to its own. And as the warm beauty of the rose enters into the dearest moments of happy life, so that it has always been the lover's flower, yet the frailty and brevity of its loveliness also make the rose a thing for pity, and an all too fitting emblem of other beauty which has "so quick a pace to meet decay." And so our poet-lover ends his message thus :—

Then die ! that she,  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee  
How small a part of time they share,  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

After the rose the carnation came into my dream, bringing an Oriental depth of colour and warm spiciness of smell ; and yet I felt that the genius of the flower is after all essentially English—old English. Gillyflower, Gillivor ; the quaint name carried me away at once to that very English garden which Shakespeare planted in Bohemia, where I saw "prettiest Perdita" giving out the posies at the sheep-shearing feast, and wasting her smiles upon old tyrant Polixenes, as she tells him that

The fairest flowers o' the season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors.

Because essentially English, the gillyvor therefore becomes American, and it moved me to see the first New England settlers, chiefly women, giving care and labour, in lives so full of both, to the planting and rearing of the flowers of home in the wilderness. Foremost amongst those flowers grew the beloved pinks and carnations, sweet with the old home smell, which must have often



brought the water to the eyes of those banished ones.

There came before me again, as often in dreams, waking and sleeping it comes, the garden of my father's house. I seemed to stand again with my brothers and sisters singing the Sunday morning hymn. I heard the church bells ring, and saw my father come out into the sunlight; a venerable figure, and a face to which years of field life—his own life and that of his fathers before him—had given pastoral dignity, and an open-air purity of expression. Dressed in church-going best, with antique flower-sprigged waistcoat and high collar, he paced the garden path; and where the pinks made a patch of summer snow upon the border, I saw him stoop and gather a spray or two for his buttonhole.

Then I had visions of a still gentler race: bulbed flowers of spring—hyacinths, daffodils, and the like. I saw a god lamenting the death of a mortal whom he had slain by mischance; and from the ground where he fell, enriched by human blood, and quickened by Apollo's tears, sprang a purple flower to make the name of *Hyacinthus* fragrant for ever.

Narcissus, too, I saw, flower and shadow, upon the margin of his fountain. The breeze passed by, and the flower above leaned over and kissed his image below; and I thought that just as the sun shone the dark water rippled, and the flower rose and fell with just such a passing breeze on the day when the mind of some long since forgotten poet conceived the beautiful legend of the youth who loved his shadow.

Then in my dream I saw that lovely vale in Ida where the shepherd misbestowed the golden apple, and the path of Aphrodite covered thick with flowers, for

At her feet the crocus brake like fire,  
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,  
Lotos and liljes.

Next a procession of white-robed priests, shepherds, and singing damsels

wending their way to the woodland altar of Pan. Amongst other offerings, they bore baskets full of

Wild thyme, and valley lilies whiter still  
Than Leda's love.

And how better should they approach



the god of nature than with a gift of flowers?

From these scenes of far-off lands and ages, the spirit of the flower brought me back to English spring-times; and in my dream I saw, what I have longed for yet in vain—the sight of the wild daffodils as Wordsworth saw them. There was the wood, the little pasture





sloping to the lake, and hundreds of golden daffodils dancing in the breeze. Wordsworth's tree at Wood Street corner I know, and often bless it as I pass ; but his wild daffodil of the lakes is still only a dream.

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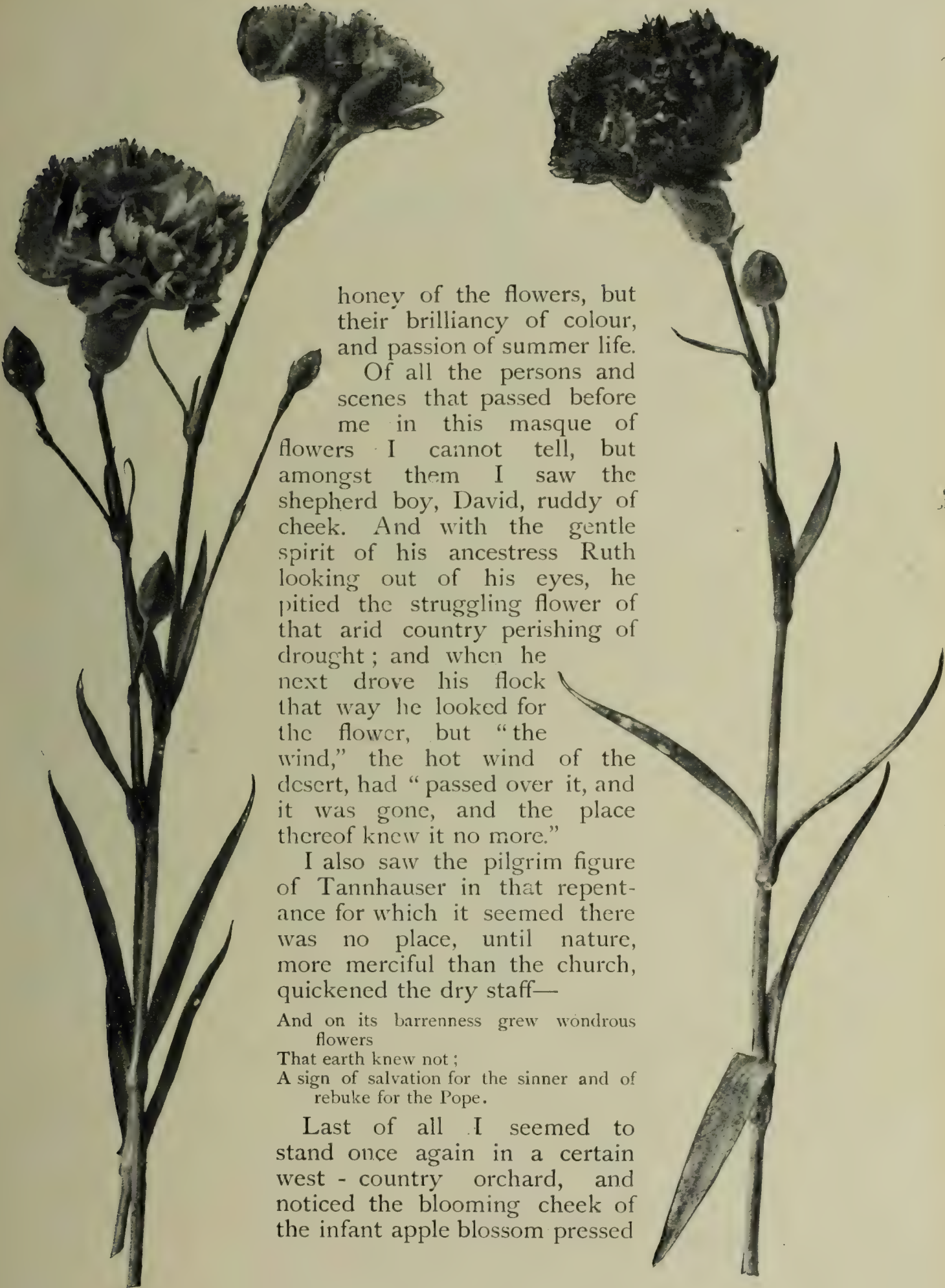
In a thousand gardens of England the dearest welcome, "the first-born's largest share of love," was given to

these sweet newcomers of the year —the snowdrop, crocus and daffodil; and I saw everywhere the cottagers still at work, in the very last gleam of the brief and therefore precious evening light, so that the flower borders might be dug as well as the potato patch.

By swirling pools and foaming shallows of the Dart I saw the maidenhair clinging to wet faces of the granite rock ; and in sudden contrast, strange fantastic orchids, those glowing torches lit at tropic fires ; and a giant tree I saw of the Brazilian forest, tall as a cathedral spire, yet ensnared by a net of parasitic bloom which leapt to the topmost bough and hung from every outstretched arm, making the

tree a very mountain of colour ; whilst, like winged blossoms, the humming birds darted and flashed in the sunlight, drinking in not only the



The image features two carnations on the left and one on the right. The carnations have dark, ruffled petals and long, slender green leaves. The stems are thin and upright. The background is a light, neutral color.

honey of the flowers, but  
their brilliancy of colour,  
and passion of summer life.

Of all the persons and  
scenes that passed before  
me in this masque of  
flowers I cannot tell, but  
amongst them I saw the  
shepherd boy, David, ruddy of  
cheek. And with the gentle  
spirit of his ancestress Ruth  
looking out of his eyes, he  
pitied the struggling flower of  
that arid country perishing of  
drought; and when he  
next drove his flock  
that way he looked for  
the flower, but "the  
wind," the hot wind of the  
desert, had "passed over it, and  
it was gone, and the place  
thereof knew it no more."

I also saw the pilgrim figure  
of Tannhauser in that repent-  
ance for which it seemed there  
was no place, until nature,  
more merciful than the church,  
quickened the dry staff—

And on its barrenness grew wondrous  
flowers

That earth knew not;

A sign of salvation for the sinner and of  
rebuke for the Pope.

Last of all I seemed to  
stand once again in a certain  
west - country orchard, and  
noticed the blooming cheek of  
the infant apple blossom pressed



against the grey lichen of the tree. I scarce could see the grass for flowers, and even the water seemed to be breaking into bloom, for the idly swaying mare's-tails of the river were all starred with fair summer whiteness.

And then—the train jolted, and ground over the points into Addison Road station, and I awoke, and went my way.

The half-crown bunch was well approved, not only by word of mouth, but also by a flush of pleasure, raised upon cheeks that are a little blanced, more's the pity, by the lifeless air of Kensington.

At supper the flowers made a brave show, and had their share of praise with the chicken and the custard.

When the guests were gone, before I sat down for a last pipe, I put out one of the piano candles, a tacit but well understood petition for one of the old tunes that only a dim light suits. A German tune, out of Schubert for choice, one that banishes the vulgarities of the day, and brings the good angels back again.

And in that peaceful time I looked at the flowers, and fancied that they in their turn were dreaming. Dreaming of what? We are of the earth earthy. The world is so much with us that even in our sleep we see visions and dream dreams charged with common human interests. But now, as the music worked its spell, kindling imagination by its tale of that unseen world in which ideal music lives, the beauty of the flowers seemed heightened

to a pitch of unearthly loveliness, and I thought that their eyes surely looked upon scenes of that "land which is very far off." The root of the rose is not, as George Herbert says, "ever in its grave," but strikes down



rather to a hidden land of enchantment, of which its perfection of form and colour, and haunting sweetness of perfume, are to us the dimly apprehended symbols.



## “THE VAN OF CIRCUMSTANCE”

By E. CRAWFORD-NEWTON

“Be thou therefore in the van of Circumstance,  
Yea, seize the arrow’s barb.”—*Keats*.

IT was a quiet little restaurant, and the girl who entered it one dull late afternoon was glad that there were so few people to see her radiant face or note her buoyant step.

She had waited and longed for this hour. For five weary years she had fought and wrestled with fate, her strength and courage centred upon the reward in view. And now she would soon meet again the man she loved, and for whose sake she had spurned all others, preferring rather the narrow way of constancy to breaking her troth with the man to whom she had pledged it. He would be with her in a few minutes, and she would then tell him how she had clung to his memory as a drowning man clings to a spar when battling with the waters of death.

When she was his wife they were going away together—away to a land where only love and joy could share the same throne. Then she would forget all the dreary years and bury her disillusion in the waters of Lethe. Five years ago, when she was eighteen, they had parted in this restaurant, he to go to Australia and make his fortune, she to stay at home with the mother who had since died. Their compact had been to meet at the end of those five years in the self-same place, at the self-same table.

In his letter he had reminded her of it, saying he would be returning shortly, and told her not to forget the day and hour of the appointment. Certainly she had not heard for nearly a year, but he would expect her to be there—he hated unpunctuality.

A waiter came up to her, and asked, in the listless manner of his kind, whether she would dine *à la carte* or *table-d’hôte*.

She smiled. “Bring me a cup of coffee now, please. I am waiting for a gentleman; he will be here about half-past six.”

The waiter bowed and understood.

He brought the coffee, and presently took away the faded flowers from the centre of the table, and replaced them by a bunch of fragrant daffodils, lending a festive look to the dingy surroundings.

The girl buried her face in them.

“How beautiful you are,” she thought. “I wonder whether you have ever waited, and longed for the warmth of the sun, as I have for the return of my lover! You are radiant and fresh, and I am tired, so tired; but my heart will be young when your bloom is a thing of yesterday.”

Each little table was divided from the others by screens and palms, so she could gaze unobserved from her corner and watch the room gradually fill.

She drank her coffee slowly, and smiled at her reflection in the mirror opposite. She had indulged in the extravagance of a new hat and a cream lace ruffle. A buttonhole of parma violets nestled in her bosom. Half-past six struck, followed by seven.

She looked anxiously at the clock.

He must have been detained after all, poor Walter. How angry he would be at having to break a promise. He would hate to think how she had waited for him all this time.

“Your gentleman is late, Miss,” said the servile voice of the waiter behind her. “Can I bring you your dinner?”

“Oh, no,” she replied, flushing slightly. “I will wait. He will come soon.”

The man moved away, and she was alone again.

The room was now full of gaily-dressed women with their cavaliers, and laughter mingled its sound with



that of the band, which was playing a popular Gaiety tune. The chair opposite to her had been turned up by the waiter, so she did not fear an invasion. Many curiously admiring glances were cast at the silent girl at the empty table, watching the swing doors with impatient eyes.

Half-past seven!

Something must have happened. Walter, in the dear old days of their engagement, had never failed her. He was truth and honour combined. Yes, he was ill, lying alone, wanting her, and she was not at his side. How wrong of her not to have gone to him. What was his address at the hotel he had told her always found him? She pulled the contents of her little bag out on the table. Two letters, a handkerchief, and the programme of a theatre were the principal items in it.

She picked up the first letter. It was unopened. She had met the postman at the door, and taken it from him. She knew the writer well. He was a rich stockbroker in the City, and had occasionally taken her out to lunch, and bought her gloves and flowers, bringing a little sunshine into the dull grey tenor of her life, while she was waiting for Walter.

"What does Mr. Shorthouse want?" she thought idly.

Then she opened the letter. It ran:

"10, Harley Mansions,

"W.

"MY LITTLE LADY MILLICENT,—I don't think you will be quite surprised when I tell you that I am very fond of you. I have taken you about a great deal lately, and fancy that you at least trust, and like me, and perhaps may learn to care for me one day. Will you be my wife, dear? I can safely promise you, that if you will come to me, and give your life into my hands, I will make it as happy as it lies in my power to do. The love, reverence, and honour that are a woman's birthright shall be yours, my

darling, and your present existence of sordid need shall be changed into the peaceful and joyous life of a well-beloved woman. Think before you reply to this. Don't spurn my offer coldly, for indeed it is a dedication of a life's service at the shrine of a good woman. I love you, dear—this letter will hardly tell you how much. All to-day, and to-morrow, I will wait anxiously, impatiently for my answer.

"Yours always,

"CYRIL SHORTHOUSE."

The girl put the letter down hastily. The hot blood stained her clear skin, and her eyes shone with indignant tears.

"It's too bad. I thought I could trust him not to make love to me. I shall hand this letter to Walter, and let him answer it as he likes. That is the worst of a man; one is never certain when friendship won't merge into enmity or love, both so difficult to turn from their course. But I did think Mr. Shorthouse was different!"

She glanced at her watch again.

Eight o'clock! It was useless to wait any longer. He could not come to her; she would go to him.

She half rose from her chair, when a name, wafted above the strains of Tosti's "Good-bye," caught her ear. It was a name that sent a flutter to her throat, and caused her eyes to suddenly dilate.

The voices came from behind the group of palms to her left. A couple of men had just come in, and between the green leaves she caught flashing glimpses of sunburnt faces and shining shirt-fronts.

She altered the position of her chair very slightly, and leaned back.

"Yes," laughed the same voice that had spoken first, "Walter Denham has done very well, better than he deserved. It isn't often an heiress flings herself at the head of a good-looking ne'er-do-well like Wallé. And the strange part of it is that they are genuinely in love."

The other laughed.



"Walter Denham in love for love's sake! It sounds almost as impossible as Julius Cæsar giving imitations of Arthur Roberts. I imagine the sort of figure he likes to embrace is one 'corseted' by *£ s. d.*"

"It's a fact, though. He's turned over a new leaf, and talks of Parliament."

Again the quiet listener changed the position of her chair.

"I'm not surprised," laughed the cynical voice. "The first thing a man does when he thinks he has cleaned his own slate is to dirty someone else's. By the way, how did he get rid of that girl he talked so much about, two years ago?"

The palms rustled slightly, and a sound like that of a strangled sob mingled its note with the dying strains of the music.

"Oh, that girl," continued the even voice; "I think he dropped her after a while, shook her off in the old way. It's easy to do those things when miles of ocean divide you from the woman who represents 'Yesterday' in Love's Calendar."

"Oh, Love, what crimes are committed in thy name!" laughed the cynic. "Well, a truce to reminiscences and moralising! This is Walter Denham's wedding day. Good luck and an easy conscience be his!"

"Good luck, and an easy balance at the bank, is the wish old Denham would prefer," laughed his friend. "No conscience is so bad that gold will not burnish it."

They raised their glasses and drank, and at the same time, identical with their movement, another glass was raised to a dry, quivering mouth, the beverage being not the champagne of the toasters on the other side of the palms, but water—the toast of Death!

The conversation between the two men grew general, and the girl rose with a white, haggard face, and eyes grown old with pain.

"Goin', Miss?" said the waiter, bustling up, eager for a tip.

She nodded, and, leaving sixpence on the table, walked down the room, the murmur of conversation sounding far off, and the sea of faces receding as in one big blur, while the wailing notes of Tosti's "Good-bye" sounded a mournful dirge.

Once outside she gazed round as in a daze. A soft drizzle was filling the atmosphere with warm vapours. The pavement was slippery, and the lamps in the street glimmered through the mist with twinkling regularity.

The girl roused herself with an effort, and, walking quickly for some distance, turned into a telegraph office.

Pulling one of the forms towards her, she wrote, and sent a prepaid telegram, then leaving the office she hailed a passing hansom and jumped in.

"21, Harwick Street, S.W.," she said in a clear, even voice.

Her brain was throbbing with fever, and her face was flushed, but she shivered, and drew her lace ruffle closer.

Presently she laughed—a cheerless note that fell strangely from young lips.

"I could bear it better were it done more gently, but this—this—is butcher's work! My fool's paradise is empty now. I must face the music of my own self-contempt, but it's hard to live when one's heart is dead—more dead because it has been murdered than if it had died."

She clenched her hands together, and a little moan escaped her lips. "A dream of five years turned into a nightmare! Five years that feasted upon their own vain imaginings, and now I feel like a helpless vessel turned adrift without a rudder, and no lighthouse ahead to steer to."

Arriving at her destination, that had "lodging house" writ in large letters all over it, she alighted, paid the cabman with the last eighteenpence in her purse, and entered the house.



Inside her small sitting room she gazed round. With what different feelings she had left it only a few hours ago, but hours that had crushed the girlhood out of her, leaving a remnant of womanhood in its stead, bruised and numb.

The dawn of spring was *en evidence* everywhere, daffodils on mantel and table, contrasting with the withered violets in her bosom. She stood silently amid the bloom, an emblematic figure of the tragic muse struck by the blight of winter.

With a sudden gesture she caught the flowers and flung them into the grate.

"You were present at the funeral of my youth," she said bitterly. "Never again will I wear you—never again."

A quick peal of the bell warned her of the telegram for which she waited.

The maid brought it in.

She opened it with eager fingers.

The contents were brief. "Walter Denham was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to-day."

That was all. She had half expected it, but the confirmation of her doubts was like rubbing salt into an open wound.

She dropped it lightly into the grate, and the tiny flame curled round it, leaping into a blaze, to flicker out the next moment.

With a white set face the girl turned away and sat down at a small writing table, where her hand glided swiftly over the clean surface of the sheet of paper before her.

Having written, she sealed and addressed the envelope in a clear, flowing hand, then rose and looked down upon it with a curiously hard little smile.

"So the curtain rings down on one act, to rise on another," she murmured. "But this time I hope it will be a comedy. I am beginning to appreciate the full meaning of Keats' words:—

'Be thou therefore in the van of Circumstance,  
Yea, seize the arrow's barb.'"

She rang the bell, and gave the letter

to the maid with instructions to post it immediately.

Then she sat down and laughed softly. "I am curious about the second act."

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## CHAPTER II.

BRILLIANT sunshine, dazzling azure ocean, smooth as glass save where a graceful swan-like yacht skims swiftly through its waveless waters when a white trail is left behind.

Beyond, the luxuriant growth of the southern palm and lemon trees mingled their verdant green and yellow tints in this gorgeous picture of Nature's fairest rose, in the heart of which a canker lingers, a canker born of man's lust for gold.

The stucco-built houses, their verandahs trailing with multi-coloured flowers, glittered in the radiant sunshine like molten silver. Everywhere was manifest the prodigal hand of nature, the long undulating roads gorged clouds of fine white dust in the face of pedestrian, carriage inmate, and the motor fiend; while overhead, the deep blue heavens, flecked with tiny clouds of fleece, seemed to melt imperceptibly into the deeper azure of the Mediterranean.

The winding malachite stairway, leading from the station to the Casino grounds, was thronged with the usual crowd of pleasure seekers, some, indeed, oblivious to the beauty of their surroundings, being wrapt, heart and soul, in the prospect of retrenching their diminishing fortunes at the tables.

In the Casino itself the gaming rooms were full of men and women of all nationalities, intent on the fatal charm of the game of chance; the only faces wearing the mask of indifference being those of the croupiers, who' cried in their monotonous twang, to the accompaniment of the click, click of the ivory balls, "*Le jeu est fait, fait le jeu!*"

Round the table in the first room, celebrated by the title "Suicide's Table"



—so many victims having left their all to be seized by the croupier's rake, to find consolation in death—the crowd was surging and swaying; eager, burning eyes fastened upon the tiny ball that, when it stopped in its midas-like spin, would bring either hope or black despair in its wake.

“Fortune is literally beaming upon me, Millicent; I shall break the bank if my luck continues like this,” and a tall, well-groomed Englishman, with a typical British face, tanned skin, clean-cut mouth showing a glimpse of white regular teeth, and frank, grey eyes, turned to flash a laughing look into the face of a slender, willow-like woman by his side.

“Halves, partner, halves!” she replied, a roguish smile lighting up her mobile expression. “You may have the pleasure of making it, so long as I have the pleasure of spending it.”

“Won't you put a louis on yourself?” he said eagerly. “As you brought me luck, I may return the compliment.”

“Thanks, no,” she said, with a slight shiver. “I may be old-fashioned, but I should hate to think that my face may ever grow in the least like that of the fearful old woman opposite us, clutching her gold with hungry fingers. I am quite satisfied at bringing you luck, Cyril, without tempting Fate myself.”

“Luck!” he murmured, his eyes resting tenderly upon her flower-like face. “You have brought me more than that, Millicent. You are my Mascot—my lode-star!”

A slight flush mantled her clear creamy skin, and she gazed round the table conscious that her husband had noticed that momentary confusion.

The green shaded lamps on the tables, the high windows, so fashioned as to keep out the soul-searching light of day, and the low continuous bubble of conversation, interspersed with flashes of staccato merriment, together with the moving kaleidoscopic forms of women exquisitely accoutred, struck her with a sense of

unreality. Instead of the noted Casino on the Riviera, surrounded by the most beautiful, as well as the most wicked, of humanity—where she, herself, had her own particular clique as one of the richest, and most perfectly clad women in Anglo-American society—she saw a dingy sitting room in a London apartment house, and seated at a table, her head on her arms, was a girl in shabby black, breaking her heart over her first glimpse of the feet of clay.

Only two years ago, and the “van of circumstance” had brought her high on the road of life, and Millicent Shorthouse, the woman, could look back and pity the tears of Millicent Craven, the girl.

A touch on her arm chased the spectres of the past from her mind, and she turned with a start to see her husband with a mutual friend whom they had left in London.

“Millicent, when you can find time to leave your castle in the air,” laughed Cyril Shorthouse, teasingly, “Lethbridge would like to say, ‘How do you do!’”

“I am sorry to appear so distrait!” she said, with an apologetic smile, holding out her hand, which was grasped in that of a good-looking genial man of *distingué* appearance.

“I can assure you, Mrs. Shorthouse,” he laughed, “I made rather an original speech just now, and it passed right over your head.”

She raised her brows quizzically.

“Really! That sounds very strange, considering I was in a ‘castle in the air!’”

Both men laughed.

“What do you keep in your castle, Mrs. Shorthouse? Ghosts?” queried Major Lethbridge, looking at his friend's wife with undisguised admiration.

She shook her head.

“No, I have let my ‘castle’ only to ‘dreams,’” she said, lightly. “Ghosts are such chilly people.”

“Dreams, in the Casino!” he laughed.

“Yes, and not of money either! Al-



most incredible, you think! Are you playing much?"

"Alas! Fortune has turned her back on me! I have staked much, and won little."

"I changed my luck when I married, old chap," broke in Cyril Shorthouse, "and now," he added, stealing a glance at his wife, "all I touch turns to gold."

Lethbridge laughed.

"Do you advise me to profit by his example, Mrs. Shorthouse?" he said plaintively.

A delicate pink stole into her cheeks.

"How can I say? You might consider my advice prejudiced."

"Will you dine with us to-night, Lethbridge?" queried his friend. "We are staying at the 'Paris.' They do you awfully well, too!"

"Oh, Cyril! you spoilt your invitation by throwing out an inducement!" laughed Millicent.

"I shall be delighted to come," replied the other, hesitatingly; "but the truth is, I have half invited a chap to come and dine with me at Ciro's. Do you mind leaving it open for an hour? He promised to let me know, and I shouldn't like to lose the substance for the shadow," he added, whimsically.

"Why not bring him along with you?" said Cyril. "We don't want to miss having you, and any friend of yours would be welcomed with open arms."

Lethbridge's face brightened.

"It's awfully good of you," he said gratefully. "I'll most certainly accept with pleasure then, for both of us. He is a very decent sort, and I am sure you will like him. He and his wife are great friends of mine, but at present he is here '*en garçon*.' I left him just now having a shot at the 'pigeons.'"

"That's all right! Then we shall be a *parti carré*, and afterwards turn in to one of the concerts, or any other innocuous dissipation that may occur to us. '*A bientôt*.'" And with a gay farewell they parted, Lethbridge wending his way towards the pigeon gallery at

the foot of the cliff, and Millicent and her husband making a *détour* of the Casino Gardens, before returning to their Hotel."

"Dearest," said Shorthouse, when they were alone; "do you know what day to-morrow will be?"

"Yes. The day on which you changed all the ugliness of life for me," she replied gently, "the day that began for me a fresh lease of hope and content."

"And happiness, dear?" he added wistfully; "tell me that a little happiness has come to you also. That you have forgotten the clouds in the rainbow."

A slight frown creased the smooth satin of her brow, as though his words uncovered a wound barely healed, then she smiled with a sudden radiance into his earnest eyes. "Dear boy! Indeed I am very, very happy. The past despair is entirely obliterated in the present. I can look back on those years and think I only dreamed a hideous nightmare once, while now——"

"Yes!" he said, eagerly; "and now, Millicent?"

"And now," she replied, softly, "life is a dream within a dream."

\* \* \* \* \*

From the brilliantly lighted rooms the strains of the orchestra floated on the balmy air to the ears of Millicent Shorthouse, as she slowly made her way down the wide staircase, *en route* for the salon, where her husband had preceded her to entertain her guests until she arrived.

Suddenly she paused, and stood a willowy graceful figure, clad in foamy chiffon that floated like clouds behind her, making her resemble a "Greuze" more than ever in ethereal effect.

What was it that, meteor-like, sent her thoughts flashing behind the curtain she had hoped was closed for all time, just when her utter peace was gliding into the deeper waters of joy?

With parted lips, and quickening breath, she waited, then understanding came to her. The wailing notes fell



upon her stilled senses with a new significance, causing her heart to flutter like a snared bird in a tangle of memory.

The air was one that disillusion had lashed into her very being; even the title of it bore the trail of tears in its wake; and as she listened she saw again a delicate looking girl, with a pale worn face, seared by the first touch of sorrow, being strummed out of a restaurant to the tune of Tosti's "Good-bye." She had always hated that particular air, but until it crashed suddenly into her life again she had almost forgotten it.

She glanced up and saw her husband coming out of the American bar with Major Lethbridge, followed by another man.

"Ah, Millicent," Cyril said, "I was just going to look for you. Let me introduce Lethbridge's friend: Mr. Walter Denham—my wife!" and he stood aside proudly for their guest to greet the woman who had honoured him by accepting his homage. With a sudden tightening at her heart strings, and a curious booming noise in her brain, Millicent raised her eyes, and, in spite of the blurred vision that caused the faces of men and women to blend and spin round in chaotic disorder, looked calmly and deliberately into that of a stranger.

Bewildered and relieved, she greeted him in her usual graceful manner, only a slight dilation of her fine nostrils indicating the latent excitement that was being kept down with a will of iron.

Several times during dinner she flashed a puzzled glance into the rather tired looking eyes of this "Walter Denham," whose voice and laugh vaguely reminded her of his namesake.

"What is our programme for this evening?" said Lethbridge. "You are not very partial to the tables, Mrs. Shorthouse?"

"No, Millicent has not quite shaken off her penchant for 'moonlight rambles,'" laughed her husband. "I don't anticipate curing her of the taste until she has reached the sere and yellow leaf period."

"At any rate you cannot say that it's an expensive one?" she laughed lightly. "And I don't allow other people to be victimised on the altar of my rusticity. You and Major Lethbridge may tempt the fickle goddess, while Mr. Denham chaperones me on a stroll through the gardens," and she smiled graciously upon the man who bore a name seared across her brain in letters of red.

"I shall be delighted," he said eagerly, his face lighting up with a sudden gleam. "I have not paid my *devoirs* to the moon since I was married."

"Your weight of years lies heavy on you, oh, Benedict," laughed Lethbridge.

"Ah! two years of responsibility ages a man!" responded the guest with a humorous sigh.

"Two years!" Cyril said; "that's odd, for we have been married two years to-morrow."

And his eyes sought those of the radiant woman he loved, with an eloquence that was unnoticed, for Millicent broke into a sudden conversation with Mr. Denham.

He gazed at her silently. Her face was flushed to a deep pink, and her eyes were shining in a way they had never shone before.

"She is like an April day," he thought, "with moods that range from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do you know, Mr. Denham," Millicent said slowly, as they strolled leisurely about the gardens, "that I can't help feeling that I have met you before—not exactly *you*," she added hastily, catching his surprised look, "but some one very like you—a twin brother—or," and she laughed lightly—"even an uncle."

"Oh, perhaps you have met a first cousin of mine," he said easily; "relations are like litters—more or less alike, and my style of beauty is rather common I am afraid."

"Yes, very probably," she answered absently. "Are all your cousins married?"



"I only boast of one—a namesake, and he is never likely to be married now, poor chap."

Mrs. Shorthouse shivered, and drew her costly fur closer. The strains from the orchestra floated softly to her ears, and the fresh mountain breeze gently fanned her face.

"Why 'poor chap'?" she laughed; "surely the remedy is in his own hands."

He shook his head.

"He was jilted about two years ago by some girl, I believe, and took it rather badly. Now he's gone to the dogs, and hasn't stopped half-way either, but gone the whole hog."

The stars in the heavens twinkled serenely, like diamonds against a background of royal blue, and the music, mingling with the snatches of laughter, sounded harsh and discordant to Millicent Shorthouse, as she raised her hand and brushed back a wisp of hair that had fluttered across her brow.

"Surely—surely—he did not lose her without an effort? An explanation was due to them both. She may have been innocent of jilting him, and considered that she was cruelly cast aside instead. A whisper has ruined lives before now."

He looked at her curiously.

"How sympathetic you are, Mrs. Shorthouse. The poor chap might have been a relative of yours instead of the driftwood he is."

A shudder thrilled her, and she turned her face aside.

"I am to blame! I am to blame!" she half murmured, clutching her hands passionately. "In saving my own life from wreckage, I ruined his. I might have written. One day would have changed our lives. Only one day!"

Aloud she said: "It is a sad story, Mr. Denham, and after all, the girl suffered too, you know. The cousin you mention is not the man I knew. When you men have so much as a pain in your little fingers, the entire heart of humanity may cease to throb, and you would not know it."

"Come, shall we go into the Casino? It is getting very chilly, and your story has spoilt the glamour of Nature."

\* \* \* \* \*

The concert was drawing to a close, and Millicent found herself once again walking beside Mr. Denham, her husband and Major Lethbridge following some distance behind.

"Are you making a very long stay here?" he said.

"Till after the Battle of Flowers at Cannes," she replied. "It is the last of the season, and we are going to drive in the procession."

"What will be your 'flower'?"

"I don't want the ordinary blooms that are so common," she said, hesitatingly. "Their brightness gets on my nerves, so I am planning out an idea that may be done in 'sea-weed,' with myself in a soft tone of green. It will be original, at least."

"The Mermaid of the South!" he laughed. "I think it will be a big success. Unfortunately I return to town to-morrow. My wife wants me."

"Mr. Denham," she said suddenly, "I have been thinking about that—that poor cousin of yours. Has he no friends—no good women friends?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Shorthouse," he rejoined earnestly, "he has not one friend now—or at least, those he has are worse than no friends at all, especially the women."

She winced.

"I fancy that I may be able to help him in a way that will not appear to be intentional. Perhaps——" and her voice shook slightly—"as he fell through the desertion of a woman, he may rise through the influence of another."

"It's most awfully kind of you," he stammered, reddening; "but I'm afraid he is not exactly—er—the sort of drawing-room man he once was."

She put out her hand. Her face was a little paler, and her eyes had a wearied expression in their depths.

"Give me his address," she said simply. "For the sake of the woman he



once loved, I would like to do something for him. It might salve her conscience if she knew.”

He took a card out of his pocket, and scribbled some words on it.

“ I am afraid he is beyond even a good woman’s interest now, Mrs. Shorthouse ; but that address may find him, should you really wish to use it.”

She slipped the little piece of card-board into the silk bag in her hand, as they were joined by her husband and his companion.

“ Well, Denham,” laughed Cyril Shorthouse, “ we adopted your system, and it may interest you to know that it was a complete failure.”

“ That only proves how unwise it was to grapple with anything your brain has not fully assimilated,” retorted Walter Denham, good-humouredly.

“ On the other hand,” said Lethbridge, “ it illustrated your native cuteness in letting other people lose money in working your system. I see a great future before you, Walter. You had better hurry up and catch up to it.”

A sigh fluttered to Millicent’s lips, and with a laughing apology she said “ Good-night,” pleading a headache as an excuse to get away.

When she reached her room, she dismissed her maid and sat down—to think.

All was clear now. She knew the error she had made—the hideous mistake of allowing a coincidence of names to break two hearts.

“ How could I guess,” she moaned, “ that he had a cousin in Australia with the same name as himself? It is terrible ! I have ruined his life, laid waste the years that might have brought forth a good harvest of honour and prosperity. And what is he now ? ” She shuddered, and covered her face with her hands. A tap at the door roused her, and her husband entered the room with a telegram in his hand.

“ Darling, we must go back to town to-morrow. I am wanted urgently in the City. Do you mind much? I will

leave you here if you like, and come back for you.”

“ No, Cyril, I will come with you,” she said, raising her white face ; “ it is my duty.”

“ Oh, Millicent ! ” he broke in, a pained note in his voice. “ When have I ever desired you to do anything from a mere sense of duty ? ”

“ I’m sorry, dear ! ” She stretched out her hand, and he grasped it in his. It was cold—so cold that a shiver ran through him.

“ Darling,” he murmured tenderly, “ you are ill and tired. I won’t stay any longer now.” He drew her to him and kissed her. “ Good-night, my lode-star—sleep well.”

“ Good-night,” she said, a smile flickering across her face. “ Send Barnes to me when you go out.”

When her maid had left her, Millicent opened her silk bag and took out a crumpled card. She read the words over once or twice, then destroyed the card.

“ 21, Vauxhall Bridge Road,” she said in a whisper. “ I shall not forget it.”

### CHAPTER III.

AT the entrance to the flats a man loitered as though hesitating whether it were advisable to interview the forbidding janitor, or to walk away without fulfilling the object of his quest.

He drew from his pocket an envelope, slightly greased, and took out a sheet of paper. On it was written in a graceful hand :—

“ WALTER,—I have only just obtained your address through a cousin of yours whom I met on the Riviera. I should like very, very much to have a chat with you. Will you come and see me on Wednesday at four o’clock? If I do not hear I shall expect you.

“ Yours, in memory of old days,

“ MILLICENT SHORTHOUSE.

“ P.S.—I shall be alone.”



It was upon the postscript that the man's eyes lingered, lighting with a vindictive gleam in their sullen depths, as he folded the letter and returned it to his pocket.

"Anyway, I will see her, just for curiosity's sake," he muttered. "Perhaps—" and he laughed noiselessly as he ran up the steps of the flats and rang the bell for the lift.

"No. 7," he said, in answer to the youth's stare of inquiry, and there was that in his voice and manner that warned the boy to attempt no liberties with the stranger who held himself so independently, in spite of his much-worn coat and unpolished boots.

Millicent Shorthouse stood in an expectant attitude, with listening eyes fixed upon the door of her dainty boudoir, and the sudden electric peal of the bell sent a corresponding thrill through her.

After a pause, in which she seemed to live hours, the door opened.

"A gentleman to see you, ma'am," and she turned quickly to greet the guest, between herself and whom an ironic fate had intervened.

"Walter," she half breathed, "I—I am so glad to see you again," and she extended her hand with a half shy gesture, wondering whether he would notice the daffodils, his favourite flower, filling every jar and vase in the room.

"Yes, Milly, we did not think when we said good-bye that we should meet like this, eh?" He laughed awkwardly, giving her hand a hearty shake, and then letting it go. "How many years ago is it, Milly?" he went on. "Anyway, they have treated you well. It's only a poor devil like myself that's gone to the wall," and a note of resentment crept into his voice.

"It is seven years since you left for Australia," she said, the first quick flush of excitement giving place to a curiously dull sensation, "and two since——"

"Since you jilted me!" he finished, with another short laugh. "That

was a knock-down, and no mistake, Milly."

She shivered slightly, and, bending forward, stirred the fire into a warm blaze.

He was indeed gone far down the social scale, this remnant of a man whose memory had so long been both a sting and a joy to dwell upon. His cousin was right; his manners were not those of a drawing-room man. This coarse, unsympathetic stranger, with the loud laugh and irritating iteration of "Milly." "Milly" jarred upon every sense in her being.

Then pity stirred the fires of resentment, for had not she unconsciously been the cause of this human wreck breaking away from his moorings?

"Are you not a little unjust?" she said quietly. "For nearly a year I never heard from you, but that did not prevent my keeping to that part of the contract—to be in the Strand restaurant at seven o'clock on the evening of March the twelfth, five years from the date you left."

Her hands clasped and unclasped nervously, as she dug up the old feelings of despair and agony, and rehearsed them once more before the man who had provoked them.

"Was nothing due to me?" she went on, speaking in a low, intense voice. "I waited, while you—where were you?"

He moved uneasily, and his roving eyes, with their reddened lids, fell before the stern gaze of the woman who sat in judgment over him.

"I was ill," he muttered sullenly, twisting his hat with clumsy fingers. "You might have given me a chance, anyway."

"Ill!" she said quickly, all the womanly tenderness in her struggling into life. "Oh, Walter!"

He saw his advantage, and seized it.

"Yes, I was lying ill, and, instead of coming to me, you went and married another man for his money, while your love was mine."



At the mention of her husband's name, she winced. All his tender, courtly ways came back to her; little subtle touches that had shown him ever getting nearer to her through the medium of a deeper understanding and sympathy.

Unconsciously she stiffened, and a wall of ice rose between herself and the man on whose account there had always been a thorn in her crown of roses.

She touched the bell for tea, and switched on the electric light. Then she turned again towards him, and for the first time realised the meaning of the other "Walter Denham's" words, that his cousin had gone the "whole hog!" The eyes, once so bright and ardent, were slightly bloodshot and restless in expression; his mouth, formerly firm and characteristic, was discoloured and showed signs of feverish dissipation; while the sunken cheeks bore evidence to a fluctuating income. But what hurt her pride most, was the collar round his neck. It was crushed, and looked as though he had slept in it, while his cuffs had frayed edges.

"When a man neglects his linen, he has lost all hope," she thought sadly.

"Come," she said, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "Let us talk about the present, the past has its own shadows to console it, and discussion has never yet lightened the gloom."

"The past may possess its shadows," he laughed bitterly, "but the present holds a worse bugbear than that."

"Let me help you," she replied quickly.

He flashed a keen look at her.

"You mean?"

"Money," she said. "I wish I could prove to you, Walter, how much I want to be your friend."

"My friend?" He flushed, and for a moment a look came back of his lost manhood. "You? The woman who ruined my life and left me on the shingles, offer me money! Insult me by throwing my poverty in my face while you bask in the atmosphere of your husband's luxury!"

Her lips whitened.

"I do not understand," she faltered.

"Understand!" he continued. "No, you good women never do! You are like ice, firm and white to look upon, but unsafe to trust. Your kindness freezes me, for it springs from your head instead of your heart."

"Will you be good enough to explain your rather rambling statement, and, if possible, to reduce it to the level of my limited intelligence and patience?" she said quietly, a delicate sneer playing round her mouth.

He edged a step nearer, speaking in a quick passionate tone.

"Yes, I'll explain. It's not the shreds of your pity I want, Milly, but your love, which was mine in the old days—the days that never seemed to have a sunset. Now you offer me a stone when I crave for bread!"

He stopped, and covered his face with his hands, eyeing her furtively through his fingers.

There was a long pause in which elation, fear and triumph struggled for supremacy in the man's breast.

Silently she walked to an inlaid writing cabinet, her back was turned, and the wondering man began to feel uncertain as to his speech having fallen on fallow ground.

Her voice broke the pall-like stillness. But it was a different voice to that in which she had first addressed him.

Then she had been Millicent Craven—the tender, emotional woman, eager to atone for a mistake; now she was Millicent Shorthouse—the wife with her husband's honour to protect; the woman of society, cold, proud and unforgiving.

"I have put on that table, near the door, an envelope containing a cheque for fifty pounds. Should it be of service to you, take it; if not, my husband will give it to some deserving charity. You will kindly leave me now."

She reached out her hand to the bell, but he broke in eagerly, his words bubbling over themselves incoherently.



"For heaven's sake, Milly, stop! Don't dismiss me like a cur! I'm not so bad as you think. I've had a lot to fight against lately, and the sight of you there, so lovely and unapproachable, sent the blood into my head, Milly!"

Go! Your presence is an insult! your excuse an outrage!"

With a gesture faintly redolent of the footlights, she emphasised her scorn, flinging all her pent-up anger and humiliation into her voice.

For an instant he stood irresolute, then with a shrug of his shoulders, turned on his heel and left the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

With a stifled exclamation she flung open the long French window. The room was oppressive, and to breathe that fetid air seemed a profanation to the man whose name she bore.

She pressed her burning brow against the cool glass. The upheaval of her emotions frightened and thrilled her at the same time, filling her with a strange sense of elation and freedom. She revelled in her new-found liberty as a child let loose from punishment, or as a bird from the cage time had accustomed it to.

"Now I know!" she breathed softly; "life before has been a Saint's Day, from henceforth it will be a Litany."

The door opened gently to admit her husband.

"Darling," he said, "are you here?"

She came from behind the curtains and went up to him.

"Yes," she answered. "And, oh, Cyril, I am so glad you have come. That you are looking so big, true, and—and clean."

Her voice broke into an hysterical laugh, and she lifted her face to his with an invitation his love was keen to grasp.

"To hear you say those words, sweetheart, is worth an hemisphere to me," he murmured, gathering her into his arms, where she rested, a sobbing breath rising to her lips at intervals.

Suddenly she lifted her head.

"Dear, I have something to tell you." He smiled.

"That reminds me. I have something to tell you, too, and nearly forgot it until you reminded me, sweet."

"Yes?" and a fearful inflexion crept into her voice.

"It is this. I ran against that chap we met at Monte the other day, Walter Denham, and he told me something about a ne'er-de-weel cousin of his, bearing his name, and of whom he had spoken to you, and your generous little heart had prompted you to express a desire to give the poor chap a leg up. Well, when Denham had given you his address, a somewhat tardy conscience prompted him to tell me he had done so, in case you should be caught in the coils of your own charity."

She started slightly, and her hand closed on that of her husband's with a spasmodic gesture.

"Shall I go on, dearest?" he inquired, anxiously.

She nodded. "Yes, I am interested."

"Well, I made a few inquiries on my own account, and found the fellow lived a hand-to-hand existence, being completely soddened by drink.

"Drink!" she whispered, "drink!"

"Yes, it appears he was in a drunken stupor on the very day he was supposed to have landed from Australia, and, so Denham told me, has ever since maintained that attitude, attributing his downfall to the poor girl whom, he says, 'jilted' him, but in reality he was in the grip of 'd.t.'s' for several weeks after he landed. Denham came over with him from Adelaide."

She rose to her feet with a cry like that of a wounded bird.

"Oh, this is too awful! Mr. Denham told me nothing of that—or——"

"He was sorry he had not told you all, darling," her husband broke in soothingly; "but he hardly liked to say so much to you."

She laughed bitterly.

"Well, what was the result of your



inquiries? Something interesting, I hope."

"Yes; at least, I discovered something he had kept hidden from Denham."

A nameless fear tugged at her heart. A question hung on her tongue she could not ask.

"It was," he continued, "that the poor chap has been living on the earnings of a barmaid—his wife, and had kept the marriage a secret from his family."

"I can't listen to any more," she gasped, covering her face with her hands, while great tearless sobs came from her quivering lips. "It is like tearing the lids from sightless eyes—the effect is the same."

"Forgive me, dearest," he murmured, touching her hair with gentle fingers. "I forgot your tender heart would suffer for others. I only told you this because I want to ask you to promise not to look this poor chap up. It is useless attempting to drag him out of the mire he has created for himself."

She turned a white strained face to him.

"No." And a tearful lilt in her voice lent it a softening cadence. "I see now the herculean task I had undertaken. He is dead to me," and a shudder thrilled her body as she thought of the tainted atmosphere of her room a few minutes ago.

She touched her husband lightly on the shoulder.

"Dear, look at me! Love has got into my eyes and dazzled them. I seem to see my bridegroom"—and with a glad little cry she crept into his arms.

He bent over her, a great wonder in his heart, and a strange flutter in his throat. Millicent had never revealed herself in so tender a mood before.

"My wife—my own dear bride!" he said in a whisper. "Thank God I can call you mine at last."

Presently she rose, and gathered the loosened hair from her flushed face; her eyes were shining, and her mouth looked as though caressed by angel's wings.

"Come," she said softly. "We must go and dress for dinner. Even joy will not let us forget *les convenances*." And the colour leapt to her cheeks under the ardent questioning of her husband's eyes.

As he slipped his arm round her waist she flung a sudden glance at the table near the door. The envelope had gone.

Then, with a great sigh of relief and peace, she looked into her husband's eyes. "The Van of Circumstance" had indeed deposited her in the safe haven of a good man's love, and honour had taken the sting from the "Arrow's Barb."



# THE LIFE PEOPLE OF THE SYCAMORE



BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

DECORATED BY

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

*A Sketch of the Canadian Forest*

## I.

THE fantastic old sycamore, standing alone on the hill, thrust out its one gaunt limb across the face of the moon. It

was early in May, and the buds not yet swollen to bursting. On the middle of the limb, blackly silhouetted against the golden disk, crouched a raccoon, who sniffed the spring air and scanned the moon-washed spaces. From the marshy spots at the foot of the hill, over toward the full-fed softly rushing brook, came the high piping of the frogs, a voice of poignant, indeterminate desire.

Having reconnoitered the night to her satisfaction, the raccoon returned to a

deep hole in the sycamore, and hastily touched with her pointed nose each in turn of her five blind, furry little ones. Very little they were, half cub, half kitten in appearance, with their long noses, long tails, and bear-like feet. They huddled luxuriously together in the warm, dry darkness of the den, and give little squeals in response to their mother's touch. In her absence they had been voiceless, almost moveless, lest voice or emotion should betray them to an enemy.

Having satisfied herself as to the comfort of her furry children, the old raccoon nimbly descended the tree, ran lightly down the hill, and made for the nearest pool where the frogs were



pipings. She was a sturdy figure, yet lithe and graceful, about the bulk of the largest cat, and with a tail almost the length of her body. Her legs, however, were much shorter and more powerful than those of a cat; and when, for a moment of wary observation, she stood still, her feet came down flatly, like those of a bear, though in running she went on her toes, light as the seed of a dandelion. Her head was much like a bear's in shape, with the nose very long and pointed; and a bar of black across the middle of her face gave a startling intensity to her dark, keen, half-malicious eyes. Her fur, very long and thick, was of a cloudy brown; and the black rings on her grey tail stood out sharply in the moonlight. Both in expression and in movement, she showed that strange mixture of gaiety, ferocity, mischievousness, and confident sagacity which make the raccoon unlike in character to all the other wild kindreds.

Though she was on important affairs intent, and carrying the cares of the family, she was not too absorbed to feel the glad impulse of the spring; and for sheer exuberance of life she would go bounding over a stick or a stone as if it were a tree or a boulder. Though life was a serious matter, she was prepared to get out of it all the fun there was to be had.

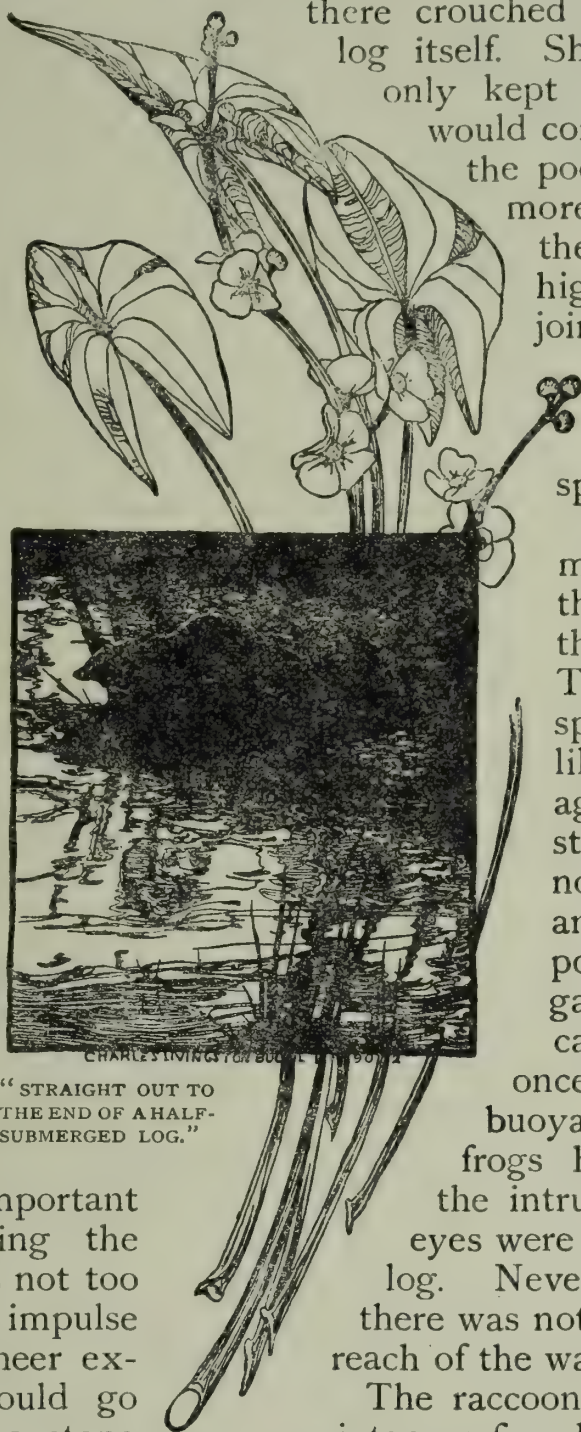
But when she neared the noisy pools she went stealthily enough. Nevertheless, for all her caution, the pipings ceased in that section of the pool when she was

within two or three feet of the water-side; and in the little space of sudden silence she knew that every small piper was staring at her with fixed, protruding eyes. But she went on, straight out to the end of a half-submerged log, and there crouched flat, moveless as the log itself. She knew that if she only kept still long enough she would come to be regarded by the pool-dwellers as nothing more than a portion of the log. Meanwhile the high chorus from the adjoining pools swelled ever louder and shriller, as the small musicians voiced the joy of spring.

For perhaps ten minutes the space about the waiting raccoon on the log appeared lifeless. Then one little black spot, that had seemed like a lump of mud against a dead grass-stalk, moved; then another, and another, and another—all over the pool. Pale throats began to throb rhythmically; and the pipings once more pulsed forth, buoyant and strong. The frogs had utterly forgotten the intruder, and their bulging eyes were no longer fixed on the log. Nevertheless, as it chanced, there was not a single piper within reach of the watcher's paw.

The raccoon's eyes gleamed with intenser fire, but she never stirred. She knew that the price of a meal, to most of the wood-folk, was patience as untiring as a stone. Only her full, dark eyes, set in their bar of black, moved watchfully, searching the pallid spaces all about the log.

A moment more and her patience was rewarded. A big frog from the neigh-



"STRAIGHT OUT TO THE END OF A HALF-SUBMERGED LOG."



bouring pool, unaware that there had been any intrusion here, came swimming up on some errand of private urgency, and made directly for the log. The next instant, before he had any inkling of the imminence of doom, the raccoon's fore-paw shot out like a flash. It was a wide-spread, flexible paw, like a little, black, lean hand, strong and delicate, the fingers tipped with formidable claws. It caught the swimming frog under the belly, swept him from the water, and threw him far up on to the shore. With a pounce, the raccoon was upon him; and a snap of her strong teeth ended his struggles.

The raccoon was very hungry, but, unlike others of the hunting tribes, she did not fall instantly to her meal. The mauled victim was covered with bits of dried stubble and leaf and earth, which clung to its sticky skin, and were most distasteful to her fastidious appetite. Picking it up in her jaws, she carried it back to the pool. There, holding it in her claws, she proceeded to wash it thoroughly, sousing it up and down till there was not a vestige of soilure to be found upon it. When quite satisfied that no washing could make it cleaner, she fell to and made her meal with relish.

But what was one frog to a raccoon with a family? She ran over to the brook, and followed down its bank to a spot where it widened out and a strong eddy made up against the hither shore, washing a slope of gravel. Here, in the shallows, she heard a feeble flopping, and she knew that a disabled fish was making its last fight with fate. It was a large chub which had evidently been hooked by some heedless trout-fisher further up stream, torn from the hook in anger because it was not a trout, and thrown back into the water to survive or die, as the water-fates should will. It turned on one side, revealing its white belly and torn gills; then, feeling itself washed ashore by the eddy, it gave one more feeble flop in the effort to regain

the safe deeps. At this moment the raccoon, pouncing with a light splash into the shallows, seized it, and, with a nip through the backbone, ended its misery.

Having eaten the fish, and daintily cleaned her fur, the raccoon ascended the bank with the purpose of returning to her lair in the old sycamore. She stopped abruptly, however, as a new sound, very different from that of the frog chorus, fell upon her heedful ear. It was an excited, yelping whine; and presently she caught sight of a long-legged, plummy-tailed dog, rushing wildly hither and thither, nose to earth, quartering the ground for fresh trails.

The raccoon knew the dog, from a distance, for the young, unbroken, brown Irish setter which had lately come to the neighbouring farm. His qualities and capabilities, however, were as yet unknown to her. Though she knew herself more than a match for the average dog, and particularly for the small black and white mongrel which, up to a month ago, had been the only dog on the farm, she did not know just how dangerous the Irish setter might be. Therefore, though the light of battle flamed into her eyes, she considered her responsibilities, and looked around for a tree.

There was no tree near, so she turned, crouched close to the ground, and attempted to steal off unperceived. But as she turned the dog caught sight of her. At the same instant he also caught her scent. It was a new scent to him, a most interesting scent; and he rushed upon her with streaming tail and a peal of joyously savage yelpings. The raccoon backed up against a granite rock and stood at bay, her long white teeth bared, her eyes fierce, fearless, and watchful.

The Irish setter was a wild, undisciplined pup, hare-brained and headlong after the manner of his breed. Of raccoons and their capabilities he had had no experience. This small, crouching



animal under the rock in the moonlight seemed to promise an easy victory. He sprang upon her, open-mouthed, and

snapped confidently at her neck.

All his big jaws got were a few hairs; for on the instant the raccoon had dodged. Her keen claws raked the side of his face, and her fine, punishing fangs tore a gash in his neck, dangerously near the throat. With a yelp of pain and terror he tore himself free of those deadly teeth and bounded out of reach. And the raccoon, silently triumphant, backed up again into her posture of defence against the rock.

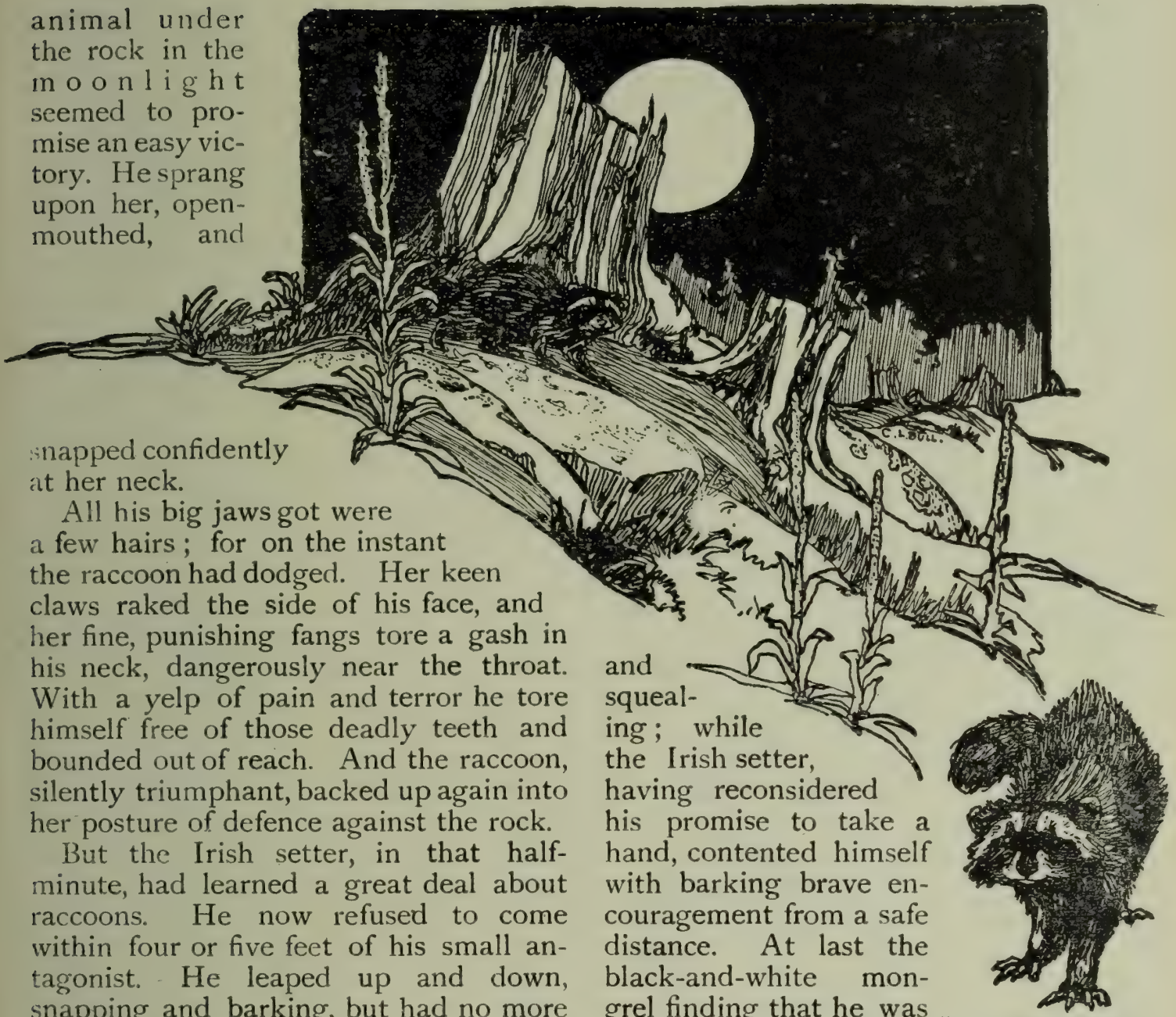
But the Irish setter, in that half-minute, had learned a great deal about raccoons. He now refused to come within four or five feet of his small antagonist. He leaped up and down, snapping and barking, but had no more stomach for the actual encounter. His noisy threatenings, however, which did violence to the silvery magic of the night, soon brought an answer; and the black-and-white mongrel, barking in great excitement, rushed up to take a hand in the affray.

At the sight of the quietly desperate raccoon he stopped short. But his hesitation was from discretion, not from cowardice. He knew that the raccoon could master him. He took some sort of swift counsel, therefore, with the blustering setter; and then, having apparently received assurance of support, sprang boldly on the enemy.

There was a sharp tussle, a confusion of snapping, snarling, clawing, growling,

and squealing; while the Irish setter, having reconsidered his promise to take a hand, contented himself with barking brave encouragement from a safe distance. At last the black-and-white mongrel finding that he was getting badly worsted and receiving no support, tried to draw away; and the raccoon, fearing to be dragged from her post of vantage against the rock, at once let him go. Both combatants were breathless and bleeding, and they eyed each other with the watchfulness born of respect.

The little mongrel now seemed to hold a second and more elaborate conference with the Irish setter. Possibly he conveyed his opinion of the latter's character, for the proud-plumed tail drooped disconsolately, and the loud-mouthed threatenings ceased. Just what new courage the sagacious mongrel might have succeeded in infusing into the vola-



"... AND PRESENTLY  
MOVED OFF TO THEIR  
HUNTING."



tile heart of his ally, just what plan of concerted action might have been evolved to the ruin of the heroic little fighter under the rock, will never be known, for at this moment a second and larger raccoon came running swiftly and silently up the bank.

It was the mother 'coon's mate, who had heard the noise of combat where he was foraging by himself far down the brook. At sight of this most timely reinforcement, the beleaguered raccoon made a sortie. Recognising the weak point in the assailing forces, she darted straight upon the hesitating setter, and snapped at his leg.

This was quite too much for his jarred nerves, and with a howl, as if he already felt those white teeth crunching to the bone, the setter turned and fled. The black-and-white mongrel, highly disgusted, but realising the hopelessness of the situation, turned and fled after him in silence. Then the triumphant raccoons touched noses in brief congratulation, and presently moved off to their hunting as if nothing had happened. The wild kindred, as a rule, maintain a poise which the most extravagant adventures this side of death cannot deeply disturb.

## II.

Up to this time, through the hungry weeks of late winter and the first thaws, the raccoons in the old sycamore had resisted the temptation of the farmer's hen-roosts. They knew that the wilderness hunting, though the most difficult, was safe, while any serious depredations at the farm would be sure to bring retaliation from that most crafty and dangerous creature, man. Now, however, after the fight with the dogs, a mixture of audacity with the desire for revenge got the better of them; and that same night, very late, when the moon was casting long, sharp shadows from the very rim of the horizon, they hurried through the belt of forest which separated their sycamore from the

cleared fields, and stole into the rear of the barnyard.

The farm was an outpost, so to speak, of the settlements, on the debatable ground between the forces of the forest and the forces of civilization, and therefore much exposed to attack. As the raccoons crept along behind the woodshed, they smelt traces of a sickly, pungent odour, and knew that other marauders had been on the ground not very long before. This made them bolder in their enterprise, for they knew that such depredations as they might commit would be laid to the account of the skunks, and therefore not likely draw down vengeance upon the den in the sycamore. They killed a setting hen upon her nest, feasted luxuriously upon her eggs and as much of herself as they could hold, and went away highly elated. For three successive nights they repeated their raid upon the fowl-house, each night smelling the pungent, choking scent more strongly, but never catching a glimpse of the rival marauder. But on the fourth night, as they crossed the hillocky stump-lot behind the barns, the scent became overpowering, and they found the body of the skunk where fate had overtaken him, lying beside the path. They stopped, considered, and turned back to their wild-wood foraging; and through all that spring they went no more to the farmyard, lest they should call down a similar doom upon themselves.

As spring ripened and turned to summer over the land, food grew abundant in the neighbourhood of the sycamore, and there was no temptation to trespass on man's preserves. There were grouse nests to rifle, there were squirrels, hares, woodmice, chipmunks to exercise all the craft and skill of the raccoons. Also there were the occasional unwary trout or chub to be scooped up upon the borders of the brook. And once, more in hate than in hunger, the old mother raccoon had the fierce joy of eradicating a nest of weasels which she



found in a pile of rocks. She had a savage antipathy to the weasel tribe, whose blood-lust menaces all the lesser wood-folk, whose teeth delight to kill after hunger is sated. The raccoon carried more scars from the victory over the weasels than she had to remind her of the scuffle with the dogs. But she had the nerve that takes punishment without complaint, and the scars troubled her little.

When the five young raccoons came down from the sycamore and began to depend upon their own foraging it soon became necessary to extend the range as game grew shyer and more scarce. Even chub and suckers learn something in course of time ; and as for woodmice and chipmunks, under such incentive as an active family of raccoons can give them, they attain to a truly heartless cunning in the art of making their enemies go hungry. Hanging together with an intense clannishness, the raccoon family would make expeditions of such length as to keep often for two or three days at a time away from the home in the sycamore.

At last, one night in late summer, when the stars seemed to hang low among the warm and thick-leaved trees, and warm scents steamed up wherever the dew was disturbed by furry feet, the raccoons wandered over to the edge of the cornfield. It chanced that the Indian corn was just plumping to tender and juicy fullness. The old raccoons showed the youngsters what richness of sweetness lay hidden within the green wrappings of the ears; and forthwith the whole clan fell to feasting recklessly.

In regard to the ducks and chickens of the farm, the raccoons were shrewd enough to know that any extensive depredations upon them would call down

the swift vengeance of the farmer folk ; but they could not realise that they were in mischief when they helped themselves to these juicy growing things. The corn, though manifestly in some way involved with the works of man, seemed nevertheless to them a portion of nature's liberality. They ran riot, therefore, through the tall, well-ordered ranks of green, without malice or misgiving ; and in their gaiety they were extravagant. They would snatch a mouthful out of one sweet ear, then out of another, spoiling ten for one that they consumed.

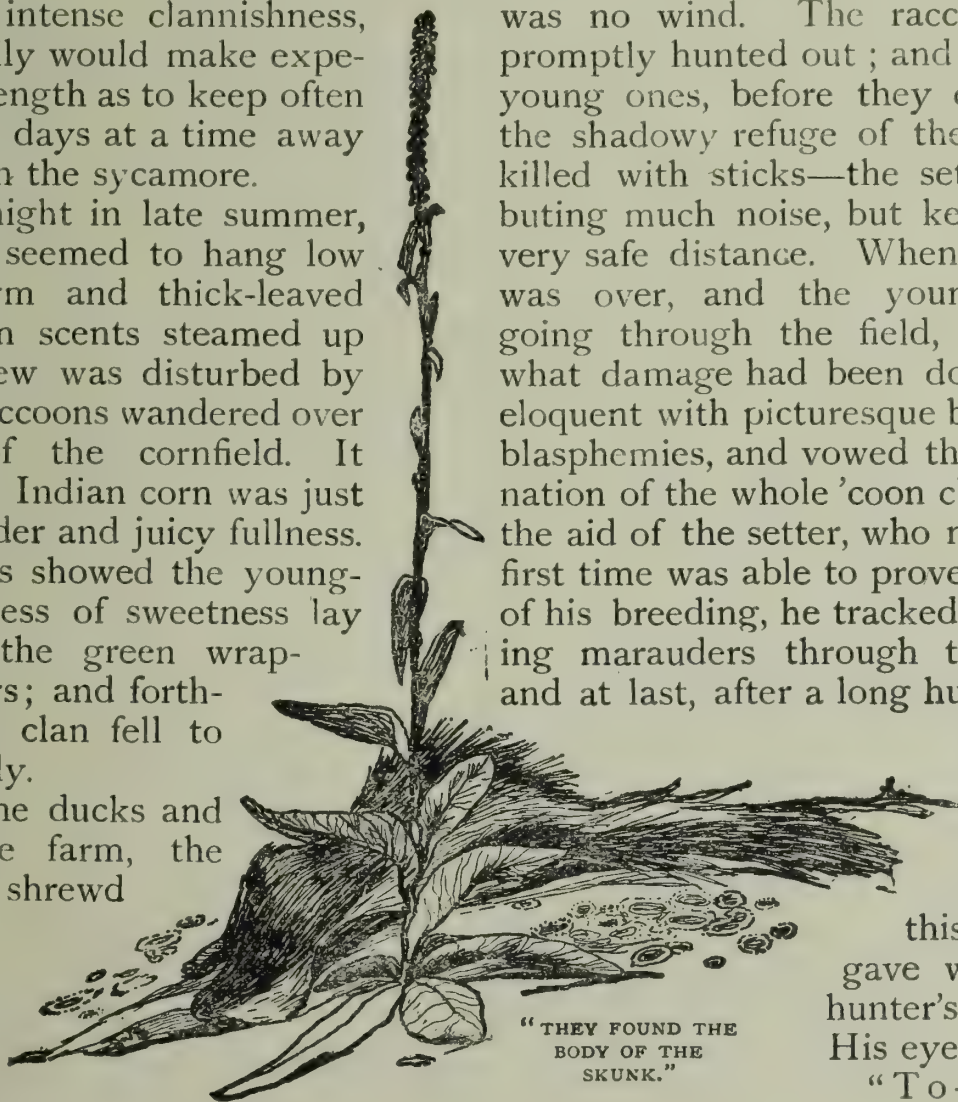
Night after night they came to the cornfield, and waxed fat on their plunder, till at last, when they had done the damage of a herd of oxen, one silvery night they were discovered. The young farmer, with his hired boy and the hare-brained Irish setter, chanced to come by through the woods, and to notice that

the corn was moving, although there was no wind. The raccoons were promptly hunted out ; and one of the young ones, before they could gain the shadowy refuge of the trees, was killed with sticks—the setter contributing much noise, but keeping at a very safe distance. When the affray was over, and the young farmer, going through the field, found out what damage had been done, he was eloquent with picturesque back-woods blasphemies, and vowed the extermination of the whole 'coon clan. With the aid of the setter, who now for the first time was able to prove the worth of his breeding, he tracked the escaping marauders through the woods, and at last, after a long hunt, located

their lair in the old sycamore tree on the hill. At

this his wrath gave way to the hunter's elation. His eyes sparkled.

"To-morrow



"THEY FOUND THE  
BODY OF THE  
SKUNK."



night," said he to the hired boy, "we'll have a reg'lar old-fashioned 'coon hunt!"

Then, whistling off the setter, who was barking, jumping, and whining ecstatically at the foot of the sycamore tree, he turned and strode off through the moon-shadows of the forest, with the dog and the hired boy at his heels. The diminished raccoon family, with beating hearts and trembling nerves, snuggled down together into the depths of the sycamore, and dreamed not of the doom preparing for them.

### III.

On the following night, soon after moonrise, they came. Stealthily, though there was little need of stealth, they crept, Indian file, around the branchy edges of the fields, through the wet, sweet-smelling thickets. The hunter's fever was upon them, fierce and furtive. They came to the cornfield—to find that the raccoons had paid their visit, made their meal, and got away at the first faint signal of the approach of danger. With an outburst of excited yelpings the dogs took up the hot trail, and the hunters made straight through the woods for the sycamore tree.

It was a party of five. With the young farmer, the hired boy, the hare-brained Irish setter, and the wise little black-and-white mongrel, came also the young schoolmaster of the settlement, who boarded at the farm. A year out of college, and more engrossed in the study of the wild creatures than ever he had been in his books, he had joined the hunt less from sympathy than from curiosity. He had outgrown his boyhood's zeal for killing things, and he had a distinct partiality for raccoons; but he had never taken part in a 'coon hunt, and it was his way to go thoroughly into whatever he undertook. He carried a little '22 Winchester repeater which he had brought with him from college, and had employed, hitherto, on nothing more

sentient than empty bottles or old tomato-cans.

Now it chanced that not all the raccoon family had made their escape to the deep hole in the sycamore tree. The old male, who was rather solitary and moody in his habits at this season, had followed the flight of the clan for only a short distance; and suddenly, to their doubtful joy and complete surprise, the two dogs, who were far ahead of the hunters, overtook him. After a moment's wise hesitation the black-and-white mongrel joined battle, while the setter contributed a great deal of noisy encouragement. By the time the hunters came up the mongrel had drawn off, bleeding and badly worsted; and the angry raccoon, backed up against a tree, glared at the newcomers with fierce eyes and wide-open mouth as if minded to rush upon them.

The odds, however, were much too great for even so dauntless a soul as his; and when the enemy were within some ten or twelve paces he turned with a shrill-squealing growl and ran up the tree. In the first fork he crouched, almost hidden, and peered down with one watchful eye.

The young farmer was armed with an old muzzle-loading single-barreled duck-gun. He raised it to his shoulder and took aim at the one bright eye gleaming from behind the branch. Then he lowered it and turned to his boarder with a mixture of politeness and rustic mockery.

"Your first shot!" said he. "I'll shoot the critter after you've tried that there peashooter on him!"

"He's licked the dogs in fair fight," said the schoolmaster. "Let's let him off!"

The farmer swore in unaffected amazement. "Why that's the—— that does more damage than all the rest put together!" he exclaimed. "You'll see me fix *him*. But you take first shot, Mister Chase. I want to see the peashooter work!"





"THERE WERE GROUSE NESTS TO RIFLE."

The young schoolmaster saw his prestige threatened—and with no profit whatever to the doomed raccoon. Prestige is nowhere held at higher premium than in the backwoods. It is the magic wand of power. The young man fired, a quick but careful shot; and on the snappy, insignificant report the raccoon fell dead from the tree.

"You *kin* shoot some!" remarked the farmer, picking up the victim and noting the bullet-hole in its forehead. And the hired boy spread his mouth in a huge, broken-toothed grin of admiration.

The old sycamore stood out lonely in the flood of the moonlight. Not a raccoon was in sight; but the round, black doorway to their den was visible against the gray bark, beside the crotch of the one great limb. The frantic yelpings of the dogs around the foot of the tree were proof enough that the family were at home. The hunters, after the ancient custom of men that hunt 'coons, had brought an axe with them; but the hired boy, who carried it, looked with dismay at the huge girth of the sycamore.

"Won't git that chopped down in a week!" said he, with pardonable deprecation of his powers.

"Go fetch another axe!" commanded the farmer, seating himself on a stump and getting out his pipe.

"It would be a pity to cut down that tree, the biggest sycamore in the country, just to get at a 'coon's nest!" said the young schoolmaster, willing to spare both the tree and its inhabitants.

The farmer let his match go out while he eyed the great trunk.

"Never mind the axe," said he, calling back the hired boy. "Fetch me the new bindin' rope out of the spare manger; an' a bunch of rags, an' some salmon twine. An' stir yerself!"

Relieved of his anxiety as to the chopping, the boy sped willingly on his errand. And the young schoolmaster realised, with a little twinge of regret, that the raccoon family was doomed.

When the boy came back the farmer took the bunch of rags, smeared them liberally with wet gunpowder, and tied them into a loose, fluffy ball on the end of a length of salmon twine. Then, having thrown the rope over the limb of the sycamore, he held both ends and sent the hired boy up into the tree, where he sat astride, grinning and expectant, and peered into the well-worn hole.



"Now," said the farmer, tossing the ball of rags up to him, "light this 'ere spittin' devil, an' lower it into the hole, an' we'll see what's what!"

As he spoke, he turned, and gave the schoolmaster a slow wink which quickened the latter's expectations. The next moment the boy had set a match to the rags, and they were ablaze with wild sputterings and jets of red flame. Eagerly but carefully he lowered the fiery ball into the hole, paying out the string till it was evident that the tree was hollow almost down to the butt.

Suddenly there was a wild commotion of squeals, grunts, and scratchings in the depths of the invaded hole. The sounds rose swiftly up the inside of the trunk. Then there was an eruption at the mouth of the hole. A confusion of furry forms shot forth, with such violence that the startled boy almost lost his balance. As it was, he backed away precipitately along the branch, amid derisive encouragement from his friends below.

Having eluded, for the moment, the flaming invader of their home, the raccoons paused on the limb to survey the situation.

"Fling 'em down to us!" jeered the farmer, hugely amused at the boy's dismay.

The latter grinned nervously, and started forward as if to obey. But at this moment the raccoons made their decision. The dogs and men below looked more formidable than the hesitating boy astride of their branch. In a resolute line, their fierce old mother leading, they made for him.

The boy backed away with awkward alacrity, but still keeping his hold on the salmon twine. Consequently by the time he had nearly reached the end of the limb, the still sputtering fireball emerged from the hole in the crotch. At the sound of it behind them, the young raccoons turned in terror, and straightway dropped from the tree; but the old mother, undaunted, darted savagely upon her foe. The boy gave a

cry of fear. The next instant there was a spiteful crack from the schoolmaster's little rifle. The old raccoon stopped, shrank, and rolled lifeless from the limb.

Meanwhile, the youngsters were in a *mêlée* with the two dogs. Though little more than three-fourths grown, they had courage; and so brave a front did they oppose to their enemies that for a few moments the dogs were cautious in attack. Then the black-and-white mongrel sprang in; and the big setter, realising that these were no such antagonists as their parents had been, followed, and was astonished to learn that he could stand a bite from those sharp teeth and resist the impulse to howl and run away. In less time than it takes to describe, one of the raccoons was shaken to death in the setter's great jaws, and then the other three scattered in flight.

One was overtaken in two seconds by the black-and-white mongrel, and bitten through the back. The second ran past the farmer, and was killed by a quick blow with his gun barrel. The third, full of courage and resource, flew straight at the setter's throat, and so alarmed him that he jumped away. Then, seeing no tree within reach, and probably realising that there was no escape by any ordinary course, he fled straight to the farmer.

The farmer, however, mistook this action for the ferocity of despair. He struck out with his gun barrel, missed his aim, swore apprehensively, and caught the little animal a kick which landed it within a couple of yards of the spot where stood the young schoolmaster watching the scene with mingled interest and pity. His sympathies now went out warmly to this brave and sole survivor of the little people of the sycamore. His quick intuitions had understood the appeal which had been so cruelly repulsed.

For a second the young raccoon stood still where he had fallen, and his keen,



dark eyes flashed a glance on each of his enemies in turn. Both dogs were now rushing upon him. The ever-imminent doom of the wild kindred was about to lay hold of him. He half turned, as if to die fighting; then changed his mind, darted to the feet of the young schoolmaster, ran up his trouser leg, and confidently took refuge under his coat.

"Shake him off! Shake him off! A 'coon's bite is pizen!" shouted the farmer in great excitement.

"Not much!" said the young schoolmaster with decision, gathering his coat snugly around his panting guest. "This 'coon hunt's over. This little chap's coming home to live with me."

The farmer stared, and then laughed good-naturedly.

"Jest as you say," said he. "Recken ye've 'arned the right to have a say in

the matter. But ye'll find 'coons is mighty mischievous, 'round a house. Fetch the karkisses, Jake. Reckon we've done pretty well for one night's huntin', an' there ain't goin' to be no more 'coons rootin' in the corn this summer."

In a few minutes the procession was again plodding, Indian file, through the still, dew-fragrant, midnight woods. The little raccoon, its heart now beating quietly, nestled in secure contentment under the young schoolmaster's arm, untroubled even by the solemn and deep-toned menace of a horned-owl's cry from the spiky top of a dead hemlock near at hand. From the lake behind the hill came the long laughter of a loon, the wildest and saddest of all the wilderness voices. And a lonely silence settled down about the old sycamore on the hill, solitary under the white, high-sailing moon.





# LOVE AND LADY MACBETH

By CLARA MORRIS

*Illustrated by W. Glackens*

THERE is no habit more tenacious than the habit of work. Once acquire it, and you are helpless.

You may never "loaf and invite your soul," you cannot lounge about with your hands in your lap, doing nothing the fair long day. In reality, to the victim of the working habit there are no long days; they are all short days. Like many another, I realised my danger when too late. When I came to New York, and the continued run of a play left me some hours of the day without work, I immediately went forth and hunted work to fill them up with. It was thus I came to make the acquaintance of that Monsieur Fasquelle of France, who had so much anxiety as

to the whereabouts of his brother-in-law's hat and the butcher's candlestick. An excellent grammarian, Monsieur Fasquelle, but a bit eccentric as a conversationalist, it always seems to me. I saw my danger then, but the habit was already too strong, and alas! it is not broken yet. Therefore it is not surprising that when I began to star, finding considerable time in which I used to study plays unoccupied, I turned my attention to the subject of matrimony. And let me say here that the actress, even the sentimental one, generally arranges her marriage with brevity, celerity, and despatch. She cannot for her life bring herself to look upon her wedding as a matter of world-moving importance, as does the girl in private life, who, judging by her own excite-

ment, pride, display, and momentary supremacy, decides that her marriage is nothing short of a social cataclysm.

Late in the sixties actors still had their costumes carried to and from the theatre in champagne baskets by the "basket-boy," and the very first and most important duty of the actor or actress, after rehearsal, was to get the basket ready and place it outside the door; then, only, one might feel free.

Well, Cupid had been taking a little flyer behind the scenes, and a young comedian had been stricken with love for a bit of a girl who danced between the first play and the farce. One day he saw the old leader of the orchestra tap her cheek with his bow, and the

awful familiarity was too much to be endured—silently. He walked home with her, and, in the boarding-house hall, he spoke. A minister's name was mentioned—a number—a street—something about a license. Nothing seemed very clear, except his love and his desire to get married at once—at once!

"Oh, Lizzie, will you marry me? Dear little Lizzie! will you?" he implored.

And Lizzie, who was about the height of a nine years' old child, but was full sixteen, very pink and very pleased,

looked coyly up, then modestly down, and answered; "I'm awfully glad you love me, Ted, but—but, really, you know, you'll have to wait a little!"

Down went Ted's face. "Wait!" he cried, in a tragic voice. "Wait! Good kingdom! Why? What for? How long?"



"COSTUMES CARRIED TO AND FROM THE THEATRE IN CHAMPAGNE BASKETS, BY THE BASKET-BOY."



And Lizzie, with wide, reproachful blue eyes, said : " Why, Ted, you know well enough you'll have to wait till I get my basket ready."

And when he heard the thump of that article at his sweetheart's door, he issued forth from his room, tied the strings of her bonnet under her chin, and they sallied forth and were married. And it is gratifying to know that that knot was not only simply and swiftly tied, but securely, too, for though they endured many hardships, faced many troubles, lost two wee lambs from the little flock sent to them, while the blackest kind of a small goat was spared for them to struggle with, yet the sorrow and shame of divorce came never near them—never ! And love lasted while life lasted.

Another actress-bride in New York, being unable to leave town, though the heat was appalling, was married in the parlour in " a going-away gown of pale grey," the paper said ; and the reverend gentleman who had officiated having departed, straightway the bridal pair also went away upon their wedding

journey—away upstairs, up a ladder, through a scuttle, out upon the roof, where, in a hammock swung between the chimneys, the bride ensconced herself, and was sweetly served with ice-cream and angel cake by a very handsome, kneeling groom, who, finding the gravel hard and sharp, folded the napkin into a pad and placed it beneath his bruised knee. And when the cream and angel cake were gone, their honeymoon rose and found them there with inwreathing arms and waving palm-leaf fans, still at their banquet, but now supping of the nectar of confessed love, each listening to the other's tale of how, and when, and where the first spark of love flew into an innocent and unsuspecting heart. Nor was the element of danger quite absent from this wedding journey, for the bride was a large woman, though a darkly handsome one ; large was she and heavy, and the scuttle was small and the ladder almost straight and weak to shakiness. There was an earnest discussion along towards dawn as to which one should first descend. Finally the bride declared for the groom's advance. " You see, should I stick fast, dear, you might half starve up here before our condition was discovered ; but if you go first, and I, in following, stick fast, you are ready to give the alarm and call upon the fire department for assistance—for scuttles, I think, are in the line of fire work."

So she came last, and though most of the rungs of the ladder came down with her, she was safely back from her wedding journey.

Three weeks afterwards, at a birthday dinner on Staten Island, I sat opposite this bride. Our hostess had been speaking



" SAW THE OLD LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA TAP HER CHEEK WITH HIS BOW."



of favourite places on the Hudson and suddenly she asked of my *vis-à-vis*: "Your honeymoon was on the Hudson! How sensible! And did you go up or down?"

Pushing a tiny bone from the fish on her plate, she answered calmly: "I went up." Then, as all the blood in my body seemed to be pumping up into my face, she gave me a reproachful look, and asked: "Don't *you* admire the country about Newburgh?" And that woman prided herself upon her truthfulness!

In contrast to these two rather exceptional abrupt ceremonies, I recall the fact that at the first wedding I had the pleasure of attending, the young girl-bride had so worn out her strength in preparations, in shopping, in fitting, in receiving and acknowledging, in planning and arranging and rehearsing, that grave doubts were expressed by the family physician of her ability to pass through the church ceremony and the home reception without collapsing utterly; and the bridesmaids found themselves "shouldered about" (as they declared), by doctor and nurse, and when the maid of honour came to entreat for the frantic groom, one word with the bride—one single word, just through the merest crack of the door—that tormented young person burst forth with a "NO!" and a passionate declaration that "she wished she had never seen him, and if he sent her another message she would never look at him again as long as she lived!" There were nerves for you, and oh! the pity of it. I saw a small bottle of chloral slipped into the traveling bag of that bride.

Yes, the girl in private life and the actress hold widely differing views of weddings—weddings, mind you, not marriage. An actress loves as warmly, promises as truly, hopes as fairly as does the outsider, who makes the ancient vow that is yet ever new—to love, to honour, to obey! Only the girl in private life often finds in her wedding

her sole opportunity for personal display. It is her day of power and authority—when she plays the leading part, when she is the head and front, the beginning and the ending; when, as a slangy little woman remarked to me a week or two ago, "She is the bride, and the bride is the whole show!" Hence her joy in the great spectacular wedding. But the actress is on exhibition every day of her life—she is a mimic bride over and over again, and to a sensitive woman there is almost an immodesty in a public wedding for an actress.

All of which, when the time came, I elaborately, carefully, and I hope lucidly, explained to the family of my adoption. The wonder to me is that I ever married at all. In the first place, my love affairs ran a course so far from smoothness, so tangled and so rough, that a map of them would resemble the work of gutters a heavy rain storm cuts in garden paths and driveways. Then, again, I had a bad start in my matrimonial proposals. Those cats\* not only spoiled the first one, but seemed to some extent to interfere with the others. You are sceptical, perhaps, because I, who am not beautiful, speak of loves and proposals? But you should not be, for the woman who is plain and knows it, often sees in her plainness a challenge from *fate*, and if she amiably and gaily takes it up, is apt to win, well, lovers among other things. Many women are in love with love long before the special lover arrives upon the scene, and while there is flirtation that is silly and flirtation that is cruel, there is, too, that flirtation which means *atten-*

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\* With regard to the cats, it may be stated that this is not a reference to women rivals, as might perhaps be supposed. Those who read Miss Morris' book, "Life on The Stage," published by Isbister and Co., will understand the allusion. Clara's first proposal occurred after theatre hours, somewhere about midnight, by the front gate of a suburban residence. At the most tender juncture the silence was shattered by the fierce yell of a big cat which came plump down between the lovers, causing the girl to laugh and the man to swear; effectually scattering sentiment to the winds.—EDITOR.



tion without intention that is quite a charming pastime, and one that is popular alike with homely or handsome women. Only the beauty often says to herself, after a new conquest: "It's this lovely mask he cares for. If my hair became thin, if my skin became sallow, my eyes dull—would he care for me then? could *I* hold him?" While the woman whose mirror shows her, perhaps only clear eyes and general wholesome-

and dearest, and she brought herself to say: "The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" But when her beauty began to fade with startling rapidity, she stood before her glass, in the presence of a friend, and forcing a smile, she said: "Oh, well! the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed—oh, I can't!" she shrieked. "I can't bless His name! Why, oh, why give me beauty, only to rob me of



"OUT UPON THE ROOF, WHERE, IN A HAMMOCK SWUNG BETWEEN THE CHIMNEYS, THE BRIDE ENSCONCED HERSELF AND WAS SWEETLY SERVED WITH ICE-CREAM AND ANGEL CAKE."

ness, knows that keenest triumph, "It's *I* whom he cares for—*I*, my very self for here is no rare beauty of feature or colouring to attract his eye!"

Well, beautiful women—who are the flowers of the human race—can afford to suffer a mild twinge or two; they have only to look into the nearest pair of eyes to find comforting admiration and be happy again. But oh, what a tragedy is the fading of a great beauty! A splendid creature once lost her nearest

it It's cruel, cruel!" Anyone who saw that agony of loss express itself in uncontrollable cries and writhings must have felt that sometimes one pays a penalty for being unusually beautiful; but I do truly believe that no woman would be deterred, even by such a sight, from wishing to be fair to see.

Did you ever open your mother's Bible without finding a pressed rose, or a pansy, or a violet there? To you it looks yellow and dry as dust and mean-





"LOVE? LOVE'S NOTHING BUT A MISERABLE LITTLE SIDE ISSUE IN YOUR LIFE."

Severely criticised now and then; while as a friend I was declared a creature of superlative perfection. One resentful male creature remarked, as he grabbed his hat: "Love? Love's nothing but a miserable little side issue in your life! And yet some donkey has writtenthath 'Love is only an incident in a man's life, and is the whole world to a woman' — much he knew about it!"

ingless—but she knows what you do not, and it is rich with the colour and sweetness her memory endows it with. Just so a woman has closed between the long-past years the love affairs of her girlhood—mere names, dull and meaningless they may seem to you, but her memory gives to them eye-sparkle, smile-flash, the swift word, the knightly act, and no matter what change time and the world may have wrought upon these men, in the heart of the woman whom they once loved, they remain ever young, ever admirable.

For my part, when I sort out my own little bunch of beaux, I feel a sort of maternal tenderness for them, and my tormenting spine almost straightens itself with pride as I recall the fact that every man jack of them made his name stand for something worth while and wrote it high enough to be clearly read by his fellow citizens, before retiring from the great struggle we call life.

The demands of my profession received my first consideration: therefore in the character of sweetheart I was pretty

John Cockerill, after kicking the hassock downstairs, declared that "if all girls were as prudent and cautious as I was, every cottage in the suburbs would be to let, and a wedding would become a nine days' wonder;" while a soldier solemnly vowed that every single time he tried to deploy his tender sentiments, his admiration, and his love before me, I left the reviewing stand to see if a wig was properly dressed for the night or pulled a "part" over to me to make quite sure of my lines in some infernal stage love scene. But out of the detritus of crumbling loves, what splendid friendships came—frank and true and lasting to the grave!

It is curious, too, the way in which my small love affairs are all tangled up with certain plays. My taking of a husband is so tied up with the production of *Macbeth*, that I simply cannot think of my wedding without hearing a swirl of the "Around—around—around — around! About — about — about — about!" music of the witches' cave scene:



"Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn; and, cauldron bubble."

Dear me! dear me! how those two memories do braid themselves together! First of all it was the man I was engaged to marry—John A. Cockerill—who gave Mr. F. C. Harriott his letter of introduction to me. Then, to our mutual joy and happiness, John and I wisely snapped our betrothal bonds and became our peaceable law-abiding selves again; and, that becoming known to Mr. Harriott, he concluded that he would now enter the lists—which was right enough, only his courtship would have been much simplified if Lady Macbeth had not come upon the scene at almost the same time—for, *place aux dames*, the lady was the first consideration. What a state of mind I was in, to be sure! I could not accept the traditional, martially stalking drum-major of a woman, who spoke in sepulchral tones and splashed about in blood as though she were quite used to it; who spoke of dashing out the brains of her suckling, with a fiendish satisfaction in her own nerve that made her final remorseful breaking-down of brain and heart a contradiction—almost an impossibility.

Discussion of the famous character grew warm—reached the papers, and even the public in the persons of *Constant Reader*, *Old Play-goer*, and *Veritas*, wrestled with the great question anent the femininity or the masculinity of Lady Macbeth. Occasionally, my view of her character met with approval, but oftener I got a rap over the knuckles by being sharply reminded that my age and inexperience only fitted me to follow—not to lead; that Mrs. Siddons, Miss Cushman, Madame Janaushek had clung to a traditional Lady Macbeth—and that was the only one

the public knew or wanted. I meekly reminded *Veritas* that Mrs. Sarah Siddons, late in life, had herself declared for a distinct feminine Lady Macbeth, fully confessing the error of her own characterisation, but adding that she had not had the courage to alter the presentation the public knew so well.

An actress in the West, who was not overburdened with reverence, once remarked in my hearing, that "Lady Macbeth was a fraud—that if the part were given out without a name, any decently fair actress would accept it without a second thought, but tack on the name 'Lady Macbeth,' and the best pair of knees in the profession would begin to tremble—besides which, the part was greater to write about than it was to act!"—in her opinion.

There was truth in the first part of that assertion. There is a sort of tradi-



"I WAS DETERMINED TO MARRY THE WHOLE FAMILY OR NOT AT ALL."



tional terror that wraps Lady Macbeth as with a robe. You find all the greatness of the mighty Pritchard, Siddons, Cushman, and the rest, looming up between you and the part you are studying. They and their "business," their reading of certain lines—Siddons's "We *fail!*"—Cushman's "Give *me* the daggers!" go whirling through your brain. You feel smaller and smaller, and, worst of all, these great traditions are frightening you away from Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth. You forget you have the same material to build with that they had—Shakespeare's own words; that you have the right to construe those words according to the best effort of your God-given intelligence—and very often custom is too strong and one more Lady Macbeth is monumental, declamatory, gory-minded, and domineering.

Yet Macbeth loved the fair-faced hypocrite and petted her with endearing terms. She was his "Chuck!" his "dearest Chuck!" his "dear love!" Even to his king, he openly shows his love for her, when he asks the royal permission, to *himself* act as harbinger:

"And make joyful the hearing of my wife,  
With your approach."

He makes no pretence of hastening ahead to prepare for the king's reception and bestowal—not he; only "to make joyful the hearing of his wife." Very well, then, granted he loved and cosseted her and was a fine soldier, big and bluff and physically brave—and "in joining contrasts lieth love's delight,"—then his contrast would be the slender, slight, possibly small woman, fair, soft, tender in seeming, this "dearest Chuck!" whose soft body housed a soul of fire, whose brain seethed with plans to gratify her devouring ambition. Nor was this pet and darling of the rough soldier's love supported in her dread deeds by her own mere normal strength. Crafty and subtle as she was, clever as her reading of Macbeth's character proves her to have been, she only becomes terrible as a fate through her absolute reliance upon this

supernatural power of the witches. There is something appalling in her ready faith and eager summoning of the "spirits of evil" to her aid, and right in that invocation I find my proof that Lady Macbeth was naturally womanly, pitiful—capable of repentance for wrong done, and had sufficient belief in God to at least fear Him. For in that moment of exaltation, when the promise of the crown was tightening every thrilling nerve to a mad determination, her first demand of the "murdering ministers" is that they shall "unsex her," that they shall fill her from the crown to the toe top-full of "direct cruelty." Further, she wants the access and passage to *remorse* stopped up. Fearing the softening influence of her little child, she prays the evil spirits to "take her milk for gall"; and apparently already convinced that *she* may have to do the awful deed herself, she prays for "thick night, that her keen knife see not the wound it makes; nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark to cry 'Hold! hold!'"

She is graceful, suave, and gracious to the king. She flatters and cajoles Macbeth, and when her boldness startles him and he would gain time and "speak further," with assurance that is almost patronage she bids him: "Only look up clear—and leave all the rest to her!"

You see, already she is relying utterly upon the supernatural power of the witches, and it is her faith in them that sustains her through the awful ordeals that follow. And when at last it is borne in upon her that they have played her husband false—that, all stained with crime, they two are left to face an outraged God—how quickly the delicate woman becomes a physical wreck!

Masculine? Never! Could a masculine woman show such tender pity and patience as Lady Macbeth shows for Macbeth in the banquet scene? Oh, the weariness, yet the wifely, almost



maternal gentleness of that line to the broken man :

" You lack the season of all natures, sleep."

So I was busy defending my idea of the feminine Lady Macbeth, in trying to arrange some business for my exit after the banquet scene ; for alas ! I had become a star and had no one to " direct " me now. Instead, in an agony of embarrassment and shyness, I had to direct everything myself. How I blessed my old days of service in the ballet, just then, for I was so familiar with the time-honoured music of Locke, with every bit of business for the apparitions, soldiers, supers, *et al.*, that not even the oldest witch chassée about the caldron could find a chance to sneer at my ignorance, modern as I was. It was only business for my own part that gave me pause.

Then one day that fine old actress, Mrs. Farren, who was an honour to her profession all her long life, and who had been Lady Macbeth before I was I at all, said to me very kindly, as she pressed my aching head between her cool hands :

" Don't, my dear ! Give it up ! "

" Don't what, Mrs. Farren ? " I asked, leaning my head against her breast for a few restful moments. " Give up what ? "

" Your foolish idea of a coaxing, crafty, womanly Lady Macbeth. Forgive my plain speaking, my child, but you work so hard, and I fear you are pouring your strength upon the dry earth. I hate to see such waste. My dear, I starred for years as Lady Macbeth, and the louder, more violent, more declamatory I was, the better the people liked me. They expect to see Macbeth bullied into action, to speak frankly."

" But," I asked, " what makes her break down, if she is such a sergeant of a woman ? The public must think that——"

" Ah, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Farren, " that's where you blunder. The public does not think—that's one of your new notions. Now, my child, you are sensitive, so why not save yourself unkind criticism ? Cut your cloth by the good old-fashioned pattern—you know it well. Oh ! that's your cue. Run along."



" I CAN'T BLESS HIS NAME ! WHY, OH, WHY GIVE ME BEAUTY, ONLY TO ROB ME OF IT ? IT'S CRUEL, CRUEL ! "

Imagine my heaviness of heart after that, for I knew the dear woman spoke with the kindest intention, and I was deeply touched ; for at that time she was almost a stranger to me.

And if you can believe it, that being also a Friday, Mr. Harriott concluded that that afternoon was a fit and proper occasion for a proposal, and being a man of considerable decision of character, he proposed. And lo ! we both made the



discovery that in the breast of this meek and humble Clara there dwelt a certain pride, stiff-necked and exacting—for, you see, I was an actress, otherwise a nobody, and this gentleman who addressed me was an outsider and a member of an old and well-known family. And I said: "When your people are acquainted with your intentions and——" And of course he interrupted with the time-honoured remark about marrying him, not, &c. But I, having been made quite savage by the Macbeth

rehearsal, was determined to marry the whole family or not at all. No! not even would I try on a ring, let alone wear one, until the Harriotts on one side, and the Havemeyers on the other, knew and approved of the proposed marriage.

And he went forth to seek his family, while I sought bay-rum, a handkerchief, and a play-book of Macbeth. And the proposal of marriage hung in the air like Mahomet's coffin. But what could you expect of a proposal made on Friday?

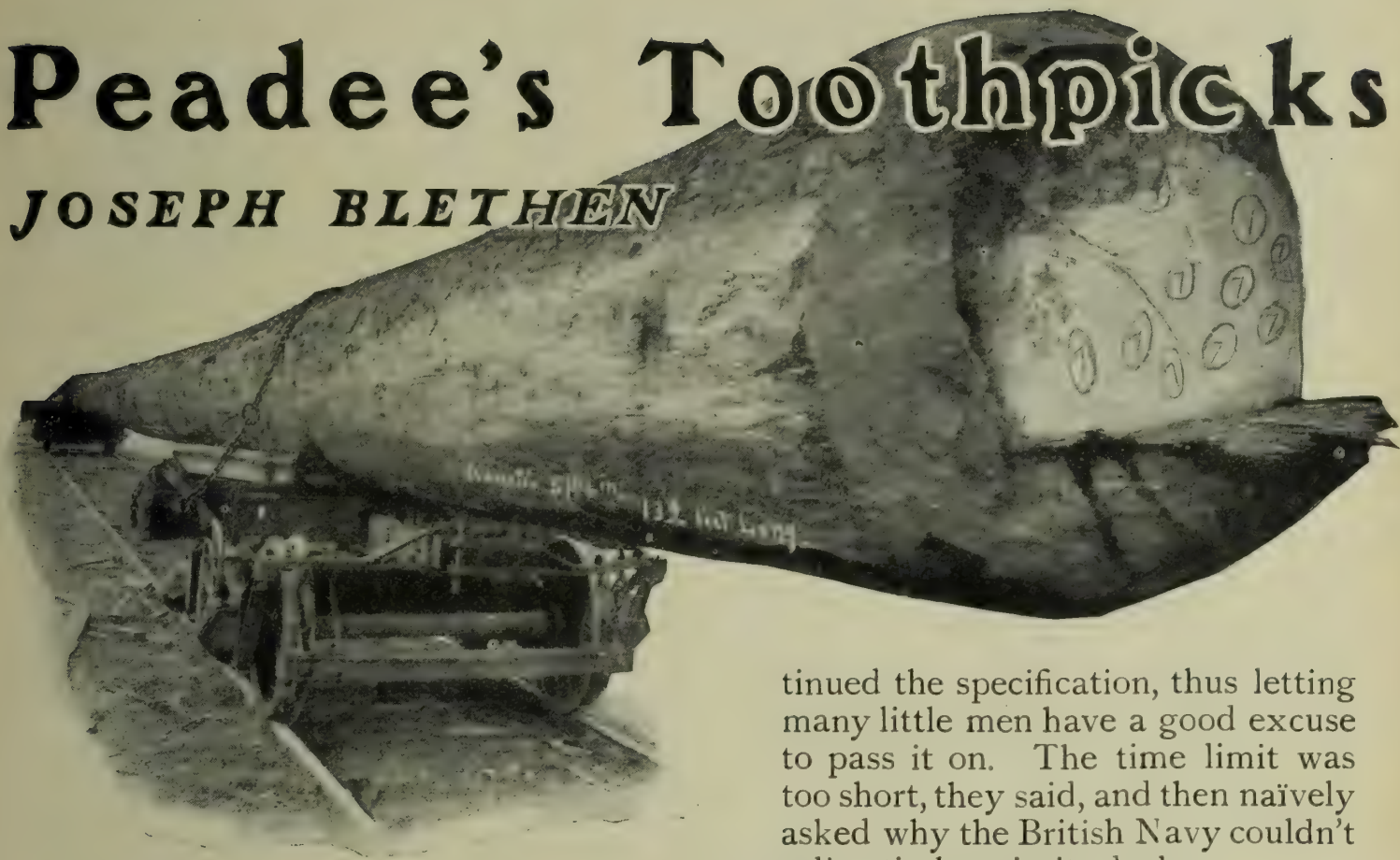


"SHE ANSWERED CALMLY, 'I WENT UP.'";



# Peadee's Toothpicks

JOSEPH BLETHEN



**I**T was natural for the specification to wander up and down the coast, waiting till the king should be ready to accept it, and by his acceptance turn it into a contract. As surely as the image of Cæsar stamped on a slug of gold made that gold a coin of the empire, just so surely did the conditions of the specification mark it as a Peadee proposition. His ability to accept it crowned him the greatest lumberman on Puget Sound.

The specification came out of the Orient. It was dated at Hong Kong, and bore the stamp of King Edward's Department of Navy Yards and Docks. It was broad-shouldered in its scope, and very British in its conditions. One thousand monster sticks were required to complete a huge dock and warehouse—"One thousand sticks of Oregon pine, sound and straight, each one hundred and twenty-five feet long and eighteen inches square." Surely, it was an order for the attention of a lumber king! "To be delivered on shipboard within sixty days of signing of contract," con-

tinued the specification, thus letting many little men have a good excuse to pass it on. The time limit was too short, they said, and then naïvely asked why the British Navy couldn't splice timbers in its docks.

The specification was sent to every prominent mill on the Pacific coast of North America. The Canadian fellows said they were too busy loading rough lumber for Johannesburg. The California men took the words "Oregon pine" literally, and were glad of an excuse to pass the specification along. That left Washington and Oregon to look the order on the face and listen to its terms, for "Oregon pine" is a general title that was given to the timber of the north-west coast of America, when all that land was Oregon territory, and it means Oregon pine at Portland, and Washington fir at Seattle, and a stick of it by either name will sustain, balanced on its tip, a railway locomotive.

But the Oregon fellows lacked one necessary condition for a successful bid—namely, a railway. So they were glad to escape under the pretext of the time limit. Then the order, finding itself drifting around Puget Sound, with no one anxious to tackle it, began to feel its own importance. Certainly it had become an identity, for the entire coast



lumber trade was speaking of it as "that order from Hong Kong." There were many mills large enough to saw the sticks; there were several mill men who owned standing timber of the required dimensions; but only one man owned mill and timber and the necessary connecting-link—a railway. Peadee, the grizzle-bearded lumber king, who perpetually carried the odour of new cedar in his clothing, owned all three. His mill was large, although there were other men on the Sound who boasted of larger; his timber was extensive, though others owned spars as long as his towering firs; but his railway made him independent of any middleman, and enabled him to take as a plum a contract in which other large mill men saw a dangerous element of chance.

"Suppose I sign that offer," said one mill man. "It is good, big money. I have the mill and I have the timber. But as soon as the order goes out to the big woods for a thousand big logs, just so soon does the walking delegate corner me. Up go the wages of choppers, or there's a strike on the railway, or a shortage of cars, or something. No, I'll not accept the chance. Pass it on to Peadee. He owns a railway. Let him wrestle with rolling stock and tackle the Ancient Order of United Wood Choppers. I'm busy cutting car siding for the Burlington Railway."

But Peadee was in no hurry, and the British Department of Navy Yards and Docks recalled its requirements and made a new offer. "All or *part* of one thousand sticks, each to be one hundred and twenty-five feet long and eighteen inches square," said the amendment. But the time limit stood, and no one budged to accept it. Then the head of the department sent to the British Vice-Consul at Seattle to know if all the Yankees were asleep. The Vice-Consul knew his territory, and advised the department to ask specifications from the Yankees. The department was disappointed. It had expected a scramble on the part of the

great timber men—one of those battles of bidders which would mean low prices. But, finding the market too strong, the department took off its hat and asked for specifications, bids for all or a part of the thousand sticks being requested. Then Peadee, satisfied that his opportunity had come, wrote an offer, naming a price of two hundred dollars a stick, with the time limit ninety days, and a condition that he should get the contract for the entire one thousand sticks.

The department waited two weeks, and then, not receiving any other offers, cabled the Vice-Consul to know if "Peadee" was the name of a timber trust. What the Vice-Consul said is of no consequence, save that the tenor of it was that "Peadee" was a very busy man to whom all governmental departments looked very much alike. The department promptly sent blank contracts in care of the Vice-Consul and asked for a bond. Peadee arranged the bond with the agent of an American surety company, and then added a premium clause to the contract by which he would receive a bonus of one hundred dollars a day for every day saved on the delivery of the last stick on shipboard. He figured that this would repay the premium on the bond. Then, while the Vice-Consul was getting permission of the department to add the premium clause, Peadee called a conference of his foremen to consider "the biggest bunch of toothpicks ever sawed on the coast." It was a way that Peadee had of getting his forces interested.

The large Peadee plant was at some distance from the city which claimed Peadee as one of its leaders, yet, in the main office, built on a slight elevation back of the mills, its windows overlooking roofs, yards, and docks, the great man transacted the bulk of his business. He liked to watch the life in the yards, from the plunging of the great logs into the boom to the loading of lumber on cars under the sheds or on sailing vessels in the docks. The voices of the saws talked to him. The whistles of the



locomotives on his logging trains were like the shouts of faithful workmen. The rigging of the ships that lay at his wharves delighted his eye. The fire drill at five o'clock in the afternoon, when the great nozzles on the standpipes sprang into life and the mill roofs received their daily soaking, was the signal for the great man to go home. The mills were his life, and his delight in them was shared only by his joy in cruising in the big timber. He was rarely found at the retail offices in town. He figured his contracts in the little office overlooking the mills.

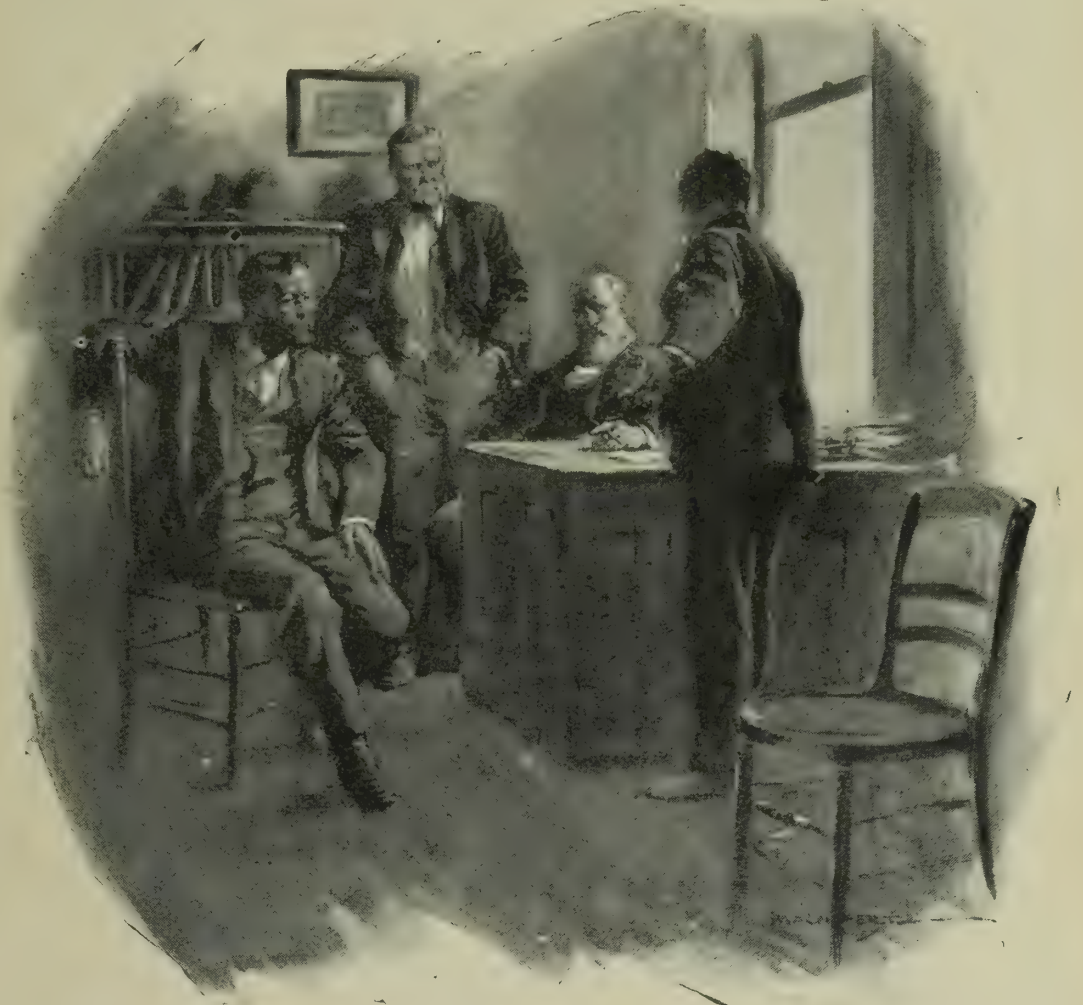
To this office, for their conference, came Bixby, superintendent of the mill which would be called upon to saw the thousand sticks; Conant, superintendent of Peadee's thirty miles of railway; and Chinn, superintendent of the logging crews. Then Peadee read the contract to them, and asked their advice about signing it. Chinn, who had gone into the woods when word first came from Hong Kong and marked one thousand of the best trees to be turned into sticks one hundred and twenty-five feet long, remarked that on three days' notice he could load twenty logs a day—ten for the noon train to carry down the hills to the coast, and ten for the night train.

"Understand, Chinn, that we have other contracts on hand, and these big

sticks must come out as only a part of the day's work," said Peadee.

"Yes, sir. I have figured the men, the tools, and the trees. I can furnish the present output of logs right along and add twenty of these big boys on each working day."

Peadee looked at Bixby. "All ready, sir," said the mill boss. "I plan to put Tarbox on the big saw. He's the best



"TEN OF THOSE LOGS MEANS A TRAIN THIRTEEN HUNDRED FEET LONG AT THE LEAST."

judge of logs we have, and will saw long sticks with the least waste of any man I know. I think we had better offer him a premium of one dollar on every stick that passes the inspector, and tell him he must run Chinn's twenty logs out each day, whether it takes six hours or sixteen. You will find that he will turn nine logs out of every ten into perfect sticks, and saw the waste into long planks that can go into the floors of those new docks at Seattle."



"Nine out of every ten," said Peadee, with another glance at Chinn.

"I have one thousand trees spotted now," said Chinn at once, for he understood the look; "I will spot more as we get into the contract."

"The British Vice-Consul says he will have ships here to load as fast as we can cut," said Peadee, "so there will be no choking up of the docks. If Chinn can log twenty of these trees a day, and Tarbox can turn eighteen of them into sticks, we can do the contract in practically fifty-six working days. This is really about ten calendar weeks, counting Sundays. Call it seventy days, for an illustration. That leaves twenty days' premium under the contract. I'll divide the premium equally between you three. Now, Conant, what about your equipment?"

There was silence for a moment before the superintendent answered. Every man in the room knew that those twenty monster trees would be a strain on the men operating the thirty miles of railway—thirty miles of steep grades and sharp curves from tall timber to tide-water—over which the logs must come to the mill. They knew that Conant would do what he promised; but they also knew that he was aware of every weak spot in the road, whether it might be a shaky trestle, a worn-out log truck, a cranky locomotive, or a balky train conductor. Indeed, if any trouble was to be feared in the carrying out of this \$200,000 contract, each man in the room knew that it would be—nine chances out of ten—a railway trouble.

"I can do it," said Conant, slowly; "but it will be a strain, and every time, a wheel slips I shall jump for fear of a general tie-up. We are hauling very nearly our capacity now. Our trucks are in constant use, with hardly time to be given proper inspection. Our engines are hauling their capacity up the grades, and on the down-grades, from the summit to these yards, such big logs will be all they can hold. We shall have to

break the trains in two in the yards, and let three loads at a time go down the last hill to the log landing. If a train of those big logs ever got away on this side hill of ours, it would rip the mill and the wharf it stands on clear out of the mud when it struck them. I have a fine set of men operating the trains, but they hate these big logs. On trestles and around some of those curves above Sumas a hundred and thirty foot log is either sticking into the bank or hanging so far out over nothing that a crew gets nervous. Besides, it's hard to keep the ends of a big log down to the trucks. We shall be pulling trains apart if we don't run mighty carefully, and a long log, when it hits a curve, twists its trucks till it seems as though every wheel is due to run off the rails. Ten of those logs means a train thirteen hundred feet long at the least. The length and weight is all a big six-wheeled engine can handle. That means two trains a day to haul these big logs alone; that means two trains over and above our present schedule. It means putting the system under a strain. If everything works well, all right; if any little thing goes wrong, it is apt to spread into a general snarl just because we are under a strain. I can see half of those twenty days lost under the weight of the extra work. But with fair luck I can haul those logs in eighty days, by working Sundays and all."

Peadee was looking out of the windows. The bay was calm, and, nearer in, the mills showed their busy life. It had been a proud thing to force the British department to come to his terms, while all the lumber trade looked on and envied him. He knew, even before he had summoned his toremen, that the contract would be a strain on the Peadee institution; but strains are the tests of strength, and the name Peadee stood for accomplishment wherever it was known. The great man knew well that every unusual performance is attained by a strain, sometimes long and dogged, sometime



short and sharp. He knew that this contract was the biggest individual order for large timbers ever recorded on the coast. It would be a proud triumph for Peadee to cut, saw, and deliver those sticks on time—prouder still to earn a premium. As he looked over the calm water, where a wave might rise and ride straight away to Hong Kong, where these sticks were to be delivered, he was thinking that the best way to nerve his men to undertake this strain was to let them look squarely at the hardest end of the task first, then excite their enthusiasm to get the work accomplished. Sometimes, when he was younger, he had urged men through a crisis by belittling the obstacles, but now he knew a better way. He let them feel the full weight of their responsibility, and then they were proud to bear the burden to win a new victory for Peadee.

"You are looking at this contract too easily, Conant," said he. "You are figuring on losing a little sleep, and on working your crews Sundays. That's tame, in my estimation. I figure on your putting in a lot of night work, and running the whole system overtime whenever Chinn gets an extra train load of logs ready. Then I expect Bixby to lock the yard gates and clear up all the logs you deliver before he lets a man go home from the mill. When I figured the price of the sticks I put in something for overtime, something for wear and tear, and an even thousand dollars for wrecks on the railway while hauling logs. I will allow you five days out of that twenty for delays. But I shall expect this contract to be consummated in seventy-five days. That will earn fifteen days' premium, or five hundred dollars each for you three. Now, it strikes me that, if we work this right, we can find plenty of the boys who will be up and coming for some of that British money on their overtime. Moreover, while I am expecting a thousand dollars' worth of wrecks for the simple reason that the boys can wreck that amount on John

Bull's money, yet I shall expect you to keep an eye on the figures and see that they do not throw any wrecks over the limit and lop off some of the old man's profit on the big job. And you fellows know that the best way for you to get that five hundred dollars each is for you to take off your coats and work, eat, and sleep with your crews till the last stick is on shipboard—till the job is finished and out of the way."

He paused a moment, and then asked:

"What do you think, Bixby?"

"I'll saw all the logs Conant can haul," came the prompt answer

"What do you think, Conant?"

"I'll do it in seventy-five days. But I warn you all that everything on the road, even to that overtime account, will put in slips for extra pay."

"And how about your trees, Chinn?"

"Give me three days' notice, and my wife gets that five hundred dollars," replied the woodsman.

Then, while the three foremen felt their pulses quicken and heard the blood roar in their ears, the grizzle-bearded Peadee signed the contract and gave the order to have logs ready to saw in three days. In a moment the news began to leap through the mill. From the mill it spread to the yard, from yard to trains, from trains to camps; and that night even the most distant chopper in the biggest woods knew that the order had gone forth. The men who composed Peadee's industrial army smiled as they heard the news, and in thought they said, "The old man has nailed that British coin;" and from the commander himself, up in the head office, to the last dish-washer in the camp, the one topic of conversation was "Peadee's toothpicks."

On the next day Superintendent Conant looked at the list of his train crews and found but two conductors available to be put in charge of the two "toothpick" trains. One of these men frankly declined to attempt the hauling of any such long timbers around the



curves of Peadee's side-hill railway, and Conant, desiring to put only such men on these trains as would wear their hearts on the very logs which they were hauling, passed him by and promoted a young brakeman named Bannon.

The great logs were to be loaded on trucks by the same crew that felled them. The train crews were to gather the loaded trucks from the numerous spurs, making up a train on the main track, load by load, till the limit of weight was reached. The trains would then creep away down the grades, creaking over trestles and straining around curves, till the log landing at the mill should be reached. Young Bannon had ridden more than one truck, had winched many a clumsy hand brake on the grades to help the air brakes, which, on a train of log trucks, can be applied only on the engine and tender, had seen more than one log twisted off the trucks on a curve, had ridden to the limit of reason on a runaway load and then jumped for safety, and had been sent once in charge of a wrecking crew to drag a great log away from a trestle which it had crushed, cut it in two, and drag it up to the truck to be reloaded. For this latter service his name had been remembered, and Conant, seeking through his lists for the right man, stopped on Bannon, and went out to deliver in person the message of promotion.

Bannon was astonished at the news, but not a bit disturbed as Conant gave him a few sharp instructions.

"Harris will take the engine '500,' and haul the forenoon passenger train to the top. One of the small engines will follow with the empty trucks. Then the small engine will bring down the passenger train and Harris will take '500' to bring down his logs. He will draw ten loads each trip. Then '500' will haul the afternoon passenger train up, and you will have her to bring down your ten loads in the afternoon. You and Harris will have an even show, but, this being a model railway that runs no trains at

night, you can have all night to clear up a wreck, while a wreck on Harris's shift would mean a tie-up. As you are the new man, we will let Harris have the hard end of it."

The habitual humour of a railway man lit Bannon's eye. "So you think I will draw the wrecks?" said he.

"Not all of them," said Conant. "But when Harris has a wreck, you will get a chance to put in a lot of overtime hauling his logs—and, by the way, Peadee said that ten logs are a day's work for each crew; all over that goes as overtime, and all overtime on these 'toothpicks' is to be paid for. When you haul a load for Harris, it's to your credit on the overtime book. If he gets a chance to pull you out of the ditch, it's a swell to his pay. But along about eight weeks from now, when the end of this contract is supposed to be getting in sight, you will both be pretty apt to get orders for an extra trip on alternate days. Keep your equipment in as good shape as possible so as to get all that overtime you can."

"All right, sir. Can I go up the line to-day and pick out my trucks?"

"Yes. This is Tuesday; you take '500' at the upper end at 2 p.m., Thursday, for your first trip down. Meantime, if you want to work around the spurs and pick out trucks, I'll tell Beals to pass you up the line to-day."

Thus it happened that Chinn, the superintendent of the camp, and Bannon, the new conductor, went to the upper end on Tuesday afternoon's train, the one to commence the loading of his long sticks, the other to beg, bluff, and cajole the loading crews to put the sticks on the strongest trucks.

Going up to the very end of the line, where the close standing firs flanked the track in solid blocks, Chinn disappeared in the direction of the farthest camp. For months before, Chinn had searched into the wooded depths, where the summer sun only checkered the green carpet, and there he had noted giant firs that



were more in diameter than twice his own height; giants that towered above him, up and up, till the watching eye blurred and the brain became dizzy; giants which weighed more than an army of men and could make wood to house a village; grand monuments of a divine purpose, yet a prey to the tiny human thing who stood hidden to the shoulder by the brakes and ferns that grew about their roots.

Chinn's problem had been one of selecting a particular form of trees from the many large ones in Peadee's woods. There was no trouble in finding trees that were too large. But the weight of such trees made it impossible to handle them unless sawed into monster logs each many feet thick and the length of a flat car. Chinn's task was to find comparatively slender firs that were straight and true, and not too heavy to be transported bodily from the forest to the mill.

The men who chopped were sociable giants, and their chief soon filled them with enthusiasm for their task. The feeling of the "toothpicks" was comparatively easy for men accustomed to bring down the giants of Peadee's woods; but the dragging of the long sticks to the loading track was very difficult, and every man, from the chopper to the master of the logging engine, which wound the cable on its drum and drew the big logs to the track, had to be in tune for the task.

The choppers, attacking a tree which Chinn had marked as a "toothpick,"

hewed at a line ten feet above the ground, in order to avoid the thick pitch that mats the bottom of a fir. To fell a tree that is eight feet thick at the point of cutting is a science, art, and occupation of danger. A great notch is hewed in the tree to a quarter or perhaps a fifth of its thickness. Then the men go to the opposite side of the tree and cut through with their great crosscut saws till the

saw nearly meets the notch. Then wedges are driven in where the saw has cut, and the tree falls toward the notched side.

When the great tree has crashed down to the floor of the woods, the choppers quickly trim off those few branches that ride the trunk of the fir, and cut off the useless, brushy tip of the tree, and the log is ready for the cable man and the slow, powerful drum which draws it to the loading track. When it arrives there the log is rolled up a skidway that brings it level with the top of the trucks, which are placed ready to receive their burden. A "toothpick," when loaded on trucks, holds them in place by its weight. The log itself

takes the place of the floor of a car, and the pull of the locomotive runs through log after log till the end of the train is reached. Thus each log is a long car.

The weight of the logs on their trucks is sufficient to hold things together unless an ambitious conductor endeavours to haul too long a train. Then a log will pull off a truck, and must either be abandoned in the ditch or be raised by jack-screws and replaced on the trucks.



"[A] YOUNG [BRAKEMAN NAMED BANNON.]"



The longer the log, the heavier it is and the harder for the truck to turn under it on a curve; hence, the longer the log, the more danger there is of a truck being twisted off the track on a curve.

Chinn's order for twenty "toothpicks" to be felled and loaded each day set a killing pace for the camps, but each foreman was supplied with all the men he asked, and the first sun to rise after the order saw the battle open, and its setting saw twenty "toothpicks" in the boom beside the mill. Men were wearied to the point of agony, machinery had groaned under its strain, the equipment had shrieked under the great loads, and foremen and conductors went to troubled beds half-crazed at the pace that had been set them, and doubtful if they could hold it another day. But repetition allows the mind to calm. The second day heard men groan and machinery shriek, but between the groans there was the jest of returning courage, and between the shrieks the engineers boasted cheerfully that their engines could "jerk out more timber than Peadee ever saw an' never bust a cog!" On the third day the crews found time to compare notes on the situation, and on the fourth the success of the contract was predicted. On the fifth, Harris's train of ten logs pulled apart, carried him into the ditch, broke his leg, and gave Bannon his first chance to put in overtime. On the sixth day Bannon was ordered to take charge of the forenoon run, and a new man was promoted to the afternoon train.

Sobered by the first wreck, the system rallied to the attack on the "toothpicks," ran more slowly around curves, and spent more time in examining trucks and renewing brake-shoes. Ten working days passed—twenty—thirty; then the order came for the "toothpick" trains to make extra trips on alternate days, since Chinn's picked men were chopping twenty-five long sticks each day, and Bixby's head man was prancing around and demanding more trouble for his big

saw. Out of the six hundred "toothpicks" delivered to the mill in the first thirty days of work, an even hundred had proved faulty, and had been cut up for general stock. Five hundred sticks, straight and true, had been loaded on ships. If the good luck should continue, the contract would be completed in sixty days. But thirty working days meant five Sundays on which nothing was done; yet the five idle days were five precious ones marked off the calendar and charged against the time limit of the contract. Thus sixty working days would carry ten Sundays with them; that would mean seventy days gone under the contract, with but five days' margin for breakdowns.

Conductor Bannon had begun to feel an enthusiasm in the contract before the order came for the extra trips. He took it as a compliment that the first extra run was allotted to him. He had worked hard, and more than once his heart had stood still as a truck threatened to leave a curve, or a log slipped on a truck. That everybody and everything on the system were working close to the limit of endurance he knew, yet he was ready to work even harder. He went up the line for the first extra trip, worked the loads down on the main line, reported himself ready, and received word that the line was open.

Then Conductor Bannon mounted a truck, and stood musing as "500" began to ease her load of ten "toothpicks" down the grade. He felt the cool night air, and sensed the unreality of the dim September night. The trucks seemed to run less noisily than by day. The wheels seemed to complain less of their load. He fell to wondering whether the opportunity which had come so unexpectedly would be a fleeting dream, or would prove as solid as the great "toothpick" on which he leaned—solid enough to keep the name "Bannon" on the list of conductors when the contract was filled; solid enough to warrant a leave of absence in the autumn—a leave



with transportation for two down to Seattle, with a shower of rice when the train should start, and a cosy cottage ready for them when they——

A shriek of metal grinding on metal! A crunching of timbers! A dull boom as a great log pulled off its truck and struck the roadbed! A leap in the dark by a startled man! A scramble up a bank! A hasty look back, and Conductor Bannon saw that a truck had twisted off the rails on a curve, and that the untrucked log was jammed between the curving clay banks of a deep cut. As he looked, the weight of the train behind was pushing another log's end into the bank.

Thus relieved of part of its load, "500" quickly slackened speed. The engineer, realising what had happened, ran back to see if any one was hurt. Seeing Bannon on top of the bank, and the rear brakeman scrambling up toward him with a lantern, the engineer called out:—

"How did it happen, Ban?"

"Broke a flange on that hind truck. I was riding it; thought I heard it snap. Had to jump for my life. That top log just grazed my head when it slid over the other. Guess it's an all-night job for us."

There was more talk, then speculation as to removing the wreck. Finally, the crew, finding that the rails had not been damaged, started with the forward loads that had kept on the track, running down the road to the nearest station, where the agent was found just going to bed. The wreck was reported to Conant, who promptly ordered Bannon to side-track his loads, run back to the wreck, saw the big logs in two, drag them out of the cut, abandon the pieces in the ditch along with any broken trucks, couple to the logs behind the wreck, and, after again picking up the logs that had been side-tracked, run to the mill and unload. Then Conant sent out orders for the other crew to come on duty early and take the forenoon run.

But Bannon and his crew were kept

on the afternoon run for two days only. On the third forenoon a slippery track let the "toothpick" train attain a dangerous momentum. A great log rolled off a curve on a trestle, carrying the logs immediately ahead and behind along with it. Striking the bed of the stream below, the "toothpicks" bounded against the trestle and carried away several supports. The rear of the train crushed through the weakened structure, piling seven great logs in a tangled mass of trestle, trucks, and bent rails. Next day the big mill sawed timbers to replace the trestle, and for the next three days the two "toothpick" crews worked under the direction of the bridge-builders, while the mill sawed timber from the stock logs in the boom yard, and the regular logging trains worked along the few spurs between the wrecked bridge and the mill.

The two "toothpick" crews resumed work under sharp orders to run slow, to reduce trains to nine logs each, to make two extra trips a week each, and to aid the car shops in every way possible toward keeping trucks in order. Nine working days had gone by since the completion of five hundred "toothpicks," and in that time wrecks and faulty logs had afforded but an even hundred more. Forty-five contract days had gone and but six hundred "toothpicks" had been loaded.

During the next four days a weakening in the trucks was noted. The crews coaxed and nursed lame equipment over bridges and around curves till the men were heartsick and began crowding the shops with the cripples. Then "toothpick" trains were reduced by lack of trucks to six loads a day, and for a week the shops mended old trucks only to have others, battered and worn, sent in. Fifty-six contract days had gone, the equipment was crippled, the crews were worked to desperation, and but seven hundred and fifty-seven "toothpicks" were credited on the daily report of progress to Mr. Peadee. No wonder the work-worn



Conant told his chief that he feared the road would rob Bixby and Chinn of that premium.

"You are away inside the thousand dollars I allowed for wrecks," replied Peadee, cheerfully. "Don't endanger life. We need live men, not dead ones. But let the system squirm; that's good for it. Another ten days and we shall see daylight on this contract."

But ten days brought each its chances of mishap, and each its weight of labour for the crews. The trucks haunted the shops as thickly as ever, and six logs for each train made the limit. The ten days dragged by and Chinn stopped cutting "toothpicks," having enough at the spurs to complete the work. The count of days reached seventy and the system breathed easy, for the end was in sight. When seventy-two days had passed, Peadee decided to have an extra log hauled to the mill, dressed, and sent to the World's Fair. The next day the men in camps, on the trains, and in the mill began to speculate on who would be sent to the Fair with the big log. On the seventy-fourth day Peadee sent a telegram to the British Vice-Counsel—a message short and to the point—"One thousand sticks loaded."

Conant sent "500" to the shops for much-needed repairs, and told Bannon to take the small locomotive of the afternoon accommodation train, Number Three—which left the summit at 2 p.m.—gather up the half-dozen big logs remaining on the spurs, attach them to the rear of the passenger cars, and run down, slowly.

"By the way, Bannon," said Conant, lightly, "now that the 'toothpick' trains are annulled, I suppose you will accept promotion to Number Three as a regular run?"

"Oh, yes," replied the young conductor, with a smile; "of course I'd prefer going to the World's Fair with the big log, but if you say Number Three, that settles it."

"I was thinking of doing that myself,"

replied Conant, "but I might leave you in charge of the road while I am away."

"You might see some improvements when you return," was the quick reply; and then Bannon laughed and went out to tell of his promotion.

On the trip down among the spurs, that afternoon, Bannon found five great logs waiting for him. He placed these behind his two passenger cars, and then attached a brake-van to the rear log to aid in holding back. He put his rear brakeman in the van, and, with his front brakeman, watched things from the passenger cars. To descend the hills of Peadee's short road with five great logs behind a small locomotive would have been ticklish business, at the best, but to attempt it with an engineer accustomed to making speed and to stopping quickly, with the aid of air brakes on every wheel of his train, was a rash venture. Bannon regretted the order before they had proceeded far. Getting on the rear platform of the passenger coach, he prepared to adopt vigorous methods in case of trouble.

For a few miles the passenger engineer eased his unaccustomed load down the grade, and began to feel that he was master of it. Then he began to fret at the unusual delays, and stormed over his ill luck in being mixed up with the "toothpicks." A level stretch tempted him to a burst of speed. As the summit of the next grade came in sight he attempted in vain to check it. The great logs, without air brakes on the trucks, were too much for the light cars and small engine in front. The grade was reached with Bannon and his crew tightening hand brakes on the trucks and the engineer striking fire from the wheels of the coaches. Down the first grade the speed of the train held even against the brakes. Then a curve on a short level stretch brought a slight decrease, but the next grade found the logs relentlessly crowding the train along, as if the fallen firs were sensible of the absence of the great engine and



knew the weakness of the small machine in front.

Bannon, picturing the long road ahead, with its steady succession of down-grades, realised that, if the train were to gain ever so little in speed on each hill, it must soon be forced off the rails and the coaches would be crushed by the logs; or, worse still, the train would run wild through the town and——!

A dreadful thought came to the young conductor. The switches would be set

the train would be wrecked. Then he thought of the passengers. He saw them held in the bottom of the bay by the crushed cars. There was but one way, and the young conductor promptly acted upon it. Seizing his brakeman, he drew him close and shouted in his ear. Above the rattle and rush of the swaying car the brakeman heard his order:—

"Go ahead and tell the engineer to open up. Run for the switch at the junction. I'll crawl back over the logs



"THE CLOSE-STANDING FIRS FLANKED THE TRACK LIKE SOLID BLOCKS."

for the passenger train. The track ran through the train shed and out on the big wharf. If a runaway train were to cross the wharf, it would sweep the mill from its place, and plunge into the vessels lying across its end! And this train was undoubtedly beyond control and running away with no power to check it!

Bannon's first impulse was to jump at a station and use the wire to have the switches turned so that the train would run out on the log landing and plunge into the bay, where nothing but

to the van, cut it off, stop it at the next station, get on the wire, and have the road cleared for you."

Then, before the brakeman could reply, Bannon had uncoupled the head log from the rear passenger coach, and was up on the head log, flat on his stomach, working himself like a caterpillar, along its top. The brakeman ran through the two cars and signalled the engineer, who understood. Releasing his brakes, he sent his train in desperation down grades that had never before seen such speed.



Bannon, crawling along the top of the swaying, jolting log, thought it was one thousand feet long instead of slightly over one hundred. While he was making his perilous journey, the logs ran around several curves and crossed a short level stretch, thus giving the tightly-set hand brakes of the trucks a chance to check the speed a little. In spite of this, Bannon realised that he could not crawl over the remaining four in time to cut off the van and save the passenger cars. So he stood on a truck and signalled the brakeman on the van to cut off and drop back. As he saw the van dropping back, Bannon wondered if the brakeman would think of the mill. He would have the track cleared, of course. Any train man would think of that. But the mill!—the mill! Bannon feared not, and wished that the runaway logs would jump the track. But runaways seldom jump, their mad flight seeming to hold them fast to the rails. Bannon looked back; the slowing van was hidden by a curve. He looked ahead; the passengers' flying cars were hidden by dust. Then he realised that he was alone with a train of five great logs that was to plunge down a series of steep grades, with death in some horrible form at the end of the run.

The logs were running faster than at any other time since the passenger cars had been released. Bannon, clinging to a chain as he stood on a truck beam, wondered if the accommodation train would be wrecked and lie helpless in the track of the onrushing logs. He clung to his chain as the logs roared over a giddy trestle, and then, as they swung around a curve in a cut, he resisted an impulse to jump—a move which would have meant his death. Then for the first time he realised his helplessness. One small man against five enraged giant firs! For a moment his courage failed, and he crouched against the log that trembled through its great length—but only for a moment. Then it all came over him clearly—the fleeing pas-

senger train—the runaway logs—his own life—the lives of those in the passenger cars—the men in the mill—all of whom he must save. Then a cool, calm thought possessed his brain. It restored his nerve; he became as much himself as if no danger threatened. Why had he not thought of it before? He could conquer the five giants! The man would be the master!

Swinging himself over to the forward truck of the second log, he unloosed the great chain which bound it firmly to the truck beams. Then he quickly swung back to the rear truck of the first log, for the trick he was playing was a desperate one. The second log, unchained, was free to roll on the truck beams. The monster held its place till the first curve was reached. Then it rolled out and off the truck!

Bannon, riding away on a free log, a single empty truck coupled behind it, saw the second log stick its end into the outer bank of the curve and plough the earth as a ram of a battleship might have done—saw the log behind rise above it, turn in the air, and, as its ends met the sides of the cut, break in two—saw a confusion of other logs, wheels, and chains whirl upward. Then the curve carried him beyond sight of the grandest tangle under the great contract. For a moment Bannon was awed at the sight. Then he stepped across to the empty truck, released its brake, and pulled the coupling-pin, set the brake again, and felt his heart thrill as the speed of the empty truck began to check and the lone log shot ahead and away from him.

The agent at the junction heard the engine of the passenger train whistle for the switch, but he did not know how much reason there was for haste. He reached the platform in time to see the train plunging towards him, and flattened himself against the station as it rushed by. He realised that the train was running away from something, and rushed to his wire to clear the track



ahead. Hardly had he accomplished this when Bannon's one log came roaring down. Then he knew, but even then he did not think of the mill.

The log went by the tiny station, and shook the ground as a giant engine would have done. The frightened agent again sprang to his wire and reported. Then a lone man, riding a single log truck, stopped at his platform.

"Tell 'em to switch the passenger train on to the wharf, and let that log go by on the log-landing switch," said the dusty conductor of the lone truck deliberately. The operator recognised Bannon, and sent the message. As they listened, the instrument spoke, and Conant asked a question:—

"Who gave that order?"

"Tell him," said Bannon, "to switch that 'toothpick' into the bay, and ask his fool questions afterwards."

Then, when the agent had sent it as Bannon had said it, the young conductor began telling what had happened, only to be interrupted by a call from the

station above, reporting the arrival of a lone van, with a badly-frightened brakeman aboard.

Meantime, startled men at the tide-water terminal had opened switches for the passenger train and seen it stop in safety, its hot wheels smoking as the frightened passengers fled from their temporary prison. Then the switches were set to turn the runaway log out on the log landing—none too soon, for almost before they knew of its approach the horrified crowd of people saw it dash through the yards, circle by the mill, and leap harmlessly from the end of the landing into deep water.

Men stood gaping at the passengers as they told of the runaway and of leaving Bannon and the five logs. Gradually the crowd realised the situation, and queries went up the line to

know what had become of the other four logs. A rush was made for the office, where Conant sat getting the story over the wire from up the line.

Mr. Peadee, much disturbed at the narrow escape of the passengers and of



"HE SAW A CONFUSION OF LOGS, WHEELS, AND CHAINS."



## THE IDLER

the mill, sought out Conant where he sat at the telegraph instrument, and from the superintendent learned all that the wire had said.

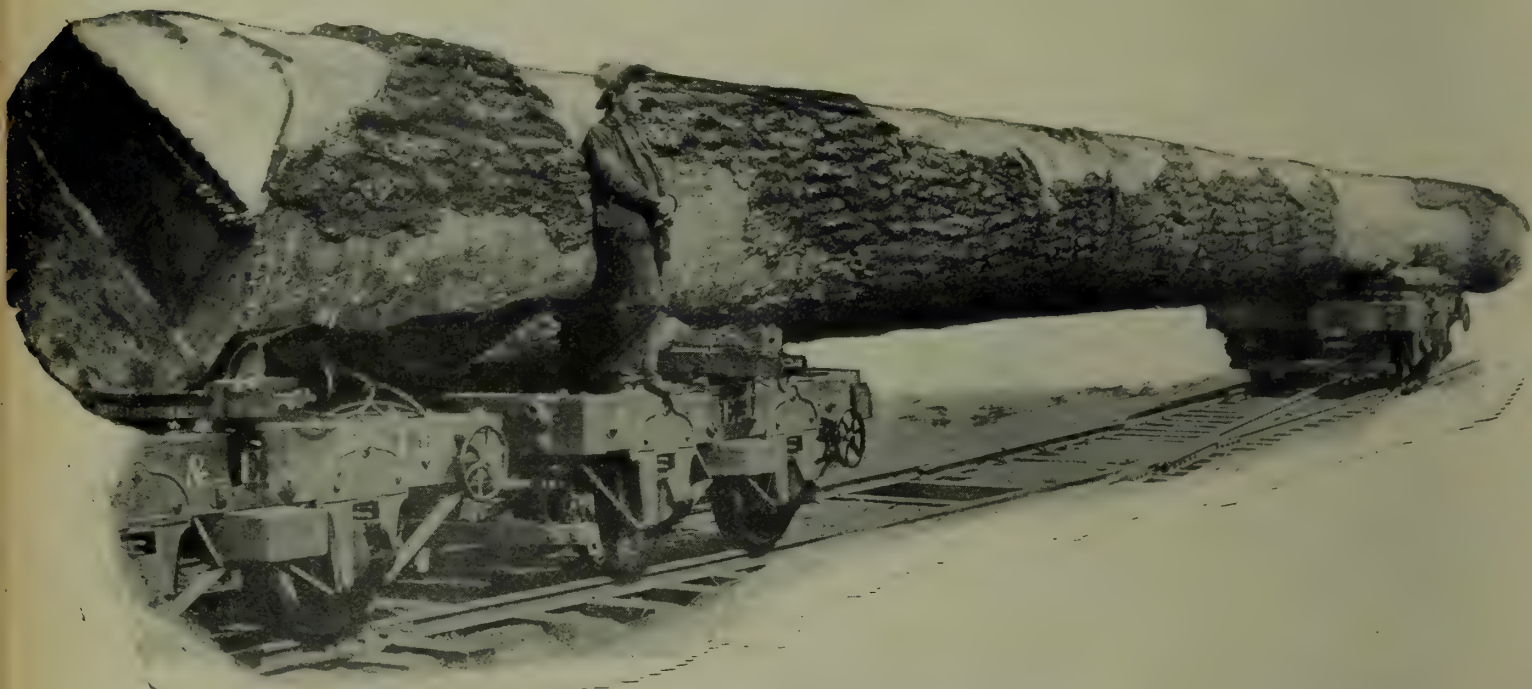
"Conant," said Peadee, "the steamer *Conemaugh* is lying across the end of that dock. I was on board when that log took its plunge. If it had come across the wharf it would have ripped the mill wide open and cut that great steamer in two. Many men would have been killed—myself, probably, with the others on board."

"'Twas a narrow escape, surely,"

Peadee heard of the young conductor's wish to go to the World's Fair, of his engagement to the girl of his choice, of his steady promotion and hard work under the "toothpick" contract.

Conant, suddenly interrupting, announced that Bannon, on his truck, had passed the next stop above town, and would arrive at the terminus as quickly as that light piece of equipment could descend the grades. The men made an impulsive movement to rush out, but Peadee detained them.

"One moment, boys! I want you to



"YOUNG BANNON HAD RIDDEN MORE THAN ONE TRUCK, AND HAD WINCHED MANY A CLUMSY HAND BRAKE ON THE GRADES."

replied Conant. "From the story the young man tells, he hit on the one possible plan to save the train and the mill."

"A remarkable bit of coolness—remarkable!" continued Peadee, who was evidently sincerely moved at Bannon's performance.

Gradually the room filled. The engineer of the passenger train asked news of Bannon, and other trainmen followed him in to hear it. Peadee, never at a loss for words with his men, joined the discussion. Finding their chief ready to listen, the men were free in their praises of Bannon. From them

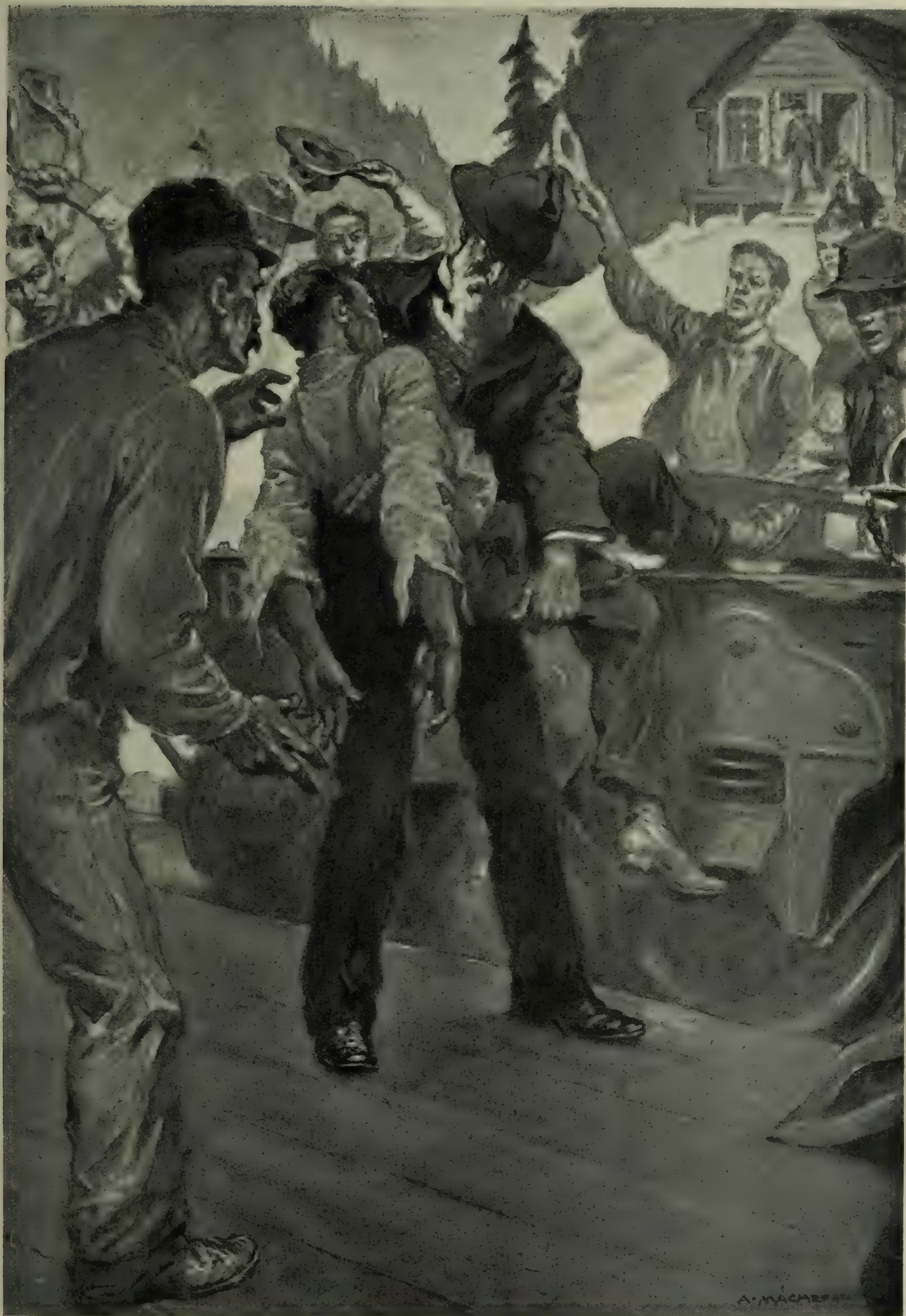
be the jury while we try Bannon's case. He stands charged with wrecking four logs to save a passenger train, a mill, a dock, a steamer, and, above all else, numerous human lives. This was done with deliberate thought and risk of his own life. Gentlemen, what's your verdict?"

"Guilty!" roared the enthusiastic trainmen.

"Conant, you may recommend a sentence," said Peadee.

Conant, speaking slowly, replied: "I was going to ask you for that World's Fair trip with the big log, but I guess he's earned it."





"HE HEARD A PANDEMONIUM OF VOICES. THEN HE FELT STRONG HANDS ON HIM, AND TURNED TO SEE THAT PEADEE—THE GREAT PEADEE—WAS LIFTING HIM FROM HIS TRUCK."



## THE IDLER

Peadee was silent a moment. He knew that the men expected something of him.

"Suppose," he said, "we sentence this man Bannon to be married at Peadee's expense, and take his wife to the Fair. Would the jury agree?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Conductor Bannon, when he had finished his story of the wreck, had mounted his truck, released the brakes, and glided down the grades in the wake of the flying log. Mile after mile he rode through woods whose coolness was balm, by ranches where people crowding out to the track reminded him of what had gone before, over trestles which seemed too slight to have borne the rush of those cars ahead. As the lone conductor sped on, his heart lightened with every mile that the runaway had covered in safety, yet a growing dread

possessed him lest the mill had been swept away by the fleeing log. When he reached the summit of the last hill, he could see below him the station with its crowd of people. As he neared them he saw that they were waving their arms, tossing caps, and running toward him.

Sitting aside a truck beam, his hands grasping the brake wheel, as a millionaire might grasp the guide wheel of an automobile, Conductor Bannon, torn, soiled, and anxious, rode into the crowd and brought his truck to a stop. He saw a confusion of faces, heard a pandemonium of voices, but clearly and vividly he saw the passenger train at rest on a side track, and below him the mill, the docks, and the great *Cone-maugh* at the end. Safe! All safe! Then he felt strong hands on him, and turned to see that Peadee—the great Peadee—was lifting him from his truck,

## THE TRIBUTE OF THE JUNIOR CLERK

By W. G. YARCOTT

It comes ; 'tis here ; 'tis past ;  
Its advent, like a golden dawn,  
Gilded awhile the blackness of the clouds  
That cover in the sweetness of existence,  
For who can taste to the full the joys of life,  
Smothering and sweltering in the slimy clinging grasp of debt?  
At its zenith, invigorating our sickly manhood  
Naught did we care, for the evil one himself ;  
But like a dream, too beautiful for substance,  
A vision of heaven itself, startled into being  
By the phantom glory of a sinking sun,  
Its glory faded, and the grayness of life was ours.  
Yet still we live on, sustained by its memory  
And a faith nigh superhuman in its perfectness  
That yet again, next month, we shall behold thee,  
*Thrice beloved pay-day ;*  
Age cannot wither, nor custom ever stale  
Thy excellence supreme.





## JIMPS

By FLORENCE WILKINSON

*Illustrated by A. I. Keller*

THE ice had "broke," and the April woods were knee-deep in crystal slush. The evening sunlight, pink as a wild rose, shot through the open spaces of the clearing and into the Men's Room, where the tired river drivers, released from the day's work, lounged about the central stove. The sunlight fell on the rough floor in streaks, and lighted Jimps's head till her hair looked like motes in the sun. It touched with flame the bowl of Jeremy's pipe. The rest of the room was in dusk, concealing from Jeremy, ever-fertile *raconteur*, that his mates had yielded themselves to after-supper dozing. Only his little girl sat, erect and eager, as if drinking honey from his lips. The unintelligibility of his tales to her childish perception only heightened their charm. Like dim incantations, they had the spell of the mystic, and she translated them to suit the mood or the hour.

Jeremy spoke with the unctuous drawl

of a person in possession of his audience, secure in this case because a somnolent one.

"To cut a long story short" — he repeated the euphemistic phrase as those do who cut short stories long — "she says, says she, to me, 'Would you have the goodness to remove that ere pipe of yourn from your lips?' or words to that uffect."

It was evident that Jeremy was embarked upon a story as familiar to the camp as to the world outside, of the leading rôle of which he nevertheless claimed to be the original creator. Jimps listened with eyes open to every detail.

"'This be the smoker, madam,' says I, ca'm-like and firm, 'and pipes be allowed. But would you be so obleeging as to remove that ere dorg of yourn to the van, whar he belongs?'"

"How did the doggie look, Jeremy?" cried Jimps, alive to this feature of the incantation.



Nothing is more annoying to the story-teller than irrelevant queries that swerve the course of the story, mid-stream. But the snag was Jimps, so Jeremy treated it with respect.

"The same war the hombliest critter you ever laid eyes on. Brown coloured, with ears like two pancakes on him. You'd ha' thought them ears of his'n would have bothered him considerable in chawin' when he come to chaw."

Jeremy's wit was richly rewarded by Jimps's cascade of laughter. He rambled on.

"Her, pawin' the smoke away and sniffin' the foolishhest. But I was never one to stan' out agin a woman, only thet long to uphold my manly dignity; so I lays my pipe down on the sill, accidental-like, the while I mought be ponderin' somethin' purty deep."

Jeremy's voice, sinking mysteriously, aroused Jimps's nimble imagination. Her dark eyebrows were raised to a point above her triangular brown eyes as she leaned forward out of her high chair. She looked like a startled insect. It was only at this twilight hour that she was admitted to the charmed circle around the stove. Here she sat still. At other times she rippled with incessant life, like a sapling in the breeze.

"How deep were it, Jeremy? 'Bout as deep as that woodchuck hole by the big beech tree?"

"What be you talkin' of, daughtie? There warn't no woodchuck holes on that Adyrondack express. We was half-way between Big Moose and Beaver River, I reckon, when quick ez a wink she flicked my pipe out of the window!"

Jimps felt that her last commentary, though well meant, had been a failure, and was resolved to retrieve herself by an extra amount of sympathetic vivacity.

"Oh! That were smart of the lady, wern't it?"

Jeremy, instead of gratitude for this solitary instance of attention in a room-

ful of sleeping dummies, betrayed the slightest bitterness.

"A durned bit too smart fer me. So I jist yanked her dorg up by his big ears and he follered the pipe down the tracks, I'm blessed if he didn't!"

"The poor little doggie!" burst out Jimps, in a frenzy of unexpected commiseration.

She jumped from her chair and ran to Jeremy vengefully. Her red lips quivered to a sob, and her eyebrows were ruffled.

"You hurt the poor doggie, and I won't love you any more."

"What-- what's this?" muttered old Eli, turning in his barrel chair. "Who's hurtin' little Jimps?"

Jeremy had at least gained a listener. Eli, when he heard the next catch-word, recognised the tale, and groaned at his inopportune wakefulness.

"I didn't hurt the critter none, daughtie. Listen and you'll find out. At Clear Water I was stoppin' to see my sister's folks, and purty glad to get shook off from that jawin' wumman; but off she gets, too, to pursue the argyment when, what in the name of wonderment did we see a-comin' down the railroad tracks?"

The thrill of an approaching climax aroused the last sleepers, and Jeremy was tickled by the stir.

"Thet ere lap-eared dorg of hern, trottin' ez cool ez you please——"

"Oh, was he *reel* cool?" rippled Jimps, appreciative, as always, of minor points.

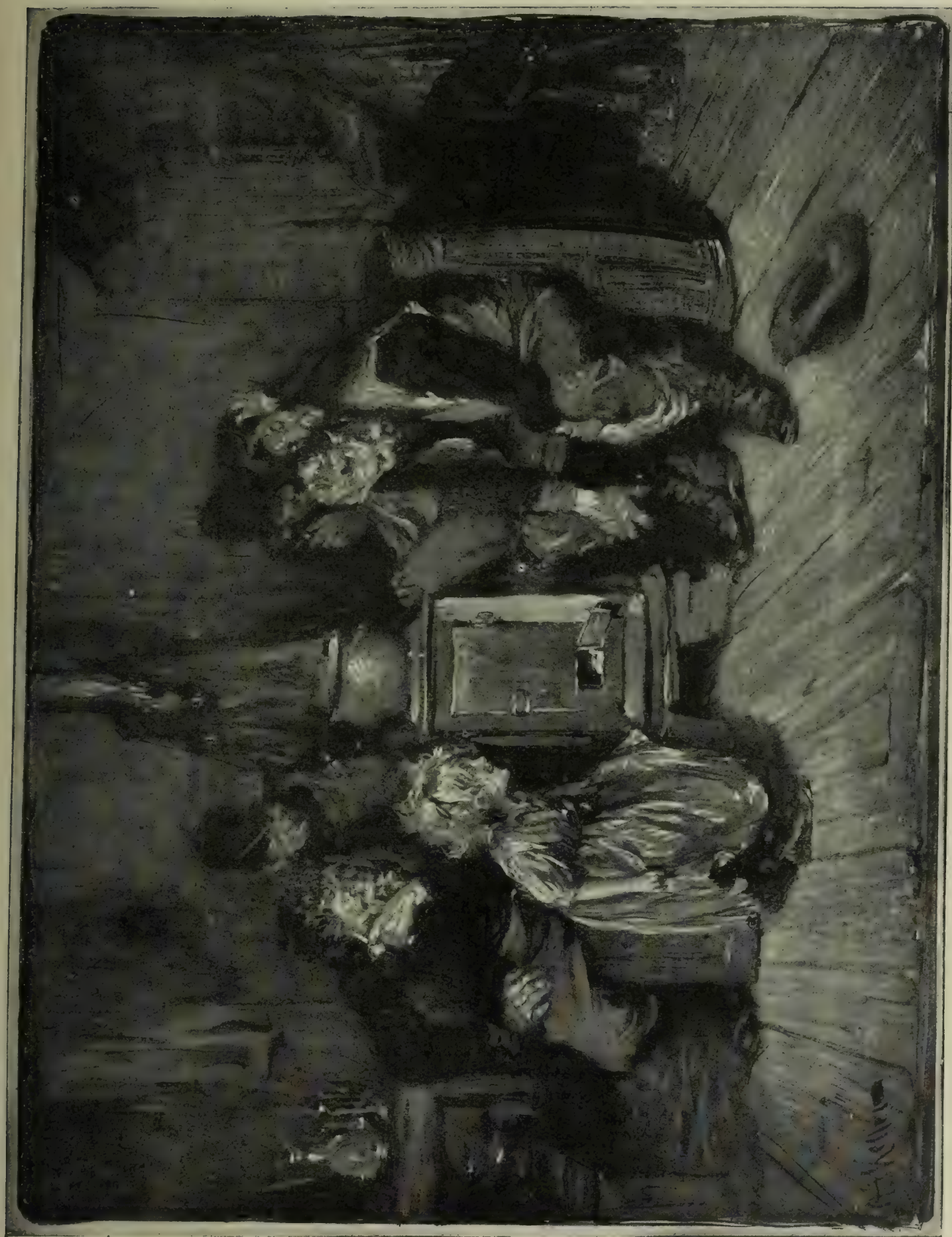
Jeremy swept magnificently on.

"And thet gol-darned pipe of mine in his ugly mouth! Hey, what d'ye say to that, old man Joe?"

"The dear little doggie!" bubbled Jimps. "And the pipe in his mouf! And were he smokin' it, Jeremy?"

The satire, unconscious though it was, did not escape the quick-witted lumbermen. They burst into roars of laughter at Jeremy's expense. The simple-hearted old fellow accepted the





"AND THEN, WHAT D'VE THINK? HE—BOWED REEL, PERLITE."



laughter as tribute to the success of his tale.

"It war cur'ous, warn't it?" he concluded, tipping the ashes out of his pipe on the wood pile.

"Now fer your bear story," said Davy affably to Eli.

"Or yourn of the devil," returned Eli.

Both were well-known allusions that kindled appreciative guffaws.

"I were witness to a most astoundin' occurrence last winter," began Mart waggishly.

"Yes, I reckon we've all sawed mighty wonders," said Davy drily, "ef you give us time to think on 'em up."

Little Jimps, in Jeremy's arms, suffered the agony of unworthy obscurity. Here were all the "boys" with such marvels at the tips of their tongues, while she must sit in extinguishment. There was a silence, during which Jimps meditated a hundred fine beginnings, like one who trembles on the verge of his first impromptu speech. She slid down from Jeremy's knees and began in an awe-struck tone: "I've had a wonder, too! I haven't telled no one what I sawed on the road this mornin'."

Her tone so deliciously echoed Jeremy's own, at his most inspired moment, that the men laughed, but were silenced by Jeremy's gentle plea.

"Let the young 'un tell her story, and you boys listen and hark to it."

"I went out to the road this mornin'," said Jimps, in the throes of literary creation, "and I hearn a funny noise and I looked, and what do you think I sawed"—the ecstasy of fabrication was upon her—"up above me in a tree?"

The dramatic pause was busily employed with thoughts as to what she did see.

"A little squirl, and he slided down the trunk just as fast, and when he come to the bottom he spread out his tail, so."

Jimps illustrated with hands and skirt.

"And sat down, and he looked like a grey jug settin' on a fuzzy mat, just zactly."

She laughed humorously at her simile, taking meanwhile quick thought ahead. She realised that her wonder was beginning well, but she could not hold her audience indefinitely without some daring stroke.

"And then, what d'ye think, he—bowed reel perlite——"

Jimps captured her audience by another bit of "business."

"And he says, 'Good mornin', ma'am. I'm the squirl that lives in this tree, and I'll be obleeged ef you'll step keerful, so's not to wake up my children, ez air jest gone to sleep in their little bunks.' That's what the squirl says to me."

Jimps was now in the centre of the room, and her brown eyes shone red in the stove light. Her fluffy hair rose up into a little peak of excitement.

"What sort of a voice did he have, Jimps?" queried Jeremy respectfully.

"Kind of chittery, like this," said she, with plausible imitation. "And I walked away just as sof'," she tip-toed up to Davy, "and—thet's all!"

"Fust rate! You'll do, all right!" said Davy, cynically.

Jimps's brows went up in instant comprehension. Now that she had told her lie, she became its passionate defender.

"Cross my heart and die, it's solemn truf!"

"In course it be," murmured Jeremy, lovingly.

"'N I'm going there to-morrow to talk wiz him again, but you can't go!" was her final shot to Davy as Jeremy bore her off to bed.

"Ain't she a corker, though, to tell yarns?" said Mart, when the door was closed behind father and child. "Takes arter her mother all right in thet."

"'N she'll bamboozle him jest the same when she's growed big," added Davy.

Notwithstanding, every man in camp, with the addition of Garetta, Eli's wife, the camp cook, loved Jimps devotedly. Jeremy's marriage had been the



romance and the tragedy of the little logging community some years before. The girl Melissy had suddenly appeared in camp one stormy winter night—unknown unheralded, and pitifully in search of a “husband,” who was in reality no husband at all. Paul Lawless, who had deceived the foolish young thing, turned on his heel, and by his silence disowned her. Then Jeremy—elderly, diffident, and lonely—had risen to the supreme height of his life, and claimed her as his own. A quiet marriage had followed, and three happy years—happy for Jeremy—full of discontent and longing for selfish, pretty, light-o’-love Melissy. The birth of her child stirred only the feeblest maternal instinct, although to Jeremy it was the coming of heaven on earth. Therefore it was not a surprise to the camp when Melissy ran away with Zenus Adgate, a flashy agent from Toronto. Melissy’s babbling babe saved Jeremy’s life and reason in the bitter days that followed. When he finally had strength to speak of her, he was only known to say that he pitied her, and blamed himself more than he blamed her. After a while she got the divorce she wanted. The child he always kept, and his whole rugged nature was wrapped to absorption in the fragile scrap of a girl. Sometimes he would take her velvet face between his rough hands with a wonder and awe that she was his—so little, so dainty, and his. She, in her turn, lavished upon him a variety of bewildering caresses, and fluttered between his feet like a kitten. Jimps was volatile, restless, fanciful, but had an insight of human nature that was almost genius. Next to her love for Jeremy was her love for admiration. Therefore when she was put to bed on the night of her triumph did she intoxicate her father by her cooing love-words and fantastic embraces. Had she not conquered the “boys” to spell-bound belief in her wonder? It was a lovely lie.

“Jeremy, I’m awful fond of you,” she

cooed, inventing new and ever new additions to the “squirrel story.”

“We will stay together all our life, daughtie,” he responded, his throat full.

That night Melissy and Zenus came to camp. The woman wished to see her child—the only child she had ever borne, and he had consented to satisfy her whim.

“An ef she’s reel sweet and purty we’ll take her back to live with us, won’t we, Zene?” said she, cajolingly.

She had been thinking lately how nice a live plaything would be.

“What’ll Jeremy say?”

“He won’t say nothing when I tell him how much I want her.”

She had a shallow nature’s cheap pride in its power.

Deep souls are most at the mercy of the feeble ones where love enters in. Little souls stand on the edge of a whirlpool and laugh at the havoc their breath creates.

“It’s purty tough for a little gell like her to be brought up so lonesome, with only rough men to take keer on her.”

“Thet’s so. All right,” assented Zene, as they drove into the camp road at nightfall.

The air was balmy with melting snows and sprouting buds. Shadows wavered across the moonlight. The moon quivered as a golden cross in a black brook by the wood’s edge. Then the log shanties came into view in their clearing—low, dark roofs against a luminous sky. The fair full moon sailed above. Jeremy’s candle flickered red through the slit of an upper window. He had taught Jimps to say her prayers.

“And God forgib my sins,” she murmured, with unsullied conscience, “and bless me and Jeremy. Amen.”

Then he went downstairs—to meet the child’s mother. She smiled her prettiest, mindful of her ancient sway. But from the start she felt that something of virtue was gone from her. He felt it, too, remaining unmoved where a year ago his heart would have been in



his mouth and his temples bursting. The spell was gone. When and how? One day we tremble at a name, we go red and white at a footstep on the sill. Our will forsakes us at a voice—a touch. Strange! The next day come step, voice, touch, but the thrill that follows has gone. Where? We are suddenly calm—unmoved. Who loosed the spell? And our own souls answer—who?

The little forsaken girl of the bitter night, the damp rings of hair beneath the frosted hood—that had appealed. The child-mother, nursing her baby, with red winter skies cold through frozen pines—that had appealed. So had a pathetic memory. But this—this smiling person, the city clothes, the plumes cocked up on the jaunty hat—this was repellant. He did not understand the gleam of her patent leather toe as she shook it in the firelight. Zenus also, with his green necktie, affluent chin, and exaggerated moustache, was an aggression.

Jeremy relapsed into stony quiet after Melissy had put forth her plea.

"She is mine—mine—mine! They shall not rob me of her!" he fiercely thought. He bit the stem of his pipe as Melissy chattered on.

"I'm her mother, you know," said she plaintively, not thinking how the simple words opened a hole in the wall of Jeremy's opposition.

Mother and child; mother and child! Again his throat ached.

"You know, Melissy, it was becuz of this promise that I let you get—the—the papers. That I should have custody of the child."

"I know," said Melissy meekly, unable to argue where promises and law were concerned.

"But consider how much better off the child would be with us," said Zenus.

"You needn't say nothing," roared Jeremy, glaring at the man. "I know what you are, Zenus Adgate."

Melissy tapped her foot warningly, and Adgate made no answer. He with-

drew instead to the long mess-table, and ostentatiously picked his teeth.

"Why, Jimps be happy as a bird with me," said Jeremy gently.

"Jimps! Is that what you call the poor little kid?" Melissy spoke as if this were the final and most outrageous grievance. "And I that named her Jessica Belle, with us standing beside her bed, when she weren't able to raise her little head from the pillar."

"The boys kinder got inter that way," Jeremy apologised, "becuz she was so quick in her motions. And I don't know as that was a proper reason, nuther."

"I want to see her sleeping," said Melissy. "May I?"

She had never wanted anything so much as at that moment she wanted little Jessica. Jeremy kept alternately cursing and blessing himself as he took her up the steep stairway to his sleeping room. At any rate, she did not know how near he had been to yielding one fatal minute or she would not so soon have given up hope.

Zenus below strode importantly about the cabin, striking inquisitive toes against various objects, as if to test their solidity. The very way he twisted his lips had a commercial implication.

Jimps lay beneath the grey blanket, one dimpled fist curled lovingly toward the mouth in dreamy reminiscence of the days when thumb-sucking was desirable and luxurious. Her black lashes and furze of corn-coloured hair made somehow a pathetic contrast. The red lips smiled half humorously. Jeremy's big hand shook as he held the candle close to her face. He dared not look at the mother.

"Mother and child; mother and child!" his heart kept saying.

"Has she forgot me?" whispered Melissy, coming a bit nearer. She was softened by recollection of the time when he and she first leaned over the rude bed together. For even the shallowest woman has her moments of depth.

"She don't say much about you—



now," answered Jeremy reluctantly, and turned his face the other way.

Melissy fell on her knees and buried her face in the warm blanket by the little head. She was not clever enough for acting, but she could not have better calculated.

"Oh my baby, my baby!" he heard her moan.

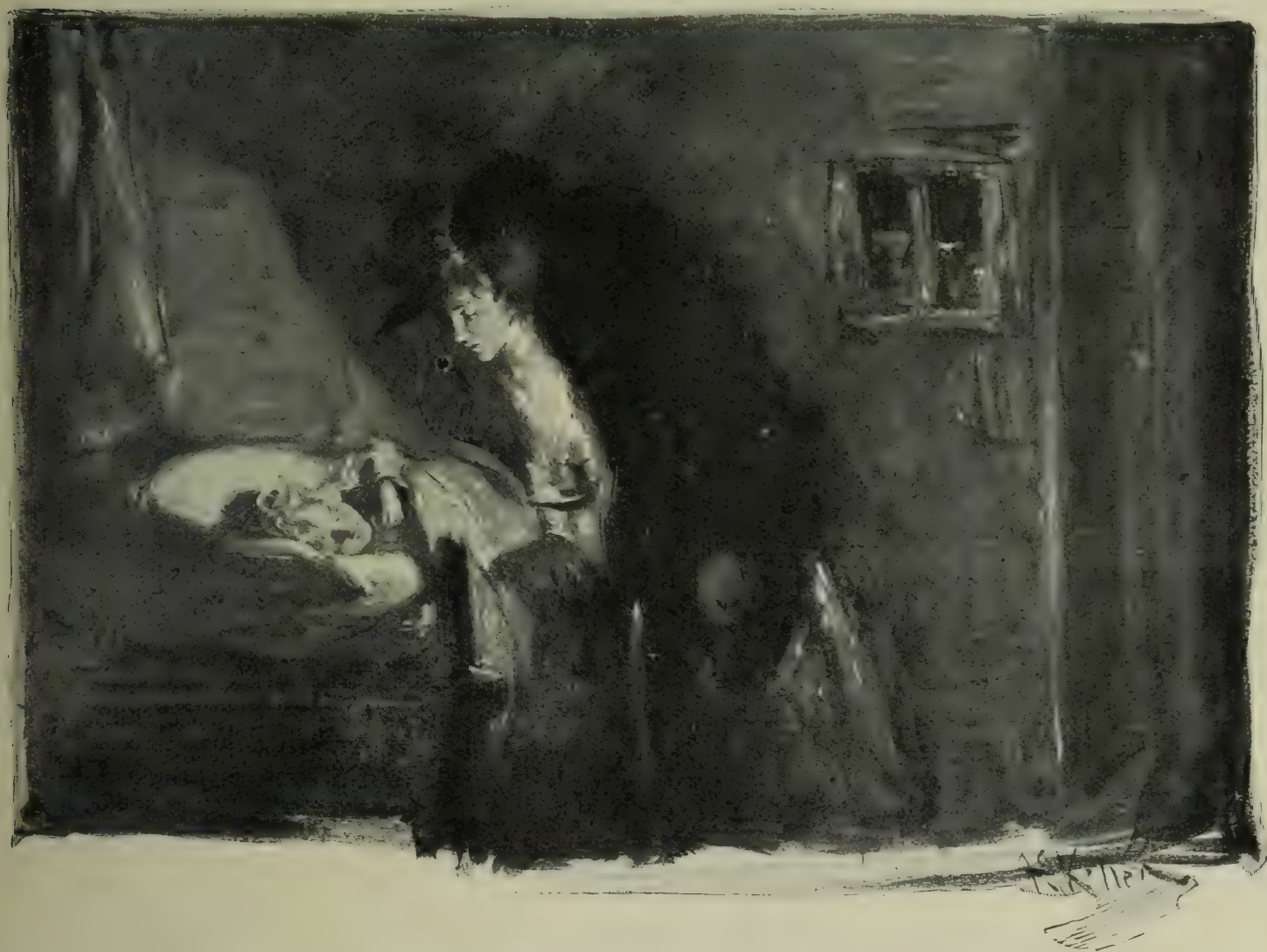
He felt that even he had become an

in the dim light he saw that she had been crying. He spoke hoarsely.

"Melissy, when sun-up comes, if you still want her, you shall have her, s'God help me."

What he did not see was the faint smile that lighted her delicate face when she told Zenus that it was time for bed.

"Jimps, Jimps!" groaned Jeremy up-



"JEREMY'S BIG HAND SHOOK AS HE HELD THE CANDLE."

intruder, and so he crept downstairs. Melissy that minute would have given up Zenus Adgate, shop jewellery, city clothes, and all, to have had that little arm around her neck and a baby voice cooing "mamma." Jeremy waited for her at the foot of the stairs. He had decided on his course, but he did not want the man Adgate to hear what he should say. Melissy appeared, and even

stairs. "It'll break my heart, but Jeremy has got to keep his word."

She had never called him father, but always Jeremy, as did the "boys," who were exemplars in her little world.

The lumberman lost himself for a moment while his rough cheek touched hers. Instantly she awoke, wide awake, as is the way with restless little children. Jeremy was on his knees



and praying for her. This much she realised.

"It is the solemn truf," said Jimps aloud.

He looked at her, amazed. Triangular bright brown eyes met his gaze where before angel lashes swept the unconscious cheek.

"What is the truth, daughtie?"

"I telled the solemn truf about that talkin' squirl."

Then once more Jimps was in slumberland.

The next morning at breakfast she was introduced to Melissy and Zenus.

"Kiss her pretty," chirruped Garetta, "she's your mother."

But instead of "kissing her pretty," the little girl fled to Jeremy's leg, in the embrace of which fortress she surveyed the enemy warily.

"I never sawed that woman afore," was her first plea in rebuttal.

"Come, Jessica, I'll show you my shiny brooch," teased Melissy.

Jimps turned to Jeremy in quick wrath. "She doesn't know my name," she whispered. "She be'n't my mother. You be."

The child ate her oatmeal sloppily, distracted by the new faces and the astonishing siege for which she was inwardly fortifying herself.

"How bad the child eats," remarked Melissy to her husband.

Jimps did some gymnastics with her freighted spoon, in defiance.

"Wipe off your mouth, little gell," said Zenus patronisingly, sousing his moustache in the coffee cup for a sonorous drink.

"You got driblets on your whiskers your own self," retorted Jimps, when he emerged. "You look like my black tom-cat when he'd been in the milk pan."

In this manner was the *entente cordiale* established between them. Zenus was discomfited by the applause that Jimps evoked. Poor Jeremy struggled hard to correct the opening negotiations. He

had drunk three cups of coffee, but tasted no other food. The fresh April sunlight, streaming horizontally through the frosted trees on this radiant Sunday morning, mocked at the tug in his heart. The lumbermen moved about the room, joking casually with each other, but underneath it all keeping a sharp watch upon the little drama. The suppression of outward curiosity is one of the foremost canons of good breeding in the Canadian woods.

"Be a good little gell, Jimps. She is your mamma and will fetch you home to live with her. Show what a nice, pretty-behaved little child you kin be."

If this obnoxious happening was to be purchased by pretty behaviour, Jimps knew also how it was to be averted. She had been taking the measure of Melissy, from the thin lips to the little shallow toe that tapped impatiently. She did not know what "mammias" were, but if this were one of them, they were not to be desired.

"You may come and live with me in a grand house," said Melissy, "if you air a nice little girl." She held out one slim hand to the child, but a single leathery finger of Jeremy's contained more promise of love. Jimps retreated again to the paternal stronghold.

"Where's the kid's duds? There's no more time for foolin'," said Zenus with incisive brutality.

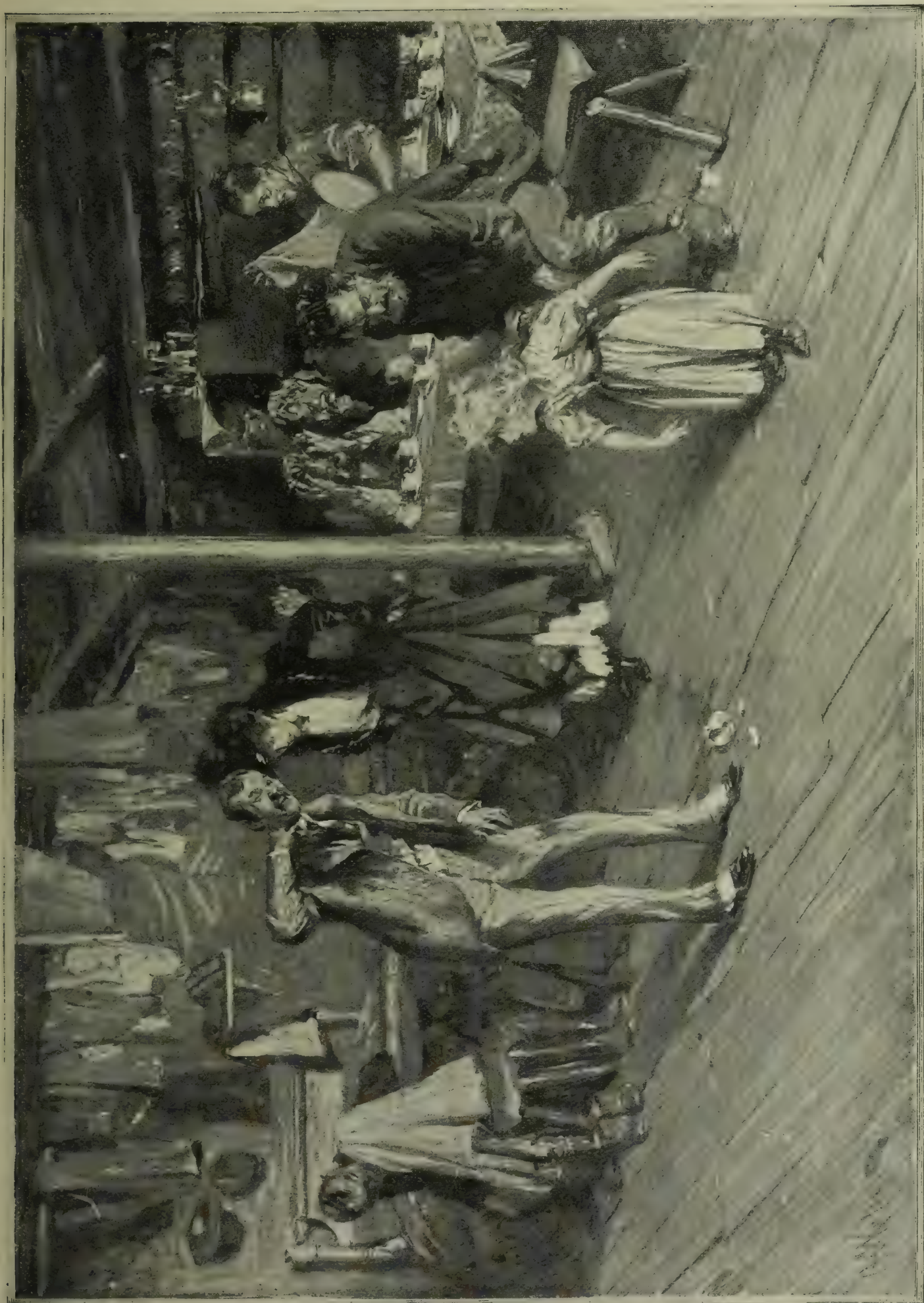
Jimps's quick wits rose to the situation.

"I be'n't a nice little gell," she shrieked, stamping her foot with savage menace. Old man Joe and Eli glanced up with slow interest, and mild Garetta turned from her dish-washing.

"I be the baddest little gell you ever sawed. I screams when her combs my hair"—she jerked an impudent elbow toward the amazed Garetta. "I screams awful—like this"—and she let out a blood-curdling sound that made Mart stop his ears and Melissy look apprehensive.

"I stamps when he puts me to bed,





"THET'S THE KIND OF LITTLE GELL I BE."





" 'THE BOYS 'ULL NEVER B' LIEVE ME AGAIN.' "

and once I clum out of the winder and played in the snow all night, I did!"

Her intoxicated fancy took wide range.

"One time I hooked the hosses up and druv clar off. The boys was awful mad, but I didn't keer!"

The tossed head and the insolent laugh were the very incarnation of desperate wickedness. Eli had his mouth behind his hand and his body shook. Simple Jeremy's dazed look was gradually growing to one of comprehension. Davy pointed out to Mart by pantomimic gesture the contempt on Adgate's face.

"The little wildcat!" Adgate mut-

tered, which spurred 'Jimps on to more atrocious self-defamation.

"I never mind nobody, and nobody dassn't tech me when I don't want them ter. I shies cups and saucers at 'em. I don't think nothin' of doin'—*thet*!"

A heavy coffee-cup struck the green necktie with brilliant emphasis. Its owner dodged angrily, and uttered imprecations against "the brat."

"Thet's the kind of little gell I be," finished Jimps breathlessly, while Melissy drew her skirts away from the pool of muddy coffee on the floor.

"She-devil!" ejaculated Zenus, approaching his wife, enraged both with her and himself for the foolish position in which he felt himself placed. "Is



this the high jinks we wants goin' on in our house? Let's tek our things and go, and be well rid of the rubbish."

"She tells the truth, anyhow, don't she?" returned Melissy, sheepishly, ashamed to be the mother of such a violent mite.

"An' I don't tell the truth, nuther—not hardly ever!" disclaimed Jimps with vehemence, afraid to leave open even this loophole through which the enemy might worm in. "Yestiddy in the dog-room I telled a lie—the dreffullest one"—how much this confession cost the child at bay no one could have guessed. "I telled a lie right clean out of my own head about—about a little squirl that bowed perlite and talked."

She could not keep from her voice the note of creative tenderness. She glanced around with the pride of self-abasement, for the boys, once her spell-bound audience, now must be witness to her downfall. It was the last drop of the price she must pay to stay with Jeremy "forever'n ever."

"I said he talked to me and called me 'ma'am,' an' 'twas no such thing at all. I lied, didn't I, boys?—a drefful black lie!"

The blazing sprite with hot tears behind the proud, pale look appealed to the grey, weather-beaten men who were her "boys."

"You did, Jimps," came from them in loyal unison.

Little Mrs. Adgate gathered up her skirts and stepped gingerly across the cluttered floor. At the outer threshold she turned as if to speak, but Jimps's face did not yield. Zenus hurried her through with an unceremonious hand upon her waist. His harsh laughter was heard as he harnessed his horses and drove rapidly away.

Then Jimps flung herself on Jeremy's breast in a passion of weeping.

"The boys 'ull never b'lieve me again. They'll gag me to def," she moaned. "But you know why, Jeremy—you know why."

Jeremy could only pat her cheek with hand that trembled. — Eli rubbed the horny back of his hand across his eyes.

"I lied to that woman deceitfully, but I telled the solemn truf at the end."

Jimps's tears flowed afresh, for that darling lie had been her fondest treasure, and now it lay discovered. The "solemn truf" had cost her the bitterest pang.



## A BALLADE OF PROTEST

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

I LIKE full well our modern ways,  
Of late inventions fond am I;  
These are the wondrous, glorious days;  
I'm glad last year I did not die!  
To-day great steamships quickly ply  
'Twixt this and lands beyond compare;  
But for one ancient thing I sigh—  
Give me an old-time love affair.

They sing to-day the modern lays  
That none of old had sense to try;  
And there are, too, the modern plays,  
And buildings tall that reach the sky;  
More wondrous is the modern lie,  
Unknown to ancient folk; I swear  
I love improvement; but, my, my,  
Give me an old-time love affair.

The telegraph, that lifts the haze  
From things remote and brings them nigh,  
Is something that would make one gaze  
Who lived in days departed; why  
Should one object that wondrously  
His words go hurtling through the air;  
Though useful things I'll not decry,  
Give me an old-time love affair.

### L'ENVOI.

Sweetheart, forget the modern tie  
That binds you in convention's snare.  
Forget these modern methods; fie!  
Give me an old-time love affair!



## A DOUBLE EVENT

By OWEN OLIVER

EX-CAPTAIN JAMES mixed two stiff tumblers of grog, produced two clean "churchwardens," and placed the tobacco jar midway between himself and his twin brother.

"'Ere's to you, John."

"Same to you, James."

They filled the long pipes carefully and lit them.

"What's brought you to London, mate?"

Ex-Captain John blew a cloud of smoke and surveyed his brother critically.

"To look at," he observed, "I might be you, an' me you."

James leaned back in his chair and winked.

"You ain't come fifty miles to tell me that."

"For all we know, you might be me, an' me you, seein' 'ow we got mixed when we was kids."

"An' if we did, wot does it amount to?"

"A matter of twenty pound."

Captain James grunted.

"Want me to 'ang for you?" he asked, suspiciously.

"No-o; not exac'ly."

"Or git married?"

Captain James hit the table with his big fist.

"If ever I goes in for it—"

"'Eaven forbid!"

"I does my own marryin'!"

Captain James regarded his brother in alarm.

"You ain't goin' to do it, are you?" he asked, anxiously.

Captain John rubbed some hard tobacco in his horny palm to make ready for his next pipe before answering.

"'Tain't no sich foolishness. It's a bit o' sport."

"Didn't think it was in you!" Captain

James rubbed his hands in pleased surprise.

"Wot you alwus knowed more about 'n me; or most men."

Captain James smiled.

"People 'ave said so," he confessed modestly; "but I don't take no pride in it. It's a gift."

"Remarkable good you was at runnin'."

"Aye!" Captain James chuckled gleefully. "I've showed a good many my 'eels."

"It's my belief as you'd do it still."

"I don't know as 'ow I wouldn't."

"If them chaps at the *True Briton* was to try and get you on; like they done with me!"

Captain James sat bolt upright.

"Ho!" he remarked. "*That's it*. You want me to run a race for you?" Captain John nodded. "You 'aven't been givin' me away, in course? Not crackin' me up nor nothink of that sort?"

"Not me!"

"Wot 'ave you said about me?"

"Not a word; an' ain't goin' to."

"Then 'ow'll you git up the match?"

"It's got up—wus luck! Only it's me!"

"You!" Captain John nodded shamefacedly. "Why, you can't run for nuts; an' never couldn't." They shook their heads in unison. "Who's it against?"

"Nobody."

Captain James got up to have a good look at his brother.

"Been drinkin' 'eavy?" he asked casually. The twin raised his hands in horror. "Then wot do you mean?"

"It's against time."

Captain James sat down again.

"The question is *wot* time and can you do it."

"No, I can't; but I thought as 'ow you——"



"Oh! Ah—h. You want me to take it on as if I was you?"

"You alwus was one for gittin' at a p'int!"

Captain James laid down his pipe and folded his arms.

"Afore I take on anythink, I like to know *wot* I'm on. Let's 'ave the per-ticklers."

Captain John took a thoughtful sip of the rum and cleared his voice.

"It come about at the *True Briton*, w're I go to 'ave wot little I 'ave; an' it were Roach, the saddler, an' Elmes, the undertaker, wot got me on to it. Alwus braggin' o' wot they done in the runnin' line, or wot they *sez* they done."

"The two things," remarked Captain James, "is different."

"An' the landlady, wot's a widder——"

"John!" said his brother warningly, "John!"

"There ain't nothink between us," brother John disclaimed hastily. "Not but wot she's a fine figger of a woman; an' civil to me—very civil."

"The more reason to be careful."

"It's a nice little bit of property, bein' a free 'ouse, an' belongin' to 'erself."

"In course," agreed Captain James, "that makes a difference."

"'Er 'usband was a bit of a runnin' man—done nineteen miles inside the hour, an'——"

"Nobody never did, nor anythink like it."

"It might have been two hours, now I come to think of it. I 'adn't never no 'ead fer figgers. Any'ow, 'e done it, wotever it were. She couldn't never take to no man who wasn't nothink of a nathlete, she sez. An' that 'ere Roach made out as 'e was, bein' after 'er."

"A free 'ouse," pronounced Captain James, "is wuth a lot of money."

"One night they was talkin' o' records, an' sich things, when I ventures a few words. Roach turns on me very nasty."

"'It's very well talkin',' 'e sez, 'but wot 'ave you *done*?'"

"An' Mrs. Brown sez: 'Oh, Cap'n, I'm sure you've been a runner.'

"'For certain, ma'am,' sez I, 'but I ain't so fond of braggin' as some.' Then she arks me to tell them some of my doin's." He took another sip of rum. "I 'appened to remember some of the things wot I'd 'eard you tell on, so I tole 'em I done 'em—seein' as we was twins an' mixed up like."

"They was pritty tall things, some on 'em," remarked Captain James, "wot I *sed* I done."

"I s'pose they was. Any'ow, they didn't believe 'em. An' one thing leads to another."

"It do. Wot did this lead to?"

Captain John leaned forward and emphasised his words with his pipe stem.

"A bet of twenty pound that I wouldn't git from Seaminster to 'Ardleigh 'Ill an' back in four an' a 'arf hours, go as you please."

"Wot's the roads like?"

"Ain't none, most of the way."

"Footpaths?"

"There's a sort of footpath in places."

"How fur is it?"

"'Bout thirteen mile each way."

Captain James brought down his churchwarden with a crash.

"John!" he roared, "you're wus'n a fool!"

"You don't mean as you can't do it?" cried his brother, aghast.

"I ain't mad enough to try. Twenty-six mile, an' no roads; an' me close on fifty-nine!"

Captain John drew a long breath.

"Wot's to be done?" he asked, disconsolately.

"Pay up," pronounced his brother.

Captain John mixed another glass of grog.

"If I don't 'ave a try," he said dejectedly, "I'll never 'ear the last of it. If you could run part of the way——"

Captain James jumped up, knocking over a tumbler in his excitement.

"John!" he shouted, "I've got 'em!"



Captain John made hastily for the door.

"I knew you would if you drank so 'eavy."

"Don't be a hass! I'm all right, if you'll listen."

"Yes, yes," said Captain John soothingly. "In course you are, mate. You needn't come no nearer. I can 'ear."

"So can the walls sometimes," said Captain James. "Jest stop dodgin' round the table like a hackroback."

He imprisoned his brother in the corner with a dexterous shove of the table, seized him by the arm, and put his mouth to his ear. As he whispered, Captain John's expression changed from alarm to doubt, from doubt to conviction, and from conviction to delight.

"James," he vowed, "you're a geniass. That's wot you are."

"No, no, John," said his brother. "It don't want no genius to see as you've no need to run the middle of a race, if you've got a twin to show at each end."

\* \* \* \* \*

Wednesday was early closing day at Seaminster. Long before half-past three, when the Captain was to start on his desperate undertaking, the population assembled in its hundreds outside and inside the *True Briton*, till the great runner took refuge in the widow's private parlour.

"'Ow are you feelin', Cap'n?" she asked, anxiously. He shook his head.

"It wouldn't have been nothink to me once; but I ain't so young as I used to be."

"You must make up your mind to feel young," said the widow, encouragingly.

"Ah!" said the Captain; "there's only one thing as ud do that."

"If you won the race?"

"Not unless I won—somethink else."

The Captain looked at the widow, and the widow looked at the Captain. The Captain took two steps nearer, and the widow took only one back.

"If I know'd it were a double event," he began, "it 'ud encourage me to that extent as——" Then Mr. McBean, the sexton, who was starter and umpire, bustled in.

"Time you was out, Captain," he said fussily.

"Good luck, Captain!" cried the landlady, "and—and mind you feel young." He glanced at her inquiringly, and she nodded with understanding. Then McBean hustled him out.

"The conditions," he announced to the crowd, "is simple. Captain Newton backs 'isself to git to 'Ardleigh 'Ill an' back, makin' the best of 'is way, by eight o'clock. Mr. Roach an' Mr. Elmes drives there by road to see 'im arrive an' start back. I shall wait 'ere to time 'is return, an'—er——"

"Bury 'im!" shouted a wag in the crowd.

"I've done it for many a wus," the sexton stated.

"'Ear, 'ear."

"As a umpire I don't 'ave no preference in the matter, but as a man an' a sportsman I sez, 'Good luck to 'im.'"

"Hooray!" shouted the crowd, "'e'll do it."

"I dunno as I can do it," said the Captain modestly, "but I'll do my best to get there an'——"

"If you only git there," said Roach from the trap, "you're all right. We'll drive you back if you can't walk."

"I 'ope," said the Captain severely, "as you'll be in 'a condition to drive yourselves back." The crowd roared, Roach and Elmes being notorious toppers.

"Order!" shouted the umpire-sexton. "Five seconds more. Ready? Go!"

The Captain ambled off at a jog-trot, and the crowd cheered till he turned the corner of Bell Lane. Then they dispersed—chiefly into the inn, where they discussed the result of the race till it was time to go home for tea.

Soon after seven the crowd began to



gather again. By half-past the whole village had reassembled, and scouts were thrown out to the corner of the lane to signal the Captain's appearance.

"They ought to see 'im soon," the landlady remarked, anxiously.

"'E won't do it," said Naylor, the carpenter. "Not at 'is age."

"Any'ow," said the landlady, "'e 'ad the courage to try."

"Some might call it fool'ardy," observed Sale, the cobbler.

The landlady said nothing; but she pursed her lips scornfully, and muttered something about "fools as didn't know they was fools."

At twenty to eight there were still no signals, and the crowd began to shake their heads.

"I alwus said as 'e couldn't do it," everyone stated.

At eighteen minutes to the hour, however, there was a sudden uproar. The watchers at the end of the lane were waving handkerchiefs.

"'E's comin'!" everyone shouted. "'E's comin'. I know'd all along 'e'd do it."

At twelve minutes to eight the Captain, hatless and breathless, appeared round the corner, with the advance guard running by his side.

"Go it, Cap'n!" they yelled. "Keep it up. Hooray!"

"Hooray!" shouted the crowd. "Make way for 'im. Hooray!"

At four and a quarter minutes to the hour the Captain reached the *True Briton*, and fell exhausted into the blanket which Mr. McBean had ready; and a dozen men struggled for the privilege of carrying him into the parlour, where the widow waited with a cordial.

"'Ave I won?" he gasped.

"Yes," she whispered, pressing his hand.

"Not till we 'ave proof as you got to 'Ardleigh 'Ill," said McBean, "w'en Mr. Roach and Mr. Elmes comes."

"They won't be long," said the landlady.

"Then," said the sexton, "'e'll know."

"'E knows, now," she stated, with a smile at the Captain, "wot 'e's won. Lor! I can picture the faces of that 'ere Roach an' Elmes, w'en they come."

It was half-past nine, however, before they arrived. The Captain was addressing a gathering in the bar-parlour at the moment.

"I don't want to boast," he was saying, "but there was a time w'en I'd 'ave done it a hour less, an'——"

"Roach an' Elmes!" shouted someone. The Captain trembled with natural excitement.

"'Ide away an' pertend you ain't got back," suggested the landlady. He bolted into the inner room. "Don't nobody laugh. W'y wotever's the matter with them? They're knocking over everything in the passage."

The matter was plain enough when they staggered into the room. Roach fell over a chair, which he did not see, and Elmes sat on one, which nobody else saw. Roach insisted on singing and Elmes wept, till they got him into an armchair, where he fell asleep. Then Roach propped himself against the mantelpiece and attempted a speech.

"Gen'lmen—beg pardon, Mrs. Brown—ladies—gen'lmen an' gen'lmen. Our fren'—sad thing 'appened—shockin'—gen'lmen—ladies—Mrs. Brown. Ter'ble thing, drink."

"So we see," said Mr. Thomas, the rate-collector.

"W're's the Cap'n?" asked Mrs. Brown, playfully.

"Ah, w're is 'e? *W'ere* is 'e? 'Ome an' in bed. Bes' place for 'im." Mr. Roach glanced round fiercely. "Bes' place for all them as drinks."

"Drink," observed Mr. Thomas, "is the curse of this country, an' the downfall of many a good man. Wot'll you 'ave, Mr. Davis. No, no, it's my turn."

"Drink," said Mr. Roach, "'as been the downfall of the Cap'n. 'Is runnin'—'is runnin'—mind you I say 'is runnin'—was good." He staggered and clutched at the mantelshelf.



"Some one 'old 'im," cried the landlady, "an' mind the vases."

"I'm all right," protested Mr. Roach. "But the Cap'n—the Cap'n mind yer—I said the Cap'n."

"Wot about 'im?" asked Mr. Sale.

"'Is runnin' was good. I tole you it was good."

"We knew that," Mr. Sale winked.

"'E got to the 'ill in two hour. That's wot he done."

"'An wot then?" asked Naylor.

"Drink," Roach laughed ironically.

"'An wot then?"

"'E 'ad another drink."

"'Alf a dozen nother drinks," said Elmes, rousing for a moment.

"'An wot then?" persisted Naylor.

"Fell asleep," Roach exclaimed, and the company looked at one another.

"You tried to make 'im drunk?" suggested Mr. Thomas, severely.

"Tried!" shouted Roach. "If we didn't do it, nobody didn't never do nothink. Lay there snorin' till seven, then we put 'im in the trap." Mrs. Brown lifted her hands in protest. "Then 'e roused jest enough to 'ave another drink. 'Alf woke w'en we got into a ditch, an' was pitched out, an' 'ad another. Same again w'en we got 'im 'ome an' put 'im in 'is own bed. An' there 'e is now, if you'll believe me."

"Believe you," cried the landlady. "I wonder the roof doesn't fall down on you. Captain! *Captain!*"

The Captain came slowly in looking sorrowful rather than triumphant; and Roach stared at him with his eyes nearly bolting out of his head.

"It's 'is double," he gasped, "or 'is ghost."

"P'raps," said the Captain, "you'd like to feel as I'm real. I—I'm ashamed of you."

Roach shook the sleeping Elmes till

he woke. Then he pointed to the Captain.

"Wot do you say to this?" he whispered, hoarsely.

Elmes rubbed his eyes and stared sleepily.

"I dunno," he answered. Then he went to sleep again.

"Neither," said Roach solemnly, "do I."

"The fac' is," pronounced Mr. Thomas judicially, "you're both in such a state as you dunno wot you done; but you know as the Cap'n got there; an' we know as 'e got back."

Mr. Roach sat down on the edge of the table and mopped his face.

"It's a ter'ble thing," he stated, "is drink."

"Any'ow," said the sexton-umpire, "I pernounce as the Cap'n 'as won twenty poun'." There was a murmur of agreement.

"An' more'n twenty poun'," said the Captain, looking at the landlady.

"'Ow much?"

The Captain put his arm boldly round her waist.

"I should judge," he pronounced, "somewhere about 'leven stun 'leven."

"Ah!" said Mr. Elmes, "I see. It were a double event."

"Then your trouble's to come," growled Mr. Naylor.

But the Captain declared that he didn't mean to make a trouble of it.

To do him justice, he did not, even when he was trudging the weary six miles to Dullbrook railway station in the small hours, before folk were up, and even though he pushed a wheelbarrow which contained his erring brother. But when he left him propped up in the corner of the carriage he uttered a mild rebuke.

"Them as is doubles," he pronounced, "should be both sober."

"Or both drunk," said Captain James.



## THE CHURCH MOONLIGHT PICNIC

By E. M. HUGHES

"N O, Alethea, I shall set my face against it! Girls in these days seem to think that the proprieties can be thrown to the winds; and out here in Newfoundland, where I did hope to find manners more staid, I declare you have outrun the old country altogether! *Church Moonlight Picnic*, forsooth! What is it coming to I should like to know, when the church itself sets such an example!"

"But, auntie, there's no harm in a moonlight picnic," cried Alethea piteously; "Mr. Ullathorne said the other day that the church sanctioned all such innocent pleasures, and that gatherings of this kind were quite right and natural, and this was why they gave these entertainments. Oh, auntie, do come and chaperone me—then it will be all right. Here's father; I'll ask him. Father, do—do let me go to the 'Church Moonlight Picnic' on Tuesday fortnight!"

Mr. Silvertown looked with dreamy surprise at his excitable daughter. He was a quiet, rather absent man, and since the death of his wife, some three years ago, when Alethea was fifteen, had found his child increasingly difficult to manage, and had been only too thankful when his sister offered to come and make her home with him and "act the part of mother" to Alethea. But, alas, all was not even now as smooth as he had hoped. His daughter's ideas appeared to him so terribly independent, and the manners of a former generation did not appeal to her in the faintest degree. He was a strong conservative, and it was hard for him to apprehend the point of view of a youthful member of the liberal party.

"Well, Alethea," he said at last, "what

is it now? You know I wish you to consult your aunt in all matters; I rely absolutely upon her judgment."

"But, father!" cried the girl, a note of desperation in her voice, "you know—you must remember—that when I couldn't go to the 'Raspberry Ice-Cream Social' because there was no one to chaperone me, you promised faithfully that when Aunt Sophy came I should go to the very next church entertainment, under her care. Oh! don't you remember?"

"Hem," said her father, thoughtfully, turning to his sister, "I am half afraid I did make some such rash promise, Sophy. What do you think about it? The child would be safe with you, of course, if you could make up your mind to it."

This point gained, and her father's defences down, Alethea proceeded to take the citadel by storm. Every prejudice and objection was swept away for the moment by her impetuous onslaught, and the enemy was fain to give in. There might be some feeble after-resistance, a few dropping shots, a half-hearted attempt at a stand, but the final victory was Alethea's, and she knew it, and relapsed into joyful calm.

"You'll never be sorry, auntie dear," she remarked comfortingly. "If you only knew what our moonlight nights upon the sea are like, you'd die sooner than miss such a sight! There are to be fleets of little boats, and after supper we are all to go out in them in a flood of silver! Oh, it's too glorious to think of!" and she danced away to tell the joyful news to her only brother, her elder by one year.

In spite of her youth and the staid and quiet manner of her up-bringing, Alethea had a large circle of friends and



acquaintances amongst the neighbours, and at least three more or less open admirers. She had the piquant beauty of a charming and constantly varying expression rather than that of regular features. Her face reminded one of a sky over which clouds chase one another in ever-varying forms of beauty, and her eyes were blue or grey, deep or sunny, according to her changing mood. They sparkled now like the moonlit sea itself, as she poured out her story into her brother's sympathetic ears.

"Good for you, Thea," he said when she had done. "It'll be awfully jolly to have you on the spree for once, and I expect the 'Church Moonlight' will be a real popular performance if you're in it."

It appeared so, indeed, when, on the appointed evening, Alethea and her aunt, driven by Willie, reached the spot at the edge of the great forest, where the guests were already assembling in considerable numbers. It was a glorious night, warm and still, and the black mysterious depths of the forest were half-revealed by myriads of silver points, like tiny lamps, where the flood of moonlight broke through the interlaced canopy of foliage overhead, whilst, a short distance beyond, like a sheet of molten silver, the broad sea swept to the shimmering horizon. A strange scene truly, this study in black and white; the shade so unnaturally black and the high lights so surprisingly brilliant, like the work of certain artists of the pen, who delight in strong effects and make much capital out of contrast.

It produced the effect of ready-made romance upon the impressionable minds of the young people assembled, and even their elders were unable to resist a feeling of unusualness, and of having stepped into an atmosphere where everyday behaviour was somehow impossible. Miss Silverton, senior, becoming aware of such a sensation feebly stirring in her bosom, resented it fiercely, and did her best to set her foot upon the undesirable intruder.

Glancing round at her niece, she saw that a pleasant looking lad of one or two and twenty was already accosting her with considerable warmth, whilst other equally fervid greetings seemed imminent, to judge by the expressions on the faces which began to gather round the girl in a little knot.

"Introduce your friend to me, Alethea!" she said sharply, facing the young man with disconcerting abruptness.

The girl, though startled for a moment, recovered quickly, and introduced the youth as "Mr. Peter Warren—one of my brother's friends."

Miss Silverton proceeded to metaphorically take him prisoner, but hardly had she engaged him in unwilling conversation with herself, when another aspirant was to the fore, and Alethea was again basking in beaming smiles and listening to flattering speeches. Again Miss Silverton faced round, and this time she captured a certain Mr. Godfrey Simmons, of perhaps some three and twenty summers. But it was fighting at unequal odds, and scarcely was the prisoner drawn off when another and more dangerous foe bore down upon the not unwilling prey, upon whose cheek a faint blush could now be discerned.

Hubert Meynell was older than his predecessors. Though still in the first spring of youth, he had passed through its rawness, and was well tanned by the sun and breeze of life. He looked like a man who had learned to know his mind, to act promptly, and to control himself and his temper, no mean acquisitions for one in the hot stage of early manhood.

He forestalled any move on Miss Silverton's part by requesting Alethea to introduce him to her aunt. This was hardly accomplished when Mr. Ullathorne, the clerical organiser of the picnic, began an address to his assembled guests, immediately after which supper was announced, and all trooped away to the open glade at the forest's edge where a plentiful feast had been spread.



No lights had been provided, and none were really needed, for the moon stood like a silver lamp exactly above the opening in the trees, and shed a flood of glory on the scene.

Miss Silverton attached herself firmly to her niece, like a soldier guarding a prisoner, but she could not *surround* the girl, nor prevent her friends from gathering about her and attending to her wants at supper with quite unnecessary effusion. Nevertheless she did, in the zealous performance of her supposed duty as a chaperone, succeed in acting the part of a very wet blanket, and Alethea's spirits began to sink, and the corners of her mobile mouth to droop, ere the meal came to an end.

"Now for the boats," said Mr. Ullathorne, as the feast drew at length to its close. "Let every able-bodied man constitute himself oarsman to one or two ladies, according to the size of his boat, and we will all row out and view this lovely scene from the sea.

There was a general rush of men to the boats, the ladies following more slowly.

Alethea and her aunt were inseparable as before. As they approached the shore, three figures bounded lightly up the sloping beach to meet them. "We have each secured a boat," they cried; and then all three drew up in front of Miss Silverton, and there was a momentary pause. Hubert Meynell spoke first; he looked straight at Miss Silverton, nor did his eyes once stray to Alethea's little wistful face, as she stood half-shadowed by her aunt.

"Our boats are all for a single passenger," he explained, "indeed nearly all those provided are such. Miss Silverton will you do us the great honour of selecting one of us as your oarsman?"

Alethea's aunt looked at her niece in genuine distress. To leave her in the hands of the enemy seemed impossible, yet what was to be done. The boats were all fast pushing out from the shore; no one but herself appeared to hesitate.

"Could you not take my niece as well as myself?" she asked at length. "She is very light, could she not sit in the bows?"

"Quite impossible," the young men assured her; "it would be most unsafe. The boats were only constituted to hold one, but if Miss Silverton would decide whom she would honour, her niece should instantly follow in one of the other skiffs."

There really seemed nothing else to be done, and certainly the boats were all keeping together at present; so, with an inward groan at her folly in having consented to bring her niece to this very undesirable entertainment, she directed her mind to the choosing of the cavalier for herself whose foxhood it should seem most dangerous to leave beside the poor little goose under her charge. Remembering that blush on the girl's face when first addressed by Hubert Meynell, she quickly made her decision, and, turning to that gentleman, announced her choice.

Alethea looked up quickly. Did she hope to catch a shade of vexation or regret on his face? If so, she was disappointed. Nothing was expressed there but cheerful polite alacrity, and not a single glance came in her direction.

With a hastily whispered injunction to "keep close to my boat," her aunt stepped into the little skiff and was quickly pushed off from the shore.

Then Alethea became aware that two eager and hopeful young men were pressing her to make a choice between them. Really she did not care very much in whose boat she embarked, and it seemed to her that the night had grown chilly, and she was weary of the glare of moonlight on the rippling water. However a decision must sometimes be made and a pleasant manner adopted in spite of discomforts in the throat and eyes, and sore feelings at the heart, and Alethea was soon being rowed forth by the triumphant Godfrey Simmons, leaving poor Peter Warren very disconsolate on shore.



"We must follow my aunt's boat," said Alethea, presently, observing that the distance between them was widening momentarily and that they were drifting into a somewhat lonely spot upon the bosom of the waters.

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Simmons, "only unfortunately I'm not quite so fast as Mr. Meynell, and shall find it hard to keep up with him."

Indeed he soon quite frankly gave up the effort, and devoted himself to a dissertation on the romantic scenery and surroundings; upon which naturally followed a discovery of the very romantic situation of his own heart, which, "in point of fact," lay actually, so he declared, at Miss Alethea's feet. Would she not deign to lift it from this lowly position, and keep it as her own for ever?

Alethea's glance travelled over the moonlit waters to the boat, now so far away, where her aunt was being rowed by one who had stolen poor Alethea's own little heart, and who did not seem to care for it one bit. Could she recall it? she wondered, or should she pick up the property of Mr. Simmons, regardless of the fact that she had nothing to offer in exchange?

For a moment she hesitated, but only for a moment, then she realised that hearts are priceless articles, and that the only possible mode of dealing in them is by honourable exchange. So she very carefully and tenderly picked up that of Mr. Godfrey Simmons and returned it to him with grateful thanks, requesting him, at the same time to row her towards her aunt's boat.

At this moment both the young people became aware that the latter was making for shore, and that they were being vigorously signalled by the occupants to return likewise.

When Alethea stepped on shore, her aunt was already there; she was quite

alone, Hubert Meynell having pushed off again by himself in his boat. She drew the girl, with strange mysterious excitement and a certain unusual tenderness, away from the shore, into the shadow of some trees, where, to Alethea's astonishment, she embraced her warmly.

"Auntie!" cried the girl, "what is it? what has happened?"

"My darling, I hardly know how to tell you. A very wonderful thing has happened! Can you guess?"

A strange and horrible sensation arose in Alethea's breast. She hoped—oh she hoped that she could *not* guess! Could he . . . could he possibly . . . ?

She looked at her aunt in the uncertain light, and her thought refused to formulate itself.

"I can't guess," she said faintly.

"Alethea, Hubert Meynell has asked me for your hand. Do not tremble so, my darling! Yes, cry a little,—that is quite right and proper. I have been most favourably impressed, my child, *most* favourably. He is a thorough gentleman, and his manner of asking for your hand was extremely becoming. I find that he is in a position to support a wife, and all seems satisfactory in that important respect. Now you must consult your heart, Alethea, but do not be in haste to reject a good man, merely because your girlish mind is unprepared. Ask for time if you feel unable to make your final decision. He is waiting for you in the boat—see, it touches the shore, and he comes to fetch you, and learn from your own lips what his fate must be. Go with him, Alethea, and do not be hasty to reject his honest heart."

So Alethea went; and as those strong arms lifted her into the little skiff and rowed her out upon the silver sea, she realised for the second time that hearts are priceless, and may only be dealt in by means of a fair and honourable exchange.



# THE IDLERS' CLUB

## "ME AND MY MOTOR"

By ROBERT BARR

*In Spring the young man's fancy projects his thoughts afar ;  
In Spring a brighter varnish adorns the motor-car.*

My friend, Henry Norman, Member of the British Parliament (I do love to air my acquaintance with the great), recently wrote a notable article on motor-cars which has attracted a great deal of attention. The gist of Mr. Norman's contribution is that if a man possesses a good deal of mechanical ingenuity, some brains, and a little money, he may own and operate a motor-car with the maximum of satisfaction to himself and the minimum of annoyance to his neighbours. I quite agree with this, and, as we say in Parliament, it gives me much pleasure to second Mr. Norman's motion, so long as that motion does not exceed the legal limit.

Mr. Norman, however, needs no support of mine, for he has the co-operation of the greatest poet of modern times—William Ernest Henley—who has written an epic on the automobile calculated to make the hair stand on end. William Archer, master critic, calls this epic an imperishable poem—and he ought to know. As it is copyright, with all rights strictly reserved, I dare not reproduce it; but here is a specimen, done by myself.

Speed !

Pull the lever !

Rip ; bang ; boom ; snort.

Let her go, Gallagher !

What care we for enactment—

Legal or otherwise ?

For policeman, hedge-concealed ?

His stop-watch cannot retard,

Nor magistrate, bench-seated.

Terrify.

We're on the loose,

And may the Prince of Darkness

Acquire possession

Of the chauffeur, Pilot

Chiver-de-Freeze

(Or whatever his bally name is)

Furthest to the rear.

Whoop ! Hurrah !! Crash !!!

And a sudden stoppage of machinery ;  
unexplained.

An aerial valuting of masked, goggle-eyed,

Fur-coated, fearsome person

Over the steer-wheel ; then

Abrupt descent upon the road in front.  
Speed !

I shall say nothing in  
*Descending* praise of the above effort  
*to Prose.* except that it rhymes rather  
better than the Henley  
regatta, entitled "A Song of Speed." I  
await real appreciation of my verse until  
Archer draws his long bow at it.

I now descend gingerly, with all  
brakes set, from the realms of fancy  
to the region of fact. Mr. Norman  
announces in his article that he has sold  
his motor-car to a doctor—a most suitable  
person to acquire it, if there is truth  
and not sarcasm in the phrase, "Physician,  
heal thyself." I had no such  
luck, and still possess the mechanism  
whose virtues I am about to sing—  
adding that no reasonable offer will be  
refused.

My friend (again excuse this flaunting  
of intimacy), Sir William Ramsay, LL.D.,  
D.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S., F.C.S., has discovered  
that there are seventy-five billion  
trillions of motormaniac microbes  
in an ordinary issue of a technical automobile  
journal. The price of the periodical seems  
cheap when you set this number out in plain  
figures. The purchaser of the journal is liable  
to become infected, giving lodgment in his  
system



to one of these microbes, and still leave enough in the paper to inoculate the borrower.

The first symptom of the disease is a perusal of the advertisements and the sending of post-cards for price lists. Each manufacturer admits, with the most charming candour, that his machine is the only reliable one on the market, and he unselfishly warns you against the others. A manufacturer's price list, however, often proves an antidote during the first stage of the disease, if a man has not too much money. An autocar is expensive.

But another trap awaits the victim. This is the page in small type which sets forth the second-hand vehicles for sale. These are always as good as new, and the owner is reluctantly parting with his possession merely because he wishes to buy a more expensive machine.

I had some thoughts of *I get Caught*. going in for a motor-bicycle, as being economical and efficient, when my eye fell on a most alluring advertisement of a tricycle, and it seemed reasonable that a three-wheeled conveyance would be more stable than one with two. My estimate was quite accurate. I have no fault to find with its stability. It has been in the stable ever since the first day.

The former owner was not going to purchase a bigger car; he merely had no room on his premises for this one, and was consequently willing to sell at a sacrifice. I found him a small dealer in, and repairer of, motors, with, as he truly stated in his advertisement, somewhat contracted accommodation at the back of his shop, and there amidst an accumulation of *débris* that suggested a railway accident not yet cleared away, stood the tricycle. The man told me that he had received three letters and one telegram that morning regarding the machine, but that he would part with it to the first person who produced the money, and I gathered that I was in singular luck to

have arrived so early. I asked him if he would ride it out to my place in Surrey, some seventeen miles south of London, and give me a few hints on working it. He agreed to this, and I paid a deposit, telling him not to deliver the tricycle until I named a day when I was certain to be at home. Thus we parted amicably, and following the man's advice I bought a thin volume entitled "The Motor-Tricycle, and How to Use it."

The exultation of purchase died down slightly after I left the shop, and my conscience accused me of departing from the truth when I intimated to the man that I was not at home every day. Still I saw no reason to discuss family difficulties with him. I had no cause to suppose him interested in my domestic affairs, but they now loomed somewhat ominously in the future.

I possess a horse which is much more thought of in the household than I am. I suppose this is because he is more gentle and beautiful than I; much better tempered, in fact. He is the pet of the entire family. I admit all his good qualities, and to my eye he has only one blemish, although that blemish is looked upon by the rest as proof that he has a larger stock of common sense than I am furnished with. The fault is, that whenever he meets a motor-car he instantly endeavours to climb the nearest tree. I assure you that the situation thus created is embarrassing, and a horse who tries to act the squirrel with a two-wheeled trap behind him, seems to me to be making a fool of himself. The lady who drives him, however, thinks it all the fault of the motor, which shows that logic is not necessarily a part of feminine mental equipment.

I have striven to allay this prejudice against the automobile, with but indifferent success. I have left copies of motor-car papers about, merely to find them used to kindle fires. I have hinted that



the aristocracy are going in strongly for motoring which is becoming *most* fashionable, but these hints have merely been taken as further proof that our nobility are not what they ought to be—an absurd contention. So I did not wish that machinist man to come unexpectedly upon me, saying:—

“Here’s the motor-tricycle you bought.”

I wanted to break it gently—not the tricycle, but the news of its purchase.

At last my opportunity *The Motor Comes.* It happened that on a particular Wednesday, a distinguished Hibernian, Paddy something, was to play the piano at an afternoon concert in London, and the whole family—except myself—resolved to hear him. I encouraged this, because music has an elevating tendency; besides, it left me a clear day at home to practise on an instrument, which, if all things said of it were true, might prove more elevating than any piano ever constructed. I wrote to the machinist man telling him he might deliver the motor-cycle at my house next Wednesday, not earlier than ten in the morning, but as soon after that hour as was practicable. He came choo-chooing in at my front gate at about eleven. The machine was evidently as easy to work as a Waterbury watch. He described some graceful curves on the drive and then dashed out into the road again. There is a gentle declivity westward from the gate, and down this I took my first ride on the thing, landing up in the hedge, because I thought it steered exactly like a bicycle, which the man informed me was not the case, after I had had practical proof that it wasn’t. He pulled it out from the hedge, rode it up the hill and turned round with a deft competence that was delightful to behold. As I came up after him, somewhat the worse for wear after my struggle with the hedge, he asked me if I had studied the book I bought. I said I had, and he

assured me that all further necessity was merely practice. He showed how the four little levers in front worked (named in the book A B C and D) and explained what they did, warning me against various things, as indeed the book had done, reiterating his eulogy on practice. He then inquired about trains, learned it was two miles to the nearest station, looked at his watch and exhibited signs of being tired of my part of the country, evincing that desire to mix again in the giddy whirl of metropolitan life, which is characteristic of the Londoner. I went into the house, wrote out a cheque, handed it to him, and he departed joyously.

I now got on board *A Trial Trip.* once more and started down the hill, along the high road, not attempting other motive power than that of the pedals, for I saw there was something to learn about steering. But gathering courage toward the foot of the slope, I experimented tentatively with A, B, C, and D, striking the combination at last with a fierce unexpectedness that produced the most horrifying moment of my life. With a sudden report like that of a pistol followed by a rapid fire gun, I tore along the highway. Recurring again to poetry, the lines on the launching of the ship flashed through my numbing brain:—

“She starts, she moves, she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel.”

The slightest touch on the steering-bar seemed to have the most unlooked-for results. We raged along one side of the road, then dashed across to the other, and, to complicate matters already in confusion, there appeared round the corner a trap with a restive horse, who snorted worse than the motor when he saw me. With a presence of mind that should have received more commendation than it got, I dashed back the four levers simultaneously, for I could not remember in the crisis whether it was



A, B, C, or D that throttled the brute, and I was almost under the prancing feet of the horse, so there was no time for dilettantish experiment. There was a pom-pom explosion, and we came to a shuddering standstill in the middle of the road. The horse was dancing a hornpipe.

"My dear sir," said the driver, sarcastically, "which side of the road do you wish to take?"

"You have asked me the one question I can't answer, so make your choice and get by if you can, thanking heaven."

The lady, who was clinging to him, while he tried to soothe the horse, said that motorists were getting more and more impudent every day, and the man replied that I ought to be arrested, as I had been going at twenty miles an hour. This remark depressed me, for I thought I had been going ninety miles an hour at the very least.

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With much effort I

*We Retreat.* lifted the front wheel round till the tricycle faced the east again. It was like moving a house. I tried to work up its enthusiasm once more, but I could not get A, B, C, and D into their correct relative positions again. Then I attempted to pedal the machine home, but I might as well have gone astride a traction engine. I finally went for Rogers, the coachman, and although he showed no real ardour in the job, we managed to worry the reluctant brute up the hill and into the front yard. Rogers eyed it with silent disapproval, and I congratulated myself that I was at least free from any further charge of obstructing traffic on the road.

My house is built on the top of a hill, and to the south of it lies a broad and very long terrace of smoothly-shaven turf. The southern edge of this terrace is a somewhat precipitous slope covered with barberry bushes. From this green lawn there is a most comprehensive view over the counties of Surrey, Kent, and Sussex, but the nearest inhabitants of

these delightful districts are so far away that one may turn somersaults upon the sod without attracting anything but telescopic attention. It at once occurred to me that this billiard-table plateau was the ideal spot on which to tame the mechanical steed I had acquired, so I requested Rogers to assist me in getting it down there. Seated on a garden chair, with the book of instructions in my hand and the tricycle immediately before me, I studied the construction of the thing with ever-increasing intelligence.

The day was perfect; the sun was shining; the larks were singing; the view was unrivalled. I'll chance the Copyright Act and quote a few actual lines from Mr. Henley, as delineating the situation:—

"Heath, common, pinewood,  
Downland and riverscape,  
Cherry orchards, water-meads,  
Forests and stubbles,  
Oak temples, daisy-spreads,  
Vistas of harebell,  
Hills of the ruggedest,  
Vales of the comeliest."

Mechanical study is interesting and absorbing. Amidst such surroundings time passed unheeded. A lonely lunch had been quickly dispatched, and I was out again on the lawn basking in the sunshine, listening to the birds, and reading some such romantic effusion as follows:—

"Push forward lever A, which opens the exhaust. This may be closed when full speed is attained. Advance B until sufficient air enters the valve. Set C at such an angle that vapour enough reaches *y* to form correct mixture. D regulates the electric spark. Care must be taken not to——" &c., &c., &c.

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Every now and then I

*Caught.* thought I had it, and I sprang into the saddle; but the more I learned of theory the less my practice advanced. It seemed as if the monstrosity was sulking because I had jammed back all four levers



at once when we met the horse. The sun lowered in the west, and I was just on the verge of success—she had given a bark and one kick forward—when I heard the crunch of wheels on the gravel, and an astonished voice cried:—

“Where on earth did that horror come from?”

“This? Oh, *this* was trundled out here by a friend of mine from London. He left it for me to practise on. How did the concert go?”

“Excellently.”

“The seats were all right?”

“Yes—much better than the one you’re sitting on. What *is* that hideous thing—a motor-car?”

“Well, you see,” I explained, in an attempted jocular vein, “it’s not exactly a *motor*-car—at least, not *yet*—not till it grows up. In its present youthful stage it’s merely a motor-tricycle.”

“I hope you don’t intend to buy that thing?”

“To *buy* it! I have no such intention.”

This quite truthful evasion only retarded the electric spark (as the motor book has it) for a short period. I quite forgot that I had left my cheque-book open on the library table, and that veracious volume gave me away the moment my women-folk entered the house. Still, if I lacked their sympathy, the loss was more than made up by the gleeful exultation of the boy, who has a turn for mechanics.

“Take a spin round the lawn,” he shouted. “I want to see it go.”

“That’s what I’ve wanted this last three hours.”

“What’s wrong? If I were you, I’d jack up the hind wheel; so that it whirls in the air. Only one hind wheel is connected with the engine, you know.”

“Oh, is that so?”

“Yes. Then when you have thoroughly learned how to start and stop it, you can try it on the level.”

“A good idea,” said I, and we forthwith put it into practice.

Meanwhile the cheque-  
*Disaster.* book had divulged the full criminality of my conduct, and the two ladies came out, sat down on lawn chairs, and made sarcastic remarks about my personal appearance and the attitudes I assumed in the saddle, saying that, although we might never be able to sell the machine, they were sure, if I went on the stage, Paddy Roosky could not compete with me, and thus we would get our money back.

One hind wheel was jacked up, and I was in the saddle, pulling levers this way and that, pumping with my feet all the time. The loose wheel in the air worked easier than when on the ground. Like a burst of Crystal Palace fireworks, the thing went off. The wheel rotated like mad, and our whole combination shuddered as if an earthquake were in active operation. The boy was delighted.

“Now work the levers till you understand them,” he advised.

Alas! he let go the jack and it trembled forward. The live wheel touched the earth, and off we went like a bucking bronco in a cyclone. I have but a dazed recollection of what followed. I remember a scream from one section of my family, and a yell of “Turn! turn!” from the other, then the frantic infernal machine plunged down the barberry slope, and I was shot over the handle-bar head first into a dwarf pear-tree.

Poets and members of Parliament may write of the beauties of motoring if they like, but all I have to say on the subject is contained in the original stanza given below.

*L'Envoi.*

FOR SALE, an excellent motor-tricycle, practically as good as new. Ridden twice by its present owner. Brass tank for touring. Reason for selling: owner is conducting a magazine and has no time to devote to more absorbing occupation. Apply to F. F. Liddle, Caterham, Surrey.









THE GOLDEN FLEECE.



## "GOLDEN FLEECE"

### THE ADVENTURES OF A FORTUNE-HUNTING EARL

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

#### I.

TWO hours after Surrey's letter came his sister Gwen rode over to Beauvais House eager to tell Evelyn the news of his luck in America. It was almost five o'clock in the beautiful autumn afternoon, and she found Evelyn at tea on the porch that looks out upon the Italian garden.

"It's settled," she said. "They're to be married on the fifth of November—only two months! And George says she is sweet and lovely—not at all like the Americans we know. And her dot is a million and a half—he calls it seven and a half, but he means in their money, which sounds bigger, but counts smaller than ours. She'll get twice that when her father dies—and he's nearly seventy and not strong. And I'm so glad and so sorry that I don't know whether to laugh or cry."

"What's her name? You told me, but I forget." Evelyn's hand was trembling just a little as she gave Gwendoline a cup of tea. She spoke slowly in the clear, monotonous but agreeable English tone. Her voice, always calm, seemed stagnant.

"Dowie—Helen Dowie. He sent me a proof of a photograph they had taken together." Gwendoline took a letter from the bosom of her blouse, drew from it the proof, and handed it to Evelyn. She took it, and lowered her head so that Gwen could not see her face. She looked long and intently, and, if Gwen could have seen, she would have wondered how eyes could be so full of tears without shedding a single one. "Quite aristocratic," she said at last, giving it back. "How much style those American girls have."

"But don't you think her rather pert looking?" asked Gwen discontentedly. "She looks ill-tempered, too. I'm sure we shan't get on. Mother and I are making ready to go to Houghton Abbey at once. We'd have a jolly uncomfortable time of it, I wager, if she were to catch us at the Hall."

Evelyn was looking into her tea and stirring it absently.

"It seems a shame to have an American nobody come in," continued Gwen, "and throw us out neck and crop from a house where we've always lived. Now, if it were an English girl of our own class—you, Evelyn—we shouldn't mind—at least, not so much, or in the same way."

Evelyn paled, and her lips contracted slightly.

"But it's no use to think of that. We need her money—everything is in tatters at the Hall, and poor George is down to the last seventy pounds." Gwen laughed. "Do you remember what a time there was getting the five hundred for his expenses out of Aunt Betty? We've got to cable him another five hundred—he can't begin on her money the very minute he's married, can he, now?"

"Arthur must go over," said Evelyn suddenly with conviction. "We're worse off than you are. Old Bagley was down yesterday. He and Arthur were shut in together for two hours, and Arthur's been off his feed—horribly—ever since."

Gwen, two years younger than Evelyn, could not conceal her feelings so well. She winced, and a look of terror came into her big, blue eyes.

"We can't hold on another year," continued Evelyn. "And it's quite impossible for Arthur to take Miss Cadbrough. She's too hideous, and too hideously, hopelessly middle-class. She



could never, never learn not to speak to ladies and gentlemen as if she were a servant."

Evelyn pretended not to notice Gwen's unhappiness. She glanced in at the great drawing-room with splendid furniture and ceiling wonderfully carved by a seventeenth century Italian. Then her eyes wandered away to the left, to the majestic wing showing there, then on to the brilliant gardens, the fountains and statuary. Her expression became bitter. "And we've been undisturbed for nine centuries!" she exclaimed.

Gwen, in spite of her inward tumult, remembered that this boast was rather "tall," that the Beauvais family had in fact been changed radically several times, and only the name had been undisturbed. Her mind paused with a certain satisfaction upon these little genealogical discrepancies because, though she was the sister and the daughter of a duke, she was the granddaughter of a brewer who had begun life as an apprentice.

"George wishes Arthur to go over to the wedding," she said reluctantly, after a silence.

A servant appeared—his gaudy livery was almost shabby, but his manners were most dignified and his hair was impressively—or ridiculously, if you please—plastered and streaked with powder. "His Lordship says he will have tea in his study, your Ladyship."

"Please tell him that Lady Gwendoline Ridley is here," said Evelyn.

A few minutes later a strongly built, fairish young man of perhaps six and thirty came lounging out upon the porch. He had pleasing but far from handsome features—a chin that was too long and hung weakly instead of strongly forward; uncertain blue eyes with a network of the wrinkles of dissipation at the corners. A large, stringless monocle was wedged, apparently permanently, into the angle of his right eye-socket. He was dressed in shabby, soiled flannels, and he looked as seedy as his

clothes. He shook hands with Gwen. "Thanks. No tea. I'm taking whisky," he said to Evelyn. And he seated himself sprawlingly. The servant brought his whisky and a note for Evelyn.

"Is the messenger waiting?" she asked, when she had read it.

"Yes, your Ladyship." She left her brother and Gwen alone.

"George is marrying the heiress," Gwen began.

"So he wrote me," replied Frothingham, sullenly.

"Evelyn says you must go and do likewise."

He scowled. "But I'd rather stay here and marry you."

"Don't be silly," said Gwen with a shrug of her athletic young shoulders. "You've got nothing. I've got nothing. So—you must do your duty."

"Duty go hang!" said Frothingham, fretfully. "Sometimes, do you know, Gwen, I come jolly near envying those beggars that live in cottages, and keep shops, and all that."

"Now you're sloppy," Arthur. "You know you don't envy them; no more do I."

"Did Eve tell you old Bagley was down?"

"Yes. Ghastly—wasn't it?"

Frothingham sighed. "I shouldn't be so cut up if I'd had the fun of spending it."

"You did spend a lot of it." She was thinking what a great figure the young Earl had cut in her early girlhood days; she had always listened greedily when her brother with admiring envy, or Evelyn with sisterly pride, talked of his exploits on the turf and——let us say elsewhere, to shorten a long story.

"Only a few thousand that weren't worth the keeping," said Frothingham, a faint gleam of satisfaction appearing in the eye that was shielded by the monocle—he liked to remember his "career," and he liked the women to remind him of it in this flattering way. "All I really got was the bill for the governor's larks,





"A STRONGLY BUILT, FAIRISH YOUNG MAN OF PERHAPS SIX AND THIRTY."

and his governor's, and his governor's governor's. It's what I call rotten unfair—jolly rotten unfair. The fiddling for them—the bill for me."

"Buck up, Artie," said Gwen, stroking him gently with her riding-whip. "See how Georgie has faced it. And perhaps you won't draw such a bad one, either. She can't be worse than Cadbrough."

"But I want you, Gwen. I'm used to you, you know—and that's everything in a wife. I hate surprises, and these American beggars are full of 'em."

Evelyn came back. "Go away somewhere, both of you," she said. "Charley Sidney's just driving up. I wish to talk to him about the States."

Gwen paled and flushed; Frothingham grunted and scowled. They rose, made a short cut across the garden, and were hidden by the left wing of the house. Almost immediately the servant announced "Mr. Sidney," and stood defer-

entially aside for a tall, thin American, elaborately Anglicised in look and dress, and, as it soon appeared, in accent. He had a narrow, vain face, browned and wrinkled by hard riding in hard weather in those early morning hours that should be spent in bed if one has lingered in the billiard-room with the drinks and smokes until past midnight.

"Ah, Lady Evelyn!" He shook hands with her and bowed and smirked. "I'm positively perishing for tea."

"You mean whisky?"

"Ah, yes—to be sure. I see there is whisky."

Evelyn's manner, which had been frank and equal before her friend and her brother, had frozen for Sidney into a shy stiffness not without a faint suggestion of the superior addressing the inferior. She had known Sidney for the ten years he had lived within two miles of Beauvais House, but—well, he



wasn't "one of us" exactly; he had a way of bowing and of pronouncing titles that discouraged equality. The conversation dragged in dreary, rural fashion through gossip of people, dogs and horses, until she said:

"Have you heard the news of Surrey?"

"No—is His Grace coming home?"

"He's marrying—a Miss Dowie, of New York. Do you know her?"

"I've heard of her. You know, I've not been there longer than a week at a time for fifteen years." Sidney put on his extreme imitation-English air. "I loathe the place. They don't know how to treat a gentleman. And the lower classes!" He lifted his eyebrows and shook his head. He was at his most energetic when, in running down his native land to his English acquaintances, he reached the American "lower classes."

Evelyn concealed the satire which longed to express itself in her face. She despised Sidney and all the Anglicised Americans; and, behind their backs, she and her friends derided them—perhaps to repay themselves for the humiliation of accepting hospitalities and even more concrete favours from "those American bounders." The story among Sidney's upper-class English tolerators was that his father had kept a low public house in New York or San Francisco, or "somewhere over there"—they were as ignorant of the geography of the United States as they were of the geography of Patagonia.

"So he's to marry Dowie's daughter?" continued Sidney. "He was brakeman on a railway thirty years ago."

"How you Americans do jump about," said Evelyn, forgetting that Sidney prided himself on no longer being an American. "He must be clever."

"A clever rascal, probably," replied Sidney, spitefully. "Over here he'd have been put into jail for what they honour him for over there."

"We've many of the same sort, no doubt," said Evelyn, thinking it tactful

to hold aloof when a son was abusing his mother.

"Yes, but usually they're gentlemen and do things in a gentlemanly way."

"Mr. Dowie is rich?"

"Just now he is—they say." Sidney had the rich man's weakness for denying, or at least casting a doubt upon, the riches of other rich men. He knew that his was the finest and most valuable wealth in the world, and he would have liked to believe that it was the only wealth in the world. "I trust the Duke has looked sharp to the settlements."

Why?" asked Evelyn, preparing to make mental notes.

"He may never get anything but what's settled on him and her now. Dowie is more or less of a speculator and may go broke. But that's not the only danger in marrying an American heiress. You see, Lady Evelyn, over there they have the vulgarest possible notions of rank and titles. And often, if there isn't a cash settlement when they 'buy the title,' as they describe it, they refuse to give up anything. Many of their rich men have the craze for founding colleges, and asylums, and libraries. They reason that they've got the title in the family, therefore it isn't necessary to pay for it; and so they leave all their money to build themselves a monument. Dishonourable, isn't it? But they stop at nothing."

"Then," said Evelyn, "an American heiress isn't an heiress so long as her father is alive?"

"Exactly. It's misleading to call her an heiress. She simply has hopes."

"I hope Surrey knows this."

"If he doesn't it's his own fault. I cautioned His Grace before he sailed."

"That reminds me, Mr. Sidney. Arthur may be going over to the wedding. Could you——"

"I'd be delighted," interrupted Sidney. "Anything I could do for Lord Frothingham it would be a pleasure to do. I can give him some useful letters, I think. Will he travel?"



"Possibly—I don't know. He has no plans as yet."

"I shall give him—if he will do me the honour of accepting them—only a few letters. The wisest plan is a proper introduction to the very best people. Then all doors will be open to him."

"The Americans are hospitable to every one, are they not?"

"Not to younger sons any more. And not to unaccredited foreigners. They've had their fingers jolly well burned. I knew of one case—a girl—quite a lady-like person, though of a new family from the interior. She married a French valet masquerading as a duke."

"Poor creature," said Evelyn, smiling with amused contempt.

"Yes, and another girl married, or thought she married—a German royal prince. And when she got to Germany she found that she'd bought a place as mere morganatic wife, with no standing at all."

"Fancy!" What a facer!"

"And she never got her money back—not a penny," continued Sidney. "But, like you, I don't sympathise with these upstart people who try to thrust themselves out of their proper station. The old families over there—and there are a few gentlefolk, Lady Evelyn, though they're almost lost in the crowd of noisy upstarts—never have such humiliating experiences in their international marriages."

"Naturally not," said Evelyn.

"But, as I was about to say, a foreigner with a genuine title, the head of a house of gentle people, is received with open arms. Lord Frothingham would be overwhelmed with hospitalities. My friends would see to that."

After a few minutes, without any impoliteness on Evelyn's part, Sidney began to feel that it was time for him to go. As he disappeared Gwen and Arthur came strolling back.

"What a noisome creature Sidney is," said Evelyn. "But he'll be of use to you, Arthur."

"Did he talk about the old families of America and the gentle birth?" asked Gwen. Her eyes were curiously bright and her manner and tone were agitated.

"All that again."

"He's an ass—a regular tomtit," growled Frothingham.

"I should think he'd learn," said Evelyn, "that we don't take him and his countrymen up because they're well born—we know they aren't."

"If those that are sensible enough to fly from that beastly country are like Sidney," said Gwen, "what a rowdy lot there must be at home." She spoke so nervously that Evelyn, abstracted though she was, glanced at her and noticed how pale and peaked she was. When she had ridden away Evelyn looked at her brother severely—she was only twenty-three, but she managed him, taking the place of both their parents who were long dead.

"You've been making love to Gwen," she exclaimed, reproachfully. "You should be ashamed of yourself."

Frothingham removed his monocle, wiped it carefully in a brilliant plaid silk handkerchief, and slowly fitted it in place. Then he sent a mocking, cynical gleam through it at his sister. "You forget," he drawled, "that I caught you and Georgie kissing each other and crying over each other the day he went off to the States."

Evelyn flushed. "How does that excuse you?" she demanded, undismayed.

He was silent for a moment, then with tears in his eyes and a break in his habitual cynical drawl, "I can't go, Eve. I can't give her up."

Evelyn's heart ached, but she did not show it. She simply asked in her usual tone of almost icy calm, "Where's the oof to come from?"

He collapsed helplessly into a chair. There was no alternative—he must go; he must marry money. He owed it to his family and position; also, he wanted it himself—what is a "gentleman" with-



out money? And—why, if he did not bestir himself he might actually have to go to work! And “what the deuce could I work at? I might go out to service—I’d shine as a gentleman’s gentleman—or I might do something as a billiard marker——”

With such dangers and degradations imminent, to think of love was sheer madness. Frothingham sighed and stared miserably through his monocle at the peacocks squawking their nerve-jarring predictions of rain.

## II.

On the second day out, in the morning, Frothingham was at the rail, his back to the sea, his glassed gaze roaming aimlessly up and down the row of passengers stretched at full length in steamer chairs. He became conscious of the manœuvrings of a little man in a little gray cap and little gray suit, with little gray side-whiskers that stood out like fins on either side of his little gray face. Each time this little person passed it was with a nervous smile at Frothingham and a nervous wiping of the lips with the tip of his tongue. When he saw that Frothingham, or rather Frothingham’s monocle, was noting him, he halted in front of him, too painfully self-conscious to see that the Englishman’s look was about as cordial as that of a bald-headed man watching the circlings of a bluebottle fly.

“The Earl of Frothingham, is it not?” said he in a thin, small voice, his American overlaid with the most un-English of English accents.

Frothingham moved his head without relaxing from his stolid, vacant look.

“My name is Longview. I had the honour of meeting you at the hunt at Market Harborough two years ago—my daughter and I.”

Frothingham stared vaguely into space, little Longview looking up at him with an expression of ludicrously painful anxiety. “Oh, yes,” he drawled finally.

And he extended his hand with condescending graciousness. “I remember. I’m glad to see you.”

Longview expelled a big breath of relief. He was used to being forgotten, was not unused to remaining forgotten. “You may recall,” he hastened on, eager to clinch himself in an earl’s memory, “we had your cousin, Lord Ramsay’s place, Cedric Hall, that year.”

Frothingham remembered perfectly—the rich, Anglicised American who fed his neighbours well, was generous in lending mounts and traps, and was, altogether, a useful and not unamusing nuisance. Rich, but—how rich?

“And your daughter?” said Frothingham. He recalled her indistinctly as young, very hoydenish and very daring on horseback.

“She is with me,” said Longview, delighted to be convinced that he was remembered and remembered distinctly—and by a Gordon-Beauvais! “It would give me great pleasure to present you.”

As they went down the deck the little man peered at every one with a nervous little smile—“as if he were saying, ‘Don’t kick me please. I mean well,’” thought Frothingham. In fact, back of the peering and the smile was the desire that all should see that he had captured the Earl. They entered the library and advanced towards a young woman swathed in a huge blue cape, her eyes idly upon a book.

“Honor, my dear,” said Longview, as nervous as if he were speaking to the young woman without having been introduced to her, “you remember Lord Frothingham?”

Honor slowly raised her eyelids from a pair of melancholy, indifferent gray eyes and slightly inclined her head. The men seated themselves on either side of her, Longview rattled on in his almost hysterical way for a few minutes, then fluttered away. Honor and Frothingham sat silent, she looking at her book, he looking at her.



"You are going home?" he said when he saw that she would not "lead," no matter how long the silence might continue.

"No," she replied. "We are English—at least, my father is."

"And you?"

She just moved her shoulders and there was the faintest sneer at the corner of her decidedly pretty mouth. "I don't know—what does it matter about a woman? I've lived in England and France since I was five, except a year and a half in America. Father detests the country and the people. He was naturalised in England last year. I believe he decided that his social position, won through his being an American, was sufficiently established to make it safe for him to change."

Frothingham smiled. As he was used to the freest and frankest criticisms of parents and other near relatives by fellow-countrymen of his own class, it did not impress him as unfilial that a daughter should thus deride a father. Honoria became silent and apparently oblivious of his presence.

"I've never been to America," he said, hoping to resurrect the dead conversation. "I'm looking forward to it with

much pleasure. We have many Americans in our neighbourhood—such jolly people."

"I know few Americans." Honoria looked disdainful. "And they are like us, the most of them—expatriated. They say their country is a good

place to make money in but a horrible place to live—crude and ill-mannered, full of vulgar people that push in everywhere, and the servants fancying they're ladies and gentlemen."

"I hope it's no worse to live in than England," said Frothingham. "You know we're always flying to the Continent to escape the climate and the dullness. And our middle classes are very uppish nowadays, don't you think?"

"I detest England!"

Honoria put the first emphasis into her voice, but it was slight.

"Beastly hole, except for a few weeks in the spring, isn't it? If it wasn't for the hunting it would be deserted."

He saw her cold, regular features light up.

"I love hunting," she said. "It's the one thing that can make me forget myself and everything, except just being alive and well." Then her face shadowed and chilled, and she looked at her book



"MY NAME IS LONGVIEW."



so significantly that Frothingham was forced to rise and leave.

At luncheon the man in the chair next him—Barney, who had told him in the first half-hour of their acquaintance all about his dry-goods shop in Chicago—said: "I saw you talking to Longview on deck. Is he a friend of yours?"

"An acquaintance," replied Frothingham.

He rather liked Barney, because he was shrewd and humorous, and treated him in an off-hand fashion that was refreshing and amusing in a "tradesman."

"He's a low-down snob," said Barney, encouraged by Frothingham's disclaimer. "One of those fellows that think their own country ain't good enough for them. I was glad when he got himself naturalised over in your country. You're welcome to him! What kind of people does he herd with in England?"

"We like him very well, I believe. He seems to be an agreeable fellow."

"I suppose he kowtows and blows himself, and so they let him hang on to the tail-board. He ain't heavy, and don't take up much room. His grandfather stole with both hands and put it in real estate. Then his father made quite a bunch in the early railroad days. And now this fellow's posing as an aristocrat. If he wasn't rich who'd notice him?"

"Then he's rich?" inquired Frothingham.

"Yes—and no," replied Barney, his rich man's jealousy visibly roused. "There was a big family of them. He's got maybe a couple of millions, or three. That ain't much in these days. You heard about his knockout?"

"Has he lost part of his money?"

"I thought everybody knew that story; it was in all the papers. No, it wasn't money—worse than that, from his point of view. His daughter—she's with him on the ship—fell in love with the second son of some marquis or other. But he didn't have anything, and I be-

lieve you titled people ain't allowed to work. Longview was red-headed—wouldn't give his daughter a cent unless she married a big title. And then the young man's elder brother died."

"Was it the Marquis of Dullingford?"

"Yes, that was it. And right on top of it his elder brother's two sons were drowned, and he came into the title and estates. And what does he do but up and marry an English girl that he'd been stuck on all the time, but couldn't marry because he was so poor. Longview nearly went crazy at missing the chance. And his daughter—it must have made her mighty sour to find out that the fellow had been only pretending to be in love with her, and was really out for her cash, and didn't care a rap about her. A low pup, wasn't he?"

Frothingham began to detest Barney—"an impudent, malicious beggar," he thought. He gave him his monocle's coldest stare.

"No," went on Barney, unchilled, "Longview's not so rich. I could buy him twice over, and not take a cent of it out of my business. But I want to see any scamp, foreign or domestic, hanging round my daughter for her money. She'll get nary a red till I shuffle off. And she'll get mighty little then if she don't marry to suit me. That's our way."

Frothingham changed his mind about dropping his acquaintance with Barney. He had begun to modify the low view of him so soon as he heard that he had a daughter, and "could buy Longview twice over," and leave the big business—"seventy stores under one roof"—intact. "Miss Barney may be worth looking at," he reflected, "and her papa might relent about settlements. I suspect he isn't above loving a lord; he's too good an American for that."

What Barney had told him gave him the key to Honoria. He felt genuine sympathy for her—their sorrows were similar. "Poor creature!" he thought. "No wonder you look so down in



the mouth." After luncheon he met her father on deck, and did not repel his advances. "But," he said to himself, "it don't do to be too friendly with these beggars. It's like shaking hands with your tailor. He don't think you've pulled him up, but that you've let yourself down."

To the "beggar" he said:—

"I looked all round the dining-room, but I didn't see you and your daughter."

Longview smiled proudly.

"We have our meals in our sitting-room," he replied. "We dislike being stared at and mixed in with a crowd of eating people. We like privacy. We'd be glad to have you join us."

Frothingham's first impulse was to accept. It would cost him nothing; probably he'd get his wine and mineral water and cigars free. And he'd have a fine chance at Honoria. But her face came before his mind. He decided that he would do well to wait until he could learn whether she was part of the inviting "we."

Although he was not welcomed, but merely tolerated, he seated himself on the extension of a vacant chair beside her, and talked—hunting, which, as she had shown him, was her weakness. She was soon interested, and she unbent toward him so far that, when her father came and renewed his invitation, she joined in it. Just as Frothingham accepted he saw Barney half-a-dozen chairs away glowering at Longview.

"I'll offend Barney, no doubt," he said to himself; "but I'll risk it. I must play the cards I have in my hand."

Barney came into the smoke-room late in the evening as he was sitting there, having a final whisky-and-water before going to bed. "Won't you have a high ball, or something?" he asked, making room for Barney's broad form.

"No, I never touch liquor. Don't allow it in my house. It's no good; no business man ought to touch it."

"I suppose not," replied Frothingham, feeling that here was new evidence of

the essentially degrading nature of business.

"I missed you at dinner," Barney went on.

"The Longviews invited me to feed with them," replied Frothingham, carelessly. "They're served in their sitting-room. Sorry to leave you, but the service is much better."

Barney's maxillary muscles expanded and contracted with anger. He half snorted, half laughed. "You might know," he said, "that that shark-faced snob would invent a new way of making himself ridiculous. So the general dining-room ain't good enough for him, eh? He *is* a swell, ain't he? I should think he and his—no, leave the young lady out of it—I should think he'd be ashamed to fish for you so openly." Barney's tone softened apologetically, greatly to Frothingham's surprise, as he added: "I don't blame you, Mr. Frothingham. I understand how it is with you titled people in your country. I don't blame anybody for walking round on human necks if their owners'll allow it. But *we* feel differently about all those kind of things."

Frothingham smiled conciliatingly.

"Oh, I say, now! I don't see anything to make a row over. The beggar's got a right to eat where he pleases, hasn't he?"

"Of course he has, and to stick his tongue out at all the rest of us, as he does it. You don't understand. It ain't *what* he does; it's *why* he does it. We Americans can't stand those kind of airs."

"It seems very mysterious to me," confessed Frothingham. "I admit I don't understand your country."

"Oh! you're all right," reassured Barney, slapping Frothingham's leg cordially. "I never thought I'd like one of you titled fellows. I despised you all for a useless set of nobodies and nin-compoops. And whenever my women-folk got to talking about that kind of thing, I always sat on 'em, and sat



hard—I'm a hard sitter when I want to be. But I like you, young man. You're more an American than an Englishman, just as Longview's more English than American—he ain't American at all. You talk like an American. You behave like an American. And when you've been in America long enough to wear your clothes out and get some that fit you, you'll look like an American."

"Thanks," said Frothingham dryly.

"You don't like it?" Barney laughed good-humouredly. "Well, I don't blame you. You're judging America by Longview and me. That ain't fair. I'm a rough one—never had a chance—first thing I remember is carrying the swill buckets out to feed the hogs before sunup when I still wore slippers. But I mean right. And I've got a son and a daughter that are a real gentleman and a real lady, and don't you forget it."

"Oh, you're all right," said Frothingham, slapping Barney on the leg—Frothingham was a sentimental dog where his pocket and his pleasure were not concerned, and he liked Barney's look as he spoke of himself and the hogs, and his children.

"You don't want to go back to that little old island of yours," continued Barney, "without seeing Chicago. *There's* a town! And I'll give you the time of your life. I want you to meet my family."

"I hope I shall," said Frothingham.

He was smiling to himself. Evidently Barney wasn't above a weakness for a lord. "It was a good stroke, any way you look at it, my going with the Longviews," he reflected. "It's made Barney jealous, and he thinks more of me than ever."

He divided his time unevenly between the Longviews and Barney. He wished to introduce Barney to them, but Longview hysterically refused. "It's all right for you, Frothingham," he explained; "but we can't afford to do it. How'd you like to be introduced to middle-class English?"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind. I'd just forget 'em the next time we met. The brutes'd expect it, and wouldn't think of annoying me."

"Precisely—precisely," said Longview. "But our—that is, the American middle classes are different. They don't understand differences of social position, or pretend not to. If this Barney person were presented to us, he probably wouldn't take the cut when we met again, but would come straight up to us. You've no idea how impudent they are."

"But why do you call him middle-class? Ain't he rich?" asked Frothingham.

Longview looked at him tragically.

"Birth and breeding count with us just as—I mean count in America just as in England."

"Gad! they don't count in England any more, except against one. But we can't get it out of our heads that you Americans go in for equality and all that sort of thing."

"Not at all—not at all," Longview protested. "The lines are the more closely drawn because there are no official lines."

"But what's the matter with Barney? He seems right enough. I've got uncles that are worse. Gad! there's one of 'em I could get rich on if I could cage him and exhibit him."

"My dear Frothingham, this Barney keeps a retail shop. Even in New York they draw the line at retail shops."

"It's very mysterious." Frothingham shook his head. "I fear I shall never learn. Why don't they put it all in a book, as we do? Then we could take it at the university instead of Greek."

He looked at Honoria. She was giving her plate a scornful smile. Her father looked at her also, and reddened as he noted her expression, and shifted the conversation abruptly to the day's run. Frothingham was becoming interested in Honoria now that he had assured himself of her eligibility. She was



not beautiful, nor especially distinguished-looking. But she had an utter lack of interest in him, as well as in the rest of her surroundings, that piqued him.

personality. He soon felt that she liked him. Her manner toward him was friendlier even than her manner toward her father, her lack



"I'VE NEVER BEEN TO AMERICA," HE SAID.

Then, too, her small figure was graceful and strong ; and when her face did light up it showed strength of character, and either what she said or the way she said it created a vivid impression of

of respect for whom was scantily concealed.

The night before they landed she and Frothingham sat on deck late, her father dozing in a chair at a discreet distance.



Both were depressed—the sense that they were once more about to plunge into the whirlpool of life made each sad. Honoria was remembering the past; Frothingham was brooding over the future. If he had dared he would have proposed to her. “She’d make a satisfactory wife,” he said to himself. “She’s just enough English to understand me and to make my people like her. She wouldn’t get on their nerves. And she doesn’t talk through her nose except when she’s excited. She’s a little too clever—but a steady goer once the harness is on. If I could get her it would be good business, good swift business.”

“You’re a queer sort,” he said to her suddenly. “Most girls are full of getting married. But I don’t believe you give it a thought.”

“I shan’t ever marry,” she replied.

He laughed. “Oh, I say, that’s nonsense. Every girl must marry. You may as well make up your mind to it, close your eyes, shut your teeth and dash in.”

“You might not think it,” she said after a pause, “but I’m like you English—I’m horribly, incurably sentimental. I know it’s foreign to my bringing up, but——” Her jaw set, and her eyes fixed upon something visible only to her in the blackness beyond the rail. “My bringing up was all wrong and rotten,” she went on presently. “I don’t know just how or where, but I know it’s so. I began to feel it dimly when I visited my aunt in America four years ago. My mother died when I was a baby, and I was trained by my father and governesses—governesses that suited him. My father—— But I needn’t tell you, and you probably don’t sympathise with me. His one idea in life is social position. It seems to me a contemptible ambition for a man. With women—there’s some excuse for it. We’re naturally petty. And, so far as I can see it, as the world is made up, if we haven’t got that we haven’t got anything. We

can’t have any other ambition—it’s the only one open to us. Well, I haven’t got even ambition. I want—that is, I wanted——”

She paused again, resisting the mood that was urging her on to confidence. “By Jove,” thought Frothingham, “it wouldn’t be so very hard for a man to love her.”

“No matter what it was I wanted,” she went on, “I didn’t get it—and shan’t, ever.” She turned her face toward him. “You may misunderstand me—may think I’m in love and hopelessly disappointed—there’s a story of that kind going round. But I’m not in love. I was—but I’m not now.”

“Do you think one ever gets over it?” he asked absently.

She did not answer.

“I’m afraid not—at least, not thoroughly,” he answered himself. There were two faces out there in the blackness into which they were staring, but each was seeing only one.

“One ought to get over it—one must,” she said slowly, “when one finds that the person one cared for is a bad lot. But”—she sighed under her breath—“I might marry, yes, would, if I needed a home or money. But I don’t. So I shall be much better contented alone. I’ll never believe deeply in any human being again.”

“You mustn’t take life so seriously,” he said gently. “You’ll change before you’re twenty-five.”

“So my father thinks.” She looked at Frothingham with a mischievous, audacious smile. “He thinks I shall change immediately, and marry—you!”

Frothingham gasped.

“How funny and fishlike you look,” she said, laughing at him. “You’re in no danger. Do you suppose I’d have said that if I’d had you on my list? No, I like you, *but—but——*”

“You may change your mind,” he recovered himself sufficiently to say.

“No—you’re safe. I spoke out because I wish to be friends with you.



I don't especially admire your purpose in going to America. But at least you're frank about it."

"I? Why, Miss Longview—I——" Frothingham began to protest, pushing at his dislodging eyeglass.

"Don't prevaricate. You wouldn't do it well. As I was about to say, I wish to be friends with you. And it's impossible for a woman and a man to be friends when either is harbouring matrimonial designs against the other, or fancies the other is harbouring them."

"I certainly have to marry somebody," said Frothingham, mournfully.

"Yes—I know. Father explained about you. He's up on every titled family in England above the baronet. And he's determined that I shall be a countess at the very least. He says he has the money to buy it—and possibly he has. But"—she was intent upon the blackness again—"I shall never go back to England," she said. "I shall stay in America—with a visit to Paris and the Riviera now and then."

"That'll cheer your father when he hears it," drawled Frothingham. He coughed and stammered and added in an embarrassed, apologetic tone, "And I don't like to hear a girl as young and attractive as you are talk in that ghastly way."

She looked at him with a teasing smile.

"You'll make some woman a good husband," she said. "Selfish and flighty, perhaps, but, on the whole good. I'll be glad to help you—with some other girl. In fact, I've one in mind—an acquaintance in New York—we call each the other

friend, and I'm fond of her, as that sort of thing goes with women."

He began to stammer again, and she saw that he was still hanging hopefully over her father's plan. "If I were a marrying woman and ambitious," she went on, "I'd think seriously of having a cast at you. But I'm neither, so I can appreciate your assets quite impartially."

"I've got nothing," he said, "nothing but debts."

"Debts are an asset—if contracted in a way that would seem romantic to a girl. Then, there's your title. That's a big asset either in England or America. And you've got a fairly good disposition and nice manners, and you pretend indifference charmingly, assisted by your eyeglass. And your character is not too bad. Not too good, either. I've heard one or two rather thick stories of you. If I were your wife I'd keep an eye on the money—you *will* gamble. But your character is well up to the average for our kind of people."

"I've been rather bad, I'm afraid," he said, in the shallowly penitent tone in which human beings glory in the sins they are proud of. "I've been as bad as I knew how to be."

"All of us are that, I fancy," replied Honoria, rising. "I shan't trouble you to confess to me. Save it for—her. Good night." She put out her hand friendly. "I think we shall be friends."

Frothingham looked after her as she went with her father down the deck towards the main companionway. "She is a queer lot," he muttered. "I suppose that's American. Well, if it's a fair specimen, I certainly shan't be bored."

(*To be continued.*)





BORIS SARAFOFF.

The man who is over-reaching himself in the Balkans.



# THE MAN WHO MAKES THE TROUBLE

## BORIS SARAFOFF, EMANCIPATOR OF MACEDONIA

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN AND EUGENE P. LYLE, JUNR.

[These illustrations are from photographs by the special correspondent of THE IDLER, sent to study the "Balkan Trouble" at first hand. Our correspondent, mounted on horseback, and guarded alternately by Turkish and Bulgarian troops, has traversed the heart of the wildest and most disaffected areas of Bulgaria, Macedonia and Albania. At present he is cooped up, under strict guard, in a Turkish city, and his attempts to send us the story of his travels are frustrated by the vigilance of the press censor. But some of his photographs have come safely through, and we use them to illustrate a topical article which we have just received, and which throws authentic light on the underground workers who are endeavouring to hasten a clash.—EDITOR.]

IN 1899 Boris Sarafoff became the president of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee. At once that organisation, previously a loose union of many branches under many leaders, became solidified, systematised, and menacing. Its head was in Sofia, in free Bulgaria. Its arms, always *en rapport* with the head, were in every Macedonian village where there were Bulgarians and the hope of freedom from the Turk. In a remarkably short time Sarafoff made of this committee a machine terrifying to Moslem and Macedonian non-sympathiser alike, working noiselessly under cover, striking for liberty here and there, swiftly, no doubt cruelly, with the very weapons of its mediævally minded enemy. It is because of Sarafoff and the centralised Macedonian Committee he evolved that the war-cloud, menacing at last, hangs over the Balkans.

Sarafoff is a young man. He was born thirty years ago in the Turkish village of Ljubjechovo. His inheritance, from generations of Bulgarian ancestors, was hate of Turkish tyranny and the example of many forefathers who had fought against it futilely. When he was five years old he saw his father and grandfather dragged from home in chains by the Bashî Bazouks, lashed and imprisoned, on a charge of treason. When they were released finally, by reforms which the Powers compelled Turkey to make, the family fled to

Nevrokop. From this place, when he was ten years old, young Sarafoff was sent by his father to school at Salonica. Four years later his father and grandfather were brought to Salonica and thrown into prison again on another charge of treason. A year afterward they were banished to Asia Minor without trial. It was then Boris Sarafoff swore that he would devote his life to seeking vengeance of the Turk.

He set about this work in the most businesslike way. When he studied, it was with the ambition to know those things which would make him a leader of men. When his vacations came he went through the wild countryside finding and exploring the ravines and passes where raiding parties might travel and arms be hid. When he was eighteen he attained entrance to the Military Academy at Sofia, afterwards served for a time as a Bulgarian private, and finally, at twenty, was made a lieutenant of the First Bulgarian Infantry.

In 1895 Sarafoff was ready to begin the vendetta he had sworn and which was to assume at length such ominous proportions. In July he gathered together eighty young men, crossed the Macedonian border and descended all unexpectedly upon the town of Melnik. His maiden manœuvres would have done credit to a veteran. He cut the telegraph lines, overpowered the guard of the Turkish prefecture, turned the Bulgarian prisoners out of the jail and





THE TURKS PARADE THE FRONTIER TO PREVENT GUN-RUNNING FROM BULGARIA INTO MACEDONIA.  
HERE A PATROL ARE TROTTING THROUGH A TYPICAL BIT OF DIFFICULT COUNTRY.

threw the Turkish prefect in. The Turkish garrison of one hundred sallied out and half of them were killed, while the other half fled. Then Sarafoff burned Melnik's government buildings and gracefully disappeared into the mountain passes as several regiments of Moslem horse and foot came headlong on the scene. Thus the Turkish Government first heard of Sarafoff.

For four years this young revolutionist harassed the Turks by an elusive guerrilla warfare which bore enormous risks for his handful of followers. In some way he managed to escape after every startling raid with his command marvellously intact, leaving ruin behind. He played a galling game of hide-and-seek with the Turkish troops, who hunted him through the border passes. When the game grew too hot he slipped over into Bulgaria. Month after month his name was more often on the lips of Macedonians and Turks, until every Bulgarian knew of Sarafoff, his prowess

and his astonishing escapes; and Constantinople came to consider his head worth a thousand Turkish pounds. It was then that he became president of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee.

Since that time Sarafoff has been a different figure from the man who led fierce little raiding parties over the border and back again. With his attachment to the Macedonian Committee he has become even more elusive, less often seen, more menacing in a shadowy, sinister way. Hidden from sight, he has shed a great deal of blood and spread much ruin in Macedonia. In his savage determination to force freedom from the Turk he has repeatedly struck the Macedonian slave with the blow aimed at the Moslem master. From a border revolutionist he has grown to be the unscrupulous master of a great system, terrifying and murdering, and blackmailing, and devastating impartially where he believes such work may lead to final freedom.





HERE THEY ARE SPLASHING ACROSS A RIVER IN ONE OF THE MORE OPEN PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

In the work of Sarafoff's committee one sees far more often the dead man than the gun that killed him. When the blow has fallen one knows where its agents have been. This machine, since Sarafoff became its head, in 1899, has grown each year more dangerous and subtle, and, withal, more intangible. If it is coming near to-day to freeing Macedonia at last, Macedonia at large bears it with more fear than joy. The fear of the Sultan is not much greater in Macedonia than the fear of Sarafoff.

When the Powers gave Macedonia back to Constantinople, for fear that the Muscovite might take her, the Turk was logical enough to see that the gift was a loan. Therefore, he rides the nag to death, in the Oriental manner, by a savage system of extortion through corrupt officials and brutal *gendarmerie*.

Macedonia's three vilayets, or provinces, Kossava, Monastir, and Salonica, have each an area of about ten thousand square miles and a population of a

million. Five-sixths of the people are Bulgarians, largely of the peasant class. The rest is a tangle of races and religions, Greeks, Roumanians, Albanians, Servians, Tartars, Circassians, Armenians, Kurds. Where these peoples once lived fairly in accord, to-day they snarl and curse each other's creeds fanatically. Over them all are the Turkish officials and the Sultan's ferocious, fierce-fighting soldiery.

Nature made Macedonia very beautiful and very fertile, but the Turkish brand has scarred the countryside to the bone. Its towns are plague spots, where scavenger dogs and unclean birds gorge on carcasses in the gutters, and where men are shot down in blood feuds before the doors of consulates. Moslem oppression has ground out industry in its valleys, the latter lying with all their fertility at waste, their people preferring hunger to extortion. The peasantry, almost entirely Bulgarian, cannot know in the morning what manner of avarice





WHATEVER THE FAULTS OF THE TURK, HE IS A FINE FIGHTING MAN—AND HE LOOKS IT.

or lust or revenge may not bring the so-called Government, or its rivals in brutality, the Albanian brigands, around their ears by noon. A Christian Macedonian with a little land and money, or a handsome wife and daughter, or a hidden hope for liberty, may see all these things torn from him any day, and himself wrecked by torture and thrown into prison for possessing them. When the foreign consuls gathered data of Turkish misrule through Macedonia, they drew up a tremendous list of atrocities. The list is made of colourless facts, and no clearer idea of Macedonia's condition could be offered than by quotations from it. These are only a few extracts from the authenticated reports of Bulgarian consuls in 1901. They are chosen because they represent the occurrences of what Turkey has called a "year of normal tranquillity."

In August, 1901, at Lozengrade, a village of Adrianople, nine Bulgarian

teachers were arrested on a simple suspicion (of revolutionary tendencies) and tortured with heated eggs in arm-pits. Two of them were then taken to a hospital and then despatched in a carriage to a destination unknown. The linen of the victims was afterward sent to a laundry, stained with blood and shredded flesh.

February 6, at Koumanova, a village of Uskul, a Turk named Pocho fired a pistol on a Bulgarian wedding party, and killed the bride. Priests and teachers saved the assassin from being torn to pieces by the wedding party. He was not prosecuted by the authorities.

At Seres, in Salonica, and generally throughout southern Macedonia, the *gendarmerie*, composed of Albanians and Circassians, were let loose on the Bulgarian population to prosecute alleged revolutionists. The inhabitants of many villages fled into the forests. Two peasants of Gavolentzi went crazy in prison after being tortured.





HERE HE IS PILING ARMS AFTER THE MARCH ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

March 7. The occupants of the three Bulgarian houses in Azor Mahale were massacred by agents of Ahmed Pasha.

Three teachers of the Vilayet of Monastir were arrested and tried for possessing the following books: A "Treatise on Geography," by Smirnoff; the "Journal of a Scholar," by DeAmici; and an A, B C primer. It may be added that the hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," is heinous sedition, as are the mere words "Macedonia" and "Armenia." The text, "Everybody Loves His Country," was censured in a local copy-book, and the words for patriotism, native country, liberty, revolt, complaint, majority, justice, &c., are rigorously proscribed. A child's story-book was once excluded from Turkish Europe because a dog in it went by the name of "Turk."

In the district of Doiran, Salonica, the Bey Ali Mehmed put a tax on marriages and forbade any marriage

without his permission. Villagers of Assandjoilo who found courage to complain were denounced as having hidden revolutionists, and the curate and chief men were tortured. Teachers were burned with hot irons, and the curate went mad under blows.

During March the young Bulgarian girls of Kratova were carried off by Turks and forcibly converted to Islamism. The authorities knew the criminals, but did not prosecute them.

During April, the villages of Lebnitza and Idomie (Tikvech) were attacked and pillaged by brigands under the notorious Monarem. Tzerovo was also sacked by another band of Albanians, who then notified the authorities that they would attack Novo-Selo if the villagers did not pay the brigand tax.

Selim Pasha Sevrloff, Governor of Aha-Tchelebi, who served fifteen years in prison for murdering his wife's father, and who took part in the Batak massacre



of 1876, has made himself rich by black-mailing the Bulgarian population. He now owns fifteen thousand head of cattle. Any one refusing his demands is sent in irons to Adrianople, where thirty-six were imprisoned in 1901, after Selim Pasha had tortured them.

The machine, working for freedom of Macedonia from these oppressions, has a noteworthy history and an invincible, invisible system which may be described as the work of a torpedo is defined by observation of a line of foam and a submarine explosion. Of its history and methods since Sarafoff made it formidable in 1899 it is possible to establish these facts :—

When Sarafoff welded a handful of local revolutionary committees into the Macedonian Committee and became president of its inner council, he established a policy in two parts for fighting the Turk. The first principle was that a guerrilla war must be waged tirelessly in which all Macedonia should be finally forced to join. But a guerrilla war against the Turks would never reach anywhere of itself. Therefore the second principle followed: that the Balkans must be embroiled and mutilated in such a shocking way that the Powers would be forced to attend to the Turk. This is the principle which is desperate and relentless, and which wounds Macedonia as deeply as it wounds the Turk. It has been named "Sarafoffism" in Europe. Its only excuse is fierce enthusiasm for liberty, but it is for liberty bought at a price as heavy to the Christian as to the Moslem.

Sarafoff began at once, in 1899, on elaborate plans for the realisation of his vendetta against the Turks. He perfected the system of committee agents and spies through Macedonia, and instilled the principle which has since made him and his organisation so shadowy and sinister that the machine must move always in the dark. Soon Turkish officials in Macedonia began to be disturbed by rumours of unrest. There

was a vague whisper through the country that the time for the great uprising had come. Men and arms were said to be collected in retreats that Sarafoff in his youthful explorations had discovered. The governors and rulers of the provinces redoubled precautions, but in spite of their vigilance, rifles and powder trickled through the passes from Bulgaria into Macedonia, and in Macedonia evaded all search by the Mussulman gendarmerie. There was also a secret postal service which carried all revolutionary mail between Bulgaria and Macedonia with far more despatch than the Turkish Government could follow. But the Macedonian committee was only massing its resources and holding back the first blow until all of the funds which had slipped into sympathetic Bulgaria from unofficial Russia had slipped on into Macedonia in the shape of arms and ammunition.

The Turkish diplomatic agent at Sofia, in Bulgaria, and the Turkish Governor of Salonica, taking alarm at the rumours of the machine at work, had sent off couriers at breakneck for Constantinople. But the first blow had fallen before these functionaries' premonitions had reached Adrianople.

Sarafoff at last had thrown down the glove. The border passes forthwith gave up armed guerrilla bands, which sallied nimbly down into Macedonia and opened their campaign in Sarafoff's pre-presidential style of strike and get away. His bands slipped through Monastir Vilayet, only visible when they swooped down in forays on Turkish towns. Villagers of Zelenitche were beaten by a Turkish prefect and forty Bashi Bazouks, who thought they could thus learn the whereabouts of certain Sarafoff raiders. Later they ran into the revolutionists, who in four hours' fighting killed them to a man.

The whole of the countryside was stirred by this beginning. Desperadoes took up the fight and extracted much private profit from it. The Albanian





BULGARIAN MOUNTAIN MEN.

These sturdy mountaineers are typical of the men who are chronically ready for "Trouble in the Balkans." They are the European counterpart of those Pathans who keep things warm on the North-west Frontier of India.





THE TURKS APPRECIATE THE VALUE OF BLOCKHOUSES, AND QUITE A CHAIN OF THEM IS 'STRUNG ALONG THE FRONTIER. THEY AT LEAST PRETEND TO CHECK RAIDS AND SMUGGLING BY DAY; BUT THEY CLOSE FOR BUSINESS DURING THE DARK HOURS.

brigands, co-religionists of the Sultan, made capital out of the growing confusion by levying on Christian and Moslem alike, and by demanding concessions which they shrewdly guessed the Sultan would not refuse them then. The Mirdate clan in Scutari clamoured for the return of their chief, detained in Constantinople. The Arnauts, to force the release of some of their people imprisoned at Ipek, kidnapped the Turkish officials there. In Scutari all communication with Constantinople was cut off and the riffraff Turkish soldiers sent to deal with the Albanians did not dare to meet them.

Sarafoff's committee used the general disturbance to pass rifles over the border. New commandoes were armed and sent down among the Turkish villages.

It has always been a principle of Sarafoff's policy that all Bulgarian Macedonia—3,000,000 strong—must support his movement. He wanted money and men. If they came to him voluntarily, well and good. If not, he would take them. When a Macedonian showed an unpatriotic desire to stay clear of the revolution the invisible machine of the Macedonian committee would catch him in its phantom wheels and drag from him either his support or his life.

The Committee agents slipped through Macedonia systematically, arming village after village. The villages paid for the rifles and powder whether they wanted them or not, because the already ominous Sarafoff had told them to buy or suffer as traitors to the cause. Macedonians of position were approached for subscrip-





THE CHRISTIAN PRIEST IS REGARDED BY THE TURK AS A GREAT FOMENTER OF TROUBLE—AND HE SUFFERS ACCORDINGLY. THESE EIGHT PERSON (A PRIEST AND HIS FAMILY) FLED FOR THEIR LIVES FROM MACEDONIA, AND AFTER MUCH SUFFERING REACHED BULGARIA.

tions of money in the name of Sarafoff's organisation. If they hesitated they received unpleasant reminders in the most intimate parts of their homes—letters and daggers in rooms whose doors were always locked, perhaps. It was seldom that a Macedonian stood this sinister pressure long. In the one case in ten where there was resistance, invariably a violent death followed. Seldom was there much discussion of this. One heard the name of Sarafoff—and it was not a name to shout about.

If the Powers would not notice Turkey's atrocities in Macedonia, Sarafoff would manufacture atrocities that they would look at. This is the dark chapter in the man's history. Indeed, he succeeded so well that he became the Sultan's scapegoat in his periodic

denials of inhumanity. When a peculiarly brutal outbreak takes place against the Christians to-day, the Turks are as likely as not to say, "It is Sarafoff's men, who will pretend, of course, that it was we who did it." While the Turks are no more humane to-day than they were when the Bulgarian consuls made out their list of atrocities, the Sarafoff Committee is not guiltless of exciting them to murder and rape and plunder. It is not that the Macedonian Committee is directly responsible for Turkish atrocities, but that by striking the Turks through their noncombatants and their religion, they have roused them to retaliate the more cruelly.

As an example, in the Raselog district men of the Committee murdered a considerable number of Turks—as





AN ALBANIAN (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND A TURK. THESE ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE ALLOWED TO CARRY ARMS IN TURKEY.

usual, without leaving a trace of their identity. They attained their object, no doubt, when the Turk struck back in the familiar Turkish style among the helpless Bulgarian peasantry.

The Moslem village of Dospat was raided by Bulgarian revolutionists, who were disappointed in their errand when no retaliation followed. The Mosque at Salonica was profaned and pillaged. This resulted in a grave state of affairs, for the Sultan gave the Turks quick permission to arm "in the defence of their religion," and a general massacre of Christians seemed for a time inevitable.

One instance of a Sarafoff's *coup* touches the United States nearly. It was an outrage which succeeded, as Sarafoff no doubt meant it to, in turning the eyes of the civilised world to Macedonia, and in gaining a fair revo-

lutionary fund. Miss Ellen Stone furnished the opportunity.

The Christian missionaries in Macedonia have never doubted that the American woman's capture was the work of the Sarafoff Committee, and have expressed that belief, although in sympathy with the more conservative work of the revolutionists. The Bulgarian troops who pursued the brigands believed the same, and the Turkish gendarmes who hunted the kidnappers through the mountains found them marvellously like the elusive Sarafoff guerrillas. The negotiations for ransom were carried on by the brigands as stealthily and adroitly as the work of the Macedonian Committee was ever done. The brigands had an eye in every town, and a spy even in New York. It was hardly then the work of an isolated band, and no more probably





THE ALBANIANS ARE ITCHING FOR A FIGHT, AND OCCASIONALLY THEY FORCE ONE. HERE ARE HANDCUFFED PRISONERS, ARRESTED—NOT BEFORE BLOODSHED—FOR BREAKING THE PEACE.

the work of the Turks, though Sarafoff would have liked the world to believe that. At any rate, the ransom was paid and the world heard of it, which was the object of the *coup*. This example of the lengths to which the Committee is likely to go is no doubt the most striking to Americans.

Since Sarafoff began his work as head of the Macedonian Committee in 1899 there have been changes in that organisation. When he was elected to his office he unified and perfected the organisation according to his lights. Because he was an unscrupulous man, and would stop at nothing to gain his ends, the Revolutionary Committee became so terrible, so dangerous, as to frighten and horrify immeasurably the country it was to save. Behind Sarafoff there were other men, less fiery and more conservative. They desired the

more respectable, more innocuous measures which Sarafoff had discarded as futile. With him it was "liberty, no matter whom it kills," and his followers were many. But at length the machinery of the system slipped one day and gave the conservatives a chance.

While the Committee was spreading its propaganda in Bucharest, Roumania, in 1900, two men were suddenly murdered there. A stranger in Bucharest was brained with a hatchet, and a venerable editor was shot through the back while walking with his wife and child in the street. Something was wrong with the machine this time, for the perpetrators were taken and confessed. The stranger had sold the secrets of rifle smuggling by the Committee to Constantinople. The editor had denounced the Committee in his paper. The two victims had been secretly tried





THE BULGARIANS ARE A PICTURESQUE PEOPLE. HERE A GROUP OF COUNTRY GIRLS ARE WALKING INTO TOWN ON MARKET DAY.

by the Inner Council and sentenced to death, the assassins said, by Sarafoff for "disloyalty." As members of the Committee, the murderers had sworn blind obedience, the alternative being death. In the same confession, the prisoners declared that the Kings of Roumania and Servia had been marked by Sarafoff for assassination also. This was to prevent the chance that, should Bulgaria march down to aid Macedonia, Servia and Roumania might invade Bulgaria.

The prisoners were convicted, and Sarafoff was sentenced to life imprisonment. Roumania demanded that he be tried in Bulgaria, and forwarded the evidence, but not the witnesses. Sarafoff boldly appeared in Sofia from nowhere in particular, stood a six months' trial, and was acquitted.

Meanwhile, however, the conservative revolutionists had their chance. Over-

riding his adherents, they deposed Sarafoff from the presidency. On his release Sarafoff disappeared at once, and took with him large numbers of the Macedonian Committee, who were not in any way troubled with ideas of conservatism. Suddenly the revolutionary machine resumed its old measured, inexorable action. The explanation was simple. Sarafoff had constructed a new committee.

The rising of Macedonia *en masse* is not the whole of what Sarafoff has been working for. The rising of the whole country—even 3,000,000 Bulgarians—would hardly require more than another brigade from Constantinople to crush it. The situation which Sarafoff awaits must be conjunctive with his general rising and must lie on the outside.

North of Macedonia is Bulgaria, where a million kinsmen of the great Mace-





HERE ARE SOME OF THE GIRLS WHO STILL FIND THE WEATHER COOL, AND ARE WEARING THEIR GREAT WINTER SHEEP-SKIN COATS

donian majority are waiting to march across the border to their aid. The Bulgarian Government, which still pays a yearly tribute to the Sultan, knows this very well. The Bulgarian army and people will slip the leash and be off to the revolution in spite of their king.

It is not to Bulgaria alone that Sarafoff turns for aid, however. A confederation of Macedonia and Bulgaria would make a short campaign for the Sultan to worry over, and Serbia and Greece besides could not sink the balance. It is Russia toward which the Sarafoff Committee turns this spring.

Russia has recognised the atrocities in Macedonia by uniting with Austria in a demand for reforms by the Sultan. It would be impossible, besides, for the latter to do what Russia and Austria have asked and avoid trouble with his

Albanians, who will fight every concession to the Bulgarian Christians. Also, it is not reforms of that sort which Sarafoff wants: it is conditions which will force the Powers to make the reforms themselves by taking Macedonia from the Turk. Sarafoff believes that Russia, which in 1876 rescued all the northern Balkans, save Macedonia, from Constantinople, will follow Bulgaria down across the border when Macedonia rises again.

Now, Sarafoff and the leaders of the conservative committee have struck hands at last. The time is ripe for the final *coup*, and they will work together. The machine is clanking on as it used to, but more swiftly and noisily now than ever before.

Before it is done it may well mean new history and new maps for Europe.



# A NOVA SCOTIAN PARADISE

By TAPPAN ADNEY



Northern countries the transition from winter to summer is swift; hardly has the last patch of snow disappeared from the sheltered woodland ravines and the swollen torrent subsided when the tender greenbuds of the alders and birches burst into full leafage; the crow and robin are building their nests, and the denizens of the cool, sparkling

brooks have begun to seek their summer homes.

Thus, although May had a few days more in which to run its course, the fields, the trees, the air had taken on the character of summer. The old mare, with her three passengers, was no doubt thoroughly leg-weary from forty miles, up hill and down, since daybreak. For the past eight miles not even rude settlers' cabins had broken the loneliness of the narrow forest road. When, at last, there broke into view a field with grey buildings in the distance, illumined in the rays of the parting sun, the old mare, voluntarily quickening her pace, seemed hardly less than ourselves to feel that our journey was ended. The buildings soon became more distinct, and one by one the graceful elms, which in the primeval forest are inseparable from fertile valleys, marked before us the course

of a stream toward which for many weeks we had been turning the eyes of fancy in pleasant anticipation. "Bryden's" at last, and beyond a region of forest, lake, and river that has been recently described as the largest untouched wilderness east of the Rocky Mountains!

We soon found ourselves in what might have been either a dooryard or barnyard—or both; between an enormous barn and a rambling assortment of low wooden buildings, arranged in a row for the convenience of the provincial winter season. Both house and barn gave signs of age, and but for the presence of a solitary hen in the dooryard, the wayfarers might easily have imagined an abandoned farm that, like many another, should never have been taken from the moose and bear. Less easily might the travellers have imagined themselves at a hotel famous the length and breadth of the Mirimichi Road—perhaps not unknown beyond. Of course, the hotel of the city is one thing, the summer hotel is another; this was neither. I have called it a "hotel"; it was merely "Bryden's." Sixty teams of horses at once in the big, generous barn! A hundred men crowded, one knows not how, into those rooms, which are broader than they seem at first. Now and then a fisherman in summer, and some hunters in autumn, keep the road from becoming entirely grass-grown; these stable their horses in the barn, and hire boats on the river. It is not in summer, but when the ice king holds the land in his grasp and the winter snows mantle the leafless forests, that "Bryden's" awakes. The grass from the broad meadow lies in the barn; stores of bacon, beans, flour, and horse feed are replenished and again replenished before spring. From "Bryden's," on roads leading eastward and northward, are dozens of lumber camps. So the road which now knows only the casual seeker after recreation resounds in spring and autumn with the shouts of



rugged, uncouth men in coarse, bright woollens, oil tanned moccasins, and thick, warm caps ; with the tinkle of bells upon great, shaggy horses, drawing sleds piled high with oats, hay, flour, beans, pork, axes, and "peevies." All winter long come and go the teams of the "toters," hauling provisions for the men and feed for the horses. And, as must be when a man gets in from facing the cold and the snowdrift, each driver must stop and his horses must rest at the first, or the last, or the only house on the road. Then what nightly gaiety ; wild, but always good natured ! Horses fed ; supper (in relays, of course) at the long pine table, with benches for chairs ; and then—from deep pockets and other mysterious sources of apparently inexhaustless supply—emerge "long necks" of whiskey, or "John de Kipers" (gin), which are passed from hand to hand. Nor is the stranger known. Whether or no, every man must drink—nor may any overstep the bounds of politeness by declining, however often the bottle comes. Crowded into the big, low-ceiled room next the supper room, the doors closed to the frosty blasts without, the revellers clear a space and the "step dances" begin. Two at a time face each other, stepping off the time in unison to the rhythmic beats of the shouting on-lookers' hands and feet, or the strains of hornpipes and reels jerked out at marvellous speed by tireless fiddlers until, exhausted, one or both fall out amid approving shouts. The singing, shouting, laughing, dancing, drinking goes on the long night through.

The clock on the wall shows four ; horses are fed, and, before the light of day has streaked the eastern sky, weary, sleepy men are again on the road, facing the drifting snow. There is much work and little play in the lumberman's life. And who would begrudge what is, after all, but an occasional night's respite from dull care and sorrow ?

As for the proprietor of this highly interesting and probably altogether

unique establishment, surely he has earned summer's comparative rest—an opportunity of which he is not reluctant to avail himself, if I might judge by the picture presented upon our arrival.

Stretched at full length upon a bench at the back of the narrow porch which sheltered the public entrance was a man above fifty years, in shirt sleeves, his head supported by a pile of grain sacks. His eyes turned toward us, but he gave no other sign of recognition or of stirring. The picture of ease and contentment with all the world he presented there, with his ruddy countenance, needed not the warm glow of the evening sun to produce any illusion of tint or shade.

"Mr. Bryden?" spoke that one of my companions who by right of previous acquaintance might reasonably act as spokesman. A pink hand rose slowly toward the pipe, a curl of smoke, the pipe was slowly withdrawn, and a slight nod acknowledged our presence. Then, as with great reluctance he slowly stretched his arms, swung to an upright posture, stretched his arms again, knocked the ashes from his pipe, his blue eyes appeared slightly to twinkle as he arose to swing wide open the gates of backwoods hospitality.

"Fishing?"

"That was our purpose, mainly, in coming here."

"Put up your horse, boys ; you know where the barn is, Sharp." Then adding, as apology : "I always lay down with my pipe after supper, and I never let anything bother me." Knowing the man, I am sure that if the governor-general himself were to drive up he would stir neither hand nor foot until he had finished his pipe.

"Then you were not burning a smudge to keep off the mosquitoes?" said Sharp.

Our horse was crazy from the swarms which were attacking her ; our own pipes served but feebly to protect us from the ravenous creatures for which "Bryden's" is famous.



"Mosquitoes?" with a look of injured surprise. "Mosquitoes?" (Here he drew his hand down the side of his neck). "There 're no mosquitoes here now." (Slap.) "There was *some* a week or two ago" (slap), "but they won't bother you now."

Our ancestors were savages. I can assign no other reason for a man's liking more or less to sleep with day clothes on, under a rough, hairy blanket, on ground rendered somewhat more resilient by fir boughs; drinking tea which is mingled with wood ashes and pine spills, and eating with no tool but a long bladed belt knife. Still, it needed no second call at daybreak next morning to rouse us off the unyielding hemlock floor of the barn. As the sun came up behind the trees everything and everybody seemed cheerful. The very mosquitoes, shaking the night's dew from their wings, gave their bills a hasty whet, and were glad—that we had come.

We lugged to the brook everything a man (in health) would really require for a brief free and independent existence—axe, light shelter tent, water pail, tea kettle, a tin cup and plate for each, a gunny-sack of potatoes, an old trunk holding bread, butter, corn, sugar, tea, salt, pepper, extra articles of apparel, rod cases, spare rods, tackle—everything which rain, or sunshine, or boat water might injure.

Our craft was a double ender, a yard wide over the top and twenty feet long, the bottom narrow for threading the boulder-lined channels. It was nicely painted red, and there were racks along each side to hold the rods. Could Sharp have had his way, it would have been instead a "nice light pirogue" (can one imagine a boat hewn from a solid pine log being light?) That is really better than the Indian's birch, which is very easily cut by the sharp, stony bottoms of the shallow streams. An Indian always "shoes" his boat with strips of cedar when going down such streams. Narrow, long, straight of side, a little wider at

bow than stern, the bow rounded upward so as to rise over the contending current; such is the ideal "pirogue." The man who has set bone and muscle upon the stiff young spruce pole that drives the boat upward against the swiftest rapids learns in time the form that goes ahead with least resistance.

Abounding in rapids and shallows, as these northern woods streams are, the paddle is seldom touched. Except on lakes and streams of considerable size, progress, whether up or down, is by the pole alone. One person (or two, if skilful) may assist the steersman, who stands in the stern and who not only must be ready with supple knee for each sudden rocking of the canoe, but must know to a nicety the turn of the pole, after the forward push, that holds the canoe in the teeth of the current ready for the next. To a beginner the strain of is like that of learning to ride a bicycle, with this in favour of the former, that water makes softer falling than earth.

One notices a difference in the colour of the water of different streams. Those which flow through hardwood lands are clear and colourless; those from bogs and evergreen forests are tinged with brownish, like the steepings of tea; nor is the water so pleasant to the taste. This Mirimichi is one of the latter, but the rich red brown, bespeaking an origin in the great "barren" and spruce hills, only enhances the beauty of the deep, dark pools which abound in this river as in none other of my acquaintance. Its beauty is the beauty of clear wine. By contrast the tender leaves of the fringing alders, of the graceful overhanging birches and elms, seem more green; more white and snow-like the flecks of foam floating in interminable procession seaward.

Fan-shaped is Mirimichi—not one river, but several, meeting at a common point. Ours, the "Main South-west," stretching a hundred and fifty miles eastward and westward, and almost dividing the province, is the principal "rib." At





"THE EVENT OF THE TRIP WAS A DOUBLE."



the point where they meet, sea-going vessels enter from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is miles across, and no man yet has told where river ends and sea begins, except by the tide. Together these streams drain the greater part of the wilderness, which for a generation to come will be the wildest of "accessible" regions in the East. At no point from the settlements is this fish and game paradise reached more easily and quickly than here—a fact not commonly understood.

In quick succession pool follows pool; now broad, long, and deep; now so shallow the boat almost drags; winding, twisting, hurrying, resting, each only for a moment. Alders, birches, elms, and leaning spruce shade first one side and then the other, sometimes both, until the Forks—a famous pool for salmon—are reached, and there the waters from north and west meet in a beautiful pool, shaded by lofty evergreens. Now between widened banks, slowly at first, then faster, the stream flows gently on, a considerable and dignified river.

Salmon, Mr. Henry W. Wells says, are the finest fish, pound for pound, that the fisherman can take. It does not behove, therefore, that the gentry should lie in pools suitable for sea and brook trout, which need not space in which to run and leap and send the reel a-whizzing!

A cast or two in the pool, then the upward journey. Tedious, muscle-rending, exasperating in its slowness—there is nothing poetic about poling a heavy boat up a swift, shallow stream. It is "bone labour," permitting no rest, unless one whips the pool as he goes. Buck-sawing wood, taking bad medicine, poling a boat against a swift stream, are the same to me. My friends, however, claim they like it. I believe they do. Larger, more varied in its banks, the river showed new beauties at every turn. The short view, the alluring bend, the picturesque bit of rapid, pool, or foliage discover themselves, rather than magni-

ficence. The charms are those of detail following detail in varying and pleasing succession, the imagination supplying that isolation and wilderness which are here, but which the eye, from the river, does not survey. Its upper reaches are less like a river than a glorified brook. On the inside of each turn are pretty banks of sand and gravel, where one may step ashore, cast under the overhanging tree or bunch of driftwood at the far side, and then wade or take the boat to the next. The big trout prefer the larger pools, but no spot where the water rests, if only behind a submerged boulder in a rapid or under a tussock of waving shore grass, is too insignificant to hold its fish—when the water is right. Two miles from the Forks we boiled once more the kettle of tea, and ate a dozen trout which we had picked up on the fly. As we journeyed on, tracks of moose were observed on the sandy beaches—some obviously as fresh as the morning. Hardly had we been gone an hour when, turning a bend in the river, we saw, head down stream in the edge of the water, a moose. Seventy-five yards away he stood gazing as curiously as a cow in a pasture. How odd, how awkward-looking! The short, round body on the tall legs; the short neck, the long, ill-shapen head, with mule-like ears set stiffly towards us. Small spike antlers betrayed his sex and age. The clumsy, foolish youth! As tall as a horse now! What will he be a dozen years hence, with antlers that one might imagine were some upturned pine root? He looked at us for some moments, then leisurely took a step or two shoreward, turned his head once more, and then stepped among the alders, which closed around him. When opposite the spot we could see two ears waving to keep off the flies. Still not alarmed.

Who shall tell the delights of days so auspiciously begun? The blue sky, the fair, warm days, the pools at their best; each day's work carrying us only just as



far up stream, or down, as we wished, like bees from flower to flower. Then, at night, the open tent facing the stream, the fire of driftwood in front, the broad blanket spread softly over evergreen boughs, stockings on the ridge-pole drying after the day's wading, the savoury smell of frying potatoes, corn, and fish. If a shower fell by night the wide waterproof covered all snugly; and if it rained as it did that day, when the sky turned suddenly black, the wind snapped the frail fir trees, and the rain fell not, but was driven in sheets; or if, when rushing down stream in mad race to outstrip the current, the boat did strike a snag and one vaulted headlong into a deep, black pool—who was the worse after clothes were dried?

There was the "Alder Ground," so called because the high banks recede from sight each side for several miles, leaving only alders and a few elms to shade the pools—pools which abound in brook trout of any bigness one may wish, and sea trout which come up from the gulf to spawn. Most beautiful of all is "Bruin Farm Pool," where the river, emerging from evergreen forest, skirts a broad natural opening where bears come for berries and, crescent-like, doubles on its course. Two miles above, amid forests of spruce, now dead from the water of beavers' dams, the trunks standing ghost-like along the banks, or prostrate in the water, are found the largest brook trout on Mirimichi. Seven and eight pound fish are said to have been taken here. Three and a half is the largest I have seen; while the event

of the trip was a double, hooked at a single cast. The two weighed respectively two and three-quarters and two and a half pounds. One was landed in the net, the other by a quick grasp in the gills.

Fifteen miles above the Forks are the Falls, where the river in two leaps rushes through a gorge. "Fourteen-mile Brook," an insignificant stream, yielded to two alder poles and shortened lines a ten pound creel level full in an hour's fishing. Who would ask for better? Once a moose muddied the pool so we could not fish. It left a footprint, I swear, like a breakfast plate. Another ran crashing through the lines with loud "gruffs." Again, a mother caribou, with her pretty fawn, was drinking from the spring where we went for water. The flies, too, reminded us continually that the country was theirs, that we were theirs to feed and wax fat upon. Not alone mosquitoes, but blackflies and midgets ("bite-um no see-ums," as the Indian aptly calls them), which latter show themselves not by reason of exceeding smallness and burn like red hot irons as the fish begin to bite. And the moose-fly, clumsy, blundering, yellow and brown fellow, who stabs like an assassin. The salmon did not favour us with so much as a rise. The only one we saw had scars of battle from encounter with spears of poachers on the lower reaches of the river. Ten, twenty, thirty pounds is the weight of salmon which the river gives to him who has in his favour season and humour, water and lure.





## THE ADMIRAL AND THE SIREN

By ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT

THE commander had survived a long day on the bridge. The Admiral's attack of tick-tacking had been a particularly severe one, and when navigating commanders, worn out, get to the smoking room, they either say nothing, or say a great deal—mostly about admirals and their vicious ways. This evening the commander chose to talk.

"I suppose you heard of how Admiral Hotkeel put his foot in it the year of the Spanish-American war?" he said to me.

I was forced to admit that I had not heard.

"No? Then I'll tell you. Hotkeel you may know commanded the Mediterranean fleet, and was quite a success, 'bout the best man we've had in the Mediterranean of late years. However, like all great men he had his failings or—seeing he is an admiral we'll speak of him as one who cannot have a failing—he had his foibles. Sounds better. And a most amusing as well as irritating eccentricity he developed before he finished experimenting with the sirens of the fleet. By the way, have you had the pleasure of listening to the warbling of a fleet's sirens?"

Again I was obliged to answer "No."

"Ah! a pleasure in store for you. Nothing on earth or sea or in the sky quite comes up to a chorus of sirens in a fog. Each siren is a dog's yelp, a parrot's squeak, a cat's war-cry, a frog's croak, a red Indian's war whoop, a file's rasp, and a steamship's whistle in one. It is hoarse and piercing, and picks out your nerves one by one and snaps 'em with a twang till your brain and body is nothing but a useless tingle. As the fleet booms through a fog, the admiral every few minutes orders the various ships to signal their number to him so that he

may know all is well. The Morse alphabet is used, and they begin whee-uu-ee, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp-yelp, whee-u-u-ee-ah, yelp-yelp, until you'll imagine the fog to be alive with demons in distress and some master-fiend cutting off their talons with sheep-shears. I believe that the sirens in a foggy night have caused more men to leave the service than ship's tobacco even. They are the most diabolically pitched instruments of oral torture invented by man.

"Now Hotkeel was all for sweetness and light, and one night while the fleet was cruising in a fog, and ship after ship yelling her yelps, a brilliant idea occurred to his brain, which idea was this: He would have each siren in his fleet tuned to a particular note of music. You will see at once that there was a double utility in this, one of art and the other of practicality. Instead of harassing the night with raucous sounds we would charm the fog with melody, and again, instead of the complicated Morse alphabet signals, which took time and depended for its utility on the skill of the operator of the siren, by his invention the flag-ship need but strike the top note and then the ships in order would run the scale. If the scale was complete his fleet was complete, but if for instance B flat was missing, why of course that indicated that B flat cruiser had been rammed or had bumped and fallen over a derelict and from henceforth might be considered off the strength of the Mediterranean fleet."

"Clever idea," I suggested.

"Of course it was clever," continued the navigating commander; "everything Hotkeel did was clever. We had an awful time of it getting some of the sirens into tune, but the men liked the idea of the thing, and after a time



England's Mediterranean fleet could run the chromatic scale to beat Paderewski. We practised in the daylight and clear weather, and I must say that the impression created in the fleet was favourable; officers and crew took to it unanimously. Hotkeel was beside himself with delight, and the man who could detect a fog creeping along towards the fleet was sure of promotion. We used to go about the Mediterranean searching for fogs, whereas before the day of the musical scale we were wont to curse them.

"It so happened that for some weeks at a stretch never a rag of fog came our way. Hotkeel became depressed; the sirens could not be sounded legitimately. We searched for trouble, but no trouble was found. The Admiral took to walking the quarter-deck in the dead of night muttering to himself; and a bear with a sore head was gamesome and considerate compared with Hotkeel. The flag-ship fellows lived the life of dogs, and the fleet generally suffered in proportion. But in a flash all changed.

"One night while pacing too and fro like a caged hyena, the Admiral was seen to come to an abrupt full stop. He first threw his hands to his forehead and stood there in quivering thought, then he smote his thigh a mighty smite, shouting: 'I've got it,' and after a few turns went below and slept the soundest sleep he had enjoyed for many a long night. In some mysterious way before morning the news was known all over the fleet that Hotkeel had come to his senses again, and that we were likely to hear of something to our advantage when he resumed duty. We did, but not next day—the next again. Down in his cabin the Admiral had all the clerks of the flag-ship at work until late into the night, and the following morning each ship of the fleet was ordered to send a boat to the flag-ship. To each boat was given a parcel for the captain. These were opened by the various captains, and the trouble began.

"Mitchim, senior captain, led off. He semaphored to the Admiral that he, Mitchim, must decline to have anything to do with the matter unless it was understood distinctly to be an act of grace on his part; that he had liberty at any time to say to the Admiral precisely what he wished on the subject, and in the manner and form that seemed good to him at any time, and that he had permission to go on with the thing or drop it at his own sweet will. He reserved all rights of future action. Unless the Admiral explicitly agreed to these conditions, he, Mitchim, must respectfully decline to begin on the thing at all, and would ask the Admiral to lay the case before higher authorities. For his part he was ready and anxious to have the lord commissioners say whether or no the matter came within the thirty-nine odd articles of the service. The other captains without exception asked to be included in the protest. To this blunt round robin the Admiral reported in his sunniest mood. Bless you, he was too delighted with his latest idea to take exception even to Mitchim's bold way of putting nasty things. Instead, he answered that he quite understood the points raised and cordially agreed to the conditions laid down. His only wish was to ameliorate the lives of all at sea, and further to popularise the British fleet in foreign waters. He quite recognised the sacrifices the fulfilling of his request called for, but trusted in his officers cheerfully to back up his endeavour. Continental peoples were rather frowning on the English nation, it was the duty of the fleet to further the good of England in peace days, as well as in days of war. He asked for co-operation from all and sundry. Of course, put in those terms, all objections went by the board.

"To out with it, those parcels which the Admiral sent to his captains contained sheets of white cardboard on which were written the notes of various simple innocent tunes, and the idea to



be sure, was to turn the mighty Mediterranean fleet into a gigantic steam piano for the edification and instruction of foreigners in days of peace. You can have no notion of the harassing hours we spent, the fleet bunched in close formation booming through the waves of the Mediterranean and the sirens rasping out some confoundedly inappropriately-worded tune such as 'Take me Back to Mother,' or 'To be a Farmer's Boy,' or 'Little Simple Children We,' or 'Cherry Ripe.' His choice of tunes was so absurd that in the end Mitchim registered the first protest, at the same time suggesting as substitutes the National Anthems of all lands. Hotkeel accepted the suggestion, and we began on 'God Save the King,' and worked up until we could whoop out every nation's anthem except the Chinese. There were many annoyances, but Hotkeel was forbearance personified. Some of the captains had no more ear for music than has an old maid's stuffed dog under a glass case, and these were given to striking in at inappropriate moments with a blast that would founder a derelict. Music is not a strong point in the service. We always thought that one day the Admiral would court-martial some of them for neglect of duty or excess of zeal, or something.

"Captain Mitchim was the worst case by far. He had control of the siren next in note to Hotkeel's, and you know the Admiral did love to hang on long and strong to his top note. Mitchim resented the undue prominence of the Admiral. He would count the precise value of Hotkeel's note, and the instant time was up, chipped in with his blast and have it over before Hotkeel had finished. The latter, intent on his own blare, in the majority of cases would fail to hear Mitchim's, and proceed to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the fleet by demanding of Mitchim why in thunder he did not toot his toot. Mitchim would then reply that he knew his duty, and did his duty in the proper

way at the proper time. While this discussion raged the tune would go ripping round the fleet until it was the Admiral's turn to blow the whistle, but to be sure he would be in such an argumentative tangle with his senior captain that he'd miss his turn, and the notes getting into confusion one would ram the other and finally the whole thing would founder. However, we worried through somehow until one day it dawned upon us that we could play all the National Anthems with the exception I have named—the Chinese. There was no one aboard the ships who could even hum that, so as we were not thinking of appeasing the Chinese at the time we desisted from any attempt to master their hymn of glorification.

"It came to pass that we were ordered to pay a visit to Ojorko—Spain, you know—one of the most comfortable anchorages in the Mediterranean, and Hotkeel grew hourly more energetic and engaging. He saw in this visit to a land whose people felt sore towards us a heaven-sent chance to prove the value of his idea. All the way from Malta we played the Spanish national song. Day and night it sounded from the sirens, until the men began to vow that they could taste Spanish onions in their very ship's tobacco. At long intervals, as a relaxation, we played 'God save the King,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'The Watch on the Rhine,' and the rest of 'em, but always harked back to Spain. The Armada was avenged. The Spanish anthem had reduced the British fleet to cowards, so that when the first note of it struck upon our ears each one of us off duty would instantly bolt for stoke-hole to escape the racking din.

"We expected an order from the flagship to play the anthem as we entered the port of Ojorko, but no, Hotkeel kept it up his sleeve, refraining from blowing the gaff, so to speak, until a moment arose when the surprise would hit upon the generous, excitable Spanish mind with dramatic force. This proper



combination of combustible circumstances he discerned in the Governor's dinner to himself and as many officers as could be spared from the fleet.

"I think Mitchim was at the bottom of the whole terrible muddle; fact, I'm sure of it in my innermost soul. But souls cannot be called in evidence before a court-martial. With the idea of propitiating his senior captain, and to keep him from pouring sand among the wheels of the machinery, Hotkeel had appointed Mitchim deputy-conductor of the siren orchestra, with authority to lead whenever the Admiral happened to be absent from the fleet. Mitchim made it a rule of life to accept any honour offered him, and although this was not much to his liking, he smiled his bland smile and took it. He saw precious small chance of active musical honours being his, for Hotkeel was not likely to quit the flag-ship so long as she carried steam pressure sufficient to blow the sirens. However, he gracefully accepted the post. All our tunes were numbered after the Moody and Sankey manner, and as cruel fate would have it, the Admiral, in the hurry of going ashore, gave Mitchim the wrong number; he said number two instead of number twelve. Mitchim, like the whole six hundred, knew right well that the Admiral had blundered, but said nothing, for no one on land or sea recognised the chance of a lifetime when he saw it quicker than Mitchim. He took the wrong number without turning a hair, and changed the subject quick. Hotkeel had arranged everything theatrically. After dinner he would say to the Governor that the fleet wished to do the Spanish nation honour, and beg the old aristocrat to step out upon the lawn, where a good view of the ships could be had. A couple of bluejackets were stationed in a commanding position ashore, and these, when they got the tip that the Admiral, Governor, and guests were on the lawn, would flare a blue flare as a signal to the fleet. They did.

"It was somewhere about 9.30 o'clock when Mitchim flashed instructions to the fleet to make ready to play 'No. 2.' Instantly every ship in the fleet asked for the number to be repeated. 'No. 2,' came back the reply. Bray, of the *Thunder*, suggested that surely 'No. 12' was meant, but quick as it could be flashed came the signal, 'No. 2, by the Admiral's order.' I think the captains would have mutinied had they not thought we were to commence with the most unpopular anthem and work up to the most popular—the Spanish; but nevertheless a chill crept over the backbone of the fleet as Farrington, of the *Hippopotamus*, stood by to lead off. A few minutes crawled past, and suddenly on shore the blue flare burned. Instantly the ships of the fleet burst into a twinkle of coloured electric lights, limning spars, and decks and funnels, and at the same moment over the silent bay the raucous screams of the sirens sounded:—

'Toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, too-ooo,  
Toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, too.'

"'Yankee Doodle,' clear, piercing, and impudent, poking its Western democratic nose between the very eyes of fiery Southern aristocratic splendour. Out of place? A funeral march at a wedding would be as nothing to this devil-may-care tune here in the lovely bay of Ojorko—shores a-crowd with chattering Spaniards, and the Governor of the place a central figure. We were all terribly relieved when the tune came to an end, and waited impatiently for the next to be called for, so that any bitter taste in the mouth of the Spaniards might be neutralised. But no new instructions came from Mitchim. Half-an-hour having passed, the captain of the *Thunder* again ventured a remonstrance. 'Surely we are to play the Spanish anthem?' he signalled to Mitchim.

"'Admiral's orders were to play No. 2 only,' replied the senior captain. 'If you desire to play any other number



you must ask permission of the Admiral, who, I rather think, will be aboard the flag-ship soon.'

"Mitchim was not a false prophet. The Admiral arrived in a steam pinnace, and two seconds after his feet touched the deck the fleet was madly playing the Spanish anthem. For two hours we played that blessed tune, attacking it from every point of the compass and taking it by storm on every occasion. Next morning we saluted every Spanish flag in sight, and played the anthem

every two hours throughout the day and at intervals of an hour up to eleven o'clock at night, and the morning following, thank the gods, we steamed out of Ojorko. Once clear of the land the sirens were unshipped and filed so that by no possible means could one musical note be squeezed from any of them. Hotkeel and Mitchim had a great slanging match in private, so I'm told, and the Mediterranean fleet returned to the Morse system for signalling purposes."

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## HABAKKUK SMITH

HABAKKUK SMITH he is always a-hurrying,  
Rushing and dashing all over the place;  
Hither and thither you'll find him a-scurrying;  
Almost you'd think he was running a race.  
I never saw a man fuller of business,  
Something important he's always begun,  
Still, though his speediness gives me a dizziness,  
Habakkuk never gets anything done.

Habakkuk Smith in some effort laborious,  
Spends all the time he's not tucked in his bed.  
No one who knows him, however, censorious,  
Says he has one lazy hair in his head.  
Yet, though a task seems to be fast diminishing,  
Somehow or other still longer it's spun,  
Till it would take an eternity finishing—  
Habakkuk never gets anything done.

Habakkuk Smith is a man of ability,  
Lively and brisk and as smart as a whip;  
Tackles a thing with the utmost facility;  
No one would think that he ever would slip.  
But, it is funny, with all his celerity—  
If you may call such a tragic thing fun—  
All of his energy, all his dexterity,  
Habakkuk never gets anything done.





By HAROLD PIFFARD

IT has often occurred to me that the only way to enjoy a sea voyage is not upon the deck of a steam yacht, nor of a sailing yacht, nor yet upon the deck of a "ram-you-damn-you" liner, but tranquilly seated in an easy chair in one's own study. Thus without risk, with but little imagination, and without a qualm, may one enjoy all the pleasures and excitements of an ocean life. The cyclone bursts upon you as harmlessly as a soap bubble, the collision at midnight leaves you high and dry, and, through the bloodiest mutiny on the high seas, you pull at your pipe in comfort. Then, too, there are the naval battles, at which you are of course present as an active and animated spectator, and without the least personal danger. With the first to board, you are also amongst the first to repel boarders, and it was you who fired the shot that brought the great slaver's sail toppling to the deck. Then there is

the excitement of being keel-hauled, and mast-headed, and of hanging out upon the yardarm in dirty weather. Again, in your unregenerate moments, you dine with Paul Jones, and drink with Captain Morgan, and in the final scene, presenting your pipe to a Wapping sweetheart, you take a pirate's leave at execution dock. But though I strongly favour a vicarious enjoyment of sea life, it has none the less fallen to my lot to make many sea voyages, and the extraordinary adventures attaching to one of them I will here proceed to relate.

I was crossing the Indian Ocean in a steamer bound for China, in the middle of the hot weather. The sea was so calm that one could have canoed a thousand miles from land without shipping a teacupful of water. We had just finished tiffin, and I was seated in a deck chair turning over the leaves of a magazine. Looking up from my book I noticed a steamer ahead of us, which



we were rapidly overtaking. I was somewhat surprised at this as we were by no means a fast boat, but soon observed she was lying motionless upon the water. From where I was sitting I could see our captain upon the bridge looking at her with keen interest through his glass. Presently I heard him shouting an order which was followed by a string of flags running up our mast; I noticed, however, that the signal was not replied to by the vessel. Becoming interested I got up from my chair and joined a little group of passengers who were leaning on the bulwarks watching her.

She was now about a quarter of a mile ahead. "Most extraordinary thing," said an old colonel, who was looking through a pair of field glasses; "I'll be hanged if she doesn't appear deserted, not a soul to be seen anywhere, the bridge empty, and no one at the wheel."

To look at her she appeared a better class tramp, but the most astonishing thing about her was that she was covered with flags hanging from all parts of the rigging, and they were all upside down. We soon heard our engines' bells ringing as we came alongside, and stopped within a couple of lengths of her.

All now was bustle and excitement, the captain having decided to make inquiries, and six men were being lowered in one of the boats. A few strokes brought her alongside the mysterious vessel, and we could clearly hear the third mate trying to hail some one, but, getting no reply he swarmed up the main chains on to the deck followed by three of the men. We now saw them looking into the various deck houses as they made their way towards the fore-castle, all of which were apparently empty. They then went below. After about ten minutes' suspense, during which time we speculated as to the cause of the ship being thus deserted, they reappeared, accompanied by a stranger whom we took to be a passenger, as he was wearing civilian clothes.

He seemed in perfect health, and required no assistance in descending over the side. One of the sailors carried a Gladstone bag, which was lowered; the others followed and the boat put back. On arriving on board, he was conducted to the captain's cabin, where he remained closeted for some considerable time.

We hoped to elicit some information from the boat's crew, but all we could learn from the third officer was that the vessel was the *Damascus* from Liverpool, and although in perfect condition she was deserted, with the exception of the man whom they had found lying on a sofa in the dining saloon fast asleep, and on the floor beside him, the dummy figure of a man and a dead cat. He had said his name was Carey, and when questioned as to the reason for the steamer being deserted, he said he would explain the matter to the captain, but, until then he preferred to remain silent.

Presently the captain re-appeared and gave orders that the *Damascus* was to be taken in tow. Men were put aboard with a hawser, our engine bells rang, and once more we felt the vibrating throb of the screw as we slowly forged ahead, the *Damascus* astern. We had hoped that the skipper would now come and satisfy our curiosity, but we were disappointed, for he returned to his cabin, where he remained some time longer with our strange visitor, who at length appeared and was conducted to a spare cabin by a steward. His appearance was that of a young fellow of twenty-four, of athletic build with a good-natured clean-shaven face, wearing a light tweed suit and tennis shoes. We saw nothing more of him until dinner, a place being laid for him between the colonel and myself. On questioning him as to his adventures, he promised to tell us his story, after dinner, on deck.

It was with the keenest anticipation that we awaited it, and we soon found ourselves seated near him in comfortable cane chairs. Having lit a cigar he commenced.



"We were bound for Hong Kong, carrying a mixed cargo with some half-dozen passengers on board. It was my first voyage, and I was enjoying myself before taking up the duties of a clerk in a mercantile office, to which I had been appointed.

"In order to gain information about the manners and customs of the people amongst whom I was going to live, I was chatting one day with the doctor, who had had considerable experience of the Chinese. Our conversation turned on the subject of the Opium Joints, and he told me frankly that he had occasionally indulged in the drug and, like De Quincy, had found in it a remedy for toothache which troubled him from time to time. He described its effects and I resolved to make a trial for myself, and asked him to give me a small dose.

"He readily assented, and, taking me by the arm, led me to his cabin. As he drew the portière aside I noticed a small travelling clock upon the table. It was striking three. The doctor opened a drawer and took from it a small box containing pills, one of which he handed to me. After swallowing it, he suggested that I should lie down on his couch, and in a little while I passed into a comfortable slumber.

"My first experiences of opium were of a very pleasurable nature. I had visions of an Elysium, where all that is sweet and beautiful seemed to reign supreme. Awakening at length from my dreams I found that I was alone in darkness. I struck a match, and looking at the clock was astonished to find it was half-past seven.

"The doctor had given me to understand that the effects of the drug would work off in about three hours, and I was surprised that he had not come to call me for dinner, which was at seven. His cabin was between-decks, the door opening on to a narrow passage leading to the dining saloon. Expecting to hear the clatter of plates and dishes, imagine my astonishment, upon opening the door,

to find the passage in total darkness, and not a sound to be heard. Groping my way towards the saloon, I was further surprised to find this also in darkness, and, upon striking another match, to see that no dinner had been prepared. I, however, noticed a very strong smell of over-cooked or burning meat coming from the galley, which was situated just beyond the saloon. This, I found, was the case, for arriving there, I discovered a large piece of beef burnt to a cinder, and the galley empty. I now made my way up to the deck, and, on looking at the bridge, perceived that this was also deserted, and—inexperienced as I was about the sea—I knew that this was most unusual. I now became thoroughly alarmed. Noticing that the engine-room skylight was near me, I looked down, but all was dark. I could hear the clanking of the engines still going on, though they sounded to me to be working very slowly. I shouted at the top of my voice, but, receiving no reply, ran excitedly along the deck, calling wildly; but everywhere was silence and darkness.

"Making my way back to the promenade deck, I threw myself into one of the cane chairs in a state of utter bewilderment. Could it be possible that the ship was deserted, and if so, why? For the moment I thought that the vessel might be sinking, and I rushed to the side, only to find that the water looked the usual distance below me. On sitting down again, I began to think that I must be in some hideous nightmare, caused by the drug the doctor had given me. It was impossible, I thought, that every one had left the ship, the doctor knowing that he had left me in his cabin. Suddenly an idea occurred to me. If the vessel was abandoned the boats would have gone; but even from where I sat I could see the large quarter-boat hanging as usual at her davits, and going along the deck, found every boat in its place. 'Where on earth have they all gone?' I kept repeating to myself.



"I now started to make a thorough search through the entire vessel by the light of a candle which I found in the steward's pantry. I looked in the passenger cabins, all of which were deserted. I was particularly struck by the fact that no preparation whatever had been made for quitting the vessel, the cabins being neat and tidy. I argued to myself: 'How could they have left the ship without the boats?' Then the idea occurred to me that they might have been taken off by another ship. But if so, why had they not taken me with them?—and a hundred other whys; but without a satisfactory answer to any of them. I found myself continually returning to the idea that I must still be under the influence of opium, and expecting every minute to awake to the reality of things, and to hear the bell ringing for dinner, quite determined in my mind that I would make no further experiments with this terrible drug.

"Continuing my search, I found myself in the captain's cabin, and there hoped to find some clue to the enigma. But nothing could I discover that threw any light on the matter. Suddenly my eye fell on the log-book, and I eagerly examined the entries; but beyond the bearings and the daily run, which had been entered after the midday observations, there was nothing. Pulling open a drawer, I found a revolver and a box of cartridges; these I put into my pocket, feeling a vague sense of security in possessing them. But what I imagined I was going to shoot I was at a loss to say, unless it was the purser's cat, which I found comfortably curled up at the foot of his bunk, apparently the only living thing on the ship, besides myself.

"I then made my way forward to the fore-castle, which reeked of stale tobacco, but which was as dark as it was empty. Having satisfied myself on this point I stepped out once more on the deck and, going to the side, threw away my piece of candle, which had burnt almost to my fingers. It was a glorious night, but the

moon had not yet risen, and the sea was as smooth as glass. I went on to the bridge to see if there were any vessels in sight, but the ocean was deserted.

"By this time I noticed the ship was barely moving at all, the reason of this, I could easily understand, the fires were of course going out, and the idea occurred to me that I might go down into the stoke-hole and replenish them, but this I realised would be futile, for I would not know how or where to steer the ship even if I could keep her moving, and visions arose in my mind of the engines working at high pressure, and the huge masses of machinery grinding away at the rate of five revolutions a second, driving the ship through the water at a terrible pace—heaven knows where; and the momentary expectation of the vessel being blown to smithereens made me wisely decide that I would leave the fires severely alone.

"Presently I heard the clock on the saloon staircase striking ten, and feeling hungry I once more made my way to the steward's pantry, where I had seen a ham on my previous visit. The first thing I did on arriving there was to light another candle. I had fortunately found a good stock of them in a box. I cut one or two generous slices of ham, which I put on a plate, and after a little foraging I discovered some bread, pickles, and beer, all of which I placed upon a tray and carried into the saloon, determining to make the best of my extraordinary position. Having eaten a hearty meal I made myself comfortable on one of the saloon sofas and lit a cigar, and although I was no nearer the solution of the mystery I comforted myself with the thought that some passing vessel would come to my relief. Suddenly I was startled by a slight scraping noise near the door of the saloon. I glanced quickly round but could see nothing, the place being dimly lit by the candle which I had placed upon the table near me. The effect of this light was very weird, throwing large black





"A MAN'S FOOT PROJECTING FROM THE SHADOWS BENEATH THE TABLE."

shadows all round. Remembering the cat, however, I concluded that she was the cause of the sound I had heard, so continued to smoke my pipe with more confidence. But I was far from feeling composed, and kept glancing about me furtively, from time to time, expecting to see I know not what. Suddenly, simple as it was, I saw a sight that froze the blood in my veins. It was a man's foot projecting from the shadows beneath the table. For a moment I could hardly believe my senses, then I saw it stealthily withdraw from sight. I sprang from the sofa, and in doing so upset the candle, plunging the saloon into utter darkness. The next instant I heard the sound of someone scurrying out of the door, and along the passage. I felt my-

self breaking out into a cold sweat. What could it all mean? I groped on the floor for the candle, which I found and relit, and seating myself again on the sofa I once more endeavoured to unravel this deepening mystery, which had become more insoluble than ever with the advent of my extraordinary visitor. I felt sure his intentions were of a sinister nature, having noticed that the man was in his socks, with the evident idea of approaching me noiselessly and unseen. Remembering my revolver, I took it out of my pocket and carefully loaded it. I saw it would be no easy matter to protect myself from a further surprise, for under cover of the darkness, and helped by the many corners in which he could conceal himself, he might easily waylay



me, so I determined to lock myself in my cabin, which I succeeded in reaching without any further mishap.

"Throwing myself down on my bunk I tried to decide on some plan of action, but hour after hour passed without my having arrived at any decision as to what I should do. Towards daybreak I dozed into a restless sleep, and was haunted by nightmares of phantom ships, and in my dreams I thought I saw stockinged feet projecting from every corner of my cabin.

"When I awoke the sun was shining brightly through the port, and the terrors of the previous night vanished like the morning mists. I argued to myself that the whole affair must be some hallucination caused by the opium I had taken, that perhaps the doctor had given me an overdose by mistake, and finding I did not awake when he expected, he had had me removed to my cabin. My hopes were shortlived, however, for the next instant I realised the unmistakable feeling that the ship was not moving, and I could hear the lap of the calm water wash against the sides of the vessel, instead of the accustomed surging swish of the waves as they swept past us.

"Then the throbbing of the engines was conspicuous by its absence; all was still and silent. Slipping my hand into my pocket I felt the captain's revolver, which definitely proved to me that my experiences of the previous night were only too real.

"Jumping out of my bunk I cautiously made my way on deck, revolver in hand, which I reached without incident, and though I glanced in every direction I could see nothing of the enemy, as I now regarded the owner of the stockinged feet. Feeling a bit peckish my thoughts reverted to the pantry, and I was soon making a hearty meal, the element of danger and excitement stimulating my appetite. As the haunted house loses its terrors in the bright light of a summer's morning, so now, in

place of my nervous dread of meeting my mysterious enemy, I was determined to become the hunter instead of the hunted, but though I spent the whole day in reconnoitring I failed to get a trace of him. I had kept a bright look out for vessels all the time, but only once during the day did a ship come in sight, and then only appeared like a speck on the horizon, vanishing shortly afterwards. I have no doubt I may have missed some, as my attention was principally occupied aboard to prevent being taken by surprise.

"As the night approached I began to feel my nervous fears returning, and my anxiety to catch my man to be replaced by a stronger desire to avoid him. It must have been half-past six, and while seated on one of the cane chairs from whence I had a commanding view of the run of the deck, that the idea suddenly occurred to me to turn the approaching darkness to my advantage and lay a trap for my sinister friend. I thought of a plan and determined to put it into execution as soon as possible. Getting up I walked over to the skylight, and having satisfied myself that he was not in the saloon I went down to my cabin. Then I commenced what would have been at any other time an amusing task—that of manufacturing a dummy of myself. This I managed by stuffing a pair of trousers and a buttoned-up coat with bed linen and towels. A few more of the latter, tied up into a large ball with a coloured handkerchief, served for my head; and upon this I placed my cap.

"After looking out of the door to see that the coast was clear I took a spare pair of boots, a travelling rug, and my improvised double, and carried them to the saloon sofa, upon which I had been lying on the previous evening. Having arranged the dummy in such a manner as to suggest that it was lying on its side, facing the back of the sofa, I covered it with the rug, allowing the boots to peep out at the bottom.





"I CARRIED MY IMPROVISED DUMMY TO THE SALOON."



"It was now getting so dark that I once more went to the pantry and lit a candle, and having made a hasty repast of my usual cold ham, biscuits, and beer, I carried a few plates, the bottle, and the candle back to the saloon. Having momentarily forgotten my dummy I came very near to dropping the lot, so startled was I at its natural appearance. This augured well for the carrying out of my scheme. Placing the lighted candle and the dishes beside him, I commenced to clatter the knife and fork on the plate with the intention of attracting the enemy. All day long my movements had been exceedingly stealthy and quiet, and the noise I now made seemed quite a relief. I went so far as to throw the empty beer bottle at a swinging rack of tumblers, and the noise this caused I felt convinced must reach the ears of my mysterious companion, no matter in what part of the ship he might be concealed. I then slipped under a long settee in the further corner of the saloon, and pulling out my revolver waited eventualities. From where I was lying I could both watch the door and by protruding my head a little, could also see the skylight. It was after waiting some considerable time that I suddenly detected the upper part of a man's face peering down, and noticed that it turned in the direction of the couch on which my supposed self was lying. Being in the shadow of the table I was able to watch its movements without any fear of detection. Satisfied that I was sleeping, the head slowly sank out of view. My excitement was now intense. Clearly my elusive visitor was as anxious to make my acquaintance as I was determined to make his. His next appearance I felt convinced would be at the door, and in this I was not mistaken, for in about ten minutes, though it seemed an hour, and without the slightest warning, a hand protruded through the doorway, and the next moment, slowly and cautiously, the man came into view, his face turned downward, crawling al-

most on his stomach along the floor. He was about half-way in when, raising his head and glancing in the direction of the figure on the sofa, he turned his face in the full light of the candle, and to my utter astonishment I recognised old Hankey, one of my fellow passengers—'the Professor,' as we called him. My first impulse was to call out: 'Hullo, Hankey! What the deuce are you up to?' but the diabolical expression on his face checked the words on my lips. Usually he was a man of mild and gentle appearance, but as I watched him, crouching on the floor, like a beast in the act of springing, his whole character had changed and his features, bloodless and contracted, bore the impress of ferocious cruelty. I noticed that his movements were impeded by a box about eighteen inches square which he was carrying under his left arm. Slowly and cautiously he wriggled across the saloon until he was under the table nearest the dummy. I could watch his movements clearly, for, though in shadow, the black silhouette of his figure cut sharply against the lit-up couch behind him. He now seemed to be fumbling with his box. Whilst speculating as to what it could possibly contain, I was startled by the 'miouwaw' of the cat which now entered the saloon. I was terrified lest it should betray my hiding place by coming up to me, so I instantly dropped my face on my hands. The next moment it miouwawed again, but this time, from the direction of the sound, I rightly guessed it had run up to the Professor, who had made quite a pet of it during the voyage. On glancing up, I saw it rubbing itself and purring, much to his embarrassment. For a second or two he remained motionless and seemed uncertain how to act. Suddenly he pulled out a small button from the front of the box, which was attached to the inside by pieces of string or wire; with this he touched the animal, which instantly fell on its side without a sound and remained motion-





"CRAWLING ALMOST ON HIS STOMACH ALONG THE FLOOR."

less. He now moved along under the table holding the button, and as he advanced his hand, I noticed a short needle projecting which glinted in the candle light. Suddenly he made a stab at what should have been my ankle; the movement displaced the boot, thereby disclosing the trick that had been played upon him. Glancing rapidly round the saloon as if expecting an ambush, he detected me as I lay under the sofa. Covering him with my revolver I called out, 'If you move I'll fire;' but instead of him remaining motionless as I had expected, he sprang to his feet, overturning the table and candle and leaving us in darkness. I heard him making for the door, so following him as best I could, I shouted, 'Stop or I'll fire;' but he took no notice of my threat, and went up the companion three steps at a time. Gaining the deck he ran towards the forecabin; I was a short distance behind him when he doubled back round a deck house. I now fired in the air to let him see that I was in earnest, and my weapon loaded, but this only made him increase his speed. I

was gaining, in fact was almost upon him, when he suddenly turned and flung his infernal box at me, which he had still been carrying. I dodged it, and it fell on the deck behind me. The next instant he was through the open door of the engine room and was rapidly descending the steel ladders into its dark depths. I could hear him some distance below me as I followed, but on reaching the bottom he was nowhere to be seen. I listened, but all was silent. Slipping my revolver into my pocket, I lit a match and peered amongst the labyrinth of silent and motionless machinery, but could see nothing of the professor. I, however, espied a lamp on a bracket near me, which I lit and by its light started climbing about the massive iron work, feeling certain he must be hidden somewhere amidst the intricate mass of wheels and cylinders. Suddenly I was struck a violent blow on the shoulder with what felt like an iron bar. Had it struck my head my brains would have been dashed out. As it was, the lantern went flying out of my hand. Pulling out my



revolver, I fired at random in the direction from which the blow had been dealt. My shot was followed by a howl of agony and the sound of a body falling amongst the machinery. Striking a match, I relit the lamp, which I found near me, and by its light I could see Hankey some feet below me amongst a jumble of pipes and cog-wheels. He was groaning and seemed perfectly helpless, and the murderous look in his eyes was now replaced by an expression of mute appeal which deeply affected me. With great difficulty I succeeded in extricating him from his position, and carried him up to the deck. He had not yet spoken, but groaned piteously all the time. I found my shot had broken the poor fellow's thigh just above the knee, and that he was bleeding copiously. I immediately made a ligature with my handkerchief over the wound and fetched a flask of brandy which I remembered having seen in the captain's cabin. After gulping down a few mouthfuls he seemed better, and a look of gratitude came into his face as he squeezed my hand.

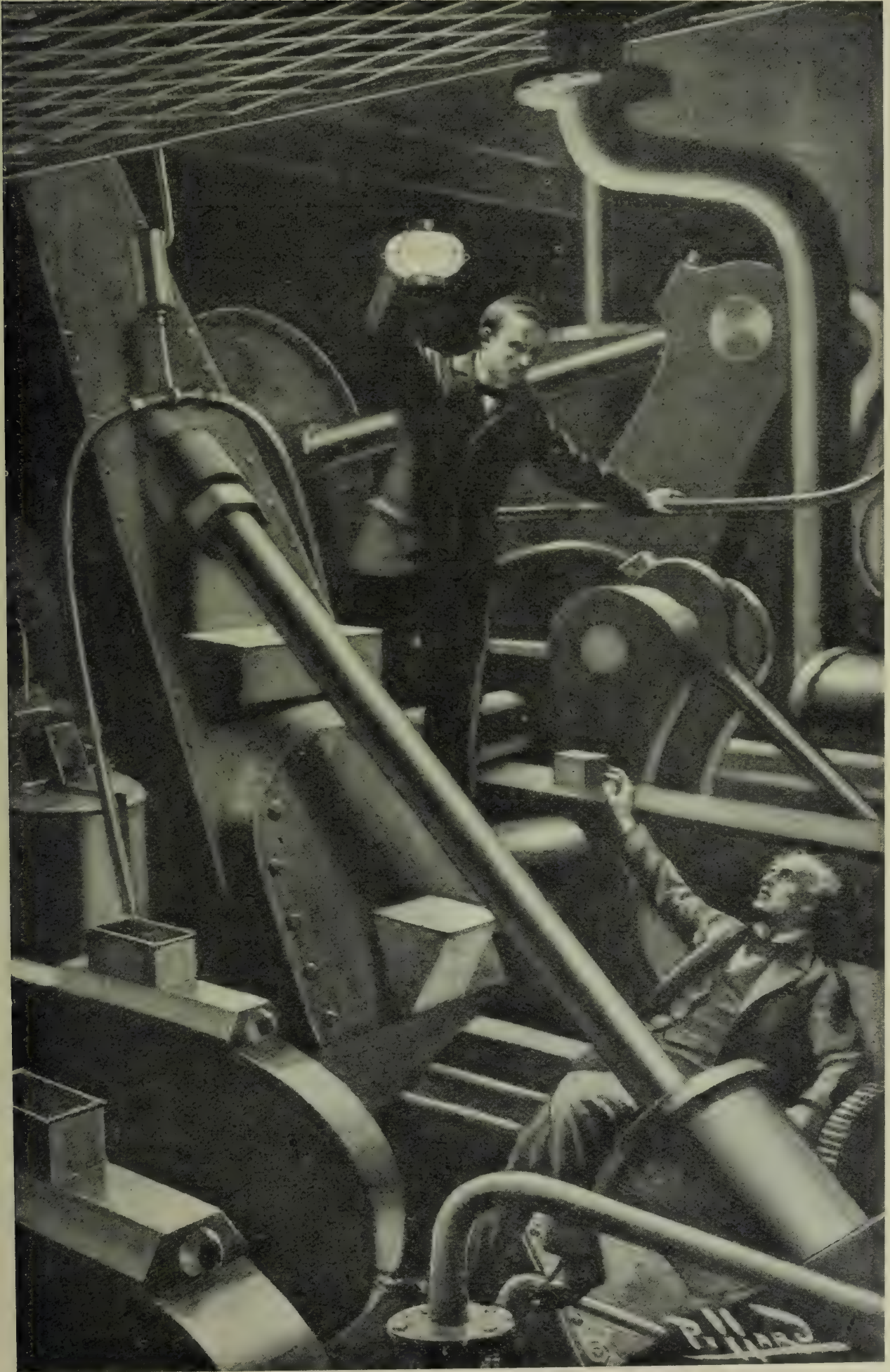
"I then lifted him carefully in my arms and carried him to the saloon sofa, relit the candle, and made him as comfortable as I could. Presently he turned his face towards me, saying: 'Ah, Carey, if you only knew.' 'Where has everybody gone?' I replied. He pointed to the port-hole. 'Do you mean overboard?' I exclaimed with horror. He nodded in response, adding, 'All murdered. I was mad, but I remember everything.' Aghast at this awful confession, which I could scarcely believe, I thought he must be raving, and patted his hand, telling him he was under a delusion. He made no reply, but reached out for the flask, which was on the table beside him, and drained it. Then in a stronger voice he continued: 'My God! I would it were a delusion; but I killed them all except you, Mr. Carey.' 'How did you do it?' I asked. 'The box,' he replied laconically. Remembering the cat, I

looked under the table, where it was still lying, and found it stone dead. He then went on to relate how he had taken advantage of our fellow passengers while dozing in their deck chairs to apply his infernal apparatus to them, each one dying without a sound. The captain, whom he found sleeping in his bunk, was his next victim. Then, going to his own cabin, he rang for the steward under the pretence that he was unable to open the port. It was whilst the man was engaged in unscrewing the bolts that he pricked him with the deadly needle, and he fell lifeless to the floor. Huddling the body beneath his bunk, he rang again. On the second steward appearing, he said he wished to see the doctor. In a few minutes he arrived, and, taking him off his guard, served him as he had served the others. It was a long and awful narrative, and he related in detail each of the sixteen murders he had committed within the space of a short time, and with what devilish cunning he had isolated and destroyed each separate individual. Knowing that he had accounted for the doctor, he did not enter his cabin, and it was this fact alone that had saved my life. The gruesome details of how he dragged the bodies to the deck, and then heaved them one after another into the sea, almost made my hair stand on end, and I remained speechless with horror.

"Having finished his awful confession, he then closed his eyes and seemed utterly exhausted. I was watching him for some time with mingled feelings of horror and pity, for after all he was not responsible for what he had done. Suddenly he opened his eyes and began talking incoherently, and tried to get up. This I prevented, and after some time succeeded in soothing him, and he dropped off to sleep.

"I listened to his breathing, which was easy and regular, and seeing that there was nothing further to be done until the morning, I pushed the dummy off the other couch, lay down, and was soon





"AMONGST A JUMBLE OF PIPES AND COG-WHEELS."



fast asleep. It was daylight when I awoke, but on looking across the saloon I found Hankey had disappeared. I sprang up and called out, but received no answer. Going over to the sofa, on which he had been lying, I noticed a long smear of blood along the oilcloth to the door. The poor wretch had evidently dragged himself along much in the manner that I had seen him on the previous night. I followed the trail up the companion to the deck and on to the engine-room door, where his diabolical box had fallen, but which had now disappeared. From this spot it went off at right angles to the ship's side, clearly indicating that Hankey had followed his victims over the side, box and all.

"I thought to myself that under the circumstances it was perhaps the best thing that he could have done. We had always looked upon him as being rather eccentric. From the first he avoided the other passengers, and seemed of rather a melancholy and morose disposition, rarely, if ever, joining in the conversation. One evening I remember we were discussing the subject of electricity in the smoking room, when, to the surprise of us all, old Hankey suddenly interrupted us, saying: 'You will excuse me, gentlemen, but I think I may say, without conceit, I am particularly well-informed on this subject, having made it my life's study.' We were all taken aback at this speech, which was uttered in the manner of a man about to deliver a lecture. The professor had put down his pipe, and was now standing with his hands resting on the table, as though addressing us from a rostrum. He appeared quite familiar with every kind of electrical machine which he was describing to us. He went on to tell us a marvellous electrical machine that he himself had invented, to be used as the motive force for flying machines, and so powerful was it, he explained, that it

would be capable of driving the propellers of a large Aero-plane, and yet compact and light enough to be carried under the arm. He admitted, however, that so far his invention had not met with much success, and the reason of his voyage was with a view to introducing it to a firm of Chinese electrical engineers, who he had every reason to believe would appreciate its full value. It was after this that we used to refer to him as the professor, and chaff him about his flying machines. He continued, however, to converse with us on his pet subject, but soon, perceiving that we were only making him a butt for our jokes, he relapsed into his former silence.

"I now began to realise that my position was critical, for should a storm arise the vessel would be entirely at the mercy of the waves, and possibly founder. Something would have to be done to attract the attention of passing vessels. I thought of rockets, but realised that darkness was necessary to make them effective. I then thought of flags, and after a long search came upon a large locker full of them. Having cleared up the blood-stains with a mop, the sight of which unsettled my nerves, I spent the rest of the morning in decking the ship from end to end with bunting. Flags dangled from every available rope, and strings of them up each mast, all of which I hung upside down, for I had read somewhere that the reversed ensign was a signal of distress.

"After hanging out the last flag I once more went to the steward's pantry, and, not having had any breakfast, I felt very hungry, and made quite a big meal. Then being drowsy, I laid down in the saloon and soon fell asleep, not waking until I was aroused by your mate.

"That, gentlemen," said young Carey, getting up from his chair, "explains the Mystery of the *Damascus*."





THE DUEL BETWEEN KIRCHHOFFER AND BRUNEAU-LABORIE.

## HOW TO FIGHT A DUEL

By STERLING HEILIG

“WHICH do you choose,” his seconds asked a frightened duellist-in-spite-of-himself, “the duelling - sword, or pistols at twenty paces?”

“The duelling sword—at twenty paces!” was the answer. This reliable old duel joke was new in the days of the First Empire. In the France of to-day it has less point, because the duelling-sword at twenty paces is almost an accomplished fact.

“You can compare modern fencing to modern warfare,” I heard a *maitre d'armes* say at the Automobile Club's last Fencing Evening. “In the early part of the nineteenth century deaths on the field of honour had become so frequent that the judicial repression of the duel was almost brought about. To-day all such proposals are laughed down in Parliament and press. There is no

law against duelling in France; and there seems to be no need of one, in spite of the fact that duels are more frequent than ever. The evolution of fencing on the field of honour has rendered such a law unnecessary.”

Surprised to hear an adept speak so openly, we begged him to go on with the comparison.

“In modern sword-duels the practice of attacking the extremities has become so universal that, joined to a lively sense of distance, it has reduced the sword-duel to little more than a hygienic exercise.”

“Oh! oh!”

“In modern sword-duels, as in modern warfare, the whole modern tendency is against too quickly coming into contact. The prudent adversary, *who desires not to be worsted* even before he desires to be victorious, must be ever on guard



against the impulses of a too chivalrous courage. Just as battles are now fought at greater distances, so are duels with fencing-swords. The whole tendency had its beginning in the teaching of the 'philosophic' *maitre d'armes*, Jacob, who was the first to formulate a complete theory of it."

"In Jacob's lessons," continued our informant, "the attack on the extremities—*i.e.*, on your opponent's hand, wrist, forearm—had its application (1) in the case of an inexperienced combatant, having time to take only a few lessons before going out to meet, perhaps, a practised swordsman; (2) when one of the combatants did not wish to wound the other in the body, either out of goodness or to avoid risk to his own body; and (3) in expert fencing, as a false attack.

"At that time the modern play 'where all counts' was not usual in the fencing-halls of Paris. Jacob's students, therefore, had great chances against adversaries otherwise their superiors when it came to the duel itself. Their hand-and-arm-pricks caused numberless disagreeable surprises to those who, in their fencing practice, had not been in the habit of 'counting' such touches.

"This prudent play at the extremities—counselled by Jacob as almost a trick and not forming the whole of his method—has now become so universal and exaggerated in the fencing schools that there are numberless amateurs of no great reputation who can, nevertheless, pink their adversary on the hand and forearm at will and with absolute precision," said our *maitre d'armes* disgustedly. "The incessant maintenance of the point in line—back-stepping preferred to parrying—the sword held far outstretched—mobile, retreating, but with the point still in line—this is the distinguishing feature of the school. Thanks to it a fencer who knows nothing but this play—like the Socialist Deputy, Gérault-Richard—has been able to hold out for ten rounds against such an exquisite

duelling expert as the Marquis de Dion."

"But, in the end, it was Gérault-Richard who got it in *his* extremity—his right forearm," we suggested.

"One or the other, it makes little difference," replied the *maitre d'armes*. "The great thing is the harmlessness of the encounter. In the third round, and again in the sixth round, the Socialist Deputy thought he had touched the Marquis, and demanded an examination. He might have done it. In more than half the duels fought in Paris, one or the other of the combatants has either no fencing-hall practice or has forgotten all he learned while young. To such we are simply bound to give the same advice. Keep attacking your adversary's forearm without ever attempting a simple parade. On every attack of your adversary, worry him with one, two, or three thrusts aimed right in front of you against his hand or forearm as he extends it. Then come back immediately on guard, the point in line, slightly low, retreating when necessary, but always jabbing out again one, two, three, as he tries to gain on you. If you keep cool and pursue these tactics without being frightened by the ruses of your experienced adversary, you can make him very circumspect, embarrass him immensely, and even run a chance of touching him on the hand or forearm; or he will touch you on the hand or forearm—the next best thing, *allez*!

"Oh, the thing has been tried in championships," concluded the expert. "A student of *three lessons*, who knew no more than I am telling you, actually forced a celebrated fencer to imitate the same tactics in order to come off without loss of credit. And look at De Dion and Gérault-Richard! In the end De Dion had to pink him on the arm to get away to lunch."

This reminded us of the case of Kirchhoffer in his duel with Bruneau de Labori last spring, when the greatest fencer of all France, and perhaps the



world, lay for two days at the point of death from a wound in the neck inflicted on him by an amateur of no particular celebrity.

Bruneau de Labori, as the fencing reporter of the *Figaro*, has written a criticism of his match with Pini that did not please the sublime Kirchhoffer; and incidents arose which called for arbitra-

The champion dropped his weapon. While his seconds supported him, blood streamed from an ugly wound. "His carotid is cut!" cried the spectators. "He is bleeding to death!" Bruneau de Labori rushed to the wounded man, pale with emotion. "My dear!" he exclaimed. Kirchhoffer smiled faintly, and said: "It is nothing!" Then he closed



AT LONG RANGE.

tion. Later, a meeting with modern duelling swords was deemed necessary.

The parties met in a secluded private stable yard at Neuilly Saint James. Kirchhoffer's seconds and a few privileged spectators looked forward to a high-class fencing lesson, at the end of which their champion would bestow an honourable scratch on the *Figaro* reporter's sword-arm. They were therefore surprised in the second round to see de Labori's point catch Kirchhoffer fairly in the neck.

his eyes and let the surgeons work on him.

The jugular vein had been missed by less than a centimetre (three-tenths of an inch). The wound was dressed with the greatest precaution, and Kirchhoffer was carried to the near-by villa of a friend, where he lay for two days and more with his life trembling in the balance. Had inflammation set in, a fatal hemorrhage would have been produced.

Here, we have an example of that other element which goes to correct—if



one may say it—the benign tendencies of modern French sword-play, that is to say, the element of chance. With it still lingers just enough possible danger to give the sword-duel its prestige. The tendency is to treat French duels lightly, because their avowed object is no longer death, but such a wounding as will put one of the parties in a state of practical or technical inferiority. Nevertheless at its worst a duel may mean physical danger or even death; while in its least harmful event it means annoyance, expense and gossip. Therefore it preserves good manners in the public as well as private intercourse of Frenchmen admirably. A little man accidentally treads on your foot in the theatre. You do not care to call him an awkward ass, because, small as he is, he may have lots of fencing practice. Now, who cares to go to an expense of twenty pounds or so in swords, surgeon, carriages, rent of duelling ground, and lunch to one's seconds for the pleasure of receiving a rip up the sword-arm?

In this line of thought, the greatest duellist of them all, the late Aurélien Scholl, often declared that, looking back on his encounters, he regretted only one of them. It was the case of a young reporter who had, in something he had written, offended the sensitive pride of "the last of the Boulevardiers," himself always so willing to offend the pride of others. The young reporter did not wish to fight, and tried to avoid noticing Scholl's provocations. At last Scholl was forced to slap him in the face. After a meeting, in which the experienced duellist scratched the young reporter's forearm, he refused to shake hands with him. The youth called him aside and asked him why.

"I have always fought with men of courage heretofore," was Scholl's reply; "but you, after having offended me, did all you could to get out of the meeting."

The reporter answered:—

"Your other adversaries, M. Scholl, were, if you will reflect, all rich or well-

to-do. I, who am extremely poor, had to count the cost of a duel. Only the day before yesterday did I succeed in getting the necessary funds together."

The fighting Boulevardier was deeply moved.

"I do not remember on which cheek I struck you," he said. "Therefore I must kiss you on both!" And did it.

A slap on the face will always bring about a duel—that is to say, when the slapped one has any social position to defend. For example, membership in any decent club. And note—the gesture to slap is quite as effective. Frenchmen are great on these slapping and punching gestures. You will see one aim his fist and hold it there. The other hauls back, and holds himself hauled back. Each looks death and fury in the other's eyes. Should the first strike, then the other would strike. But when neither strikes, a court of honour decides which is the offended party.

In this land of settled formulæ, blows are seldom struck between men. Women pull each other's hats off, claw each other's faces, pull hair, and make stabs with hat-pins. Men, although engaged in the same row, content themselves with raising their canes threateningly, and patiently, until some mutual friend or stranger intervenes. Why strike? The *potential* blow fell when the cane or fist was raised.

"Monsieur, behold my card!"

"And mine, monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you shall hear from me!"

"At your orders, monsieur!"

Thus ends the incipient row between men of good taste and *savoir faire*. You will object that to be forced thus to involve oneself with a perhaps objectionable unknown is a heavy penalty to pay to social order. Parisians of *savoir faire*, for this reason, carry two card-cases. One contains cards printed with a false name and address. When the offending or offended party seems not to be worthy of one's steel, one pulls this second card-case.



"Monsieur, behold my card!" one says, without the slightest risk.

"And mine, monsieur!" replies the other.

Now, if the second card contains a false name and address, each party can claim to his friends that the other party feared to meet him; and no harm is done. Note—it is highly improper to

panied. I saw them flush up and begin to squirm and pout. My cross-eyed friend observed it too. He moved his unlucky head about and talked with me intently. All in vain. The offended ladies whispered to their escorts, and in less time than three minutes they rose and struck attitudes.

"Messieurs, it is an error——" I began.



"ALLEZ ! MESSIEURS."

foist the card of a friend or acquaintance on the irate stranger.

A friend of mine tells me that this manoeuvre has saved his life fifty times at least. I saw it save him once—no, twice. This youth, of mild and pleasing manners, has the great misfortune—in a place like Paris—to be cross-eyed. They look outward. So in cafés, theatres and restaurants, ladies think that he is making sheep's eyes at them. On this occasion there were two very pretty ones, to his right and his left, and each accom-

My cross-eyed friend, however, gently waved me to sit down and keep silence.

"If you refuse explanations, messieurs," he said, "I am at your orders. Here is my card" — giving one to each. "Thanks!"—accepting one from each. "I shall expect to hear from you!"

With this he let me pay the drinks, and we walked off, mildly and worthily, possessed of the respect and admiration of our table-neighbours.

"Now you've got two duels upon your hands!" I said, when we got out.



"No," he replied, with a wide smile, "not I. Two other men, perhaps, who wanted to fight duels with me last week may get into a controversy with these two of to-night. But I will not be in it."

"How?"

"I keep the cards of those who challenge me to-day to give to those who challenge me to-morrow. So I let them fight it out among themselves."

With this he packed away the two cards he had just received, and we began to speak of other things.

Alphonse Daudet has maintained that the duel will always hold good among the Latin peoples; that it belongs to their idea of honour; and that no civilisation can do away with it. Certainly it must be a deeply-rooted institution when young boys at boarding-school can quarrel, and save up their quarrel till the day they come of age, to fight it out in a real, sure-enough duel. That the Paris public takes this sort of thing with the utmost seriousness was shown by the Rothschild-Lubersac encounter little more than a year ago.

When they were schoolboys, sixteen years of age, the young Baron Robert de Rothschild quarrelled with the young Count Guy de Lubersac. The latter waited till the day he came of age. Then he sat down and wrote a nasty letter to young Rothschild, to provoke him to come out and fight.

On receiving the letter, young Rothschild appointed seconds. These met the seconds of young Lubersac and said to them:—

"Your client, it is true, is now a man; but ours is still a boy. He will not be a man for a month yet. You will have to wait."

They waited. Meanwhile, to keep things warmed up, Baron Edward de Rothschild fought with M. de Lubersac, and was lightly wounded in the sword-arm. A few days later M. Michael Ephrussi and M. de Lubersac mutually wounded each other on their sword-hands in what is called a "coup double"—each bumped

his hand against the other's point. Then—always in this same schoolboy quarrel—the Marquis de Dion wounded M. de Saint-Alary on the sword-arm in a duel that lasted two hours at the Neuilly Velefrome. Thus we see how even the schoolboy quarrels of very rich men can call other brave men—the friends of each—to the field of honour.

The day after Baron Robert de Rothschild had reached his majority, he met his ancient enemy. The fight coming off very privately in the grounds of a Rothschild villa at Boulogne-on-the-Seine, none but automobilists who had the tip could witness it.

At 11 a.m., M. Paul Sohège, second to M. de Lubersac, pronounced the sacramental "Go, sirs!" ("Allez, messieurs!") The two adversaries faced each other in flannel shirts. So fiercely did they fight that, in no time, the right-hand cuffs of both these flannel shirts were all ripped up by "coups passés." In the sixth round the sword of young Rothschild doubled completely on the right shoulder of his opponent. But the point did not penetrate! This young man has a tough skin.

To quote from the official "compte-rendu," "the combatants showed equal valiance and endurance." After fifteen rounds, the point of Rothschild entered the sword-arm of Lubersac, making a wound twenty-five centimetres long.

Now, duels are stopped regularly for much less than such a "pinking." M. Max Regis, who has "been out" twenty-two times—and still lives—fought our old friend Gérault-Richard in the presence of two hundred spectators at the bicycle-racing, Parc des Princes. In the third round M. Regis was touched on the back of the wrist. Everyone could see it bleeding, for he held his hand up in the sunlight and showed the drops falling. The two surgeons consulted. They declared M. Regis to be in a "state of inferiority." And, as in the Rothschild-Lubersac case, the duel was declared to be ended.



"It was not worth while to derange me for so little," scolded M. Regis, as he put his coat on. On which G rault-Richard, struck by the exquisite humour of the complaint, answered: "Really, it is I who ought to say it." Then, more kindly, he continued: "If you really wish for another and a deeper jab, I am always at your service"—and extended his hand.

Max Regis refused the offered hand.

"Ah, but no—I do not want to shake your hand!" he cried.

Some one interrupted.

"It would be more courteous."

"I don't care a fig for such courtesy," replied Regis, whereupon a tumult raised itself in the crowd of friends and spectators. Cries of "Pigneuf!" "Mal  lev !" "Bad bringing up!" and "Canaille!" were uttered.

Max Regis, pushing his way through the throng, called: "What's that! Does someone want me to punch him?"

Evidently the "inferiority" caused by the scratch on his punching-fist (the French do not use their left) was but a technical inferiority.

There was a time when this word "inferiority" meant something in French duels. In those days duels were often arranged to be stopped at "first blood." Now the up-to-date duelling tactics already described came, little by little, to result in so many hand and arm-scratches that the duel "to be stopped at the first blood" got itself laughed at.

Up to this time the duel "to be stopped when one party shall be declared in a state of inferiority" had a respectable reputation. But the humanitarian work of the "play at the extremities" continued. "What is a state of inferiority?" the surgeons and seconds began asking themselves. Little by little they have come to answer it humanely, until—as in the case above—we have seen it proclaimed of a fist that, five minutes later, was prepared to punch! Things have, indeed, gone so far that the Paris Academy of Arms is now discussing the obligatory adoption of a special heavy "field-glove," protecting the hand, the wrist, and the whole of the forearm. Will it be adopted? Hum-hum!



AURELIAN SCHOLL AND AN ITALIAN DUELLIST.



## BURNING THE BOATS

By POWELL CHASE

WHEN Braybrook married, the prospect had seemed rosy enough. The income he derived from certain house property was just sufficient to keep things going comfortably, in any case, and with the sale of a picture now and then, to supply them with a few luxuries, such as that "horizontal grand," they had promised themselves they would be really well off.

Then came the fatal investment in what everyone believed to be such a safe and sound concern!

The possibility of such a catastrophe had never even occurred to Hilda, and her health and high spirits flagged sadly under the unending worries and humiliating embarrassments of the new conditions. At last, when an acuter phase than usual came over their finances, she urgently seconded her mother's suggestion that they should share with her the house in Brompton for the time being. "The dear child has been looking far from well, lately," the letter said, referring to Hilda, "and a little change might be beneficial." As for herself, the writer continued, she should be more than delighted to have company in the house, where she should feel quite lonely and deserted were it not for Beauty—a playful reference to a cat, so called on which they knew she doted.

In a proposal so maternal, tactful, and timely, he gratefully acquiesced, looking on the arrangement in the light of a visit merely, which would terminate as soon as he had gained some slight footing as an illustrator—a career he intended to adopt as affording a surer means of procuring a livelihood than picture painting pure and simple.

There were other, and possibly stronger, reasons than those mentioned in the letter, however, which prompted the offer of hospitality in question.

Hilda's mother did not attribute the low ebb of her daughter's fortunes to that ill-advised investment altogether, probably because she herself had been so particularly certain of its advisability, but rather to a disastrous lack of practicality and perseverance in her son-in-law. That it was which threatened the argosy of her daughter's prospects with shipwreck. "A firmer grasp of the rudder, or whatever the thing at the end is called, is what is really needed," she said to herself; and of that firmer grasp she felt more than capable. Her mission in life, she was sure, was to impart moral impetus and stamina to those less gifted than herself in those respects, and during her widowhood, and especially of late, her powers had been shockingly wasted. Then, too, she had a theory that the smoking habit was one of the chief causes of the wide-spread lack of will-power and concentration among men, as compared with women—herself, for instance; and she trusted she might be able, during his stay with her, to bring her son-in-law, as she had been so successful in bringing her late husband, to a sense of his danger, to which at present he was callously and deplorably indifferent.

Thus, when Braybrook returned, wearied-out, after a long day in the City, and with a dejecting certainty that it would take a far longer time than he had suspected to gain any kind of recognised standing as an illustrator, he was frequently the victim of improving lectures from Hilda's mother—whose main achievement for the day usually





"HE WAS TOO DEEPLY ABSORBED."



consisted of an easy stroll, in her daughter's company, as far as the chairs lining the Row—on the general necessity for energy and enterprise, and the fatal hindrance the habit of smoking presented to the cultivation of those virtues; Hilda ostentatiously setting him the example of a dutiful and convinced hearer.

Each day his position grew more irksome, and threatening very soon to become intolerable, set him perpetually pondering drastic remedies, but without much success. The picture he had sent to the Academy had been hung, it was true, but, although one or two papers had given him good notices, so far he had had no offer for it, even. A few short stories were given him to illustrate, being the only results, as yet, of his perpetually renewed quests among publishers. The drawings for these he made in one of the top rooms of the house, which, having a large skylight, answered tolerably well the purpose of a studio, and it was here, when his feelings became unspeakable, he would seek the solace and society of the two friends that still remained to him—his much-maligned pipe, and a canary to which he was attached as a relic of his happier single days.

Not the least of his anxieties was lest the ribbanded and pampered cat, its mistress's darling, that roamed at will throughout the house, should compass the object of its evident yearning; and the undisguised antipathy with which the animal had regarded Braybrook from the first, was aggravated by his successful frustrating of its hopes and ambitions.

He started out for the City one morning, glad even of such a sorry respite as a day to be spent in the dismal search for employment. He had noted down the names of several publishing firms on which he intended calling, and, by the time he reached the last of these, without any greater success than usual, his fund of hope and enterprise was ex-

hausted. He lingered before the offices of this last-named firm, undecided whether to enter.

The busy clatter and rumble of the printing machines in the basement, and the general air of briskness and animation that pervaded the great building, coupled with the firm's wide-spread reputation for assured success and immense capital, contrasted overwhelmingly with his own poor fortunes, and daunted him.

He was inclined to turn away, but, finally, with the courage born of desperation, entered.

The medalled commissioner at the door handed him a printed form, which he filled in:—

Name: Frank Braybrook.

Business: To show Art Editor specimens of work.

A small boy disappeared with this information, and he took a seat in the waiting-room, where one or two others, on the same errand, judging by the portfolios they had with them, vainly endeavoured to assume an air of nonchalant confidence by dallying with the various periodicals considerably placed there by the firm for that purpose. At intervals of about half-an-hour the small boy reappeared, and summoned them to the presence. The last of these interviews was a lengthy one, and it was verging on five o'clock when the boy looked in again.

"The Art Editor's afraid he won't have time to see you to-day, sir."

Out in the street once more, Braybrook turned down into the Strand, absorbed in gloomy reflection. He was beginning to fear his efforts for success as a black-and-white artist were misdirected and doomed to failure. Landscape painting was his forte, that he knew, but in that branch of art, until a reputation is made, an income, of any sort worth the name, is the last thing to be reckoned upon. If only—but there, it was no use hoping for that; the exhibition was about to close, and he knew



only too well, the small chance of a sale once the first few weeks of the season are over.

He wandered on aimlessly, in no great hurry to get back to Brompton. He had had a surfeit of advice and suggestions.

He contrived to wile away an hour over an inexpensive meal at a popular place of refreshment in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus, and when he came out again, found that the rain, which had threatened all day, had set in; a steady drizzle was falling. As a consequence, outside seats were the only ones available on the 'buses. He never cared much for joining in the hand-to-hand combats, usual under such circumstances, for occasional vacancies in the interiors—a proof of the acumen and deep insight displayed by Hilda's mother in her diagnosis of his character.

The grim nature of the struggles that rage around 'buses in wet weather might have served her, on the other hand, as a splendid and conclusive instance of the strenuous determination of her own sex. It was doubtless owing to her quite exceptional strength of purpose, that, even in this class of warfare, she had few equals. Before the singular fury of her attack, the sublimest efforts of her competitors were unavailing. Again and again had she won the outspoken and ungrudging applause of conductors on the Brompton route.

Weakly acquiescing in the position, Braybrook set out to walk, any such luxurious alternative as a cab being so far beyond his means as not even to enter his thoughts.

It was growing dusk as he went along beside the Green Park, where vacant chairs, standing in couples under the dripping foliage, seemed, from their being very close together with their backs to the passers, to be flirting on their own account. The trees, in shadowy masses, spread, one beyond another, into the distance, where they became merged in a general tint of vague purplish grey. In the wet roadway, dull orange reflec-

tions fell from the lighted windows, the lofty electric lamps throwing, here and there, long blotches of brighter radiance of the palest lemon, faintly tinged with lilac, against which flitting vehicles were momentarily silhouetted.

The picturesqueness of the effect and its possibilities as a striking colour scheme would have appealed to him at another time, but just now he was too deeply absorbed in regarding the sombre hue of his own particular prospects to notice it.

When he reached the house, sufficiently wet and weary, the maid had a message to deliver. Her mistress and Mrs. Braybrook were spending the afternoon and evening with Mrs. —, at Kensington, she was to tell him; and that, as Mr. Braybrook would have dined in the City, she had permission from her mistress to go out, if she wished, for an hour or so.

He was relieved to find himself secure from interruptions a little while longer, and, taking a letter which lay there awaiting him, went upstairs to the room he used as his studio, to lay aside the portfolio and change his jacket. As he crossed the floor for a light, the absolute silence struck him as unusual. He missed something. It was the flutter and note of welcome from his little feathered favourite. The cage was not in its place; they must have moved it. As he looked round, the wooden visage of his lay figure loomed from the shadows with an expression significant and meaning.

Then he saw and understood; the explanation—a shattered cage and a few pale feathers—lay almost at his feet.

He stood there, motionless, in the dim light for a few moments. Then went quickly over to the door and closed it.

And now he struck a light. One after another, he satisfied himself as to the emptiness of the shadowed corners, and began to think of descending to the parlour, where lay a sumptuous cushion, ordained by a doting mistress to be the



inviolable resting-place of the sleek object of her constant solicitude. There remained yet one spot unexplored, however, and as he peered under the hangings of a seat in the furthest corner, a low muttering hum saluted him, while a pair of greenish eyes glowered sullenly out of the blackness.

That point settled, he dropped the hangings again. Among the contents of a cupboard devoted to odds and ends he found what he wanted—a foot or two of stout copper wire. This he doubled in two, and opening the door slightly and warily, passed the looped end through the keyhole, then closed the door again. He was not exactly in the mood, even had he thought it of the slightest use, to try coaxing his victim from its lair; they knew each other too well for that.

With a sudden movement he dragged the seat away from the wall, and swiftly, dexterously, gripped the animal by the back of the neck, and, disregarding its vehement protests, bore it with grim deliberation to the door, where the penalty of its crime was soon paid.

He was fully aware that now all retreat from his life's hard battle was finally cut off. It was a relief to him to realise it.

The first item in his plan thus satisfactorily despatched, he glanced at his watch. Half-past nine. They would hardly return, he knew, before half-past ten or eleven.

He took a sheet of paper and sat down before it, biting the end of his pen for a few minutes, then wrote—

"Please tell your mother I shall not trespass further on her hospitality. You may add, if you think proper, that had her favours been limited to hospitality only, I might not have found the burden of my indebtedness so unbearable as I do when advice and general supervision are added to it.

"The death of the canary, and incidentally, that of the cat, have only the

merest shade of connection with my decision, upon which I should have acted very shortly, in any case.

"I will write you in the course of a day or so, giving you an address where you can find me; and where, whatever may be our difficulties, Hilda, I will hope and believe we may be happy again."

In his room he collected a few necessities, putting them into a hand-bag, then placed the envelope containing the note to his wife on the dressing-table, went down stairs, and with a great sigh of relief closed the door of the house behind him.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rain was over. A light breeze had ended the dull heaviness of the day.

Turning into the Square, as he reached the end of the terrace, he came upon the maid bidding her lover—a young postman with his empty letter-bag slung across his shoulder—a lingering and ecstatic good-night. Blissfully engrossed, she did not see him pass.

He had reached the further side and was about to quit the Square, when something—the postman's uniform probably—recalled to his mind the fact that a letter lay still unopened in his pocket. He paused under a lamp for a moment to read it. The name of a well-known West End square headed the paper.

"Well, that simplifies matters," was his only comment, as he returned it to his pocket. He was surprised this good fortune—of having found a purchaser for his picture—did not elate him more: he would be better able to think it over, later on, he said to himself.

But the quiet trees rustled gentle congratulations, for, overhead the clouds were breaking, and the first bright tremulous star peered out upon the world as he went on.



FIVE  
NEWER  
HUMORISTS





GILBERT CHESTERTON.

*From a sketch by George Phoenix.*



## GILBERT CHESTERTON

AUTHOR OF "TWELVE TYPES"

By BERTRAM THOMAS

SOME one who knows Mr. Chesterton very well said of him, "When he is grown up it may be possible to interview him." As it is, he disclaimed any theoretic objection to the process when I discussed the matter with him.

"I can't understand," he said, "the moral objection to interviewing as such. An interview may be vulgar, of course—it generally is—but that is not because the form is vulgar. It is because the interviewer is vulgar, or much more frequently, because the person interviewed is vulgar. A certain kind of man is vulgar in an interview, and he would be vulgar upon a snowy peak under the stars."

"Many people object to it strongly."

"It is very typical of our time that when anything quite simple and natural is done, everyone thinks it is very complicated and æsthetic; if you dance in a ring with children, which all the nations of the earth did in their tribal and religious festivals, people think that it is very eccentric, or what is worse, very good-natured. It is the same with interviewing. What on earth can be more natural than interviewing—what can be more natural than going to see a man, asking him what he thinks, and then telling other people? It is much simpler and more primitive than writing books or making speeches in Parliament. The only thing one asks is that it should be done well, just as we ask it in a farce or a melodrama or a music hall song. The only way to get these things done well is to respect them.

"The same thing applies to journalism in general. There has been much talk of late about the misuse of the great

power of the Press, but how can the self-respect of the Press be maintained while the public refuse to admit that it has any?"

During a conversation on journalism Mr. Chesterton remarked: "I think it is a great pity that there is so much of that feeling of timorous panic abroad which makes people say to one another, 'O, you mustn't send that sort of thing to such and such a paper.' I think the way for a man to get on is to bombard the editors indiscriminately with his best work, in the hope that something may take effect, much as a besieging army hurls its shells into the city it desires to capture."

Mr. Chesterton attributes his success in some degree to the use of this method, and gives an instance. "Some years ago, when quite inexperienced in press work, I was asked to write some articles for a certain paper. Now when the old journalistic hand is requested to do anything of the kind he immediately procures a copy of the paper in question, reads it and carefully notes the kind of matter that its editor seems to require. Then he proceeds to write in the same style, and the consequence is that it appears to the reader so like all the other contents of the journal that it passes quite unnoticed.

"But I took no such precautions; I simply sat down and wrote an article on some subject that happened to please me, putting, however, my very best work into it, and the result was quite a new sort of thing for that particular paper. It came with rather a shock to its readers, who were surprised and apparently pleased with the innovation."

Mr. Chesterton was educated at St.





GILBERT CHESTERTON AS HE IS.

*Drawn by himself*





GILBERT CHESTERTON AS HE WOULD LIKE TO BE.

*Drawn by himself.*



Paul's School. When he left it in 1893 he intended to adopt Art as a profession, and studied for some time at the Slade and other well-known London studios, but eventually he exchanged the brush for the pen and devoted himself to literature, writing a great deal for *The Speaker*, *The Daily News*, *The Bookman*, and other London papers. His work has been sufficiently critical, at any rate, to make it a matter of some remark to me that his house was littered with toys. In the course of conversation I asked him about this peculiar refusal to put away childish things.

"I very much doubt," he said, "if childish things are childish—which, as you truly say, is bosh. Fairy tales, for instance, are now written for children; but properly and originally they were not written for children, but for grown-up people, for the whole human race. Toys are not childish, they are merely human."

On Mr. Chesterton's table stands a small toy theatre, to which he says he is much attached, and he indicated it in speaking.

"It is just as natural to want to make a beautiful scene in that theatre as to want to make a beautiful scene in your own house. The people who put up Morris papers and decorative panels, and copper and peacock hangings, are playing with toys just as much as I am. I am creating an imaginary world of beauty just as much as they are. The only practical advantage is altogether on my side, for I can have explosions of red fire in the theatre, and it is, I assure you, an awful nuisance to have them on a proportional scale in one's house."

"And what are your favourite toys?"

He produced a wooden sword. He has a keen delight in all manner of swords. Never by any chance does he stir a yard from his stronghold without an absurd swordstick; even if only taking a morning stroll in his ancestral park of Battersea, the steel is never left behind and serves to hail a cab, amuse

a crowd of children, or mystify a policeman. Swords of all sorts are to be found everywhere about Mr. Chesterton's home. The umbrella stand in the hall bristles with foils; singlesticks litter the study, while in the dining-room are to be found a French sword-bayonet and a painted wooden sword, for of all swords, Mr. Chesterton loves best the wooden sabre of childhood; in truth, his love for children amounts almost to the fantastic.

In the study in Mr. Chesterton's flat at Battersea he is at work on the brown-paper covered walls with a chalk design which he calls "And a little child shall lead them," and which shows King Arthur, Robin Hood, and other more or less mythical heroes following the lead of a small infant, who, mounted on a wooden horse, is pointing onwards and upwards with a toy sword. On another wall he has written in chalk, in large letters, "Lest We Forget," and underneath he marks up his appointments.

Mr. Chesterton always carries some crayons in his pocket, and when the mood is on him, will draw anywhere and on anything—in fact I am told that a diligent search on the blank walls in the squares on the south side of Kensington High Street, would reveal some examples of his work.

"Do you travel much?" I asked.

"Not very much," he said, "and what I do is altogether vague and rambling. I believe it is of enormous spiritual advantage to know no geography. If you do not know where the lane at the end of your own garden leads, you are on the edge of eternity. And I think myself that it would be far better if there were fewer guide-books, and time-tables, and maps, and more travel. I always start off from my own door, like the third brother in the fairy-tale, and go anywhere."

"But do you find it works? Don't you miss a great number of very interesting things when you are within a mile of them?"



"That is true, I do. But the things one *does* see, one sees really, with an instantaneous realisation. Let me give an example. Some time ago my wife and I discovered that we were tired of London, and determined to set out for the land of no-where-in-particular. We simply bought two satchels, a brandy flask in case of accidents, some chocolate, a bit of candle, and some cigarettes. Thus equipped, and armed with a sword-stick and an Alpine-stock respectively, we set out, without having the slightest idea where we were going. We found an omnibus at Notting Hill which happened to pass Hanwell Railway Station. Thinking the name encouraging, we waylaid an official and asked: 'Where does the next train go to?'

"'All depends where you want to go,' replied the railway man.

"'What has that got to do with you, my good friend?' I said; 'where does the next train go to?'

"'Away from London, or towards London?'

"'Away from London.'

"'The next train is for Slough and Windsor.'

"'That will do very nicely,' I said, and to Slough we went, and setting out from there, tramped about all the morning going in any direction that pleased us for the moment, and at lunch time we found ourselves miles from anywhere and in the midst of a wild and desolate heath, without the faintest notion as to our whereabouts. An ancient man (who was, I am sure, a fairy), directed us to a hotel a little farther on, and we found an admirable country inn where we fared sumptuously, and then started on our travels again. I am quite certain myself that the hotel was a fairy thing, and disappeared as soon as we left its doors.

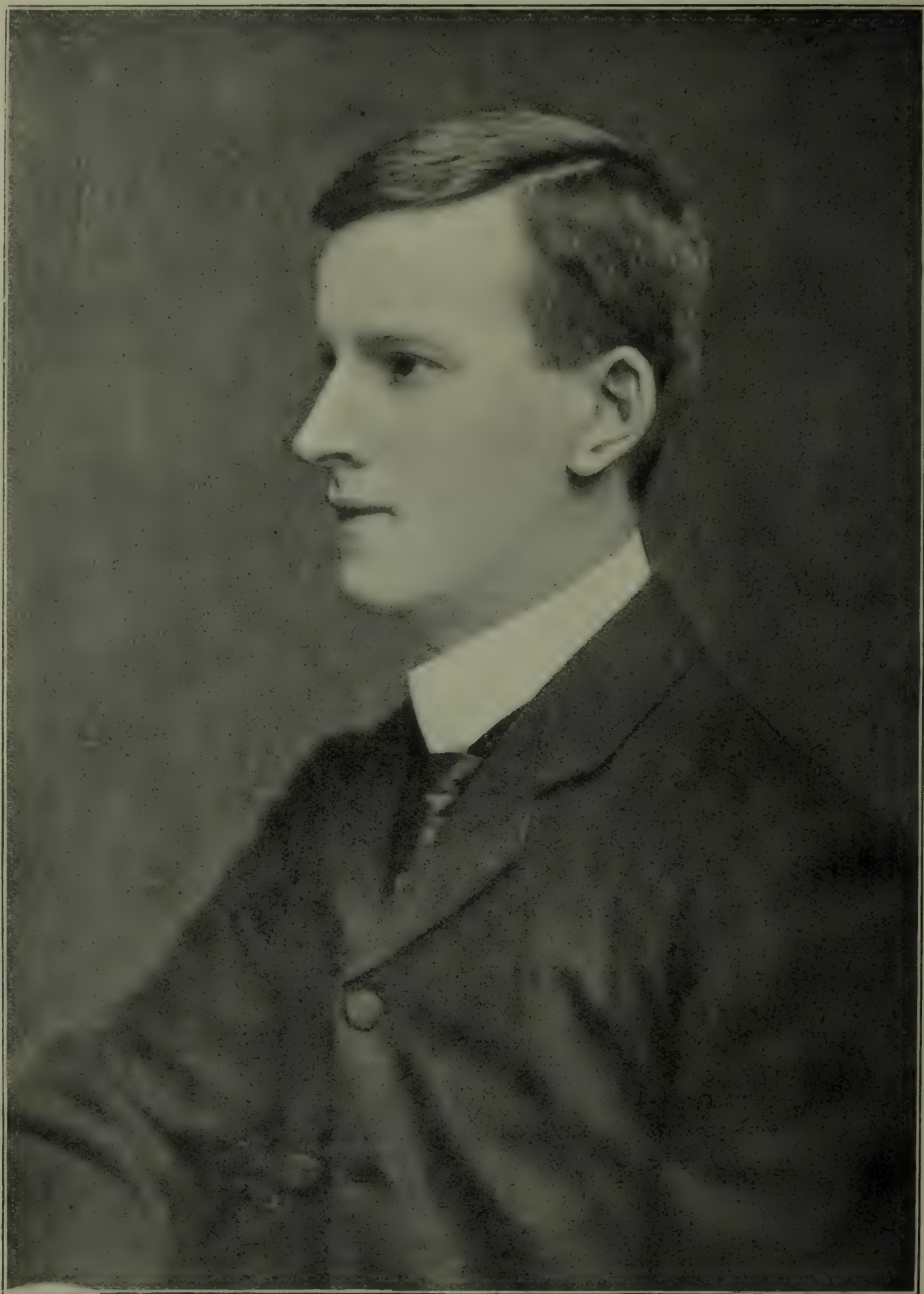
"Finding ourselves once more in the open space, our gaze was arrested by a singularly ugly erection in the middle of a field. So ugly was it, that a responsive

sympathy was awakened in my heart and I went to examine it, and to my surprise it turned out to be a memorial to Gray. We went a little further (as they say in the other, but kindred fairy tales)\* and I walked into a church idly enough, and the first thing that met my eye was a pompous eighteenth century monument, on which was inscribed something to this effect: 'Under this stone lies all that is perishable of Edmund Burke.' And so, walking from my own door *via* Hanwell, I had gone straight to the grave of the greatest British figure of the eighteenth century. But do you suppose that if I had been carted in six hot wagonettes to see the tomb of Burke I should have felt as I felt then? The fact that I had hit on it by myself was not one point, it was the whole point."

Mr. Chesterton was not long in making a name for himself. His originality, his versatile manner, and in his less serious works, his wonderful sense of humour, have won for him a richly deserved place in the esteem of the reading public, and to meet large demands, Mr. Chesterton is working at very high pressure, and his weekly output of Reviews, Topical Articles, &c., is astonishing. In fact, so much time does he have to devote to journalistic work, that the wealthy mine of stories, &c., the undeveloped schemes of which have been accumulating for the last fifteen years or so, is practically untapped.

Mr. Chesterton belongs to the untidy type of genius, and has a supreme unconsciousness of the conventional forms of dress, and his appearance, as he swings along the Strand with a broad-brimmed slouch hat on his head and his coat flying wide, leads those who do not know him to suppose that he is some inhabitant of Bohemia come with pictures for Burlington House, while his broad smile and genial expression makes one think that he is the happiest man in town.





JOHN JOY FELL.

*Photo by T. & R. Annan & Son.*



# JOHN JOY BELL

AUTHOR OF "WEE MACGREGOR"

By ROBERT BARR



THE literary tide, which taken at the flood led on to fortune in Scotland, began to ebb some time since. It was a strong tide while it lasted, and the question now arises, in what shape will it return? Fashion changes in literature as it does in ladies' hats, and as rapidly. The "Hoots Maun" Novel has had a very good innings, and now it is time for another team to come to the bat. Of course, I am mixing my similies, but that is a fashion set by the Kailyard School, and if the reader is particular on the matter of similies, I withdraw the

man from the bat and say it is now time for another wave to roll up the sandy shore of literature.

The Scottish novel of the past ten years presented characters of the poor but honest brand. The people who moved about more or less slowly in its pages were rough and uncouth, so far as exterior was concerned, but they were always pure gold within. They were capable of amazing and unexpected self-sacrifice, which usually came upon the reader unaware, for until he got well acquainted with them, he thought that they were merely uncultured boors, narrow, selfish, and in chronic ill humour. But it invariably turned out that the heart was in the right place, and that after all was the main thing from the Scottish novelist's point of view. Many of the discussions turned upon the matter of a somewhat narrow and harsh religion, which frequently brought about a crisis toward the final chapters. But this crisis was always soothed down or mitigated by the natural good-heartedness of all concerned. There was usually a minister or a doctor in the book, and these professional men had the best hearts of all, the minister giving away most of his slender stipend, and the doctor working night and day for nothing. And thus, envious critics who say that the Scottish novel was not original must confess themselves confounded by these two characters, for the habit of giving away substance, or of indulging in unremunerative industry, is an entirely new discovery in the character of a Scotsman. There was also humour of a sort in the books, very sparingly indulged in, and yet some of these novelists actually acquired the reputation of humorists. One of the





MRS. JOHN JOY BELL.

*Photo by T. & R. Annan & Son.*



clan possessed seven jokes, of which four were not his own, but these were so deftly juggled (as a conjurer tosses a limited number of balls in the air with such skill that they appear like a constellation), the witticisms being used over and over again in short story and in long, that the public came at last to regard him almost as a second Sir Walter. It is strange that a reputation should be gained on such slender foundation in a country which had but recently produced men like Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. It shows what a resourceful and economical Scotchman can do with a halfpenny worth of raw material. The spider spinning his web is as nothing to him.

But the great asset of recent Scotch novels has been salt water. A while since an educational primer for children was produced entitled "Reading Without Tears," which was intended to teach the infant how to tread the thorny path of knowledge without getting its bare feet scratched by the brambles. "Reading Without Tears" would have proved a most inadequate introduction to the works of the "Kailyard" cult, for pathos was laid on as if the writer were a stockholder in a water company. The waterworks idea proved so successful that the later efforts of the school began to indicate a lack of adequate plumbing. One of the most popular of the coterie rapidly degenerated into slush, until it seemed as if we should have to wear waterproofs and rubbers whenever we tackled him. From a financial point of view, however, the slush story was a great success, and Mr. Morgan estimates that he might have formed a company entitled "Slush, Limited," for a round million, and floated it on a flood of tears.

One would have thought that the revulsion against this submerged state of things would have been inaugurated by either Americans or Englishmen, but the anti-slush movement was led by a Scotchman. For some time an uneasy feeling had been prevalent among

Caledonians that they were not really the white winged angels depicted by this group of writers. I think it was the poet W. E. Henley who pinned to the coat tails of the group the placard labelled "Kailyard," or if it was not Henley, it was some writer in the maga-



"MAW, HERE A SWEETIE SHOPE."

zine which the poet at that time edited. The great example of the swing of the pendulum was the issuing of the late George Douglas Brown's biting book, "The House with the Green Shutters." This was a work of genius, which many of the books of the Kailyarders were not, but it was nevertheless as untrue to life in the one direction as Ian



Maclaren's goody-goody contributions were on the other. "The House with the Green Shutters" could not have founded a school, as did the "Window in Thrums," for it could not be imitated, and the author told me himself that he did not intend to write such another. I heard an alleged Scottish humorist say the other day that the "Green Shutters"



"ONE CRIED 'GRANDPAW' AFTER THEM."

had closed on the "Window in Thrums," but I think the "Window in Thrums" is the one book issued by the "Kail-yard" combination that will live, and I doubt if that can be said for the "House with the Green Shutters." A story must be founded on eternal truth if it is to taste eternity. It must be without false note, exaggeration, or melodrama, such a work, for instance, as "Rab and His

Friends." The average Scotchman knew very well that he inhabited neither the house with the green shutters, nor a cottage in Thrumtoughty. The coming man in Scotch literature then, is likely to take a middle course between the bitter hardness of the one and the sentimental gush of the other.

Is this man in sight?

I think so. Towards the end of last year a friend in Edinburgh called my attention to some domestic sketches that were appearing in a Glasgow paper. I read a few of them, and found for the first time set down in print the kind of Lowland Scotch which I talked when I left Glasgow at the age of four years. Dialect, except for the native, is a drawback rather than a recommendation. In English-speaking countries a book succeeds in spite of its dialect, rather than because of it, and it requires sterling qualities in the matter to overcome the disadvantage of the dialect. These unsigned sketches seemed to me to contain the sterling qualities I have mentioned. There was exhibited a fine, delicate humour and a touch of pathos now and then, equally fine and delicate. Through them all ran a sweet domesticity, the touching flavour of a humble home.

There was an utter absence of straining for effect, and real life was depicted exactly as it exists in that lowly class which the author had chosen. Later I met Mr. J. J. Bell, the writer of these contributions to the Glasgow paper. He is a very young man, and is modest, as most of them are—at the beginning. It did not occur to him that these sketches were of any value; in fact, when he sent the first of them to the editor he wrote him a letter apologising for the contribution. Mr. Bell at that time was—and still is—a regular contributor to the *Glasgow Evening Times*, and it was one of his duties to furnish a column to that paper every Friday, and also as occasion required. This column was generally on some topical subject, but one day nothing particular happened that he cared to

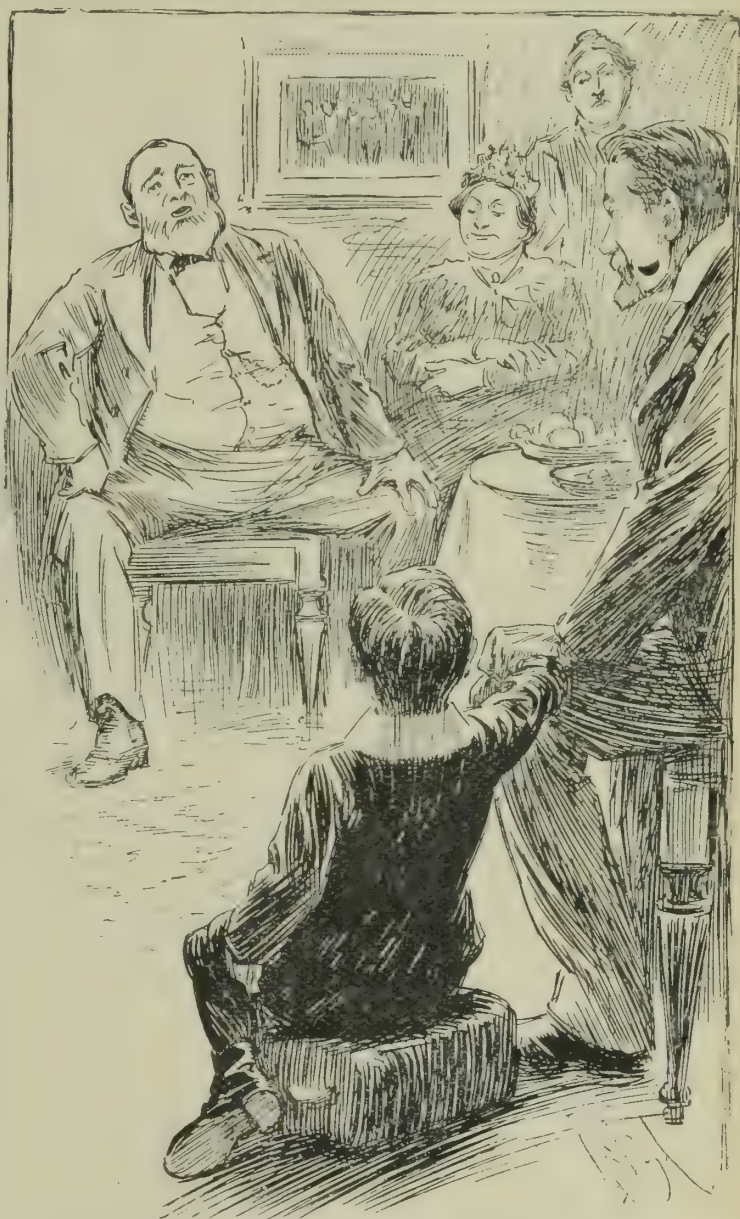


write about, and he sent to the editor a sketch which lay by him, in which his hero, Wee Macgreegor, first appears. He told the editor frankly in his note that if this falling away from duty was excused on this occasion he would not offend again, and suggested that the sketch be not used unless it was absolutely necessary to fill in the space. The editor, however, was taken with it and published it. Its local success in Glasgow was instantaneous, and so many letters poured in upon the manager of the paper that he asked Mr. Bell to carry his small hero a few steps further. Even when these contributions had been appearing for several months Bell had no notion of their value, and it was that sterling novelist, Neil Munro, who first suggested that they should be got together in a book. Here, however, the usual difficulty met the young and unknown author. He offered the book to two publishers, and would have been satisfied by a modest ten pounds for its sale outright. Luckily both refused, and as Neil Munro and other friends urged the publication, the young man published it at his own expense. Even then he did not venture to put his name on the cover, but contented himself with the initials that had appeared in the newspaper. It was got out in a form which publishers recognise as little liable to produce a profit, namely, in paper covers at the price of one shilling. As was the case with Hugh Conway's "Called Back," the printing presses had to run night and day to supply the demand.

John Joy Bell, whose father is one of the chief tobacco manufacturers of Scotland, was born in 1871. After the usual course in Scottish schools he entered Glasgow University, where he studied chemistry. It never occurred to him to write until he was nearly twenty-five. While at the University, he was attracted toward the literary life, and eventually left to become a newspaper man—first as sub-editor on *The Scots Pictorial*.

His book has now been issued in more

expensive form, illustrated by Mr. A. S. Boyd, a fellow-townsmen, but for many years a resident of London. Mr. Boyd belongs to the staff of the *Daily Graphic*, and has contributed largely to *Punch*. Mr. Boyd has been almost the lifelong friend of Bret Harte. It was Bret Harte who persuaded him to leave



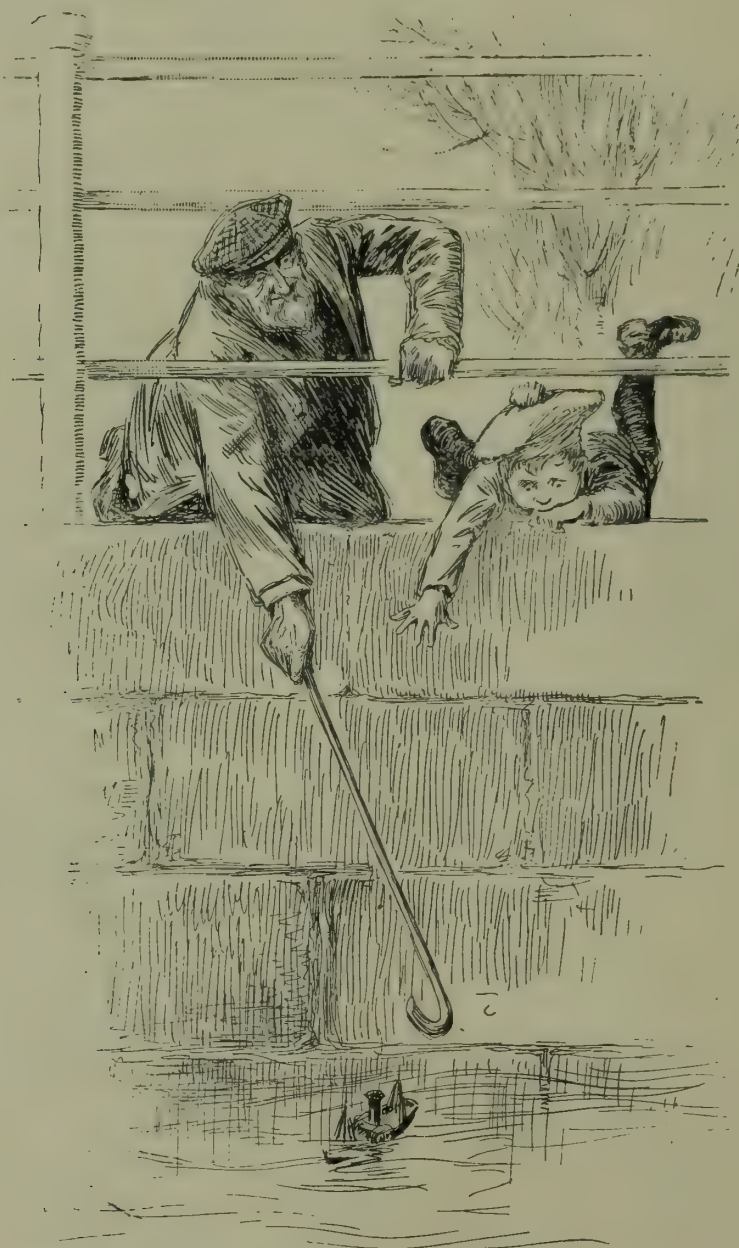
"MR. PUMPERSTONE STARTED 'YE BANKS AND BRAES."

Glasgow, for London, and who was his introducer in the Metropolis. Mr. Bell's home is on the shore of Loch Long, some twenty miles from Glasgow. Four months ago he married Miss Helen Robertson Geddes. It is a curious fact that the name of his hero is Robinson, which is not a Scotch name at all, and which Mr. Bell should have noted,



especially as he was to marry a girl whose middle name was Robertson, which is the correct Scotch appellation. Mr. Bell has a clear cut, smoothly shaven face. When he speaks it is with slow deliberation, and he speaks very rarely.

In manner he reminded me much of J. M. Barrie, a silent, thoughtful, deep-eyed man, not given to the gab. Such is the writer who will, I think, be acknowledged as great the world over, before many years are passed.



"THEN MACGREGOR CRIED OUT THAT HIS BOAT WAS SINKIN'."



## A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

AUTHOR OF "AN APRIL PRINCESS"

By (?)

I HEAR you are a playwright, whose plays have been produced at our leading London theatres ; a black-and-white artist of distinction ; a critic on that most conservative of papers, the *St. James's Gazette* ; a popular writer of children's plays and fairy tales ; an equally popular writer of short stories in the grown-up magazines ; and that now you have made your first appearance as a novelist with 'An April Princess.' I think a chat with you about yourself would be so very interesting," began the interviewer, bubbling with joyous hopes.

"And I think oneself is a person's own property, which one should not give away, if possible," said Miss Smedley in an apologetic voice that took away from the apparent rudeness of this answer.

"How refreshing to see such modesty in this age of self-advertisement!" said the interviewer, scoring this point in his note-book at once.

"Do you not think modesty is the best advertisement possible?" said Miss Smedley. "What one wants is something new and striking ; well, just think how new modesty would be in a lady-novelist, especially a lady-novelist who has written nothing particularly worth writing. The value of modesty in a writing-woman is one of the things which everyone will wonder has not been discovered before. Though I do not know that I employ modesty simply as an advertisement ; because, you see, if I were proud of the work I have done until now, it would betray a lack of judgment."

"Oh, but Miss Smedley, you are surely proud of the success you have attained!" said the interviewer.

"I am very pleased when people I admire like 'An April Princess,'" said Miss Smedley. "I don't see anything to be *proud* of in writing a light, 'pretty' book. I enjoyed writing the book immensely, because I am so interested in proving that it is possible to find some sort of happiness in every condition of one's life."

"I understand it was accepted by the first firm it was sent to," said the interviewer.

"Yes, Messrs. Cassell's. But it came out as a serial first," said Miss Smedley, "in an amateur magazine, *The Magpie*, to which we have to send a literary contribution every month ; the contributions are bound together and sent round to each member, who writes her criticism thereon. The book appeared as the 'Princess Papers,' until one of the members called the Princess 'An April Princess,' and Cassell's liked that name so much, we used it. The criticisms on the Princess's behaviour were very interesting. Some of the members were dreadfully shocked at the Princess's adventure with the Prince in the punt ; and they have been very pleased to find their criticisms endorsed by the *St. James's* critic, whose sense of propriety was equally outraged. However, the 'Magpies' fell in love, to a girl, with the Little Lieutenant, and the Knight completed the conquest of their hearts. Unfortunately the book was published before we came to the Poet ; I would like to have seen what the members thought about him."

"Which is your favourite character?" said the interviewer.

"The Queen, of course," said Miss Smedley. "Haven't you read the book?"





MISS A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.

*Photo by Biograph Studio.*



"How long have you been a member of the 'Magpie Club'?" said the interviewer, eluding the delicate question.

"Nearly a year and a half," said Miss Smedley; "but it has been in existence twelve years. The charm of the club to me is the frankness of its criticism. The worst review any newspaper dared print would be tepid compared to the warmth of our candour. I think there are several remarkably clever girls in the club, and

"It is not so interesting to me as one which I edited myself when I was ten, and which ran for six years," said Miss Smedley. "It was first called *The Buster*, because it bust up all the other papers; this name was afterwards changed, for purposes of refinement, to *The Invincible*. It was also composed of manuscript and artistic contributions, and was issued quarterly; and 'Alan Dale's' sister, Jessie Carr, was my confrère; and under



STEALING THE PEPPER POT.  
FROM "REDPEPPER."



By courtesy of "The Girl's Realm."

if they did not live in the country, quite out of touch with publishers, you would have heard of their work before. I am perfectly certain some of them will make names for themselves. And I was very pleased when 'An April Princess' gained so many votes, that I won the fourth prize last year. My short stories do not get many votes, because the other members write more original and powerful ones than I do. This is not modesty, but truth."

"*The Magpie* sounds a very interesting journal," said the interviewer.

the names of Dick Turpin and L. L. L., we wrote together, principally odes to ourselves."

"Odes to yourselves?" said the interviewer.

"On the principle that if you want a thing well done you must do it yourself," said Miss Smedley. "But the Pre-Raphaelite members, who joined when I left school for the School of Art did not appreciate us, and introduced criticisms on metre and purity of style into the hitherto untrammelled pages of *The Invincible*. L. L. L. and I waged a



patient struggle against the insidious refinement that was creeping into *The Invincible* and sapping its vitality. But on the advent of some Oxford men on to the staff, L. L. L. gave up the fight and left England for New York, where, in the columns of the *New York Journal* and the *Herald*, she found a more sympathetic public, under the name of 'The Matinée Girl.' She preceded poor Jessie Wood as the dramatic critic of the



*Miss Muffet and Pamela in the Enchanted Wood.*

*By courtesy of "The Girl's Realm."*

*Journal*, while the humorous verses, signed by Jessie Carr, were a popular feature of American papers, and, now she has returned to England, are equally popular in English magazines. She did a very clever series of coon verses in *The King* a little while ago, which I illustrated."

"Ah, yes, now about your black-and-white work," asked the interviewer. "You have done a good deal of it?"

"My first full-page that was printed, was done when I was seventeen, and published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*,"

said Miss Smedley. "It was called 'The Christmas Pie,' and was so bad, it was put on a back page next to the advertisements. I have been doing a little, now and then, ever since; but as none of it has been noticed particularly before, I think I am not foolishly modest in saying my artistic work has no very great intrinsic worth."

"You thought of being an artist at one time, however?" said the interviewer, wondering how he could dress up the last sentence for print.

"Never very seriously; I never thought of *being* anything," said Miss Smedley. "I went to the Birmingham School of Art when I was fifteen, and had a perfectly happy time there. Mr. E. R. Taylor, Mr. Gaskin, and Mr. Harper were all most kind to me, though I am afraid I caused them a good deal of trouble on account of the little work I did and the quickness with which I did it. I was allowed to design and draw from life at once, and it was not until too late they found I ought to have studied light and shade first. My drawings were so very rough and dashing, they impressed people with the idea that I could do anything if I tried, but when I did try, they found I couldn't."

"What successes did you gain in the National Competitions?" said the interviewer, hailing this point with a little hope.

"I never was mentioned once," said Miss Smedley. "Not modesty, again you see, but stern facts."

"But you designed the Souvenirs for 'King John' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream' for Mr. Tree?" said the interviewer.

"I did a very small piece of decoration for the cover of 'King John,' and a border for Mr. Tree's portrait; I also thought of having a brown-paper cover. You will see what a very important piece of art work this was, and how greatly it deserves to be mentioned," said Miss Smedley.



"You feel that you can express yourself best in playwriting then?" said the interviewer, seeing that art was a blank trail. "What first suggested the idea?"

"The desire for a little more excitement than ice-cream parties on the roof of the school provided," said Miss Smedley, with seriousness proportionate to the enormous gravity and importance of the question. "I was a new student, and wanted to know everyone in the school at once. I thought if I could get up a party for the end of the term, that would facilitate matters, so I wrote a comedy, called 'The Lay Figure,' all about art, as a lure for the committee, which was conservative and serious. After a display of Napoleonic resolution on our part, we induced them to give away, and the play was performed."

"And was a success?" said the interviewer.

"A success?" said Miss Smedley, with a look of surprise at the naïve ignorance of the world displayed in the interviewer's question. "Anything that is written by a student, acted by students, and performed to students, is always a success; haven't you ever heard of a feeling called *esprit de corps*? If you had seen 'The Lay Figure,' you would have known how great the feeling of *esprit de corps* was in the dear old school!"

"But that gave you your first taste of dramatic success?" said the interviewer, hastily scribbling down "dear old school."

"No, I was only thinking of the fun of the thing then," said Miss Smedley. "I never thought about writing plays in earnest until someone showed a play of mine to Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton, and he encouraged me so much, he made me want to do something he would think really good; though I have never stopped wondering at his cleverness for seeing anything promising in the play he read then."

"Then what steps did you take in the hilly pathway that leads to dramatic

fame?" said the interviewer, making a rapid note of his own elegant phrase.

"Then I met Miss Mary Moore and Sir Charles Wyndham at a flying matinée they paid to Birmingham in 'Rosemary,'" said Miss Smedley. "Another friend of mine sent this play to them, and Sir Charles had read it, and had shown it to Miss Moore, and they have been very kind to me ever since, particularly Miss Moore, though they did not take the play because it was too school-girlish. Another great friend of mine is Mr. James Welch, for whom it is my ambition to write a serious play some day, though my efforts have so far been equally futile here."

"And how did Mrs. Campbell come to produce 'Mrs. Jordan'?" said the interviewer, beginning to wonder when his copy was coming.

"We came to live in London," said Miss Smedley, "and I sent two little plays to Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Maude, through the post. Then Mrs. Campbell wrote to say 'Mrs. Jordan' was going on in a fortnight's time, as she happened to be wanting a first piece before 'Magda,' just that minute; and strangely enough by the same post came a note from Mr. Cyril Maude, saying that he would like to have a chat with me, though the play I had sent him was not good enough for the Haymarket."

"But 'Mrs. Jordan' had a run of nearly six months!" said the interviewer joyously.

"Yes, because Mrs. Campbell had bought it outright; and as she had dressed it elaborately, I suppose she thought it would do as well as anything else for a curtain raiser during 'Magda.' She went out of it herself after the first week," said Miss Smedley. "Personally, I agree with the critics as to the value of the play. The *Westminster Gazette* said it was 'aeons and aeons long,' which was just what I felt on the night. Most of the critics said I had 'no literary or dramatic talent whatever;' I remember the expression because such a lot of



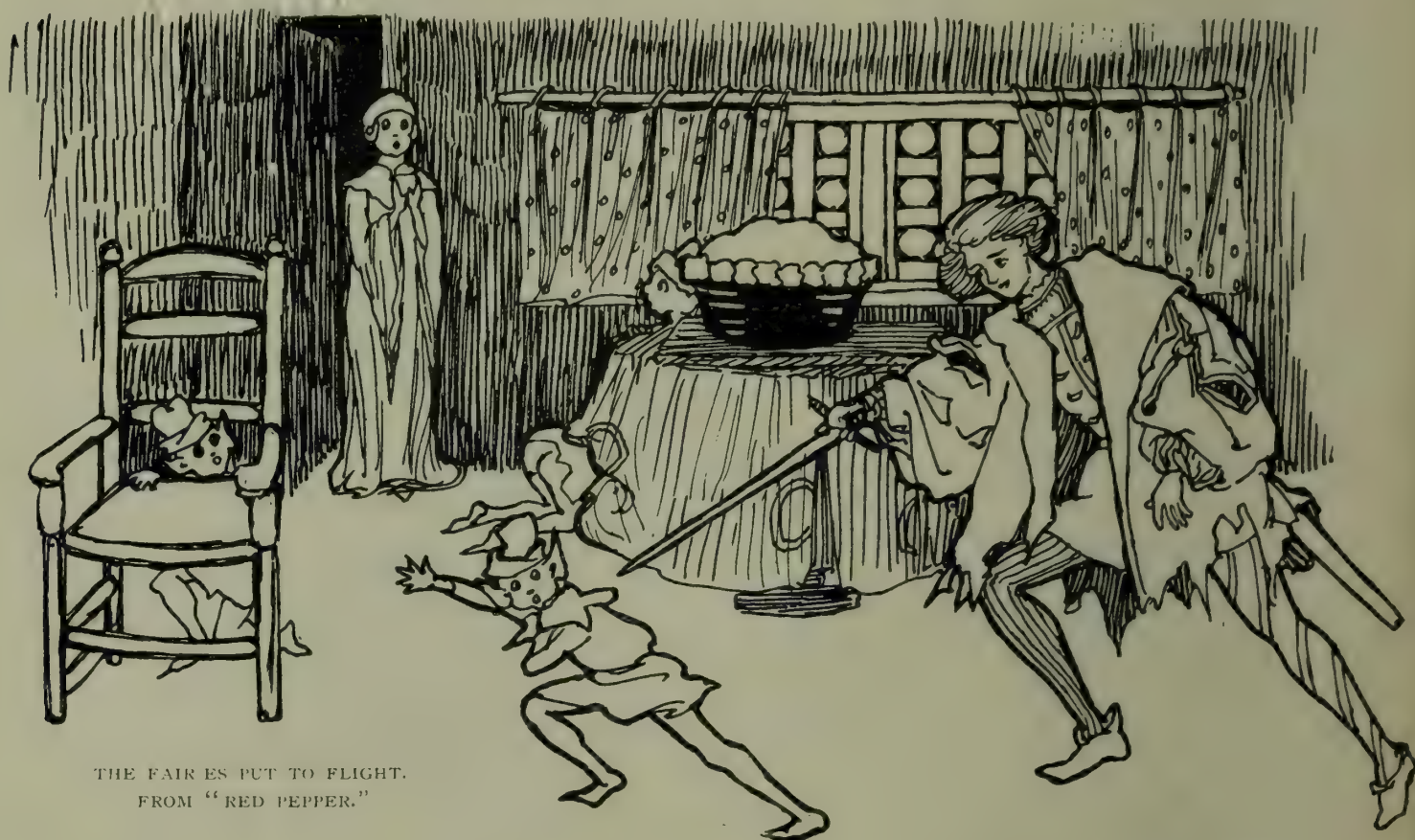
them used it. I was a little saddened by the criticisms, especially as Mrs. Campbell would not let me re-write the play; but still I thoroughly agreed with them. 'Mrs. Jordan' is an artificial, stagey, impossible, and hackneyed piece of work, and I should be so glad if it could be allowed to drop."

"And have you written any plays for Mr. Maude?" said the interviewer, becoming a little discouraged.

year, as he became rather discouraged."

"You were part author of 'The Honour of a Rogue,' produced a month or so ago at the Royalty?" said the interviewer.

"But that we do not speak of," said Miss Smedley. "At least my friends don't. It was a stupid little play; and the only good part of it was the writing which Mr. Cosmo Hamilton put into it. It was his idea as well."



THE FAIRIES PUT TO FLIGHT.  
FROM "RED PEPPER."

By courtesy of "The Girl's Realm."

"I have tried to write plays for Mr. Cyril Maude," said Miss Smedley. "He does not take them, but as long as he will read them I shall go on writing them. He has been almost as kind as Mrs. Campbell in encouraging me to keep on trying; though Mrs. Campbell is going to give me another chance in the autumn, when she will produce my four-act drama, 'Gipsy Marie.' But Mr. Addiscn Bright has taught me more about play-writing than anyone. I consider myself a student of his, though I have been working by myself this last

"Then now you are turning to dramatic criticism?" said the interviewer, feeling he had not done as well with the subject of play-writing as he had hoped.

"I write every month for M. Gaston Mayer's new paper, *The International Theatre*," said Miss Smedley. "I enjoy criticising immensely, and this paper is particularly interesting, as it is printed in French and English, and circulated in every country of the continent and America; and M. Mayer allows me to say exactly what I think."

"Are you not writing some very candid



criticisms for the *St. James's Gazette* as the 'Boudoir Critic?' said the interviewer.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Smedley. "Mr. Gerard Fiennes, who is acting editor, and who christened me 'The Boudoir Critic,' is the most sporting man I ever met, and one of the most brilliant, and I only wish he edited a paper that did not have to stick to any particular politics, and that I could write for it. My aim would be to lure someone into a libel action, which Mr. Fiennes has very kindly promised I should defend myself. You see, journalism at its best is only amateur arguing. There is no fixed stake to try for, no strict rules to keep. But in a court of law, arguing is viewed with proper seriousness, in its highest, professional aspect."

"But you will continue to write novels?" said the interviewer.

"I shall continue to do everything, I hope," said Miss Smedley. "The thing I love best is writing plays; it is so much more difficult to do than anything else. Now I should be proud if I could write a play that Mr. Grein thought good. I think he is the most catholic, sympathetic, and at once the kindest and severest critic we have."

"And there are no other branches of literature or art which you desire to try?" said the interviewer.

"No," said Miss Smedley. "So the interview is ended, and I should be very much obliged if you would write down everything just as I have told you."



*Miss Muffet hears a  
scuffling noise outside*

*By courtesy of 'The Girl's Realm.'*





WILFRID S. JACKSON.

*Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.*



# WILFRID S. JACKSON

AUTHOR OF "NINE POINTS OF THE LAW"

By J. L. PATERSON



NEW Humorist—provided always that he *be* a humorist, and new—is such a rare bird in these dull days that there will be joy on earth on the sending forth by

the Bodley Head of Mr. Wilfrid S. Jackson's "Nine Points of the Law." This book—and a right pleasant tale it is—is the first flight of its author into fiction, or, indeed, into literature of any kind ; but the art of it is concealed with such adroit hand that we have nothing but the publisher's assurance to tell the fact.

Concerning the writer, who appears to be one of those abnormal beings imbued with an absolute horror of publicity further than the mere signature to their work, it is only possible to say that he is under thirty-five years of age, married to a charming wife, and living in a charming home in the Isle of Wight. It may be added that a firmly-cut, humorous mouth is the chief feature of a clean-shaven face, and that, as is often the case with writers who contribute to the gaiety of nations, he is himself of somewhat melancholy vein. That he is, moreover, a draughtsman of no mean talent may be judged from the accompanying initial letters which illustrate the adventures of his hero under the thralldom of the fatal incubus.



URING its early career, the manuscript of "Nine Points of the Law"—which, by the way, was originally and very aptly named "The Man in Possession"

—underwent some vicissitudes which should prove of interest to intending authors. It was in Mr. John Lane's hands before publication for no less a period than eighteen months. It was, of course, read directly on being received, but the reader to the firm, whose opinion is quoted below, submitted it for final judgment to his chief. For various technical reasons (chiefly associated with its uninviting, if not illegible, appearance) Mr. Lane was unable to deal with the book until an opportune attack of influenza gave him occasion after a lapse of the time mentioned. Being immediately struck by its unusual qualities, he sought confirmation of his opinion from some eminent critics and authors, who were—with the exception quoted below—united in the view that a new planet was about to be discovered.

It may perchance be somewhat of a novelty to reproduce, verbatim, the report of a professional reader or "taster" and that of a well-known writer of very high standing on the same work. If any hasty conclusion be drawn therefrom, let it be remembered



that man is mortal, and that proverbial wisdom gives wide scope for human variation.

The first said: "Here is a story which I have read with great interest: the author has not fixed on a title. I think, if we publish it, it will either be the greatest success we have ever had or it will be a blank failure. It is just as remarkable, I think, as 'The Wrong Box.' I wish you would read it yourself. I cannot make up my mind about it."

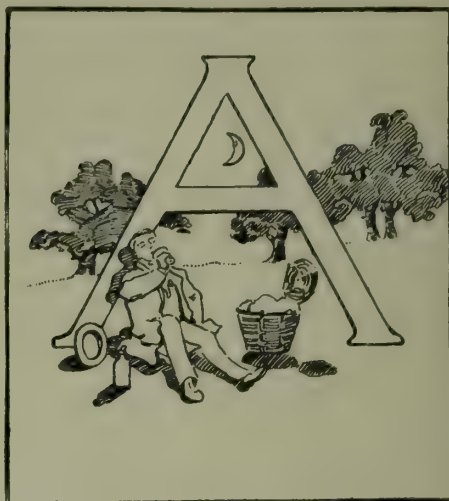
And the second: "An absurd farrago of robbery, hidden treasure, and impossible blundering: sans style, characterisation, or credible plot, but with a very sufficient dash of vulgarity. Incomprehensible that such a production should ever have found its way to the Bodley Head."



MIRACLE indeed would it be if, when experts so fall out, a mere erring general public should not have occasional difficulty in making up its mind.

The story is simple and direct, covering a period of a few days only. It deals with the holiday adventures of a young banker's clerk—Mr. Wayzgoose. (The farcical name was probably chosen by the author in order to give the note and save his readers trouble of diagnosis.) In consequence of paternal misfortunes, Mr. Wayzgoose's public school career had been cut short and he obliged to accept a berth in the City house of a friend of his dead father's. Here, keeping up appearances on a salary so slender that he envies the very office boy, who could afford to wear a collar for a week, he spends his time in sighing for the unattainable, mainly imaged in

the form of his employer's daughter, with whom he had fallen in love after two chance meetings.



UGUST, however, was come, bringing with it his annual three weeks' release from the painful grind of toil, and Mr. Wayzgoose betakes himself to Windsor,

in which neighbourhood was the home of his divinity. Sitting miserable and alone under a great beech-tree of the forest, ruminating alternately on his passion and on bygone scenes of the spot—royal cavalcades from the Castle, monks of mediæval times, and footpads of a later date—he unconsciously prods the ground with his stick, and presently unearths a solid substance in the form of a large and ancient gold beaker. In wild excitement the search is continued, until the turf is covered with piece after piece of gold plate, and finally a vast collection of gold coins of a remoteness back to Henry VIII. and the twelfth century. Treasure trove—and on Crown land! There was but little paltering with conscience before our hero saw in this goblin wealth a royal road to fortune and a means whereby to win his bride. Once the Ali Baba find was safely bestowed at the inn, in the bullock-trunk which Mr. Wayzgoose had inherited from his father, there began a wild chase and a series of hairbreadth escapes in guarding it, first from the burglars at whose hands the collector's treasures had become loot—for, needless to say, it was a mere temporary hiding-place which the dreamer had discovered—then from the Customs authorities when the *venue* was shifted to France, and, finally, from the eyes of its very owner himself—no less a person than



his City chief and parent of his deity—a hunt which keeps up a rattling, rollicking speed throughout, never slackening till the last pages bring its dramatic finish. The dilemmas in which the unfortunate bank clerk hourly finds himself are so droll, so natural, so insistent of momentary solution, that when you are not breathless with excitement, you are simmering with laughter—"you've got it all the time."

A first reading of the book forces one to the conclusion that the author has effected a marvellous combination of humour with fine imaginative writing and skilful craftsmanship. It is a work which the cultured man would probably write for his own satisfaction, without caring whether it were published or not. The treatment throughout, indeed, would fit a subject on a much higher plane than farce, and if there is a rock on which such a literary venture might split, it is the element of incongruity. The spiciness of the conception, however, may probably elevate it to the same region as the artistic technique, but that, after all, is a matter to decide which the judgment of the multitude is required. The public which wants stories of bank clerks and cracksmen, and golden treasure hidden in rabbit burrows, is not apt to concern itself with chaste imaginings and excursions into the heart of Nature, and it will be an interesting point for the future to settle whether the writer retains his farcical bent or develops his love of style.

As an example of the observation which abounds throughout the book, take the following on the working Frenchwoman: "A Frenchwoman's value

in the slave-market increases with her age. At seventy she is well past the age of sickness, apparently, and has left behind her the temptations and distractions of youth. At ninety she is hardened into a framework of leather and wood, requires little food and less sleep, can perform her work like a machine, and is invaluable to her owner." The insular attitude of the average Briton is well contrasted with that of the homeward-travelling Frenchman as they cross the Channel together. The latter, so admirably unobtrusive in our streets, beginning to draw his breath more freely, swelled to his natural proportions, and appeared on deck in the weird garments of his native heath, talking his native tongue in no uncertain voice; while the Britisher, faded and paled, adopted conciliatory airs, and astonished himself by feeling doubts hitherto unknown to him as to the perfect propriety of his tweeds and the intelligibility of his broken French; felt drawn, too, towards his compatriots, and impelled to conversation with travelling companions whom he would have slain with a glance on his country's shores. At times it is conveyed by a mere touch, as in: "Monday, the blackest day in a life of labour and the blankest in a life of leisure. . . ." Who among us has not wallowed in the desolation of being "in Mondayish mood"—when our souls have not yet come into our bodies for the week after Sunday's mental mummification, when the thought that another heptade of days has to be lived through oppresses like a very nightmare?





KEBLE HOWARD MAKING A JOKE.

*Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.*



## KEBLE HOWARD

AUTHOR OF "LOVE AND A COTTAGE"

*Mr. Howard prefers to remain anonymous, but we give on the opposite page the latest photograph of him, which may lend a hand to those who endeavour to identify him. Here follows an extract from his most recent book, illustrated by Hassell, now reproduced in these pages by kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher of the volume.*

### "WHAT A THING IT IS TO BE AN ASS"

THE window of the dining-room looked over the common and commanded a view of the pond.

We generally tethered Nancy near this pond in order that she might be able to take a drink at any time if she happened to feel thirsty. It was quite a small pond, but rather deep.

While Mrs. Stream was taking away the meat-plates and telling us about her third son's capacity for wearing out boots, I got up from my place and peeped out of the window to see if my darling donkey was quite safe and happy. To my surprise and dismay, she was nowhere to be seen.

"Robert," I exclaimed, "where's Nancy? Did you bring her into the garden?"

"Of course not," said Robert, rather lazily; "isn't she out there?"

"No," I replied, and hurried out. At first I searched in vain for any sign of her. Presently, however, I noticed the chain with which we tethered her moving jerkily to and fro by the side of the pond.

I rushed to the dining-room window. Robert was calmly going on with the sweets.

"Come at once!" I screamed.

"What's the matter?" grumbled Robert, his mouth full of jam puff.

"Nancy's fallen in the pond! She's drowning!"

"Why doesn't she get out?" asked Robert, using his serviette with the utmost deliberation.

"I don't know. For heaven's sake come!"

Robert got up from the table. I was too impatient to wait for him, but dashed across to the pond at top speed. Arrived there, a piteous sight met my gaze. Poor Nancy was lying with her head beneath the water, struggling and kicking for her slowly ebbing life. Without a moment's hesitation, I plunged into the pond and tried to drag her out. Of course, she was too heavy for me, but at that moment Robert sauntered on to the scene.

"Do be quick!" I urged; "can't you see she's drowning?"

Robert, with the most exasperating calmness, stooped down and turned up his trousers. "Hold up her head," he directed in the meantime.

I did as he told me, and Nancy was soon able to breathe once again.

"Now," said Robert, stepping into the water, "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether."

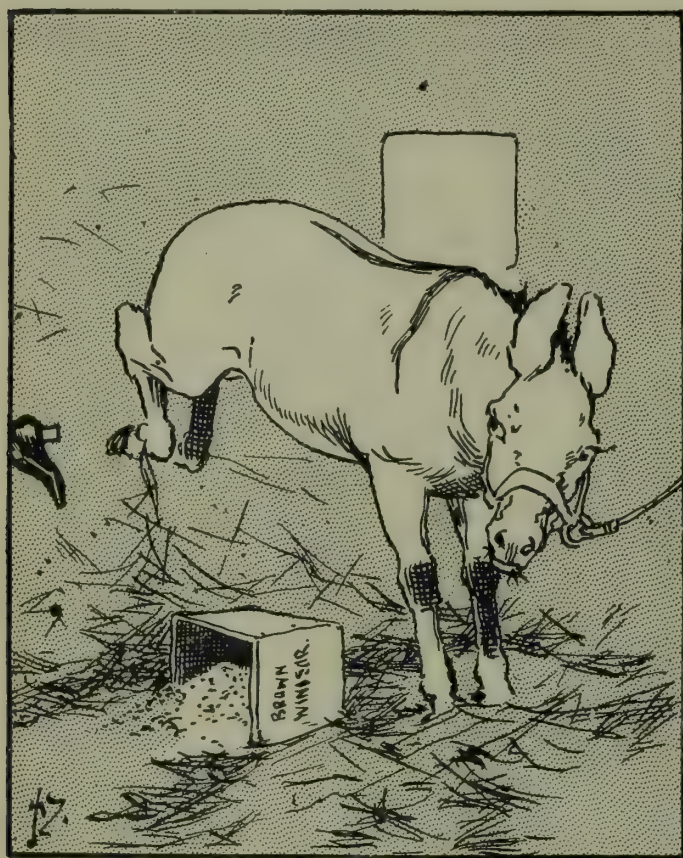
It occurred to me that he was very flippant in the face of so serious a catastrophe, but I thought it better not to rebuke him until dear Nancy was safely brought to land. We tugged and tugged, therefore, with all our strength, and eventually dragged the poor darling ashore.

Then the mystery was explained. One of her shoes was caught in her halter, and it was evident that, in trying to brush away a fly or scratch herself with her foot, she had got caught up, over-



balanced, and tumbled head-first into the pond. At the idea of the picture, Robert laughed very heartily; for myself, as I took good care to tell him, I was too much overcome with the thought of what might have happened to the poor darling to be able to laugh.

As you may imagine, she presented a piteous object. The pond was a muddy one, and poor Nancy was covered with mud from the tip of her mane to the end of her tail. Despite her condition, how-



FRISKY NANCY.

ever, I kissed her affectionately, and assured her that, although heartless people might laugh, I, for one, was delighted to welcome her back from the gates of death.

In kissing her, I noticed that the sweet animal shivered.

"Robert," I exclaimed, "she's shivering!"

"Good Gad," said Robert.

"What shall we do," I continued, "to prevent her from catching cold?"

"Better put her to bed and give her some hot grog," suggested Robert.

I took him more or less at his word "We'll give her some hot grog," I said; "but instead of putting her to bed, we'll let her stand in front of the kitchen fire."

"Don't be mad," Robert expostulated.

"I'm not mad," I explained. "I'm simply human. Why should the poor dear catch cold?"

Without more ado, I led Nancy, all dripping as she was, into the kitchen. Mrs. Stream held up her hands with dismay.

"Good gracious me!" she cried.

"Now Mrs. Stream," I said firmly, "I mean to be mistress in my own house. Nancy is wet and shivering; she has narrowly escaped death by drowning, and I mean to dry her by the kitchen fire."

Mrs. Stream looked round for her bonnet, found it, and put it on.

"Turning the kitchen into a stable!" she muttered; "the very idea!"

"After all," I reminded her, "it's my kitchen."

For answer, she shot out of the door and slammed it after her.

Dear Nancy, in the meantime, was huddled up to the fire and warming herself like a Christian. I took a towel off the door, wiped her down thoroughly, and then called to Robert to bring in the whisky.

Robert entered with the decanter in his hand.

"How do you like it?" he said to Nancy.

"Hot, of course," I answered, "with a little lemon. Lemon is very good for a cold."

There was a boiling kettle on the fire, so we very soon had a nice glass of grog ready. I held it beneath Nancy's nose, but she turned her head away.

"Won't she drink it?" said Robert.

"We must pour it down her throat."

"Can we?" I asked doubtfully.

"Easily," he said. "I'll hold her head up and her mouth open while you pour it down."

He seized Nancy round the neck and



managed to get her jaws apart and pointing towards the ceiling.

"Now," he said, "pour away."

I did as he told me, and emptied the whole contents of the glass down the darling's throat. Then Robert let her go.

"Better get her to the stable," he said; "I made it pretty strong."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Nancy threw up her heels and knocked a soup tureen to atoms. Robert immediately threw himself upon her, but it was too late. She kicked, plunged, snorted, pranced, pirouetted, pawed the air, and, every moment, managed to break some piece of kitchen crockery. To make matters worse, Robert began to roar with laughter, and his merriment made him so weak that Nancy simply capered about the kitchen as she liked.

"Stop her!" I screamed. "She'll break everything in the place!"

"I can't," gasped Robert. "She's as drunk as a lord!"

By way of proving the truth of his words, Nancy turned round twice and then bolted through the dining-room and out at the front door. Luckily the garden gate was shut, or it was probable that we should never have seen her again. As it was, we managed to catch her in the garden and get her into the stable. Here she contented herself with lashing out at the walls once or twice, and then, little by little, she calmed down. Finally she leant up against the wall and sank into a drunken slumber.

I filled her box with corn and put it inside the stable.

"What's that for?" asked Robert.

"Why, in case she feels hungry when she wakes," I said.

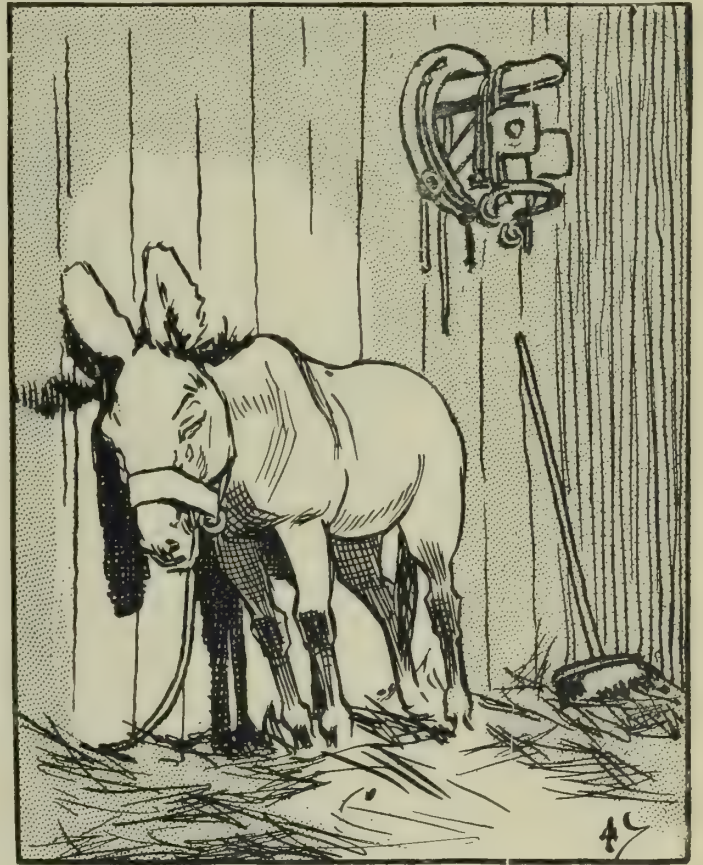
"She's much more likely to feel thirsty," murmured Robert, sympathetically.

[When the time came for the young couple to give up their charming cottage, Miss Everton, the incoming tenant, called to

take over the place. The ensuing conversation occurred.]

After breakfast, Miss Everton, with many apologies, hinted that they would like to run through the inventory with us. Robert, I observed, looked rather guilty at the suggestion. I, therefore, took it upon myself to see the thing through.

"There seems to have been a good deal of breaking," observed Miss Ever-



SANK INTO A DRUNKEN SLUMBER.

ton, realising at a glance the poverty-stricken appearance of the kitchen.

"Yes," I admitted; "but I suppose you know who is responsible for that."

Miss Everton smiled. "I think I can guess," she said.

"However," I continued, "she's such a sweet creature that we could not find it in our hearts to be cross with her."

"There I think you were wrong," said Miss Everton. "You see, if you once let them get out of hand, there's no doing anything with them afterwards."



"But this was quite an exceptional occasion," I defended. "It would never have happened if she had not had too much whisky."

"Whisky!" exclaimed the agitated

"Well, she caught her foot in her collar, lost her balance, and toppled in head-first."

Miss Everton stared at me as though she thought I had quite taken leave of



MRS. STREAM.

little lady. "Where on earth could she have got whisky from?"

"Oh," I explained, "Robert gave it her to prevent her catching cold. She fell in the pond you know."

"Dear, dear! that's most extraordinary! How did she manage that?"

my senses. Then: "Could you explain to me how she managed to get her foot anywhere near the collar?" she asked, timidly.

"I haven't the least idea," I replied, beginning to get a little tired of the subject.



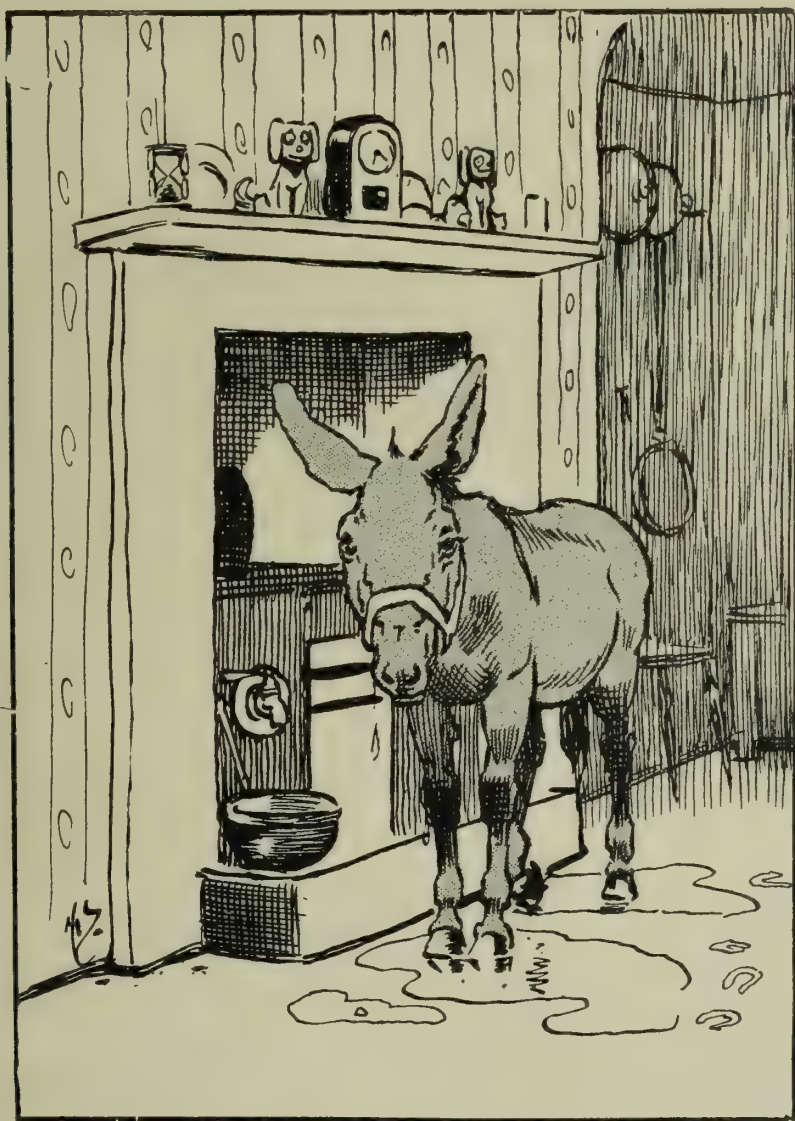
Miss Everton, however, was still turning the matter over in her mind.

"Well," I heard her murmur, "and she used to be such a nice woman, too."

"What's that?" I almost shouted. "Who on earth do you think I've been talking about?"

"Mrs. Stream," said Miss Everton, simply.

At once I saw the reason for her bewilderment. At first, however, I simply chuckled; then, as I remembered some of our absurd questions and answers, I laughed aloud; finally, at the mental picture of Mrs. Stream catching her foot in her collar and toppling into the pond, I sat down and roared.



WARMING HERSELF LIKE A CHRISTIAN.



## A SHORT CUT TO SWIMMING

### THE EASIEST AND MOST NATURAL METHOD OF LEARNING THE ART

By J. P. THOMPSON

**I**N my opinion every physically sound boy and girl should be taught to swim, for a mastery of the art may some day mean the saving of life. In addition, it gives to a human being at least a partial control over an element which otherwise might speedily destroy him.

It will be my purpose to point out a short cut to the desired object. By the method to be referred to one very ordinary boy quickly learned to swim, and since that glorious day he has taught more boys and girls than he can now remember. In all probability, professors of the art and trained exponents of some particular school may be inclined to sneer at my method as bad form and so on, but a fig for the form and any set rules which impede progress during early stages. The novice wants to know how to keep his head above water, and how to put it under with a reasonable assurance that he will be able to promptly bring it forth again when he has to. He wants to be able to venture into water beyond his depth, to cross a small stream, or to frolic at will—and these in the shortest possible time. After he has once learned to keep his head above the surface, to cover moderate distances, and to feel at home in his new element, he still has the privilege of copying some expert's style and of learning fancy strokes.

Men and monkeys are, I believe, the animals which do not naturally swim. But a child in the water for the first time usually attempts a sort of beating movement with hands and feet, as though it had the trace of a lost instinct which ages ago taught the small human how to keep afloat. Be that as it may, the

great majority of children fear the water as their elders fear the plague. A great deal of this is due to the folly of parents who, in misguided anxiety, eternally warn their offspring against all sorts of real and imagined perils of the deep.

The sole reason why the young pupil cannot walk into the water and at once swim is simply because, owing to novelty of the surroundings, excitement of the enterprise, and awkwardness of untried muscles, instructions are not correctly followed. The instant the proper motions are performed, that instant the pupil is swimming. It cannot be otherwise.

Beginners, as a rule, make too much work of the task. Instead of requiring any strong effort, the keeping of oneself afloat is the easiest of undertakings—provided the effort be intelligently made. If the propelling stroke be no stronger than the recovery, or getting the arms into position for a second stroke, the body will move forward so slightly that the actual progress will not be worth the effort. Because of this tendency among beginners to actually destroy the effect of the effort to get forward, I never encourage the use of the breast stroke during the earlier lessons. When the pupil can keep his head above water, go forward at will, turn to either side, and feel fairly at ease beyond his depth, it is quite time enough for serious attempt at scientific movements.

The easiest, most natural, and by far the readiest acquired of all swimming movements is what is commonly known as "dog fashion," in which the hands and feet beat alternately in an almost directly downward stroke.

The water should be some pond or stream where there can be no waves



or current to interfere with or endanger the beginner. If the bottom be smooth sand so much the better—in any event it should be free from sudden inequalities and from anything calculated to hurt the feet. Now let the pupil slowly wade in until the water is about waist deep. It is important that he should thoroughly accustom himself to the feel of the water. Let him take all the time he desires—until the little half gasps and kindred signs of nervousness have disappeared.

Next have him lower his body by bending forward until his hands rest upon the bottom, and support his weight while the legs are loosely extended. As he half floats the water will just cover his shoulders, and he should have plenty of time to become accustomed to the novel horizontal position. So soon as he feels at home he will kick out and move his hands along the bottom shoreward, and I believe in allowing him plenty of this sort of fun. It does no harm that he enjoys himself, for he will the more readily go in the second time. If the first lesson extends no further than this, it is well enough. Get him out of the water a bit sooner than he would come from choice. This will leave him the keener for a second attempt.

Not much progress do you say? Don't be too sure about that. He has learned more than you fancy. His dread of water has been greatly lessened, he has had a novel and delightful experience, and he has learned what it feels like to be in water up to his ears. He has not been scared, bullied, or deceived in any way, and the odds are that he has acquired that all important confidence in his teacher which is invaluable.

For the second lesson the teacher should have a canvas or leather strap long enough to buckle loosely around the pupil's inflated chest and afford sufficient room for a secure handhold. Once get him to believe that when supported by the strap he is safe and the great difficulty is mastered. Let him play

as during the first attempt for a while; then put the strap about his chest and have him stretch out with his hands on the bottom as when by himself. Allow him plenty of time. An injudicious word or movement may cause him to suspect possible peril where none exists. Nearly every pupil, naturally, is more or less afraid, although many attempt to conceal the fact.

So soon as the pupil is ready and fearless in floating on the strap, have him go steadily through the slow, well-timed "dog fashion" movements of hands and feet. Naturally the legs will play too strongly at first, their tendency being to elevate the feet and depress the head. The feel of the strap will at once tell when the proper balance of power is found, and that instant the pupil begins to swim. Keep him at that motion and presently he will begin to slowly forge ahead. Wade with him until he has travelled a few yards, and the one great difficulty is overcome—he has actually swam and he knows it. After this a few more lessons on the strap to ensure added confidence, a few proving trials without any support, but with the teacher's hand within sure distance—then for deeper water and fun galore.

Thus far we have dealt with the bright, fearless pupil, the sort that will learn in one, two, or, at most, three days. It is different with the others. With these the teacher must use discretion. They must be studied, and a remedy found for each whimsical peculiarity or special form of awkwardness where such exists. Coaxing may serve for one, a little good-natured banter for a second, an affected seriousness or sternness for a third. What is regularly but expressively termed "a jolly," quite frequently is rare good medicine.

The first requisite in learning to dive is to learn how to fill the lungs and hold the breath. An extremely useful form of practice is as follows: empty the lungs; then close the mouth, and steadily inhale through the nostrils until the



lungs are filled. Hold the air for a few seconds—as long as can be comfortably done—then forcibly expel it through the mouth. Repeat this fifteen times and take the exercise morning and evening for a week. After that extend the number of fillings and expulsions to twenty-five or thirty for a single exercise, and continue for three weeks. Those who may doubt the benefit of such a course have only to try it to be convinced of its excellence. If they will have their chests accurately measured before the first exercise and remeasured a month later, they will be agreeably surprised. Distance runners and singers may also profit by this simple method.

The length of time one can remain under water principally depends upon the individual. An ordinary pair of lungs, when properly trained, are easily good for one minute; others can stand twice that time, while a few can do a trifle more. This is, of course, when no exertion is attempted—the greater the exertion the sooner is the air exhausted. Constant practice at holding the breath frequently will accomplish wonders. One can time himself in a big bathtub or by immersing mouth and nostrils in a convenient basin. Young readers should exercise proper caution and avoid the danger of overdoing.

Practice opening the eyes when under

water, for with favourable conditions there is much to be seen and enjoyed in the queer, ghostly light below. The ability to see when below the surface may some time prove of priceless value. It is one of the attributes of swimming and it may be readily mastered. But do not open the eyes until well below. The closed lid is an ample protection when one is plunging from any height, and it should remain closed until the first swift downward rush is ended.

Floating comes easy to plump, high-chested folk, while it is very difficult for some of the lean, small chested type. The easiest position is upon the back, with the arms fully extended beyond the head, and the legs straight. To do it, fill the lungs, and sink slowly backward while holding the breath; extend arms and legs and in a few seconds the face will rise above the surface. It then becomes the question of the proper balance. Once this has been secured, a person may float for an hour or longer without trouble. A little caution is necessary about breathing. *Never* suddenly empty the lungs. Some people, when the lungs are empty, will sink with an amazing celerity, and only a master of swimming can force himself to the surface should he by any mischance be caught when his lungs contain very little air.

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## RENAISSANCE

By T. D. ROBB

LACKING life for lack of song,  
Meanly crept the days along;  
Losing song for loss of heart  
To live the life that flowers in Art,  
So, till this bright hour with thee,  
Feared I it might ever be.



## GOSSIP

By AUBREY NEWTON

**M**ISS KNOWALL (*who has been taken to dinner by a literary lion—to herself*): He's a very handsome and romantic and dreamy-looking, but he isn't easy to converse with. Wish I knew something more about his book than the mere title. Well, I'll plunge. (*Aloud*)—I suppose every dinner party, every social gathering, is an opportunity for you for making studies?

*Literary Lion*: Well, of course, one has to keep one's eyes open for new combinations.

*Miss Knowall*: Now *do* tell me if you make your notes at the time! And do you write them on your cuffs, or where? I knew a man who always had his happiest inspirations at the most awkward moments, and if he didn't jot them down at once they were lost. The best idea of his pantomime libretto came to him at a funeral, and he had to take a long journey to recover the prayer-book where he had noted it. Cuffs are safer; don't you think so?

*Literary Lion*: I never forget a point that bears on my subject. You were quite right, Miss Knowall, in fighting shy of the "Julienne"; it was very so-so.

*Miss Knowall*: I am quite longing for a glimpse of "Fate Cannot Harm Me!" I hear nothing but praise of it everywhere.

*Literary Lion*: I was afraid it would generally be considered tedious. The subject is rarely taken seriously enough.

*Miss Knowall* (*rapturously*): Oh no, indeed! Not tedious.

*Literary Lion*: I make no arrogant pretensions, but I hoped the book might strike the public as a careful and conscientious piece of work. I have tried to avoid the looseness of expression which was once a common reproach.

*Miss Knowall*: Alas! I have not seen it yet. The books one wants at Mudie's are always out, you know. Really I think the recording angel ought to pardon a little language at Mudie's, don't you?

*Literary Lion*: And have they got "Fate Cannot Harm Me" at Mudie's? You surprise me!

*Miss Knowall* (*to herself*): Good gracious, I wonder if it's very improper! (*Aloud*)—Well, I didn't *see* it, you know.

*Recent Graduate*: Beastly cheek of Girton and Newnham to want our degrees. I don't mind telling you that it is quite on the cards that we may turn them out neck and crop. I am sure you must agree with me about it.

*Uncompromising Young Lady*: Fully. Why should we women wish to put upon ourselves the trammels which have cramped men's intellects for centuries. The future is for woman, and why should she try to content herself with old pedantic husks on which man has starved himself? I mourn over every girl who goes to Newnham or Girton.

*Recent Graduate*: Oh, come! I say, you know! They have an awfully good time—only when it comes to the degree, you know, why hang it——

*Uncompromising One*: I should have thought the exhibitions of a couple of months ago would have convinced the world.

*Recent Graduate* (*falling back on the incontrovertible*): Oh, come, you know, the guy on the bicycle was genuine sport. No one can deny that was sport.

(*The Uncompromising One turns her shoulder to him and addresses her other neighbour, a deaf old gentleman, apropos of the South Africa Committee.*)

*Deaf Old Gentleman* (*quite audibly to the host*): You may be perfectly right,



## THE IDLER

but I never touch champagne myself, unless I am sure of the brand.

*Recent Graduate (to stout comfortable lady beside him)*: There's something unfeminine, to my thinking, in the idea of a woman in cap and gown.

*Stout Lady*: Oh, Mr. Pollman, how very amusing you are! That's your satirical way of saying we care for nothing but dress. But really, you know (*confidentially*), after fifty a woman looks better in a cap.

*Literary Lion*: No, I haven't read either of those books. Wanting in serious moral purpose? Well, I daresay (*indulgently as an author against whom this complaint will never be made*)—I daresay. (*Earnestly*)—Do let me recall the waiter, that you may try that aspice—it is well worth your while?

*Miss Knowall (in a pained voice)*: You think me too frivolous, I see, for a serious study.

*Literary Lion (returning to the chief point of interest)*: And they really have my book at Mudie's?

*Miss Knowall*: Well, I'm not quite sure. But it is rather an honour to be boycotted by Mudie and Smith, isn't it?

*Literary Lion*: You could hardly call it a boycott. You see, it's not quite in their line.

*Miss Knowall*: You do not write for the man in the street, you mean? Do tell me if any of it is poetry? For the aspirations that are above the common things of life, one *needs* poetry.

*Literary Lion (as if repelling an unwarrantable suspicion)*: Poetry! bless me, no. There's not a line of poetry in the book—except the quotation you know that gives the title which is printed on the first page: "Fate Cannot Harm Me, I have Dined To-day." But since you take so much interest in the subject, Miss Knowall, I'll send you a copy. I hope it will soon rank as the standard English cookery book.

*Miss Knowall (who notices with pleasure that her hostess is rising)*: (*faintly*)—Oh—thank you.

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## THE FREEMAN OF THE HILLS

By HAMLIN GARLAND

I HAVE no master but the wind,  
My only liege the sun;  
All bonds and ties I leave behind,  
Free as the wolf I run.  
My master wind is passionless,  
He neither chides nor charms;  
He fans me or he freezes me,  
And helps are quick as harms.

He never turns to injure me,  
And when his voice is high,  
I crouch behind a rock and see  
His storm of snow go by.  
He, too, is subject of the sun,  
As all things earthly are;  
Where'er he flies, where'er I run,  
We know our kingly star.



# THE IDLERS' CLUB

By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

One of the most curious and common fallacies of modern times is the importance of editors. Now let us consider, what is an editor? Wherein lies his power, his charm, his purpose, and his right to exist? We know it is commonly supposed by editors that they have the power to confer distinction upon authors; but let us approach this question scientifically, and see if this indeed be so. If an author send a stupid article to the *Nineteenth Century*, the fact that the *Nineteenth Century* will probably print it does not make that author a distinguished author, however well known the name by which his (or her) article be signed; and so there is no particular distinction in having an article printed in the *Nineteenth Century* unless the article be a clever one. But if an author's work be clever, it is the author who confers distinction on the editor who prints his work, first, by making that editor's paper sought after; secondly, because in publishing clever work the editor is able to prove his foresight and literary judgment; for if an editor had no clever work to recognise, how could an editor display his appreciative discernment? Therefore, it is plain, gratitude is due from editors to authors, which gratitude, oh! editors, it is to be hoped you will henceforward show rather more visibly than you have hitherto done unto the humble and modest writers of brilliance in your papers. Any editors who continue to assume proud airs on the strength of their "discoveries" have no excuse for their mistake now this new view of the case has been presented to them so respectfully and yet so lucidly. Columbus, it is true, glowed with pride on discovering America, but then he had taken a good deal of trouble to find it,

and surmounted numerous vicissitudes; also, there is only one America and there are many authors; also, America is a more useful discovery than an author. But editors have no reason at all; so, while they may glow with delight in a fellow-creature's success, be glad that they have been able to help to its acknowledgment, and be gladdest of all if the sales of their papers increase, they must be satisfied with their banking accounts and the consciousness of duty adequately performed. An editor deserves no praise or admiration for introducing an author to the public; he is simply fulfilling the plain duties of his position; it is his appointed task in life; it is what an editor exists to do, his *raison d'être*. Oh! editors, you are the *entrepreneurs* of literature. And if there be some of you who confuse yourselves with gods, your rooms with shrines, your tables with altars, and your staff with priests, remember that if "*Ich dien*" be a good enough motto for a king, it is a good enough motto for an editor.

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It is wrong, however, as well as unwise, for young *Advice to* and unknown authors to *Authors.* adopt a patronising tone unto their editors, for, after all, an editor is the host at the feast of literature at which the author desires to be one of the principal guests. If you wish to have a good place given to you, and your company constantly invited, it is wise to make a good impression on your host, and you do not do this by telling him how much more important and clever you are than he is; so, young authors, keep your thoughts to yourselves and your family circles. Besides which, it is decent to show a display of gratitude to your host for enabling you to meet a charming society whose acquaintance



you had otherwise no means of making. Though if occasionally young authors become so lost in admiration of their own wit as to forget the deference which is due from a guest to a host, and, indeed, imagine they are hosts in themselves, an editor must remember that a host cannot complain of people enjoying themselves at his expense. It is his mission to see that people get on; and his reward should lie in the promotion of their happiness rather than in their thanks: But however successful he be as a good company promoter, a host can never display pride. The host who brags of the distinguished company he keeps, or puffs his chest out because he has a duchess in his circle, is a pitiful sight, and one unfortunately that is found more often in the realm of ladies than in the realm of the gentlemen of literature. For the power of an editor is not an independent position like the power of strength or creative intellect; it is a power proportionate to and dependent on the weakness of those around him, and paradoxically it is the weakest and most helpless authors who give the editor the greatest importance, an importance which often enough he uses to wound their dignity. Yet cruel indeed the soul who can be unsympathetic with the poor frightened children who are making their first steps in a strange world, a world of dreams and illusions, a world where all the grown-ups seem so remote and wonderful, the men and women who have won through to mature estate and made names for themselves in literature. But while the grown-ups have the privilege of dispensing sympathy and kind advice to their youthful kin who view them so ignorantly, and occasionally reverently, yet the fate of an unknown author lies in the hands of his editors, as the fate of a child lies in the hands of his nurse. So it seems to us, upon the royal road to fame, editors are like nursemaids, and their journals the perambulators in which they push the young.

Nursemaids! - What a *Nursemaids* charming simile. Let us *in* pursue it. And, first, let *Literature.* us say that we would not, by any means, encourage bantlings to rise up in their perambulators and cheek their nurses, for they will probably get smacked and set down if they do, if not ignominiously conveyed back to the privacy of their homes. It would be a foolish nurse indeed who allowed a bantling to dispute authority; also unlimited freedom would have a bad effect on the bantling, for orders are the leading strings in which the babe is guided. Still, for the nursemaid's own benefit, let us murmur that it is the nurse who is kind as well as firm, who keeps authority the longest; and the bantling of the unkind nurse, whose voice is harsh and dictatorial, and who takes every opportunity of giving the bantling a pat, will escape its nurse directly it can stand alone. But the kind nursemaid's charges will return to their considerate caretaker when they have grown to mature estate and can be useful to the nurse. And though again we beg to impress upon editors we have no wish to sow the seeds of anarchy, and that no one sees better than ourselves the need for discipline, yet let us in all respect and humility tender the question: What use is a nurse without a nursling? Also, as the nurse of a king's heir is of higher status than the nurse of a fishmonger's offspring, doth not the status of the nurse depend upon the status of the nursling? And doth not, therefore, the importance and literary status of an editor depend in like manner on the importance and literary status of his contributors? Ponder my remarks well over, editors, when in the pride of your hearts, you loll back in your armchairs puffing cigars and patronising your contributors, and remember that you are dependent on those contributors for your proud position, even as they are dependent on you for their humble ones. For if they left you, could you issue a saleable



or even readable paper composed only of your utterances? No! Then be humble, and let us not see so much editorial airs.

—————  
 Having reformed editors (we hope), we must now proceed to a much more difficult task, and that is the enlightenment of the serious young, for the pomp of editors is trivial compared to the pomp of youth. Oh, heavens! the seriousness of youth! How conscientiously it drapes the mantle of solid learning round youth's natural garment of enthusiasm! How carefully it sets a crown of culture on its brow, glittering with jewels, but of such prodigious weight! How uprightly it holds the staff of moral purpose, and how difficult it finds it to keep upright! Then it studiously arranges a veil of refinement over youth's high spirits, binds the veil with a chain of decorum, and there stands youth—muffled, fettered, self-enchained, yet flaunting its bonds. Oh, serious young women who are sallying forth to set the world to rights! Oh, practical young men with your severe young theories! Oh, disdainful pessimists of either sex! We have one thing in common, you and I, and that is impudence. For impudence is but courage without perception, and it is that courage which makes you pit man's right to knowledge against man's right to happiness. You blessed young people, tramping off to your ethical societies, your mental improvement clubs, your university extension lectures! You turn up your lofty young noses at boys and girls who have no object in life but to enjoy it. They have fun and you have missions. You are seeking wisdom, culture, prosperity, morality, or fame, and they are only seeking happiness. Heavens! what a selfish aim, you say, frankly, unblushingly, to seek happiness! But, my dear, serious young people, are not your aims selfish too? Why are you seeking to improve your

minds? Do you study Latin for the purpose of brightening your home circle by Latin remarks? Do you save up to purchase a complete edition of Browning for the edification of your parents? Or, if you contracted a habit of reciting Browning, do you repeat his poems because you think it gives pleasure to your friends to hear you? There are none so blind as those who do not wish to see, but even you cannot be as blind as that. Go to, superior young person! You are as selfish as the unfortunate young person known as "ourselves." Indeed, your selfishness is in direct proportion to your superiority of culture and refinement, for there is nothing so depressing as contact with conscious superiority, and the more limited the circle that derives enjoyment from your company, the less use you are in the scheme of social life. Let these words recur to you, brilliant girl graduates and intelligent young men, when you are next engaged in snubbing your parents and their Philistine friends, and yearning for intellectual sympathy and companionship. If you find happiness in the society of friends who love the things that you do—art, science, music, literature, and all the other pastimes of the mind—why, by all means take it. But take no credit to yourself for doing so, for you should adopt an apologetic rather than a superior tone to the rest of the world, if you cannot appreciate it. That you are not interested in the common run of men is because your sympathies are imperfect, your outlook narrow, and your understanding limited. You learn from written books, but the feather-brained people you sneer at (ourselves and others) are learning from life at first hand. The gossip who has all the private history of her suburb at her fingers' ends has deduced a philosophy therefrom as shrewd as yours, who have a portion of the philosophy of the ancients in your head. Your own despised parents, who have reared and supported a family, have as practical a



knowledge of the problem of existence as you, who have studied (and imagined you understood), Hegel. More, the mind of the young person who is learning the comprehension and management of men and women by means of unlimited acquaintances, and doubtless unlimited mistakes, is becoming as widened as the mind of a senior wrangler, for the knowledge that is learnt from books is not always power. So climb down, serious young people!

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It is strange that while

*The Responsibility of Happiness.* happiness comes usually with irresponsibility, happiness is the most responsible of all possessions. Happiness is something that everybody wants; and you are most certain of keeping it when you give it to others: for happiness is the most infectious of all the blessings that flesh is heir to. One has no more volition in giving it to people than in giving them the measles. You have the measles; you meet a friend; you spend an hour in conversation with him; you go your way, still with the measles; he goes his way, also with the measles. The process has been entirely an unconscious one on his part also (we hope) on yours. You have lost nothing, but he has gained something in spite of himself; and so it is with happiness! We all prefer to lunch with a cheerful guest, who shows pleasure in our society and appreciation of his food than a morose and pessimistic guest, who derives no enjoyment from our society, and sees indigestion in every dish. Therefore, let us murmur it is wise to enjoy ourselves if we wish to be sought after and welcome. But as we cannot dispense happiness unless we possess it—and it is our admitted duty to make our fellow creatures happy—so it is our duty to pursue happiness. The curious thing about happiness, however, is that there is no set way in which to seek it. Natural instinct is the only guide, and everyone's instincts will lead

them in an opposite direction; thus there is room for all, though some ways lead through Browning societies, others through merchant's offices, others through restaurants and punts; each way must start from the person himself. For happiness is dependent on the attitude of mind and in no way upon circumstances; thus a dinner at the Savoy is a source of happiness to some, to others a source of indigestion, to others a source of *ennui*; and while a feast at Lockhart's is a source of nausea to the epicure, it is a source of nourishment to many and a source of rapture to the starving. There is no circumstance in life that cannot be viewed in a happy aspect, even marriage. If a man has saddled himself with a wife he can look upon her with the pride of property, rather than the teasing of restraint; while a wife can always comfort herself by reflecting that if she has lost her independence she has won a husband, and the intrinsic value of a prize should not affect the joy of victory. The theatre affords far more amusement to him who adores it but can go but once a month, than to the dramatic critic who has to go there nightly; so the being whose amusements are limited can reflect he is preserving all his possibilities of enjoyment which unlimited gratification would only dissipate, for happiness is as much a question of contrasts as contentment. We will conclude this peroration by the hedonistic remark that in whatever way you can find happiness you are at perfect liberty to take it; for in the pursuit of happiness there is only one rule to keep, and that is that you do not interfere with the happiness of others, a rule, by-the-bye, which it is absolutely impossible to keep.

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People of limited perception—*i.e.*, pessimists—are apt to look askance on those who make a profession of happiness, on the ground that they are unsympathetic. Let us now speak a few



words of bright, brisk common-sense which may (though here we are most sympathetically pessimistic) penetrate their understanding.

A healer of the sick does not heal by experiencing his patients' complaints; if he shared their complaints he would want assistance himself. So we do not go with our troubles to the friends who are oppressed with troubles of their own unless we are pessimistic\* indeed. If we want sympathy, and expect to get it from people who want all their own for themselves, our hopes will be dashed. Being of limited perception, pessimists entertain the idea that only those who have known sorrow can understand it; but they do not see (being one-eyed) that something more than the comprehension of sorrow is needed for its alleviation. If people have not found the way to conquer their own sorrow, what value is their advice to others?

If we ourselves are miserable, we take our troubles to someone who is strong enough to cheer us, and send us away uplifted and refreshed—not to the weakling whom our troubles will submerge. We do not see where the comfort lies in knowing that your friends are as miserable as yourself, any more than we can see that a sea-sick passenger derives any real solace by the consciousness that his fellow-passengers are enduring like throes to his own. He might have reason to feel annoyed if the healthy passengers were indifferent to his tortures; but if they showed consideration for his indisposition, and did their best to alleviate it, he would be morbid indeed who could desire the company to be laid prostrate round the deck, so that he could know they were feeling wretched also. Besides, they would have no sympathy at all for him in that case, for one cannot be sorry for others while one is being sorry for oneself.

No. As doctors are the professional

healthgivers in life, so happy people are joygivers; and if we wish to regard the subject in an elevated and noble aspect, we may plead that, as it is the duty of healthgivers to keep sound and strong so that they may aid the sick, so it is the duty of joygivers to keep happy for the comforting of those around them. To weaker people (*i.e.*, pessimists), speaking from a common sensible aspect, we may mention that doctors must keep healthy to maintain their positions, and so, if people desire to maintain a firm position in the affections of their friends they must keep happy; but let us not pursue the subject in a common sensible way, or we should lay ourselves open to the charge of calculating, and all the pleas we can make of calculating rightly will not erase so deep a slur.

In

*Propitiation.*

Happiness like virtue is its own reward, and like virtue has its disadvantages. It is a curious thing, but a philosopher who is gloomy is considered (by the stupid) as sound and deep, while a philosopher who is happy is always rather despised, as "trivial" and "shallow." In the most respectful modesty and deference we might suggest to the pessimist that the vessel which comes through a storm unhurt is of sounder build and generally more useful than a miserable wreck, but we do not expect to create any impression by this remark. From the days of our early youth when we frequented a school we have experienced contempt and patronage for our, as we think, valuable gift of happiness. And when we versed ourselves in print in the pages of an amateur magazine, which was sent round from member to member for their criticisms, we realised then in what despite cheerfulness was held. Candid the criticisms and bitter the moments when that magazine returned to us. Fortunately, we grew so hardened that criticism cannot hurt us now; instead, it interests us to compare the criticism of

\* *i.e.*, "selfish": synonymous.



the professional reviewers on whom impudence produces such a joyously irritating effect, with the criticism of our amateur colleagues of bygone days. But we bowed to their comments then as we bow now to that of the Academy whose attitude is fortunately so lofty that it is completely above us, and glides over our head: and it is with a wholly pessimistic hopelessness of propitiation that we proffer this little poem, written in the pages of *The Invincible* of days of yore, by ourselves and the trusty comrade L. L. L. who, with us, waged the futile but never tiring fight against superiority.

SOUL-THROBS.

BY L. L. L. AND DICK TURPIN.

L. L. L. (*moaning*): No more fun for us, Dick Turpin,  
Life is not a senseless jest.  
Don't you know that when you're saddest  
You are nearest to the best,  
When the turgid storm-clouds lower o'er the ocean's  
wild unrest?

It is "vulgar" to be jolly,  
It is "trivial" to be gay;  
Follow in my lead of sorrow—  
That, dear comrade, is the way.

D. T. (*more in anger than in sorrow*): I will do the  
leading, thank you. Let me tune my mournful  
lay.

I, like you, can find the canker  
In the heart of every rose;  
I can see the lack of feeling  
That a comic drawing shows  
That the Line of Beauty dwelleth in a School of-  
Art-y pose.

True, 'tis hard in summer sunshine,  
Very gloomy things to find.

L. L. L. : Even this will come quite easy  
If you'll only bear in mind  
After summer comes the autumn, with the sadly-  
soughing wind.

No, my comrade, our ideal  
Has been kindly pointed out.  
If we can but make them gloomy,  
None our "quantities" will flout;  
They will call our souls "untrammelled" if our  
sentiment's devout.

(*L. L. L. and D. T. ensemble.*)

If we say the sea is smiling, it is only for beguiling,  
We shall touch upon the corpses that lie buried  
underneath.

Not for love or not for money would we say the sky  
is sunny;

No, our skies are always frowning and a-gnashing  
of their teeth.

Gloom prevailing, sorrow rife,  
This is now our view of LIFE !!!

Hollow, haunting, hopeless soul-throbs  
Storm and tremble through the gloom.

Get ye gone, oh, dreams delusive,  
Rapture riseth from the tomb.

Cruel, crawling Mother Ocean,

Sunless present, overcast!

Tear me, tearful, from the turmoil,  
Cankered comrade, peace is past.



# HUMORISTS

## AND "THE IDLER"

**I**N this number of *THE IDLER* is begun a serial story entitled "The Golden Fleece," which I think every reader will find of absorbing interest. It relates the wonderful adventures of an English earl who goes to America to pick up a needed fortune, unhappily encumbered with a girl. However, like so many of us who belong to the upper classes, he is quite willing to marry the girl provided she has enough money, which shows him a brave man, and therefore should enlist our sympathy at the very beginning. The writer is

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

Jason was born some time previous to the year one, and is therefore of recent enough origin to be mentioned in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, so I am now enabled to write about him and perhaps win a prize of £3,000, instead of having to consult "*Wisdom on the Hire System*" at 6d. net.

Jason was a Greek, and was the ancestor of J. P. Morgan. He combined the White Star Line of Athens (trading between that town and the top of Mount Olympus) with the other shipping interests, and he named this navigation trust "*The Argonauts Limited*," registered under the Companies' Act of that day. Then Jason started in for the Golden Fleece, just as Morgan is doing to-day.

Mr. Phrixus, now, alas, no longer with us, had shorn the ram, whose fleece was of gold—spun gold, I imagine—and had hung it up to dry in the grove of Mars. Then he went away and forgot it. The late Phrixus was the originator of the Stock Exchange, and as that breed of sheep is not yet extinct, the investing lambs are shorn every day in London during office hours. For the information of those who have not seen the latest papers, I may add that Jason got the fleece after much trouble, but if you wish the particulars you must get a copy of "*Wisdom while you Wait*."



## “THE GOLDEN FLEECE”

is a very striking story of to-day, and when it comes out in book form it ought to place David Graham Phillips very close to the top in the rank of modern novelists. The character drawing is superb, and if the rich girl of America resembles the portraits here drawn of her, we ought to put a heavy export duty on our unfortunate earls if we are to save them. The story throughout is enlivened by a delicious humour which alone should make the fortune of the serial. For some years Mr. Phillips was a journalist in Fleet Street, in which aristocratic thoroughfare he doubtless met the impoverished earl he describes so capitally. His books have proved so successful that he has now given up newspaper work, and “The Golden Fleece” is his latest production.

## GILBERT CHESTERTON.

Mr. Chesterton has risen so rapidly into deserved fame as a satirist and humorist that he needs no introduction from me. Physically, he is a tremendous man, and he makes even the most courageous editor thankful that he is of evidently peaceful disposition. Harold Frederic, who was nearly as big, told me once that when he put on a rough ulster that reached to his heels, drew a sinister fur cap down over his brows, and took his thick blackthorn stick in his hand, he could sell a short story at once to any editor in London. Without these terrifying accessories Gilbert Chesterton sold me six stories that were not yet written. This is a risk that I do not often take. I buy no pigs in no pokes. With some difficulty I lured Mr. Chesterton into my den that we might talk casually about his future work. There he outlined for me a set of stories so original and so startling, that I knew instantly no writer living could make good the promise of the prospectus. Yet I was wrong. I have just read the first story, and it more than “makes good.” It dropped in upon me during the most perplexing and anxious day of the



year, but before I had read one page of the thirty which contains the story in typewriting, I had forgotten all my troubles and was living in a delightful topsy-turvy land roaring with joy. When I reached the end of the thirty typed pages, I realised that I held in my hand the most unique piece of real and original literature that had been written since "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." What must have been the exultation of the man (name unknown to me) when it dawned on him that he had hit upon the gold reef in the Transvaal? Was his exultation mitigated by fear that he had struck a pocket instead of a range of gold miles long? Such, I confess, is my own apprehension. It seems incredible that Chesterton can write another story that will equal

### "THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF MAJOR BROWN,"

not to mention five others. Robert Louis Stephenson was never able to produce the fellow to "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Can the new Robert Louis produce half-a-dozen Major Browns? I don't know, but perhaps I may be in a position to inform you in the next number of *THE IDLER*.

When Mr. Chesterton took his departure from my room, I saw on the table a broad black note-book which I suspected belonged to him. I sprang to the balcony outside my window. Chesterton, with bowed head, was plowing his way up the middle of the street, utterly regardless of the traffic. I shouted after him and waved the black book. Cabmen took up the cry, but the absorbed man paid no attention to the cabmen, and refused to play Romeo to my Juliet. When he disappeared, I returned to my room and looked for his address in the book. It was not there, but the pages were filled with the most spirited pencil drawings I had ever seen. Thus I learned that Chesterton was artist as well as author. We are all Oliver Twists, and want more than is given us. I at once demanded



that Chesterton should illustrate his own stories, and he has consented. So our modern Thackeray will be represented on the pages of this magazine by both pen and pencil. Those who examine the two pictures in this number representing Chesterton as he is, and Chesterton as he would like to be, may form some idea of the humour that is in store for them. The general title of Chesterton's series of stories is

“THE CLUB OF QUEER TRADES,”

and it will begin in an early issue of THE IDLER.

As this magazine is going to “present” (as Mr. Frohman would say) the greatest English humorist, it is only fair that it should present the greatest Scottish humorist as well. Scotland has ever been the home of true humour, and no country has a keener appreciation of true humour, in spite of the phrase about the surgical operation. I wish to give all sections of these islands a chance. Just now I am short an Irish humorist, but I am very confident of his early appearance. I am not so sure about Wales, and I know there is no humour on the serious three-legged Island of Man, so I shall not waste time searching for it there. The *Spectator* calls for an Irish Sir Walter Scott. If he should answer the call, I shall be very glad to acquire serial rights. But in the meantime I am very glad to have a Scottish Sir Walter in the person of

JOHN JOY BELL:

Of course, Sir Walter never wrote anything precisely like the “Wee Macgreegor,” but then neither did anybody else, so I don't just know with whom to compare Mr. Bell. I have said what I had to say about him and his work in an article which appears in the oldest and best of American illustrated weekly journals, *Harper's Weekly*, and in another part of this magazine. The well-known firm of Harper Brothers are his publishers in the United States, and Mr. Grant Richards in London. “Wee Macgreegor” seems to have swept over America like a cyclone. The interesting little chap, being inexperienced, forgot to copyright himself, and so he springs at once into the



joy of a boy's life in being captured by the pirates. My New York correspondent states that there are no less than twenty different editions of "Wee Mac." on the market in America, besides the authorised edition which Harpers publish. The little fellow must be having an extraordinarily lively time over there.

THE IDLER will contain six episodes in the life of

### "WEE MACGREEGOR"

himself. Bang will go saxpence, for every Scotsman must now take THE IDLER.

I read a book the other day entitled "An April Princess," and the moment I had finished the volume, I whistled unto myself a hansom, and drove to the residence of the author. Hansom is that hansom does, and because I got there so quickly I succeeded in obtaining eight charming and dainty stories. I would have missed them if I had taken a bus, for the editor of the *Quarterly Review* arrived just too late on the blue Atlas. A penny saved is not always a penny gained.

### MISS CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

has written eight very unique stories, which are as light and airy as choice bits of literary lace. Only once before has such confectionery appeared in THE IDLER, and that was ten or more years ago when I went to a legally furnished room in the Temple overlooking Tom Pinch's fountain and persuaded Anthony Hope to write a dozen stories for this magazine. They proved to be as sparkling and effervescent as the spray of the fountain outside, and perhaps the laughing water, dancing in the sunshine, sent some of its freshness through the open window to the writer's pen. Anthony Hope was practically an unknown man when the series began in this magazine, and he was one of the celebrities of earth when it had finished. Yet these twelve sketches were not what made him famous. In the interval he had released from his mind the "Prisoner of Zenda," and that grateful captive released Anthony Hope from his legal cell. One good turn deserves another. "Abandon Hope all ye who enter here" was not longer to be written over the door of



his Temple room. From that moment to this the world of editors has been pursuing him.

Superficial critics will perhaps see in

### “THE DIVERSIONS OF A PRINCESS”

some similarity to the lighter work of Anthony Hope, but the supposed similarity will prove more fancied than real. Miss Smedley's delightful stories are all her own (and mine by purchase); no one else could have written them.

In conversing with Miss Smedley I was somewhat shocked and suprised to learn that she imagined she could write “THE IDLERS' Club” better than I was doing it. I at once handed it over to her for three months. I am always willing to get out of a bus to oblige a lady. Thus I am now reduced, as you see, to the writing of advertisements. The literary life has its ups and downs.

It is stated in a recent book that Charles Dickens, when he was an editor, read 794 manuscripts and found only two that were worth consideration, and these two he had to rewrite before they were fit to print. This example is somewhat discouraging. I have either better luck, or people are writing more effectively than in those days, or I am not so particular as Dickens was, for the percentage of interesting composition seems higher now than the above figures would indicate. I am saying nothing about several unknown people who will, I think, come to the front. I don't want to mention any prospective geniuses on these pages until I am sure of them, and I must see more of the work of these unknowns before I venture to proclaim them.

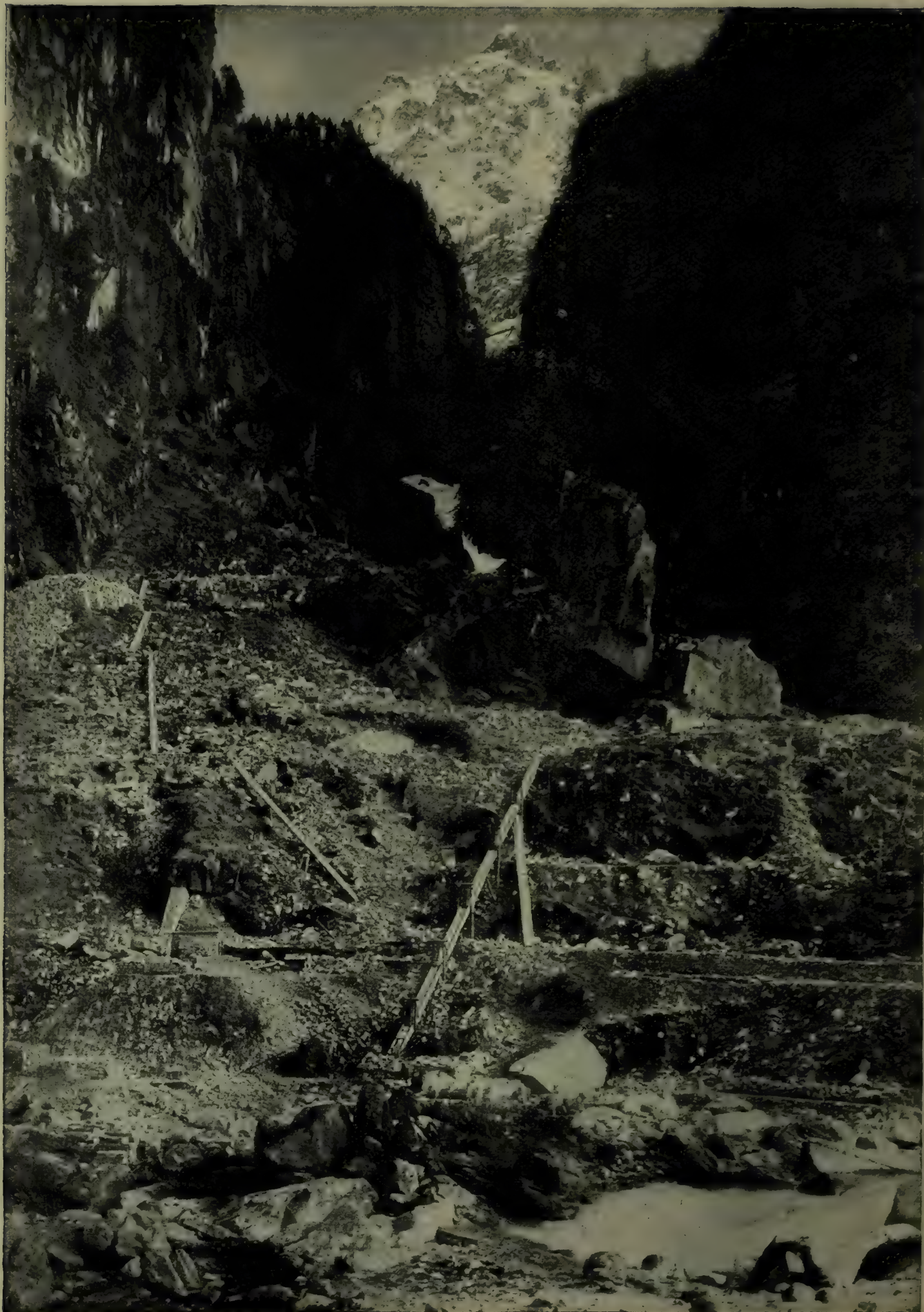
In fact, THE IDLER threatens to become so attractive, that I fear I shall be compelled to subscribe for it myself.

THE EDITOR.









ISELLE, ITALY. THE QUARRY IN THE VALLEY OF ROVALE. THE MOUNTAIN STREAM OF DIVERIA IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH THE IIZZO ROVALE, OVER EIGHT THOUSAND FEET HIGH, RISING IN THE DISTANCE.





SIMPLON—THE VILLAGE.

## THE BIGGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD— THE SIMPLON

A NEW WAY INTO SOUTHERN EUROPE ; BORING BY RAIL THROUGH  
TWELVE AND A HALF MILES OF MOUNTAIN ROCK

By EUGENE P. LYLE, JUNR.

THE ancients believed that if they sailed over the seas far enough they would tumble off. By the same reasoning, if they bored into the earth deep enough they would come upon the devil. So they did not dig railway tunnels in those days. The same superstitious fear will even grapple hold of a modern, if, for instance, he is on a construction train and goes bumping along minute after minute into the awful subterranean night of the Simplon. He feels himself drawn the more out of

the world because the more into it. He cannot see anything, for all is black and terrible. His soul is an atom lost in the infinity of unlit space. Clammy drippings touch his flesh, and only then does he know that he is still incarnate. He speeds on and on into the dreadful nowhere, and, in a quiver of panic almost, he realises that terror of the supernatural can be the most natural of man's weaknesses. He shudders involuntarily, for must they not plunge into some lurid depth of the inferno ! Else,





PANORAMA OF THE SIMPLON PASS, SHOWING

where can they go? He strains his eyes against the darkness and hopes for the quick glad burst into the valleys where the sun shines. But the Simplon, this longest of all the tunnels in the world, has no outlet as yet. So the train stops at last, and he is left there under the mountain.

Now, as to why the Simplon should be dug at all, the situation is this: Like certain armies of the past, there are some railway trains which just must get into Italy; and then, with the logic of a Hannibal, they must get out again. Take the trains of the Jura-Simplon system for example. They leave Lake Geneva behind, and go rolling steadily up the valley of the Rhône, finding their way among the mountains as best they can. But the mountains come closer and closer, and at last hem in the path alto-

gether. This happens at Brig, an Alpine village of Cæsaric legends. Only twenty kilometres away (twelve miles and a half) lies Italy. But these are twenty kilometres of a towering, tumbling mass of mountain rock. And yet exactly here is the one point in commercial strategy for the mutual invasion of Northern Europe and the Latin peninsula. How to operate from this point, though, is a harder question. There is, of course, the wild and famous Simplon Pass between Brig and Iselle, which the seventy guardsmen of the Stockalpers used to defend in the old days. Poets have had a great deal to say about this Pass and the ride by stage and sledge from the rugged majesty of Switzerland into the luxuriant peace and beauty of Italy. There, too, the mountains play their tragedies of glacier and avalanche. In 1597 the vil-



## THE BIGGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD—THE SIMPLON



THE ENTIRE SCENE OF THE AVALANCHE.

lage of Simplon was destroyed, and almost again only two years ago last March, when a vast fall of ice crashed from a suspended glacier over the Simplon route and the Krummbach torrent. The sliding mass was five miles long, nearly a mile wide, and twenty-five yards thick—millions of cubic feet of ice, meaning loss inestimable to forests, pasturage, and country. Yes, the Simplon Pass is something grand in all its aspects, and the traveller will lose a scenic treat when the tunnel is built. However, it can be spared, for in Switzerland there is still more scenery than hotels. And, besides, freight and pocket-books have no eyes, and the tunnel will save for both, for it costs less to travel for twenty minutes than for nine hours, and this will be the difference between the tunnel and the Simplon Pass.

For many years now the railroad has stopped short at Brig, while men looked at the twelve and a half miles of mountain and figured how to do away with it. Some wanted to go right on up with the rails. Others would have gone half-way up and then dug. There were several scores of plans, but finally the most costly and most daring, and yet the simplest, was chosen—namely, to go right through. So this last and permanent plan is an evolution from fifty years of surveying, drafting, calculating, correcting. The men who did it are lost in the powerful corporation for which they worked, the Jura-Simplon. In 1891 the plan was submitted to the Swiss Government, and then the Swiss Government talked it over with the Italian Government. Both accepted the proposition, granted concessions, and in





THREE MOUNTED DRILLING MACHINES NEARLY THREE MILES INTO THE MOUNTAIN. THE ENGINEER IN THE FOREGROUND WAS THE WRITER'S GUIDE.



SCENE ON THE SIMPLON PASS AFTER THE AVALANCHE.

1896 ratified a treaty for having the tunnel between them. It was one side of that paradox of nations—to get to one another and to keep one another out. Next came the question of money. The cost of a single-track tunnel with a parallel ventilating tunnel would be seventy million francs (about fourteen million dollars). Sixty millions of this was loaned by a syndicate of Canton banks on  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. bonds guaranteed by the Swiss Confederation. The Confederation also gave a subsidy of four and a half million francs, and Italy granted an annual subsidy of sixty-six thousand liras (£2,500). Swiss parties subscribed 10,500,000 francs more, and Italian parties four million liras.

At once the Jura-Simplon let out the contract for building the tunnel to Brandt, Brandau et Cie., who are known as the *Entreprise du Tunnel du Simplon*. There is a touch of the heroic in this



## THE BIGGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD—THE SIMPLON

agreement. It is a contract to overcome nature and man and fate. Only a war involving Switzerland or Italy, or an epidemic, or a strike not the fault of the *Entreprise*, can affect the time-limit of the bargain. All other unforeseen difficulties and catastrophes whatsoever do not count. The gigantic hole must be delivered five and a half years after commencing. The penalty for delay will be two hundred pounds a day, with a bonus of as much for each day ahead of time. The tunnel is to be 19,730 metres long (twelve and a quarter miles), and there must be a smaller tunnel for ventilation, parallel to the first at a distance of seventeen metres (or eighteen and a half yards). Under a future contract the *Entreprise* will make the second tunnel the same size as the first for a return-track. Work began in November of 1898. It should be finished May 13th, 1904.

To look at the two dirty sordid caves in the rock, dusty and stifling like an agitated coal-bin, the ordinary man would consider two million four hundred thousand pounds an exorbitant price. Quite likely he would not invest. But if he is carried away inside he will be impressed just the same. And if he is of large mind, he will know that his mind is too small to appreciate this colossal undertaking.

Despite the ugly grime, he will recall the beauty of a poem, that one about the "Man and the Mountain." In it the Man, "little creature—bold and vain," gets back at the scornful Mountain right valiantly:



THE VILLAGE OF BRIG. THE ROUND BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE OBSERVATORY; DIRECTLY OVER THIS, IN THE DISTANCE, THE OPENING OF THE MAIN TUNNEL, AND TO THE LEFT OF THE LATTER THE OPENING OF THE TUNNEL OF DIRECTION.

"Great and awful as thou art,  
Thou art but little to my heart.

"Thou'rt but a grain  
In the great ocean of my brain.

"But learn thy place in Nature's plan —  
The slave and minister of Man!"

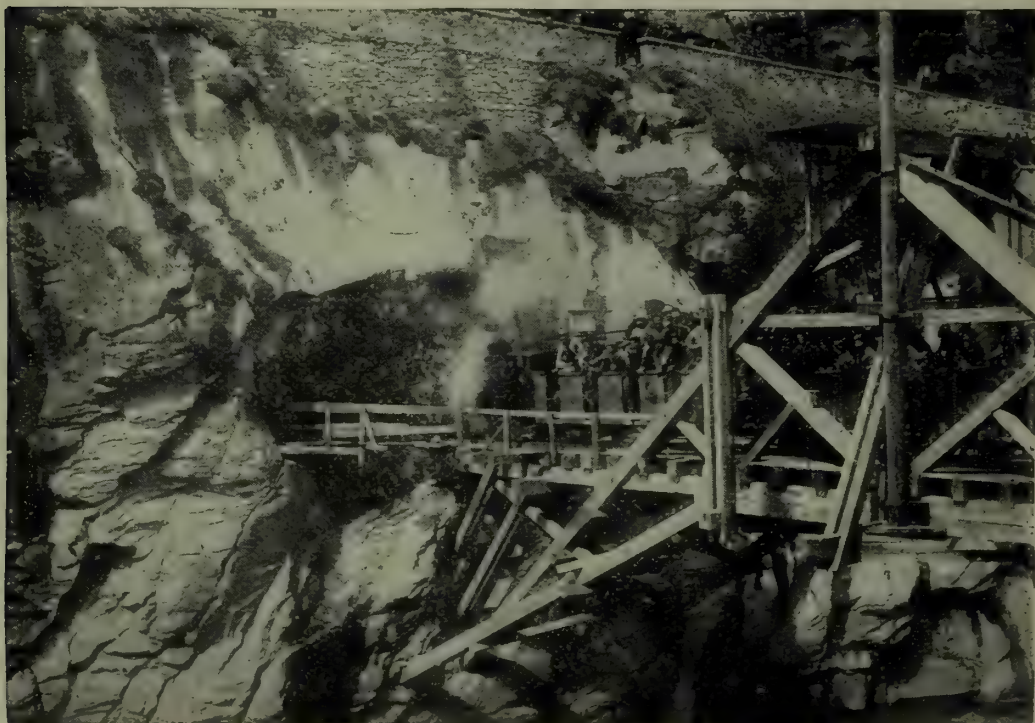




ISELLE, ITALY. PORTION OF THE CONSTRUCTION RAILWAY BETWEEN ISELLE AND THE TUNNEL.

So now the Man is teaching that very thing to the Mountain in those two holes in the ground. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable example of the schooling and humiliating of mountainhood. One of the Faculty, Mr. Gschlacht, a supervising engineer, showed me how the lesson was already half achieved. We left our clothes behind, but put on

into the square of darkness, and each little car scurried after. A puff of chilling air smothered our lamps, and we were in the night. Back of us a square of golden light had replaced the square of black, and then vanished as the train swerved around a curve. In a sort of helplessness one would look about on all sides and up and down



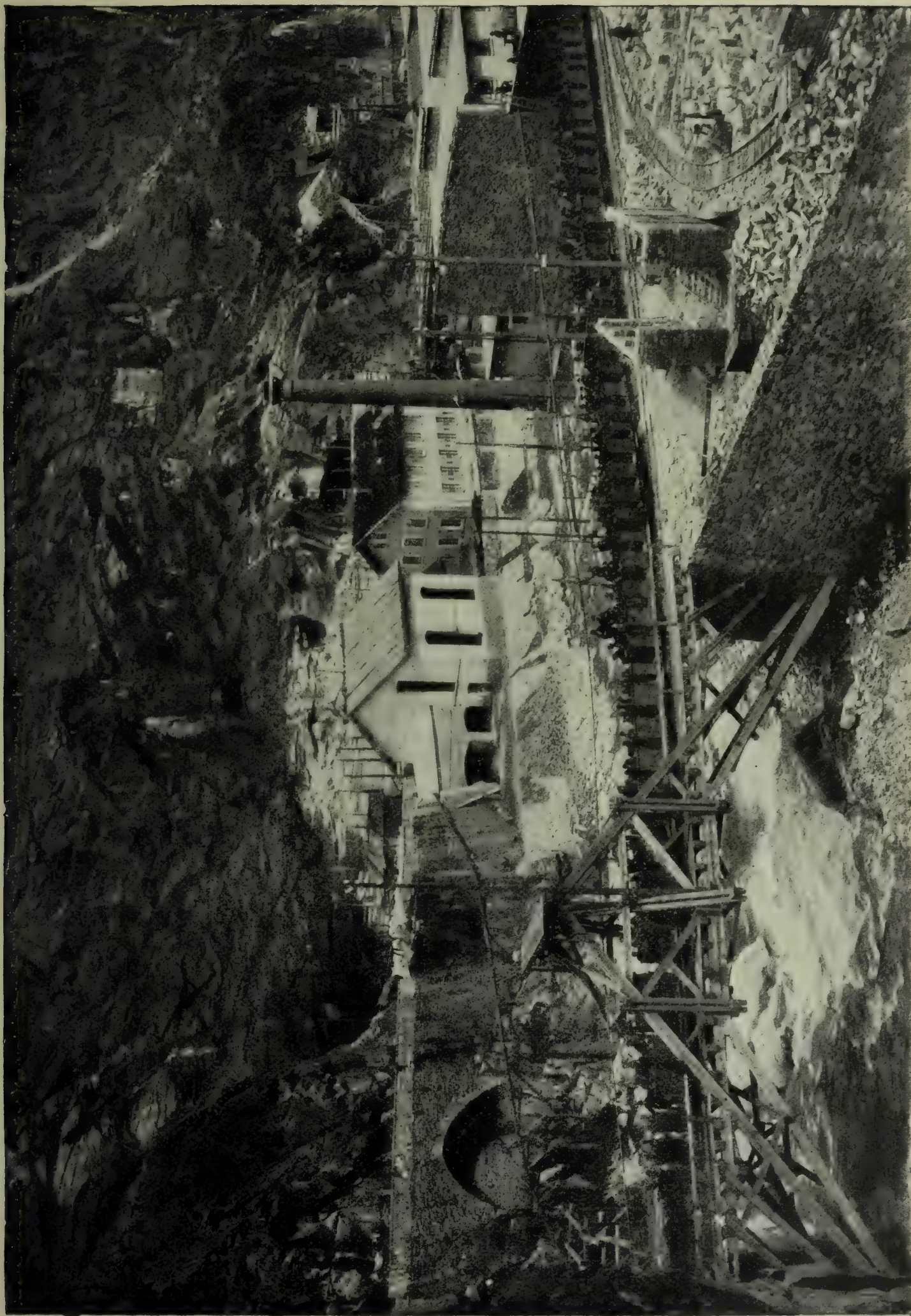
AT ISELLE. GOING TO WORK.

others, including overalls and tremendous boots. A train of little trucks was just going back for another load of rocky *débris*. It stopped a moment under the long shed that stretches from the mouth of the tunnel, and we lighted our oil lamps and climbed on. An electric bell tingled in the shed, a message from the gnomes of the mountain to come ahead. The engine plunged fearlessly

for one ray in that black chill, and the realisation would come on him suddenly that after all man is but a sad "little creature" of light. How infinitely does he depend upon the sun!

The wheels rumbled on eagerly. There was something ghoulish in their merry haste, as though they were Charon's carriers and joyous over their freight. We re-





ISELLE, ITALY. TRAIN OF LABOURERS READY FOR THE JOURNEY INTO THE TUNNEL THROUGH THE MAIN GALLERY. AT THE LEFT, IN THE BACKGROUND, ARE THE VENTILATOR ENGINE-HOUSES, AND TO THE RIGHT OF THESE THE WORK-DEPOT. FAR TO THE RIGHT ARE THE LABOURERS' BATH-HOUSES.





ISELLE. IN THE CANON OF DIVERIA.

lighted our lamps and held them out. In the dim flickering the rocky walls glistened with sweat. On the engine the greenish glow of a breakman's lantern suggested vague mysteries of the depths. A coil of smoke hung low over our heads like a torpid dragon. Minute after minute passed, and we were still swiftly carried on, with naught of landmark, seemingly without rails, always farther into the night. It was quite too much like the measurelessness of time and space, where a soul would cringe.

tunnel, and then on ahead we went again deeper into the mountain.

Here the roof was low, and there were no reassuring walls of masonry. Rugged boulders jutted out overhead. Suppose one should loosen and drop. Sometimes that happens. In the yards outside, the *Entreprise* had built a hospital and a morgue. One remembered those two institutions now, when he was under the jagged boulders. The journey was certainly becoming uncanny. Still there were more lights than before. Five or six glittered far ahead. Their dim

At last there was a glimmer of light, and then we passed begrimed visages in dark relief against the wall. The lamps of this little party of labourers were soon engulfed in the darkness behind. On we went. The engine whistled, and directly there sounded an answering screech. It was as though two demons had found each other in the caverns and were glad. The train stopped, and we clambered down and waded through water under the three thousand feet of mountain towards a still, yellow eye. There we found a kind of monster of black, weird coils which emitted a dry, cold breath. It was simply a compressed-air locomotive waiting for us on a side track. We climbed upon a truck, our new train backed through a cross-tunnel into the secondary or parallel



## THE BIGGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD—THE SIMPLON



AT BRIG, SWITZERLAND. CLOTHES DRYING BY STEAM.

reflection against the walls gave the impression of vague space, and one thought that at that point the tunnel would open into the night of the world without—into some switch-yards perhaps. But the tunnel did not open. It was a mirage of the darkness. We had only to hold forth our lamps to behold a panorama of wonderful crystal formations. Sometimes there was a ruddy splotch of rock, as though a thing of blood had been crushed there. Here were treasures for the geologist ready laid bare which he could never have reached with just his little hammer. Or what gold seeker, even, would dig such a hole? Yet, there are traces of gold in the wild Gorge of Gonda above, and it would be pretty and curious should the mountain be holding the purse to pay for the digging. Now and again we felt a cold blast of air rushing down from some dark cavity in the roof. We were, in fact, under still another tunnel,



INTERIOR OF OBSERVATORY AT BRIG. THE INSTRUMENT (SPY-GLASS) IS DIRECTED IN A STRAIGHT LINE TOWARD THE TUNNEL OF DIRECTION.



a vast conduit through which the air is pumped. Later its rocky floor will be torn out to make the second tunnel as high as the first.

When the train had gone as far as was then possible, we got out and walked—that is, stumbled and groped and waded—ever so gingerly. The heat was intense, despite occasional douches from some spring bursting through the rock. One was very moist and dirty and lost. Sunlight and decency seemed so far away, and the thought of a clean hand on a white clean sheet of paper ever again was mockery.

We climbed over scantling work between sweating men who laboured with picks. We squirmed between a truck and the wet wall. Ghostly currents of air rushed on us and put out our lamps. The great iron door of a cross-gallery would open and shut with a boom, and there would be a second of horrid roaring as the air sucked through one tunnel into the other. Now and then a huge beast would loom up in vague, big outline, and we would crouch against the wall. After all, it was only a poor horse dragging a car of rock. Suddenly there were lanterns hurrying and a voice of warning:

*"Una colpe!"*

We turned back into the first cross-gallery.

"How far off is it?"

"Six or seven hundred yards."

Oh, in that case it could hardly jar down the mountain where we were—perhaps not. One was not sure.

"It isn't a heavy blast this time," the engineer added.

The labourers in this portion of the tunnel silently gathered in the cavern. All of them were stripped to the waist. Some were naked, except for a loin cloth. The tawn of their bodies shone in the yellow flickering of their lamps. Their features were heavily moulded. Their chests and shoulders were massive. They might have been despoiled Roman soldiery or trireme slaves. In the dark play of lights and shadows, in the stillness before a terrific explosion, they were heroic figures—classic rather than romantic. Yet they were just labourers:

sweat and danger and half-a-crown a day. None of them spoke, and their eyes were large and dull. It was at once the majesty and the hopelessness of labour.

"You might open your mouth," suggested the engineer. "It won't seem so loud then."

Six or seven hundred yards away, and this precaution against the waves of sound! We were going to have something more than a celebration.

A smothering, deafening crash beat into our ears—a paralysis of hearing for a second. A fearful gust of wind roared down the cavern, and every light went out. A moment of absolute stillness and of absolute night followed. And then a voice:

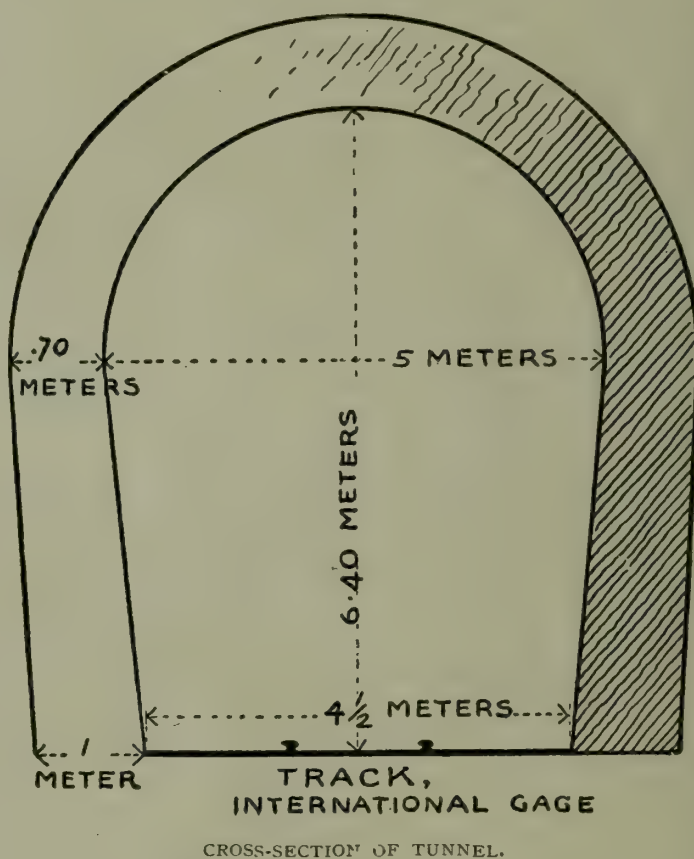
*"Mon chapeau!"*

The soft felt hat, tight on the man's head, had been whisked off into the darkness, into the next man's face.

A second voice answered:

*"Ecco, signore."*

Such was the greeting between Switzerland and Italy there under Monte Leone.





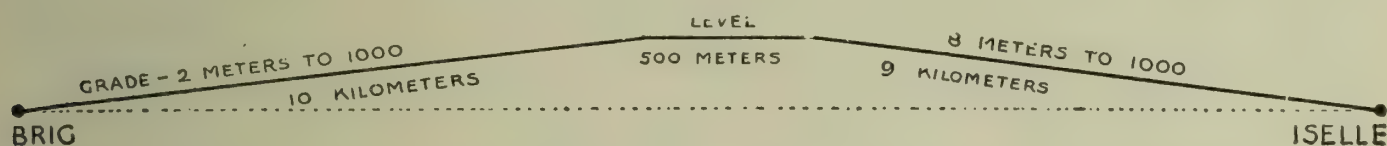
## THE BIGGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD—THE SIMPLON

Some one struck a match and lighted his lamp. Other wicks were held to the flame, and the blazes multiplied as by magic. The Italians went silently back to their work.

"That was only a light charge," said the engineer.

We crossed again into the first tunnel and kept on towards the end. By now the heat was an equal factor with the gloom in this region's likeness to the

should crystallise the steel. To keep down this heat, water flows constantly through the tube. In only fifteen minutes this drill bores its full length of a yard and a half into the hardest stone. The power that does the work is a stream of water. This water comes through a pipe from near the clear, glacier source of the Rhône. But, that water should be pushed against so small a surface as the butt of the drill, with

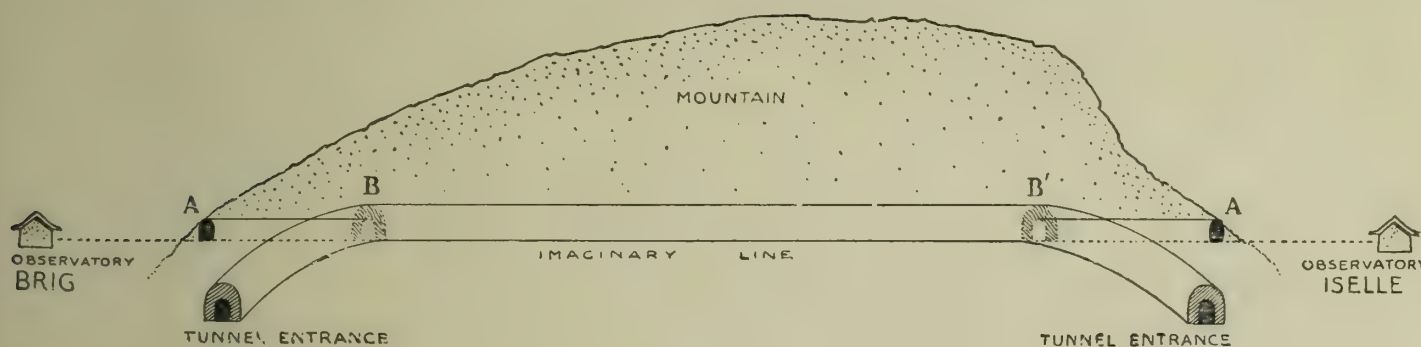


portals of Hades. Our clothes were as wet from our bodies as from the drip-pings above. We came into the heavy glow of many lamps, and stopped, for we had overtaken the patient travellers who are making this little trip into Italy. There was a sound of muffled grinding. It was in the solid rock. Here there were two drills, like machine-guns with their muzzles thrust into the very end of the tunnel. They were fastened across a large water-pipe, and the whole arrange-

ment was on a truck, so that it could be rolled back easily out of the range of the blasting. The drill itself is a yard and a half long, and about as thick as a man's forearm. In the end there are three concentric teeth that turn and cut with a saw-like grinding. A half-dozen men tended the machines with the alert intensity of artillerymen behind a battery. One kept his hand on the long brass tube encasing the drill shaft, and he was ever watchful lest the terrible friction

power enough for so marvellous a task, is one of the wonders of this tunnel-digging. The force concentrated against that shaft of steel means the pressure of ninety atmospheres and over. Far outside there is a turbine wheel on the bank of the turbulent Rhône, which gives the strength of 2,400 horses to four engines, and each of the engines pumps three litres of water (or 3.168 quarts) a second against this drill in the earth.

Naturally, therefore, a long while is



ment was on a truck, so that it could be rolled back easily out of the range of the blasting. The drill itself is a yard and a half long, and about as thick as a man's forearm. In the end there are three concentric teeth that turn and cut with a saw-like grinding. A half-dozen men tended the machines with the alert intensity of artillerymen behind a battery. One kept his hand on the long brass tube encasing the drill shaft, and he was ever watchful lest the terrible friction

needed to make such a journey between Switzerland and Italy. But the three thousand men on each side, travelling night and day in a direct line towards each other, are as sure as the tortoise in his race. They are opening the path for the fleet hare. They make nine little holes and charge each with three kilograms (about six pounds seven ounces) of dynamite. At first they tried liquid-air cartridges, but abandoned them on account of difficulties of manufacture





BRIG, SWITZERLAND. SHOWING THE WAY WATER IS BROUGHT FROM THE UPPER VALLEY OF THE RHÔNE FOR THE POWER TO BE USED FOR THE DRILLING MACHINES IN THE TUNNEL.

and the fumes from the explosion. The dynamite splinters the rock out cleanly to the depth of the holes. Then the *débris* is hauled away and dumped by an electric crane beyond the mouth of the tunnel. Some five hundred trucks are taken out during every twenty-four hours. This means that the excursion moves about seven and a half yards a day. It started about five years ago.

We turned from the drills and went back to the parallel tunnel, to see what the recent blast had done there. The passage was still dense, greyish with the fumes of the explosion of a half-hour before, even though large pipes of a powerful suction had been drawing them off all the time. We made our way through the thickened darkness and came at last to the end. Here there was a chaos of crumbled rock and a gang of men shovelling it into a truck. The engineer took out his thermometer

and whirled it for a moment by a string—41 degrees Centigrade. That means 105.8 degrees Fahrenheit. And yet the thermometer only told part of the story, for there was the smoke and the sticky humidity. As the heat increases one degree Centigrade for every hundred feet, it will soon become absolutely unbearable. Accordingly the *Entreprise* will try to reduce the temperature to the 25 degree maximum demanded by the contract. This will be done by pumping in very dry air that has been chilled by the ammonia process. For ventilating there are already two monster engines, which pump fifty cubic metres of air a second into the parallel tunnel. This current makes the circuit within, and comes out from the mouth of the main tunnel in lazy, swirling gusts freighted with dust and smoke. When both tunnels are finished, there will be a movable door in the entrance of each,



## THE BIGGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD—THE SIMPLON

and the ventilators will pump in the air through a canal opening beyond the door. The doors will be opened for the passage of trains and closed immediately after.

It is quite apparent that to dig a tunnel from two sides and make both ends meet is a delicate problem. Should they happen not to meet, it would be an expensive wandering in the mountain to find them and get them together. But fortunately there is a guide as true and unbendable as mathematics. This is an imaginary straight line between two points. One point is a little observatory shed on the bank of the Rhône, with a spy-glass pointing horizontally towards Italy. The other point is a similar little observatory on the bank of the Diveria in Italy, with a glass towards Switzerland. Between the two points rises the Simplon mountain-mass. But the straight line goes through just the same, for it is only an imaginary straight line. It is, however, steadily turning into a reality—that is, the tunnel. And if it

were not for the grade of the tunnel, then some day the observatory in Switzerland could look through the mountain at the observatory in Italy. It will be objected, however, that we went around a curve in the tunnel. In fact, there are two curves, but they do not affect the straight-line proposition, as the chart will show.

Now, then, from A to B there is a small tunnel which joins the main tunnel some hundred metres or 109 yards inside. It is called the locating tunnel, and faithfully follows the imaginary straight line. The main tunnel finishes its curve at this hundred-metre point, and thence continues along the straight line to the corresponding curve at the other end,

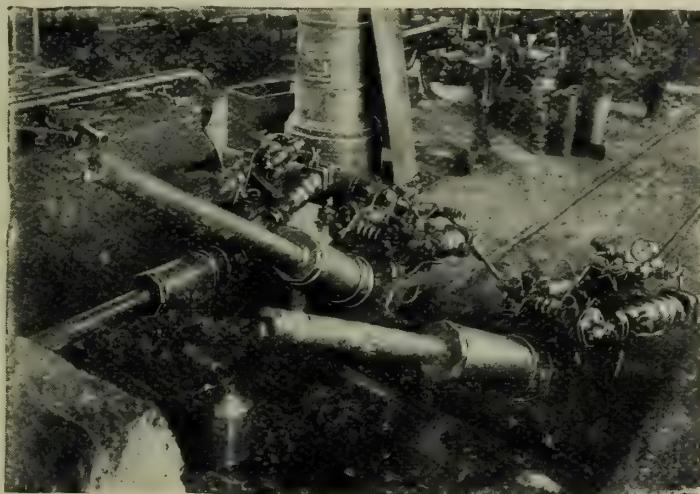
where again the straight line is completed by a second locating tunnel, B' to A'.

The grades in the tunnel will be slight, as shown by the diagram on page 365.

The base wall will be entirely of stone and the arch for the most part of cement bricks. The stone comes from quarries near by, and the sand from the river-bed. The cement is made on the spot. The manufacture of the cement bricks and also cement piping for drawing off the water of the tunnel is an industry in itself, as is also the never-ending sharpening of drills in the shops. Besides the different engines and pumps, all drawing power from the Rhône, there is an electric light plant. It has cost something like

400,000 pounds to get ready on the outside for the digging on the inside, to say nothing of relief funds for the sick and wounded and for the families of the killed. But the most entertaining of all are the bath-houses, for each man must pass under a shower before he can go home and out into the world again. The

principle is the same as the cold *douche* after a Turkish bath. He must also leave his working-clothes behind him. The large hot-air room, where these garments are dried, appeals to one from the comical side, though exactly why it should is as elusive as the comical itself. However, there you are in the room, and it is empty. Then you look up, and all the scenery of varied wardrobe is above your head. It is a queer array of shirts and shoes and hats and pantaloons in suspension. This odd ceiling is chock full of personality, and the floor is as bare as a deserted house. Each outfit hangs by its own string, and the free end of the string is locked to a pulley on



THE BRANDT HYDRAULIC BORING MACHINES IN THE REPAIR SHOPS AT BRIG, SHOWING CLEARLY THE SAW-LIKE TEETH AT THE END OF THE STEEL SHAFT.



the wall. Each man has a key to his own string.

A significant ending of this description of the largest tunnel in the world would be some mention of the precautions that will be taken to end the tunnel itself. Some five or six thousand men will have worked night and day for five years and a half at a cost of seventy million francs—and after that, destruction? Yet such will always be a possibility, and that, too, the possibility of a second. The openings of the tunnel on either side will look like the great doors of some mediæval fortress. And they will be fortresses in all reality. There is Italy, a new kingdom assuming

the arrogance of a power. Then there is little Switzerland and her fighting legends of the ages. She is, moreover, in the European fashion, for with a swagger that is charming she appropriates money for big guns. Now suppose these two lusty belligerents should fall out. They would rush like a whooping plague through that tunnel and invade each other? Indeed they would not. In the little fortress at each end there will be a man and a button. The man will press the button and bring down the mountain. When the smoke lifts there will not be any tunnel any more.

## IT ISN'T THE THING YOU DO

By MARGARET SANGSTER

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It is the thing you leave undone,  
That gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you did not send, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.  
The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way;  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say.  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle, winning tone  
Which you had no time or thought for  
With trouble enough of your own.  
These little acts of kindness,  
So easily out of mind,  
These chances to be angels  
Which we poor mortals find.  
It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It is the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.



# LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT

By FRANK FAYANT

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD made a remark not long ago that he would pit a squadron of six warships, under command of Captain Percy Scott, against one of a dozen ships commanded by any other naval officer. If this remark had been made by an armchair naval critic, it might have been passed over as a pleasant flattery of a distinguished naval officer, who, as we all know, has achieved fame in the British Navy all round the world. Every one has heard of Captain Scott since he took the cruiser *Terrible* to South Africa and landed her guns there to help the army. And still more recently, the *Terrible* has gained an enviable renown by the wonderful target shooting of its gunners while on the China station.

But Lord Charles Beresford is not an armchair critic. He is a man of action—a strenuous Irishman, who loves the sea and loves the scent of battle—who is never quite so happy as when he is on the bridge of a swift cruiser, directing the manœuvres of a squadron of twenty-knot fighting ships. He knows the calibre of the men of the navy, and when he pays a fellow officer such a compliment as he has Captain Scott of the *Terrible*, it is something more than a pleasantry. Whenever this fighting Admiral has anything to say on naval affairs, all England wants to hear it, because Lord Charles is a sharp critic, and he has a sailor's blunt way of saying what he means.

Captain Percy Scott is one of the many fine-fibred Englishmen who have gone out from this island to achieve fame in foreign lands, and he has achieved, as Englishmen have a habit of doing. Nearly thirty years ago, as a

Lieutenant in the navy, he served in the Ashantee War, and won the Ashantee Medal; in 1875 he was mentioned in despatches for his bravery in the Congo Expedition. He served with distinction in the Egyptian War in 1882, and he again came before the public in the South African War, when, as Commander of that glorious ship the *Terrible*, he invented the gun carriages which enabled the *Terrible's* guns to be used in the land fighting. Captain Scott's genius for invention has distinguished all his naval service. The night signalling apparatus now in use in the navy was one of his inventions.

But why should Captain Scott's abilities as a fighting naval officer be rated so high by such a competent critic as Lord Charles Beresford? I asked Lord Charles for particulars regarding his statement about Captain Scott, but, as he had again taken command in the navy, he refused to say anything for publication. I was fortunate enough, however, to encounter an expert in naval affairs, who knows both Lord Charles and Captain Scott, and is familiar with their work. What follows may be taken as authoritative, although I do not give his name.

"Captain Scott," said he, his face lighting up at once. "Yes, I read in the newspapers the remark about Captain Scott made by Lord Charles Beresford, and I have no doubt he meant every word of it. You noticed what the *Terrible's* gunners did on the China station? You saw the targets they made?"

"The gunners of the *Terrible* are the best in the navy, are they not?" I asked.

"Yes, but why? Because Percy Scott has made them so. And if he



had a squadron of six ships, his gunners would be so far ahead of those on any other ships that his six ships would defeat twice their number. What makes a battleship strong in a fight? Its power to injure the enemy. There are some naval officers who place great reliance on the ram, but before a ship could have a chance to ram an opponent, an alert commander would have a torpedo out after her and sink her.

"No, it's the gun that makes the ship a fighting ship, and upon the cleverness of the gunners depends the efficiency of a ship in battle. The old admirals in the British Navy who had their training in the days of sailing ships and short range, smooth bore guns, are too apt to overlook the importance of gunnery on a modern steel warship. Of course it didn't make so much difference years ago when naval encounters were hand-to-hand sort of combats. Then all you had to do was to get up close to your enemy and pepper away at him. The principal part of gunnery in those days was to keep your guns cool and supplied with ammunition; there was very little fine marksmanship. But naval warfare is a very different thing now, when our modern ships are equipped with high power long-range rifled guns which are effective at a distance of several miles. And, in modern naval warfare, the most perfectly constructed warships are of little service to a nation in time of war if the gunners in the navy are not good marksmen. In the old days in a duel between two fighting ships the combatants came together like two boxers in a ring, and the ship which could stand the most punishment won the battle. But now, when two ships engage each other at a range of two miles, it is the ship which has the best gunners that wins the fight."

"Yes," suggested I, "the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet at Santiago was a good example of that."

"Yes," assented the expert, "if the

Spanish ships had been able to use their guns with any effect they might have been able to cripple the enemy enough to have made their escape. But the American gunners were too well trained; they went into the fight just as if it was a little morning target practice, and they made their shots hit the mark."

"They say in the American Navy," said I, "that Mr. Roosevelt won that fight, because, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he got a large sum appropriated for target practice."

"Exactly; still we spend millions on target practice in the British Navy, but all the target practice in the world is not going to make better gunners unless it is well done. The best rifle shot in the navy is known by everybody; he is heaped with honours — but who ever hears of the best gunner? It is all well and good to encourage rifle shooting, but isn't it a thousand times more important to have good gunners? If you train men to fight you must train them to use their weapons. In South Africa there were recruits sent down there to whom their rifles were like Chinese puzzles. When they were on the firing line they had to stop to ask their officers how to manipulate their guns. Of what good is an army if the men in the ranks don't know how to shoot? And of what good is a first-class battleship equipped with the finest guns if her gunners can't shoot straight?"

"The trouble has been that naval officers haven't bothered about the guns. There is no glory to be gained in times of peace in working with your gunners. Target practice in the navy has been desultory. A ship goes out for target practice, and one day the report is 'good shooting,' and another day it is 'bad shooting,' and no one ever takes trouble to find out why the shooting is not always up to the mark. But here is Captain Scott, who has taken the trouble to train his gunners, and what gunners he has trained!"

"How has he done it?" I asked.





LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

*Photo by Elliott & Fry*



“Captain Scott is an ingenious man. You know he invented the night signalling apparatus used in the navy. On the China station he worked out an ingenious scheme of training his gunners with an artificial target. He rigged up an electric target, by means of which he could register the shots accurately and keep a record of every man’s work. Each gunner took his turn at this target, which moved with a wave motion. In this way the faults of each man were recorded in black and white, and where faults could be remedied they were. Now you take some men, they’ll always be shooting in one corner of the target. You can make good gunners out of those men. But if a man shoots up here, and then down there, and then off to the left and off to the right, you can’t do much with him. What Captain Scott did on the *Terrible* was to get hold of the good material and develop it. Of course there are some men who will aim well but they have gun fright in shooting heavy guns. After Captain Scott’s men had used the artificial target for a while, they became highly efficient in aiming, and when they took up the regular target practice they made the wonderful targets which are the talk of the naval world.

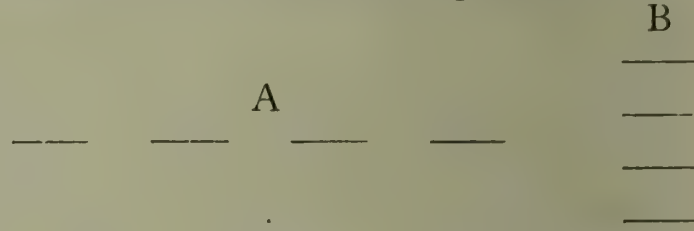
“One of the troubles in our navy is that the young men don’t have a chance to get ahead. Push young men to the front and you get efficiency. One thing that impressed me most in America was that young men carried so much responsibility on their shoulders. The young men set the pace, and that is why the Americans are going ahead so rapidly. And this is the sort of thing we need in England. We want to give the young men a chance—in commerce, in industry, in the government, and in the services. An English naval officer seldom gets the chance to command a fleet until he has reached that age when he has lost his youthful interest in strenuous pursuits. What do we train our officers for? So that they can com-

mand fleets in time of war. But we never give them the chance to command fleets. The old admirals rule the navy, and old conservative ideas in consequence permeate the whole organisation. Here’s a case in point.”

My informant brought some matches, and laid them out on the fender of the fire.

“Now these are battleships,” he said. “You take that squadron and bring them up line ahead. That’s the way all the old officers would tell you to bring a fleet into action.”

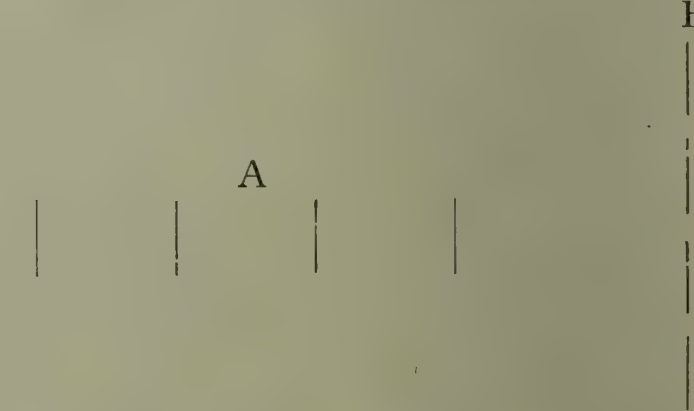
I brought my ships up line ahead, like this, which we shall call squadron A.



“Now Lord Charles Beresford would come into action line abreast like this,” he said, arranging his ships (squadron B) in front of mine in this order.

“Which squadron is in the better position? One doesn’t need to be a naval expert to see that squadron A has only one ship whose guns can be trained upon squadron B. That tail on behind is so much dead timber. Here B has every ship in fighting position. What if A swings round like this?

Then B swings round like this.



“You see B can just pepper A with its broadsides, while A has only that leading ship in firing position. Unless A gets out of that position B can sink A’s whole fleet, ship by ship. In the





CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT.

*Photo by Russell & Sons*



Mediterranean manœuvres Lord Charles introduced the line abreast formation, to the amazement of the old officers, who said it was suicidal; but after he had used it I think they agreed with him that it is the sensible way to go into battle. The minute Lord Charles sights an enemy he parallels him, and keeps his fleet either line abreast when going toward him, or line ahead when steering parallel to him. They used to tell Beresford he would get rammed, and he replied that before they could ram him he would blow them up with a torpedo.

"The first time Beresford tried to introduce a reform in the navy was in the days of the sailing ships, when he

was a young midshipman. He was indiscreet enough to make a remark one day that instead of putting the big sails away above the deck they ought to be down close to it. This expression of opinion was rewarded by a vigorous spanking on deck. Now any good sailor will tell you that Lord Charles was right.

"Captain Percy Scott is a naval officer with ideas, and he puts them into practice. I suppose a lot of old admirals would have ridiculed Captain Scott's method of training his gunners on the *Terrible*, but he has won out. The Admiralty has ordered that hereafter every ship in the navy shall be equipped with Captain Scott's target device."

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## LOVE'S WEATHER

By SYDNEY HESSELRIGGE

OH, which is the brightest, most glorious weather,  
When I and my true love go roaming together?

Is it in Spring when the woods are a-rustle  
With slow-rising carpets of primroses pale,  
When the April sky wavers 'twixt laughter and weeping,  
And earth in green robes wraps each hill-top and dale?

Is it in Summer when sunshine is streaming,  
When sea-waves are dancing and calling from far,  
When roses are glowing and blushing in beauty,  
And June rides triumphant in blossom-filled car?

Is it in Autumn when leaves red and yellow  
Are borne by the sorrowing winds to our feet,  
When cornfields of gold lie and sway to the music  
That sings through the tree-tops in monotone sweet?

Is it in Winter when hedgerow and thorn-bush  
Are gowned by the frost in a pure bridal white,  
When the flowers lie a-sleeping, and glistening berries  
Keep watch in the branches all through the long night?

When I and my true love go roaming together  
'Tis *all the year round* the most glorious weather!



## FIGHTING A DEMON

### A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND BRONCO BUSTING

By WILLIAM BULFIN

*Illustrations from Plaster Models by S. H. Borghum*

"TELL me," said Castro, leaning over the barriers of the corral in which I was catching a horse for my next morning's work, "do you know that there is an *angelita* over at Leon's?"

This meant, I knew, that Leon's six-year-old child, who had been ill for some weeks, was now dead. When a gaucho child dies it is called an *angelita*, or little angel, and its wake is a great event in the district.

"What a *velorio* (wake) there will be," continued Castro. "It will be a gathering notable, yes! All the world will be there. Such dancing as there will be, and such games; and two of the best guitarists in the country are to meet there for a trial of counterpoint. Why, it will be so as to hire balconies to look at, as the saying is. You are going, of course—are you not?"

"I suppose so," I said, for I had met Leon himself a few days previously and had accepted his premature invitation.

"Happy you!" said Castro, longingly. "What luck to be able to go! I myself had such a desire to be there, but *ahijuna*\*——" The rest of the sentence I think it best to leave in the ink bottle. It seemed to be condemnatory of some combination of circumstances which was about to deprive him of the pleasure of being present at the wake.

I scraped the dried clay and dandruff off the back of the horse I had caught, and held my peace. After a pause of more than a minute Castro said tentatively:—

"It appears the old man is in a humour the most amiable this evening. You and

he had such a confab just now; and, if you noted it, how he laughed, eh?"

By "the old man" (*el viejo*) Castro meant the majordomo. I had a suspicion now of what was coming, but I remained on the defensive, and said evasively:—

"You saw it, no?"

"Why, yes—of course. It called my attention greatly. It sees itself that you have fallen into the old man's graces. I knew you would. It is not for nothing that one is sympathetic in this world, eh?"

"And how much does that compliment cost, before I thank you?" I asked, looking at him over my horse's withers.

"Eh! Cannot you make a guess?" he said reproachfully, shrugging his shoulders. "What can it be but to procure that I go to the wake with you. I dare not ask the old man to let me go, eh? for since I shoulder-slipped the bay I have been on the black books. The old man cannot bear to see even my shadow since that day, and all because of an accident, look you—no more than that! Caramba! one cannot tame horses all one's life without shoulder-slipping one of them. But, see how it is, the old man will not look at it as I do. If I ask him for leave to go to the *velorio* he will throw ten thousand curses on me. Not for a cheese would I go near him! But you, eh! You could do it. For example, you could say, as it were, 'Look, Don Eduardo, I hear there is an *angelita* over at Leon's, and there is to be a great wake there to-night. I should like to gallop over there for a little while'; tell him, 'As I have never yet seen one of these functions,' tell him, 'and also,' tell him, 'because Leon himself invited me,'

\* *Ahijuna!* a favourite gaucho expletive.



tell him. And he is sure to say, 'Of course, my son, of course; off with you—it is convenient that you make yourself acquainted with the customs of the country.' And then you will say: 'Yes, sir, and many thanks,' and then, careless and with frankness, you will say: 'I suppose I can take one of the men with me, as I am not very good yet at finding my way over the country in the dark.' And he will say: 'Oh! Yes, of course—pleasant journey to you' And then you will come to me and tell me to accompany you. Understand?"

I understood. But there were difficulties.

"You're not disposed to look for trouble yonder?" I asked cautiously, remembering things which had happened on other expeditions of ours.

"Trouble!" he exclaimed, spreading out his hands with an air of protest. "Look for trouble, I? No-o-o!"

"And see, Castro, speak the truth in this: you are not going to get tangled up in any girl foolery, are you?"

"I?" he asked with an air of injured innocence. "But no-o-o, my son!"

I had my doubts about it. But there was a perversity within me which craved for his companionship; and therefore I adopted his plan, which worked out successfully. We started after supper.

Castro was one of the peons of El Chambergo—the estancia whose mark was on the horses we rode. He was a gaucho roughrider who had taken a liking to me and in whose company I already had had adventures. As we loped across the camp in the starlight, knee to knee, our horses on the one stride, with the dewy grass switching and purring gently against their hoofs, and the night wind souging to the supple swing of the gallop, Castro gave me in his picturesque Spanish the rationale of the pampa wake. I listened attentively and tried to read some of the gaucho history which underlay his words. I followed it through the mists of Indian tradition and lost it. I caught sight of

it again in the twilight of the Colonial days when, amongst the posterity of the Spanish pioneers, the faith of the Cabots and de Garay had by centuries of unaided contest against the wilderness dwindled into superstition. But it escaped me. And by the time I had caught sight of it once more we had arrived at our destination.

By midnight there were nearly two hundred people present at the wake. Saddle horses were tied all round Leon's corral and fettered near by in the open camp. Under the trees in front of the house fires were lighted, and round them women and girls were making *mate*\* and serving it to the men who were standing here and there in groups, chatting gaily.

Inside, in the largest room of the mud-wall *rancho* (hut), the *angelita* was dressed out in all the colours of the rainbow. Flowers were in its little dead hands and there were strings of glass beads round its little shrivelled neck. The hair, which was parted in the middle, hung down each bony cheek, dull and lustreless. The poor dead eyes were still unclosed and stared out, dim and dreary, into vacancy. A thin crown rested on the little forehead; tinsel ornaments bedecked the little dress; candles, to the number of two or three dozen, were ranged round the chair upon which the small figure of decaying, ash-coloured, wax-like flesh was propped into a sitting posture. The throne upon which this melancholy doll-queen was perched consisted of a common deal table, over which was spread a sheet with only moderate pretensions to whiteness. Between the candlesticks, which were of different sizes, patterns and materials, were floral offerings from sympathizing neighbours—wisps of pampa bloom—*madre selva*, *jasmin del pais*, big sun flowers, *margaritas* in their wild splendour of crimson flame—fading blossoms be-

\* *Mate* is Paraguayan tea—a favourite beverage on the pampas.



decking a blossom faded! To me it was unutterably sad—the most pathetic sight I had witnessed for many a day. And mingled with the sadness of the moment was a feeling akin to resentment; for to my foreign notions of the fitness of things, which had begun their development centuries before I was born, this treatment of death seemed in some vague way to be an outrage.

The parents of the dead child received their visitors with great unction. No tears were in their eyes. No paroxysm of grief seemed to have shaken them. The father smiled in a neighbourly way as he shook hands all round. The mother greeted her sisters of the pampa with sedate cordiality. The women who arrived praised the beauty of the *angelita*, and touched its tiny hands with reverence. The mother sat by it, glibly narrating all the phases of the illness which had taken her child away from her. Occasionally she shifted a candlestick or rearranged some detail of the trappings on the little corpse; but she smiled oftener

than she sighed. She did not rejoice; yet she was not disconsolate. Blessed was the blind belief of her people in a happy eternity for the pure of soul! There was enough of faith in her to give her a deep certainty that the dead child was honoured beyond the splendours of the earth. And mingled with all this there was some motherly pride in the glory reflected on her of being the mother of an angel of God.

But the rest of the people had no such thoughts as these. The *rancho* had only two rooms and one of these was given over to the *angelita*. In the other, which

was the kitchen, cooking went on; pampa fritters and doughnuts were turned out, half-done, by the hundred. Various sides of mutton were roasted outside. There was plenty to drink besides water—anise, gin, caña (South American rum) and strong, dry wine of Carlon. The dancing salon was the open patio, the floor was the clay, the roof was the starry heavens. The night air was delightfully cool, and the dancers threw themselves into the amusement with great animation. There was just light enough from the fires under the trees and from the stars for them to see one another. They went through

all the pampa dances from the *habanera* to the *gato con relacion*, and during intervals of rest the two celebrated guitarists to whom Castro had alluded engaged in contests of improvisation. Seated opposite each other on cow-head stools, guitar on knee, they strummed and sang. It was a game of counterpoint and excited the keenest interest. The verses were witty, full of local hits, and often charged with humorous personal allusions

which called forth peals of laughter at the expense of one or the other of the rival bards. After a quarter of an hour of this “flow of soul” the dance would go on again with more vigour than ever. It was a great carousal in every way.

I was sitting on the brick-work of the well, looking listlessly at the surging ruck of dancers, listening to the strumming of the guitars, the tramp of the feet, and to the laughter of the merry-makers, when Castro came to me and whispered to me to follow him. I asked him what had happened.

“Wait,” he answered quietly. “Come



“EQUINE DOCILITY AND INNOCENCE.”



to where our horses are and then I will say it all."

The horses were tied to the corral. When we reached there Castro leaned his back against the wiring, over which he allowed his arms to hang loosely.

"And what does my companion say of the *velorio*?" he asked in his friendliest tone, as I took my stand beside him.

"Was it merely to learn my opinion of the *velorio* that you called me here?"

"To be frank," he replied, "it was not. For to me it appeared that I already knew your opinion about it. You looked sleepy, tired, weary of it all—is it not?"

"*You* did not appear to be very weary of it, my friend, did you?" I said, evasively. "You have been dancing and flirting and drinking——"

"No, no," he interposed, "not drinking—a glass now and then, yes, but not drunk; not even tipsy, eh? See my steadiness—see how I stand here," and he straightened himself up on his legs for a few seconds looking at me very seriously. "Not even tipsy," he continued, lolling back against the wires; "remember that."

"Very well," I said, yawning and stretching myself, "you are perfectly sober. But what was it you wanted to tell me?"

"Why," said he, turning to me in his most persuasive way, "you see, I was thinking of you. To-morrow will be a warm day, and you will have much work to do as usual. The moon is rising yonder, see? There will be fine light for a gallop, and it is best to get away, no?"

"Certainly," I answered; "come along."

"Eh, well," he said, shrugging one shoulder apologetically, "I was going to say to you not to be waiting for me, as it were. I could stay a little longer, no? I am much interested in the dance, while you—you are not—you are not taken with any of the girls, no?"

I looked at him closely for a few

moments, but his face was utterly expressionless. Then I said: "It seems to me you are up to something. What is it?"

"I up to something?" he said, shaking his head in gentle reproach, as if pained at my suspicion of him. "Not at all. I am interested in this dance, yes. What is life good for, if one may not enjoy one's self with the girls now and then? One dances, and has a talk of love, and sings a song, and the world is brighter. But you are sick of this—you are, and——"

"Well, not so sick, Castro—not quite so bad as all that. It is very interesting. I can stand it for a while longer; so go ahead and enjoy yourself. I can wait."

His face fell, which only made me more suspicious still.

"Look now!" he went on, trying to adopt the tone of a tutor reasoning gently with a favourite pupil, "you ought to get away. Why wait for me? It would be selfish of me to allow you. There is the beautiful moon, and everything is as bright as the day—off with you, then."

"Not a yard, Castro," I said, obstinately. "If you stay, I stay—and that is the end of it."

But he did not give in. He coaxed and sulked and swore by turns. It would be a favour to him, eh? Indeed, yes; for to-morrow when sleep would be in my eyes and the majordomo wild with me, the blame would go to Castro. Was it not so? Ah, well, some people think ill always of others, which is not friendly at all, and if one man thinks another man is lying—why, let him say it out and not hide it. As for him, look you, he was able to take care of himself any day, and he wanted no protection.

"Nevertheless, Castro," I said, wearily, my head on my hand, my elbow on the withers of my horse, "you are a deceiver and you know it;" and I offered him a cigarette. "Why do you want me to be out of the way?"

"See, my friend," he said, as he struck



a light, "never look for a useless compromise if you can avoid it. Mount and be off. You don't understand these things, and you have seen all of the *velorio* that there is to see."

But I had developed a new interest in the wake, and also a new interest in Castro; and wild horses would not have pulled me away while he remained behind. Seeing this, he at length accepted the situation.

"And now, Castro," I said, as we agreed to defer our start until later on, "what new scrape have you been getting into?"

"Nothing—at least, up to the present," he replied, with a deprecatory shrug, "although," he added, apparently as a mere afterthought, "possibly something might happen later on."

"Which means that you expect trouble. Is that it?"

"Perhaps. That might be it, yes. It appears that I might have a question with an individual in there," and he nodded in the direction of the *rancho*.

"Well, in that case, suppose we leave? Come on, Castro. Let us clear out of here at once."

"That, no," he said emphatically, as he shook himself off the wire fence and stood lithe and straight in his tracks, while his eyes kindled. "Turn my back on this fellow? Never."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"An individual named Lauro," he answered, with a fierce frown. "You may have noticed him yonder—the tall one, with the braided jacket and the swaggering air—he who sang and recited about half an hour ago—an empty headed fool

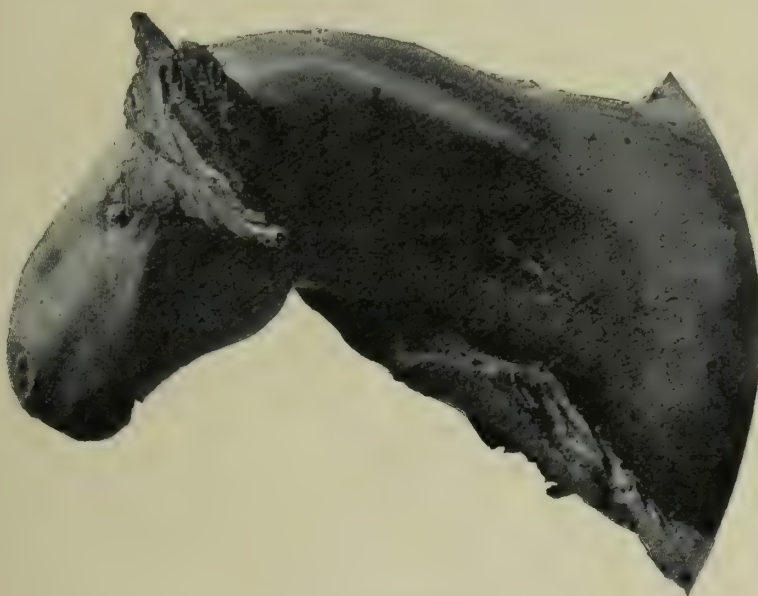
—a provocative, bragging bully. He is pretending to take Juanita Casas from me, and he is not the man to do it. He has been gibing at me for the last two hours and throwing out veiled challenges in my direction, and I am not going to stand it any longer."

I saw now why he wished to have me start for home. It was because he did not want me to be mixed up in any quarrel of his—not even indirectly. I turned to him now and tried to reason with him—for I knew that a gaucho quarrel over a girl was a grave business. But he had taken the bit between his teeth, so to speak.

"It is useless to say all that, my friend," he said, with a nervous shrug and an impatient wave of his hand. "Each one to his own way, and my way is to stand by my right and let no man walk over me. This Lauro thinks he can frighten every man in the district because he is just come out of prison,

where he spent the last three years for stabbing a comrade in a quarrel over a glass of gin. He can sing and recite, and he can ride and he can fight. But he is not the man to take Juanita Casas from me; and I shall teach him manners presently."

Juanita Casas, the fair cause of the trouble, was daughter of old Luciano Casas of the Juncas. She was a camp-raised daughter of the soil, and she did not look, nor was she, an angel in disguise. She was a brown, supple-limbed, lean-waisted creature, with eyes of sable flame, and full to the chin of the untaught arts which so often bring perdition into the minds of men—a velvety,



"THE RESERVAO."



feline child of nature with the grace of a gazelle.

She was seated beside her mother on an upturned watering trough under the *paraisos* as Castro and I returned to the patio. Lauro was standing in front of her, paying her his floweriest compliments. Castro strode toward them, and as he did so the presence of old man Casas evolved itself from the shadow of the trees. A silence fell. The dance stopped. The folks in the wake-room crowded to the door and peeped out. At the end of the house an aspiring elocutionist who was entertaining a group of amused merry-makers with a metrical narration of a certain ostrich hunt suddenly found himself without an audience. All eyes were centred on the group on the verge of the shadows but in the clear moonlight. The two women, Juanita Casas and her mother, were still seated side by side. The old man stood beside them. The two rivals were in front. The girl, self-conscious but unembarrassed, spoke to Castro and asked him with an ogle where he had been. It was Lauro, not Castro, who replied to her inquiry.

"Friend Castro is weak in the chest," he said with mock commiseration, "and being exhausted by the dancing he went to take a rest."

"You must be a great doctor, friend Lauro," said Castro, taking a step forward, "to find out disease in one who is sounder than yourself. You must have worked hard to get all that science into you during your stay in college."

This was a joke on Lauro's imprisonment and it burned. To be imprisoned for murder—murder done in treachery—and to have it alluded to as "college," may not seem very humorous. But the hearers laughed—all but the collegian; and what he said was this:—

"One need not be a great scholar, anyhow, in order to know when one is better than another, and to know how to deal with people who have pretensions beyond their merits."

"But all the world knows," said Castro, fingering the silver knife-haft which protruded from his belt over his right hip, "and all the world can say that you did not go to 'college' to learn these simple things. You went to learn that it is not by stabbing a drunken man in the back that a fellow has to prove his courage. Tell me, then, did they teach you to attack a sober man face to face? If so, why——"

"You shall see," said Lauro, taking a step backward, his keen long knife flashing in the moonlight as he pulled it from his sheath. Castro's ready blade gleamed and waved in defiance. But while they crouched for a moment with bent knees before leaping toward each other, old Luciano Casas stepped between them.

"I have the right to speak here," he said in a husky, stern voice. "I have seen you two after my girl all the night, and I know all this is about her. But I won't have you quarrel here, and I want to tell you that the man who lifts a finger in this affair without my consent will have to give me an account of it."

He held an eighteen-inch double-edged knife in his hand, and every one was well aware that he knew how to use it. He had the name of being the crossdest man for untold leagues all round where he lived, and as he waved his wicked blade to and fro he looked the last man in the world with whom it would be safe to trifle.

"I came here to-night," he went on, "to accompany friend Leon and his spouse in the wake of their *angelita*, and I am not going to allow any row to take place at this function in connection with my girl. And besides, I say this: my girl shall have no word to say to scandal-raisers while I have this steel or a right hand to use it, understand? I am a man of the camp, and my daughter shall not be courted by any but a camp man—a man capable of doing something besides raising fights in decent people's houses. Now listen to me, señores all. Here are





"HIS SLIM FIGURE SWAYING IN RHYTHM TO THE WILD ANTICS OF THE BAY."



two persons," waving his knife at the rivals, "who have a question between them. They shall not fight in my presence about my daughter, but if they want to prove their courage I will give them a way of doing it. Señores all, you know I have a *reservao*\*—you all know him—the bay horse that killed Manuelito Ferrer, and broke the collar bone of Zenobio, and lamed Pedrito Rodriguez for life, eh? Well, then; my proposition is this. Let Don Castro and Don Lauro saddle that horse and give him a gallop, and afterwards let either of them who may be left with a disposition for courting have his chance with the girl. That is what I have to say. What answer do I get?"

It was a gaucho speech—a gaucho proposition: it caused a great sensation. Murmurs of admiration arose on all sides, and swelled into acclamations when the two rivals accepted the challenge. And when it was resolved there and then that the trial in horsemanship should take place at sunrise, loud and long were the plaudits.

I had seen my gaucho friends show signs of deep interest in many things up to that moment. I had seen them at races when the betting was even and the result doubtful. I had seen them looking on at a fight. I had seen them in the grip of the gambling fever. I had eaten the festive roast in their company while the iron brands grew red in the fire round which we sat, and the wild cattle horned one another in the corral on the first morning of the marking. I had ridden with about forty of them when the loud hoof-thunder of 4,000 stampeding mares caused the earth to rock and one's ears to hum with vibration, and when the fierce excitement of the moment was enough to stir something of the long-buried generations of nomads in the tamest of blood. I had seen them in

many moods, but never in one like that which followed the announcement of the riding contest between Castro and his rival Lauro. How quickly they got ready to start? How blithely they hailed one another later on as they tightened the girths and adjusted the bridles. Even the women folk were excited. The etiquette of the pampa forbade their presence at the coming event, but they were already there in spirit. They crowded round old Señora Casas and her daughter, who were preparing to start for home, and spoke words of congratulation. They envied the Casas girl her distinction, but all the same their words of congratulation were dulcet.

I was among the last to leave, and as I stretched my hand to the father of the *angelita* for a farewell shake, he was standing at the end of the house looking wistfully after the departing guests.

The east was but faintly grey with the approaching morn, and the stars were still twinkling when we started across the camp to the novel field of honour. Old man Casas led the way. He was not taking any chances on the chivalry of his fellow-citizens, so his daughter was behind him on the haunches of his horse, and his long knife under his belt in front. His wife rode at his side and was silent. The rest of the party scattered to the rear, and in the helter-skelter gallop talked of the *reservao* and of the many deadly things which that notorious quadruped was likely to do to the men who were on their way to try conclusions with him. Seeing Castro riding for a moment alone, I drew close to him and galloped by his side. He shook his head as he met my glance in the gathering light, and said reproachfully:—

"You should have gone back when I asked you. I know *you* have not been challenged to ride; but why come at all? We shall be late home now, and you will get sour looks, and maybe something more."

\**Reservao*—meaning *reservado*. A term applied to a pampa bronco that has defeated various rough riders and that is therefore *reservao*—or *reserved*—pending developments.



"And yourself?"

"Oh, that is no matter. I don't care if I never go back. This question has to be settled now and *quien sabe* what else! You people of foreign lands do not do these things—but you do others. Each one to his own way of killing ants, no? Eh! that is it. And another thing; this Lauro is an animal! a bar-

the province; and that he can turn himself inside out, stand on his head, and throw somersaults; that——"

"Hold," broke in Castro, "what a monster he must be! Very well. What can we do but take him as he comes?"

"But have you ever heard of this horse before?"

"Something, yes. I knew the boy he



"THERE HE STOOD, WITH HIS CHIN ACROSS THE WITHERS OF HIS MOTHER."

barian, a shameless son of evil, and it is necessary to teach him to know the people, eh?"

"But is it true all they say about the *reservao*, Castro?" I asked.

"And what is it they say? Let us hear it all," he said politely.

"That he is a man-eater; that he can buck the best rider in the world out of

killed. I know anyhow that old man Casas has the wickedest breed of horses in the country. But who cares?"

"That is right. That is spoken like a gaucho. Viva!——"

I turned and found a greybeard riding stirrup to stirrup with me on my left. He was in great glee. He prodded me in the ribs with the handle of his whip





TAMED.



and said in unfeigned admiration: "Eh, youngster, look at Don Castro! There is a respectable citizen for you. Hoigh! he can ride anything that walks on four feet, can Don Castro! So could his father, for I knew him. And what a combination this is, my son! Magnifico! A girl and a *reservao*—a horse that has broken the souls of three men! Viva!"

He was not tipsy. Indeed, drunkenness is not a gaucho vice at all. He was merely excited; and they all felt more or less as he did. The "combination" to them was grand beyond the power of expression—love, rivalry, horsemanship—all at once. The item of horsemanship, though the last, was far from being the least. To them the best of horsemanship was one of the highest tests of respectability. A man might know the stars one by one, might have all the learning of the ages, might know good stock from bad stock, might have led armies to victory, or allied his name to the greatest achievements of industrial or speculative science; but to the men in whose company I was at that moment galloping through the dawn he could only have become a hero, in the last analysis, by his record of heroic horsemanship.

The sun was rising as we shut Casas' mares into the corral. There were about fifty animals in all, and the far-famed bay *reservao* was amongst them. He was a noble looking brute, small of head, broad of counter, short of back, clean of limb, sleek, glossy, and in ideal condition. I looked in his eye for some index to the ferocity of his nature, but met only the radiant meekness of the fawn. You will find it written in books that this, that or the other horse gave away the secret of his character by the white of his eye, the turn of his nostril, the slant of his ear, or the switching of his tail; but this sanguinary criminal looked the picture of equine docility and innocence. Could he really be a *reservao*? It seemed so. There were several riders present who knew this.

One of them narrated the exact circumstances under which the animal had killed the man who attempted to tame him. Another described how the *reservao* had thrown a second rough-rider and then tried to eat him. Another could tell over how many square leagues had been distributed the component parts of the last riding gear which had been placed upon the back of this indomitable gelding. There was evidently no doubt about it. There he stood—the five-year-old terror of the western camps—the horse that never yet had met his master—the brute that many men would give a year of their lives to be able to tame and that not ten men in a thousand would dare to mount. There he stood, with his chin across the withers of his mother, tranquilly gazing at the row of faces that surveyed him from over the posts of the corral.

Old man Casas came from his rancho when the mares had been shut in. In his hand he carried a *taba*—the joint of a cow's hoof used so often in pampa gambling. One side of this bone is smooth, the other side is indented. When he arrived in front of the barriers of the corral the old gaucho drew two parallel lines on the hard clay about five yards apart with the point of his knife. Then addressing the crowd he said with great deliberation:—

"I desire to call the attention of all the señores present to the fact that my *reservao* is the wickedest horse I have ever known, and I have known some bad ones during my sixty-seven years. This bay owes already one death and several broken limbs. Let no señor here imagine that I exaggerate. What I say is true. I say it because I want nobody to come to me afterward and speak to me of bad faith. I stand upon what I said at the *velorio*. Let Don Castro and Don Lauro throw the bone here to decide which shall mount the bay first. After both have ridden him, let the better horseman do his own courting—if he is disposed to make love—and



let the other man keep clear. I do not know if I have made myself understood?"

He had. He dropped the bone on the ground, mounted, and signed to the rivals to throw. They threw it the stipulated number of times and chance decided that Lauro should be the first to interview the *reservao*. With a swaggering jest he took his lasso from the haunches of his horse, threw off his jacket, and, asking two of those present to accompany him, climbed over the barriers into the corral. As he shook out the coils of the lasso and trailed the loop in the dust, a change came over the *reservao*. He snorted, laid back his ears, and showed the white of his eye. His tame, docile appearance was shed as if by magic, and he looked what he was—a demon. At the first swing of the lasso he dropped his head and crouched behind his kindred for a moment; then with a wild leap and a snort of rage he made for the barriers. But Lauro's right hand had lost none of its cunning in prison, and the lasso was thrown with unerring aim and judgment—not to fall over the head and neck, but to catch the fore legs. The loop struck edgeways on the ground, a little to one side of the runaway and a little in front. As it fell against the dust it turned over and slightly upward, right under the flying hoofs, hit against the counter, dropped round the knees, and as the metal ring ran snarl-ingly along the plaiting, the fetlocks were snared. Lauro threw himself backward, bending his knees, and turning sideways to meet the strain, his right hand holding the lasso pressed behind his hip, his left gripping it just over his forward knee. When the slack was exhausted the horse was tripped and thrown forward head over heels in a most workmanlike manner. Instantly two men were upon him, one holding him by the mane and uppermost ear, while his companion adjusted a stout head-stall to the brass ring, to which a long rawhide halter was soon buttoned. The lasso was now

slackened and the fore feet liberated. The barriers were removed to allow the mares and their offsprings to escape, and then, rearing and kicking in terror and anger, the *reservao* was led forth a prisoner. Lauro now snared the fore feet once more, while a man on horse-back lassoed the hind legs by dropping the loop over the haunches. The prisoner was then pulled off his feet again, and the mounted man having reached the end of his rope, made his well-trained horse lean away from it to keep it taut.

Stretched at his full length, the *reservao* surveyed his captors with the corner of his available eye and groaned under the strain of the lassoes. From the spot where his nostrils were pressed against the ground he blew the dust away in little clouds as he snorted scorn and defiance at all mankind. Lauro seated himself on his prisoner's head and smiled.

"What bets are in favour of the horse?" he asked in his jaunty way, looking toward the door of the hut near by at which Juanita and her mother stood side by side watching everything that went on. "Is any señor disposed to bet?"

"Is any señor disposed to ride?" said old man Casas, dryly. "If so, he might begin to saddle as soon as he pleases."

Juanita Casas smiled at her father's sardonic remark. Lauro saw the smile and it angered him.

"Ask him what money he would like to put down," said Señora Casas, placing her hands on her hips and moving a few steps from the door.

"Silence, woman," commanded her lord and master, sternly.

"As well might the señora ask him for the grace of God," added Castro, pleasantly, glancing from the mother to the daughter, who smiled and nodded and then hung her head.

"Bueno," said Lauro, who saw this by-play and who now sprang to his feet, "if none of the señores will bet I must only give them a free exhibition of horsemanship. Let us saddle."



"It is so kind of you!" remarked Castro, in mock humility.

Saddling that recalcitrant outlaw was a long and laborious operation, for most of it had to be done with the animal lying on the ground. When they allowed him to scramble to his feet, he threw a shower of kicks in all directions, and it was with great difficulty they succeeded in snaring his hind legs again and passing the ends of the lasso by which they did it round his neck, where they made it fast. Still he resisted. They held him by the ears and twisted the point of his nose into a knot by means of the wristband of a riding-whip; but he tried to eat them, while at the same time he put his back into a hump in order to prevent them from drawing the girth sufficiently tight. He reared and tried to strike them with his fore feet, and then threw himself on the ground to left or right in an effort to catch them and crush them in his fall. Little by little, however, the tough girth was pulled home and secured by its raw hide fastening, and the sheep-skin cover of the *recao* bound over all. No bridle was used, but in its place a twisted horse skin thong (*bocao*), which was passed through the mouth behind the bridle-teeth of the under jaw and tied under the chin. The reins were buttoned to this contrivance and the *reservao* was ready.

Lauro now prepared to mount. He threw off all superfluous clothing and added to his toilet a pair of heavy spurs borrowed from one of his companions, which he bound securely about his insteps and ankles. He wore the *botas de potro* of the pampas—boots made from the untanned skin taken without a side slit from the hocks of a horse. They fitted like gloves to his feet and legs, leaving the toes bare to grip the stirrups and the knees bare to grip the saddle. He discarded his hat and replaced it by a cotton handkerchief which he knotted tightly round his brows. He tightened his waist sash, picked up his whip and

strode to where his two companions were holding the *reservao*. On hearing the approaching rattle of the spur-rowels along the ground the bay snorted; he accepted the challenge.

In ordinary camp horse-breaking the rough-rider is accompanied, while giving the first gallops to a raw gelding, by a mounted companion. But here there was to be none of this aid. Each rider was to depend on himself alone. Bearing this in mind, Lauro got them to drag the *reservao* farther away from the corral and to face him for the open camp, so that the old trick of crushing the rider against the posts might not be attempted. They held the animal's ears and nose until the horseman was securely planted in the saddle, and at a word from him they sprang backward, out of the way. The horse stood still for a moment, and then, bunching all his feet together, he shot himself a few feet into the air. He repeated this trick two or three times until Lauro drove home the spurs and kept them pressed into his sides. The maddened animal squealed with pain and rage and bounded forward in a series of zigzag leaps. Suddenly he stopped and shook his head from side to side. He was fighting for the advantage of getting his head between his knees, but Lauro with his body thrown back and the muscles of his arm straining under his olive skin, held the reins as if in a grip of steel. The *zaino* now gave a few circular back-jumps, still tugging at the reins, and then, without a moment's warning, he stood on his hind legs and threw himself back on the ground. It was one of his pet tricks. Lauro knew about it, but was unprepared to meet it. The balance of his body had been all right to withstand the strain on his arms, but was fatal when the horse reared and took him unawares. Had he been prepared for the emergency, he would have placed his hands against the bay's neck, kept his arms rigid, loosened his legs on the saddle and drawn his toes out of the stirrups. In this manner, as the horse



fell, the rider would have been thrown outward and backward to a safe distance and would have dropped on his feet. As it was, he fell with the *reservao* and narrowly escaped being crushed to death. He managed to wriggle to one side in time to save his body ; but his legs were caught, and when they went to him they found him pale with humiliation and with the agony of a bruised and dislocated ankle.

Some of them helped him to limp back to corral, against the posts of which he seated himself while the others headed off and caught the victorious *reservao*. The defeated rough-rider turned towards the hut and saw Casas' wife and daughter looking on from the open door, and the sight did not give him consolation. The grim owner of the *reservao* appeared to be the most unconcerned man there. He sat on horseback as impressionless as if he were sleep-walking. Not a muscle moved. He may indeed have felt a sort of modest pride in his untamable bay, but if so he kept it to himself. When they brought back that desperate animal the old man turned to Castro and said :—

“Don Castro, have you given yourself an account of what has taken place?”

Castro nodded. He was stripped for the fray and ready to begin. But the old man Casas, being in love with ponderous formalities, had more to say.

“If Don Castro desires to do so he can let go the *reservao*. It is all the same to me.”

“It is not all the same,” shouted Lauro from where he had propped himself against the posts of the corral ; “or if it is all the same to you it is not all the same to me. He must either ride or eat dirt. Let us see what he can do. It is only just that he, too, should have a chance to take away a remembrance of this business.”

“It is well,” said Castro, quietly. “Have no fear that I want to shirk the trial. Here I am.”

In another half-minute he was in the

saddle, his slim figure swaying in rhythm to the wild antics of the bay, his whip hand rising and falling with rapid sweeps as cut after cut of the cruel lash was rained upon the head, neck, and quarters of the rebel. For the first five minutes the *reservao* did nothing but jump—in circles, in zigzag, to and fro, wriggling and twisting himself in every leap, now swerving as he gave a fresh bound until the right stirrup of his rider brushed the grass, and now bending to the left until he seemed to be on the point of rolling over. It was of no avail. He stood stock-still now, with his feet wide apart, and Castro immediately reversed his whip, catching it by the lash and poising the loaded handle ready for use. With a defiant shout he drove the spurs to the rowel axles, and as the horse reared he struck him a resounding blow right between the ears. With open mouth and blazing eyes the savage beast now turned and tried to bite the legs which gored his sides with their steel-shod extremities ; but the heavy whip-handle came mercilessly down on nose and temple and lean jaw-bone and forced him to check his cannibal appetite. A headlong race out on the plain now followed. When he had gone about a hundred yards he broke once more into buck jumps and waltzed around a wide circle, shaking himself from head to heel every time he touched the ground and straining at the reins to get down his head.

In the middle of a series of rushing leaps the *reservao* suddenly threw himself forward, heels over head. But Castro was not caught underneath. He was too superb a horseman for that. At the roll-over my companion leaned over, kicked his feet out of the stirrups and loosened his grip on the saddle. The momentum of the fall threw him forward on his feet.

Castro did not lose any time in acknowledging the applause. Before the *reservao* could regain his feet after the fall, his rider was kneeling on his head and a torrent of blows from that terrific



whip-handle was drumming an agonizing tattoo on ribs and belly. The *reservao* soon kicked himself free. When he stood up again, however, Castro was on his back, and this time the reins were short enough.

The bay now went on strike and remained stock still. Castro did not trouble himself about this at first. It would allow him to get back some of his strength for a final struggle, so he kept a firm hold of the reins and waited for about five minutes, when he proposed a return to work. At first the bay refused to move, but there came some caresses from that whip-handle which patted him behind the ear with a gentle pressure of several tons to the square inch; so he saw the sweet reasonableness of doing something. What he did was to stand straight up, as he had done with Lauro, and throw himself back—but with a different result. Castro was beside him as he fell, and another cyclone of whip-handles immediately visited the neighbourhood. As the bay leaped to his feet after this unpleasant episode Castro was again astride of him, and held him on a shorter rein. But there were several dozens of demons to be exorcised still. He jumped for another five minutes, threw himself on his side twice, and was preparing for another backward tumble when Castro nearly opened his wicked skull by a cut behind the ears. It hit him in the right place and staggered him. He fell forward on to his knees, swayed as if drunk for a moment, and rose again—tamed!

He trotted for about twenty yards and then broke into a gallop—a magnificent gallop, long, supple, swinging, graceful—for he was a glorious horse to look at.

Four or five of us ran forward to relieve Castro of the conquered *reservao*, and as he slid to the ground among us there was not much of triumph in his mien. His cheeks were ashen, his eyes heavy and sunken, the damp on his forehead was cold. His hand felt like ice, his breath came in quick, convulsive sobs, and clotted, blood-flecked spume stained his lips and chin. He reeled to a patch of grass near the corner of the corral, where he threw himself wearily face downward, without a word.

Juanita at a sign from her father ran to offer the victor a drink of water. She spoke to him but he did not heed her. She put her supple arms round him and rolled him over on his back.

“A moment,” he gasped, “let me be;” and he waved her gently aside.

In half an hour he was seated at the door of the hut drinking mate and chatting confidentially with Casas’ wife and daughter. Casas himself was hospitably helping Lauro to mount his horse.

“When is it to be?” I asked of Castro later as we galloped homeward.

At first he only laughed and shrugged his shoulders. But at length, after I had teased him and plied him with questions, he said:—

“When I can steal her, for the old man will be sure to put difficulties in the way. He said, if you will observe, that I might ask her; but he did not say that he would give her. He fears that I am wild and that I would not be a good husband! She will like to be stolen. And as for me? What would you have? For me I would prefer to steal her—I would!”

And he stole her, too.





# A METROPOLITAN INFLUENCE

BY  
KATE JORDAN  
Mrs. F.M. Vermilye.

MISS LUKE'S house was very still. The peas as they fell from the pod into her pan made a vibrating echo in the hush. The city folks were all gone and she did not need to look at the flowers in the garden to know that summer was dying.

A sigh opened her tightly set lips, but she went on with the shelling. It was an easy task. There was only her own supper and Pete's, the hired man's, to think of now.

Yes, the house was very quiet. She listened again to the silence and a feeling of loneliness seized her. She felt a dread of it. Yet she had been alone for years before renting her rooms this summer, and had thought she was used to it. Of course she would grow accustomed to it again, but at first it was queer.

"Just as if the clock had stopped," she thought, and shivered.

Surprised at her own sensitiveness she stepped out on the grey porch and warmed herself in the sunlight. A straight, trim figure in a cotton frock, she held her head up, steadied her glasses and looked across Vineyard Sound to where a trio of yachts were scudding in a crisp breeze.

Miss Luke had once been pretty.

That fact in the melancholy past tense was stamped on every feature. Nature had fashioned her appealingly; a life of heart starvation had turned curves into angles and dimples into seams.

But her hair, now black and silver, was still thick and soft, and despite the fact that she pierced it back tightly with big, iron hairpins every morning, it loosened during the day into loose tendrils and curves against which her small mouth seemed set in disapproval. The troubled forehead could not hide the beauty of her grey eyes, soft and sad from dreams almost done with, and many tears. Her smile was best of all, but it came so seldom.

The city folk had often called it forth. She thought regretfully of them now. They had been a merry six, always on the "go," with faces freshly tanned, red coats, golf clubs, fishing rods, satin bathing suits and wash leather gloves for the hands. They had seemed to like her, and one love affair among them which she had watched in a mouse-like way had given her days a borrowed colour and charm.

As she stood there the omnibus from Falmouth Village drew up at the next cottage and Mrs. Peakes alighted. Miss Luke felt that she must speak to her



neighbour. She "hankered" for a word with a human being.

"Thought that was you on the bus!" she called out, and Mrs. Peakes, some parcels on her arm, strolled over.

"Been down to Falmouth for some pickles. It's surprisin' how my Ben do crave them. 'Cause he's growin' I expect. So all your folks went to-day?"

"Yes, I'm alone again. It seems so strange."

"But ain't you glad? They were the noisiest set I ever did see. Someone was saying they were a lot of big folk from town, come down to 'rough' it. Well they jest did—rough's the word. Think you'll take boarders next summer, Amelia?"

Miss Luke's mouth tightened, her eyes grew sadder, she looked across the water.

"I dunno, I'm sure."

"Oh, I forgot! Maybe by then you and Jason——"

Miss Luke fluttered and broke in nervously:—

"'Tain't likely. Come in, do, and hev a cup of tea. I was jest goin' to set down myself."

"I can't—" began the woman fussily.

"Jest fer a minute, I wish you would!" and though she urged, habit made her keep from her voice the human note which would have shown how strenuously she desired the visit; "I was jest goin' to set down myself."

"Well—jest fer a minute."

Miss Luke went nimbly into the hall—all her movements were quick and decisive—and Mrs. Peakes followed cumbrously. She was stout and shapeless, but her features were peaked. She was a rabid lover of the teapot, and the tannin seemed to have puckered her lips and forehead.

"Ain't it a mercy you don't have the rheumatism?" she exclaimed as she seated herself heavily and caught her lip under her teeth. "From this on, Amelia, till May comes, I'm jest a martyr to it."

"And you've tried so much medicine," said Miss Luke sympathetically as she poured the water on the tea leaves.

"Well, we must all come to it. How you've kep' from it in this damp house I can't imagine. But then you ain't my age. I'm fifty-one. But you ain't near that, and you ain't married. How old are you, Amelia?"

Miss Luke's soft eyes were distressed. She felt as if the speaker had placed a rough finger on a fresh sore. But she moistened her lips preparatory to telling the uncompromising truth.

"I know," cried Mrs. Peakes, knocking off numbers on her fat fingers where a wedding ring was almost hidden under puffs of flesh. "Lemme see—Maria—eighteen—no nineteen years ago next October—yes! Maria will be married nineteen years next October and you was twenty—when you was bridesmaid for her. I've a terrible head for figures—this tea *is* good."

Miss Luke looked away. There was a brightness in her eyes and her breath was excited. Her neighbour had made a mistake, had made her a year younger than she was. If this were possible to such a dreaded statistician as Mrs. Peakes others in Falmouth might think her approaching her thirty-ninth year, and the dreaded forty was in effect still twelve months away. She could not have lied, but she could be quiet and tacitly agree with the error, for a woman's mind the world over, except perhaps in Japan, possesses a special line of logic to condone deception when her age is in question.

"So you feel lonesome 'thout your boarders?" questioned Mrs. Peakes. "I'll tell you what seemed terrible strange to me. I never see one of those girls doin' a piece of embroidery—*never*. Ef they wasn't on the jump their noses were buried in books."

"They left a passel o' books after them. I got them here. Maybe Ben might like some."

She lifted a mechanically arranged



stack of paper-covered novels from a closet shelf and Mrs. Peakes leaned sideways with moderate interest.

"'Vanity Fair,'" read Miss Luke; "I've heard of that and I'm goin' to read it."

"Ain't that in 'Pilgrim's Progress?'" asked Mrs. Peakes with an air of superior wisdom. "They didn't seem like religious folk to me, I must say. 'What's that yellow one?'"

Miss Luke held it up, moved her glasses to a different angle and mumbled:—

"I can't make it out—it ain't English I imagine."

"Let *me* see. I should say it ain't. It's one of those furrin books they don't dare to print in English. 'La Femmee de Tren-tee Ans.' I wish I could make it out. I'm sure it ain't fit to read."

"Oh! I'm sure they wouldn't have left such things in my house," Miss Luke objected gently. "They were such happy, young creatures. I can't think real wicked people ever laugh and love the sunshine as they did."

"Well, maybe not."

"'Unleavened Bread.'"

"A cookery book I guess. Well, I might give that to Maria."

"'Paris As It Is.'"

"I'll take that," said Mrs. Peakes sternly. "If it's what I think it is, you'll thank me, Amelia Luke, for keepin' you from reading it."

"They left some other things, too," said Miss Luke, going to an inner room. "These two bottles. The young man they called Freddy—oh! what was his other name?—well, he said they were very good tonics." She held up the bottles to the light. "The labels are partly off, but one's marked Chartreuse, and the other Crème de Menthe, and they're half full."

"What did they take them for? Chills?"

"Well, as I remember, they took them when they came in from bathing for a chill, and I've seen them cool off with them after golf. They must be very good. The young man named Freddy—

what was his other name?—well, he said he could recommend them. My, what laughing eyes that young man had!"

Mrs. Peakes sniffed at the bottles.

"There wouldn't be any spirits in them?"

"Law, no! They don't smell so, do they?"

"No, they just smell queer."

"I told them the day they come I was total abstinence and any liquor must be drunk outside my house. Oh, no! they're just what he said—powerful tonics."

"I'll try a little some time," said Mrs. Peakes graciously, and Miss Luke put the bottles away.

"And how is Jason?" Mrs. Peakes asked as she drew her mouth into a delicate pucker and blew on her tea. "This trip has ben a long one."

"He ain't been carryin' cargo this last month—went 'prospectin',' I think he calls it," Miss Luke answered.

"Oh! one of them fool things men get taken with," and Mrs. Peakes wrinkled her nose contemptuously. "You know, Amelia, your patience has ben tremenjus. I should think you'd want to shake Jason Beeson. I should. As I said to Maria on'y last week when we was speakin' of you and him, a beau is troublesome enough when he keeps his two feet on land, but when he is seafarin' he's like a flea. You don't mind my speakin' of Jason?"

Miss Luke had been biting her lips, and her eyes had looked everywhere but into her neighbour's. The instinct of secrecy and conservatism was battling to sustain itself, to hide from the speaker that every word she uttered was perforating her heart like a needle plumbing its soreness.

"Oh no! Oh no!" she said hastily with a nervous smile. "But people mustn't think because Jason has given me a good deal of his comp'ny that it means—it means—well Jason and I are only friends, just friends."

Mrs. Peakes's fat body expanded with indignation.



"Yes, so you always say. But it seems to me fifteen years is a plagued long friendship. He's ben your comp'ny and you can't gainsay it, Amelia Luke. I have no patience with Jason Beeson. You're too soft, Amelia Luke." Mrs. Peakes rose and snatched up the bag of pickles as if they had offended her. "Now you take my advice and don't stand it any longer. *I* wouldn't have Jason Beeson palaverin' in *my* settin' room all through another winter, I can tell you. If he don't mean anything then I'd shet the door on him and stop the talk."

After the woman had gone Miss Luke sat by the window and stared into the back garden. Almost everything Mrs. Peakes had said about Jason had hurt her, but most of all the last words. She should "stop the talk." Well she had known for years that Jason Beeson's dilatory courtship had made her a marked woman in the town of Falmouth. Still to hear the words made the bitterness unbearable.

She turned from the garden and her eyes fell upon her cup. Her fingers quivered as she lifted it and looked at the pattern the tea leaves had left on the side of it. It seemed as if she saw a ship—and—and—a ring. Perhaps at last it meant—

She set her lips harder, and put the cup under the faucet. No, she must get over this foolishness. She had been seeing ships and rings in her cups for fifteen years, yet Jason Beeson still sailed his boat, the *Good Girl*, between Wood's Hole or Bangor and the southern ports a free man, and she was still Miss Luke of Falmouth.

## II.

Mrs. Peakes looked up from the bast- ing in of a gusset and said it looked as if the winter was fairly in, though it was only mid-October. Miss Cusack added



"MRS. PEAKES SNIFFED AT THE BOTTLES."

that it had rained pretty constantly since the "line" storm in September. Miss Ely said her neuralgia had set in and she had six pair of stockings to knit before Christmas. Miss Luke said nothing. She was sewing with a mechanical precision. Her lips were set more closely than ever. At intervals as the clock ticked heavily during the long pauses, she darted enquiring, almost frightened looks at her companions' bent faces. A sigh that had gathered force from repression, battled against her lips.

She felt the constraint in the air. She knew the "Helping Sisters," as the church sewing class was called, were longing to fall on a discussion of her pain and disappointment. She felt like a watchman who keeps a pack of hungry dogs from a savoury mess.

"I think I'll go," she said in a little voice.

"Must you?" asked Mrs. Peakes pathetically, as she drew a thread through her teeth.

"Ain't you well, Miss Luke?" asked Miss Cusack.



"Well? Why of course I am. Why shouldn't I be? I'm so well all the time I feel like apologisin' to half the young folks," said Miss Luke with a vigour that was near hysteria.

"Then what makes you hurry? I wish you would all hev your dinner with me. Vegetable soup with dumplings ain't to be sneezed at."

Miss Luke was buttoning her cape.

"I got something I must do."

"Expectin' someone?" asked Miss Ely with an upward inflection that wavered on the coquettish.

"No. But I got something to do."

When she was gone the "Helping Sisters" sewed in a silence that was heavy with meaning. After the gusset was in, Mrs. Peakes looked at the wet prospect outside, beyond the sage green blind, and wagged her head importantly.

"It's a shame and a disgrace," she said slowly. "Jason Beeson hasn't crossed her door sence he came back five weeks ago."

"She keeps up well," said Miss Cusack.

"It's pride," snapped Mrs. Peakes. "No wonder the Lord is chastenin' her. Amelia Luke is so proud she'd die before she'd talk about Jason Beeson. I've watched for her to break down and I've been all ready with my say, but she makes me feel that I ain't to approach that subject with a pair of tongs. One thing I did though—I couldn't help it—I had to. I met Amelia last Monday. She was all alone in the bus when I got in at Dr. Lane's. She looked so peak I could tell she was just wearing herself out for that man, so I up and says quickly while I had courage: 'Amelia Luke, one thing I want you to know. Jason Beeson is declarin' everywhere that to his mind matrimony is a mistake. He says if a man hasn't been fool enough to marry before forty, he's fit for a lunatic asylum if he marries after it.'"

"What did she say?" asked Miss Ely, with a gasp which expressed admiration for Mrs. Peakes's courage.

"She just sat stunned like for a minute,

then she fastened her pin at her collar, then she looked me right in the eyes. 'It takes some people a lot of time to learn sense,' she said, and I dont know to this day whether she meant Jason Beeson or me."

While this discussion with variations was continued Miss Luke had reached her house and shut the back door on the drenched garden. The "something she had to do" was not of importance; it was merely to go to her bedroom, look at herself in the mirror as she removed her hat, her lips quivering in little spasms, kneel down by the bed and sob piteously, patiently, as one might after accepted punishment. There was no defiance, no anger in her weeping. Her heart was as weak as it was sore. One of the lessons of her colourless life had been the doctrine of resignation. In this cruel hour she did not resent, and only vaguely questioned why this bitterness must be her portion.

Pete was not working for her now, and she did not prepare dinner for herself. The day wore on. It was awful to sit in that silent house sewing, listening to the rain which clicked against the glass like metal beads. Toward four o'clock the rain ceased and a streak of lemon colour flashed with metallic lustre through the trees. She went out on the porch. The damp air was like a kiss. Across Vineyard Sound the light on Gay Head was already flashing. She went down to the end of the porch and leaned far over. From this point she could see a tongue of land sticking into the roistering waters and on the bluff above it, a small cottage. It was Jason Beeson's house. There he lived alone when he was ashore and "foraged" for himself. He was there now, for a thin curl of smoke rose from the chimney. She stared at this till tears gathered again in her mild eyes.

She loved Jason Beeson. She knew now how much his rough, shymasculinity had meant to her. He had been a variation in her life's over-refinement. Even his seaman's oaths had had their charm,



though always calling from her a shocked "Jason!" It was so different now—no grip of the hand, no teasing, no heavy footfall, no smell of a pipe which she had grown to like, no sheepish glances which said what his lips had never voiced. Time was like a clock which had lost the hour hand.

As she sat down by the kitchen table a dizziness frightened her. Perhaps she was ill. But she remembered she had eaten almost no breakfast and had tasted nothing since. It was only hunger. Soon the hissing of the kettle above the bright coals was a sound of cheer, and Miss Luke's heart faintly responded to it. She was one of the women who feel they have an armour against any sorrow in a cup of tea. When she took the brown canister from the shelf her dismay was therefore tragic.

"Not a pinch!" she said aloud mournfully.

She remembered now that she had meant to get more that morning. But it was not strange she had forgotten it; her brain was wool-gathering these days.

Disconsolate and faint she looked into the empty canister. There would be no bus to the village till six. Mrs. Peakes was her nearest neighbour, but rather than seek her again to-day she would endure martyrdom.

As she opened the cupboard door she saw the bottles left by her summer boarders. She had forgotten all about them. They would strengthen her at least and banish this lightness from her brain. Afterward she would eat a piece of bread and butter and a cold, baked apple.

When she had measured half a glass-

ful from the bottle marked Chartreuse she hesitated. She did not know which was the better. It would do no harm to take a little of both and be on the safe side, for it might be the one marked Crème de Menthe was a real relief for that "gone" feeling which gripped her. She stirred the mixture vigorously, advanced it to her lips, shuddered at the pungent smell, hesitated, and then closing her eyes drained the glass.

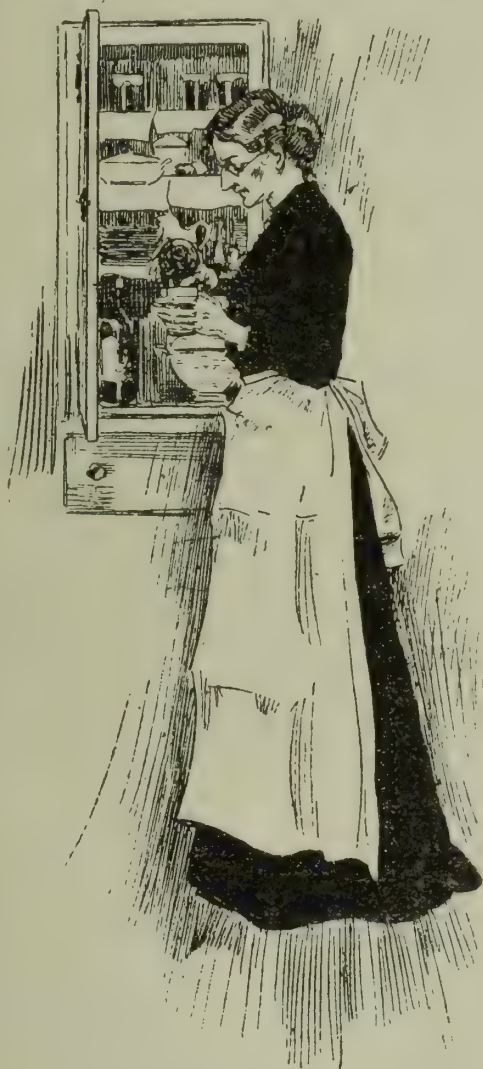
It left her coughing, her face wrinkled in disgust, her throat burning.

She was not aware of any unusual sensation until she brought the loaf of bread to the table and poised the knife to cut it. The bread danced before her eyes and she made futile passes with the keen blade. Well, bread did not matter. She felt no need of it, nor for the plate of apples which she pushed from her across the table with such force it rang against the wall.

For a few moments she sat with closed eyes. Her brain hummed as if tenanted by a bewildering machinery, the blood stung her as it raced through her veins. When she opened her eyes fur- tively, everything whirled before her, pans leaped

from the shelves to the floor and back again in a most unseemly manner, the stove waltzed and winked, the kitchen clock peered sideways on the mantelpiece.

She closed her eyes, blotting out details and was conscious only of a whizzing and humming as if she had been thrown into some mighty cauldron which bubbled maddeningly. She was in the grip of a sensation which blotted out inquiry and wonder.



"SHE MEASURED HALF A GLASSFUL  
FROM THE BOTTLE MARKED  
CHARTREUSE."



For more than an hour she sat with fingers gripping the table's edge, opening and closing her eyes, and very gradually the pandemonium among the kitchen furniture lessened. Her brain grew clearer. She began to think. Never had she felt such power within herself. Her blood raced, a strength that nothing could daunt deepened within her and gave her a new point of view. She crossed the kitchen and while her feet seemed to belong to someone else she did not sway, but bore herself with an obstinate erectness like a challenge to her dignity. The feminine in her sent her direct to the mirror. She studied her face. It surprised her. She was as she had looked long ago. It was like meeting a radiant vision of the dead face to face. Her lips and cheeks were rosy, her grey eyes were dark and bright and their light seemed to have wiped out the lines of years and care.

She laughed, and drew her hair lower on her forehead as she used to wear it in days when her brush was used caressingly, not resentfully. Miss Luke marvelled and smiled, and one mighty desire gripped her—to have Jason Beeson stand before her. She wanted him to see her, and to hear her, for in a flash she realised she had much to say to him. The spirit of a giantess seemed to have entered into her, and speech which could not be controlled broke forth in the empty kitchen. She told the pans, the stove, the mirror what she meant to say and do, and her confidences were given in ringing tones with exultant laughs.

While she talked she dressed. Her very best was laid out—nothing else would do—her velvet cloak, even if it smelled of camphor, the tissue-wrapped gloves which had lain in all their immaculate stiffness for a year; her velvet hat with violets; her mink tippet—she was glad it was cold enough for that. When she was ready she looked a pretty woman keyed to feverish expectancy about something. With the unhurried step of one with a mission she went out and closed the door sharply.

It was now dark and stars spangled a bluish sky. Frost had crisped the wet wind and made it stinging. It was a night for shut doors, a good fire and a book. But Miss Luke held her head up and reeved in the rough wind as she walked fast toward the water.

She followed the twisting path along the cliff, and her eyes fixed themselves on Jason Beeson's home which stood nearest the tongue of land. There were many small houses exactly like it, used mostly by the families of men who sailed the sea, box-like structures patterned something on the lines of a human face. As Miss Luke stared at it now the triangled roof seemed a narrowed forehead, the two lighted windows awe-struck eyes, the narrow door a nose, the door sill a mouth. To her fancy the house expressed overwhelming amazement as if it watched her approach, saying:—

"Well—I *am* surprised! I *am* surprised."

She flung up her head as if to stare it out of countenance until she was at the doorstep. There she hesitated.

Someone within was singing.

Miss Luke, with a sixteen-year-old impetuosity, climbed on the railing and looked in.

Jason Beeson sat alone by a small cylindrical stove whose sides were glowing; the remains of his supper were on a table near by; she could see a square of cold, boiled bacon, fried potatoes, bread, a pitcher with a glass half filled with ale beside it. The Irish terrier, which he had named Paddy, and which went with him on all his cruises, lay beside him. Jason's arms were clasped behind his head, his stockinged feet were on the mantelpiece, his pipe hung over his bearded lip, and he kept up a melodious humming.

The sight enraged Miss Luke. She sprang down, and without the ceremony of knocking flung the door wide.

Jason wheeled slowly and faced the most surprising sight of his life. Amelia Luke was standing there in his room,



her eyes sweeping him with scorn, her face aflame with a beauty which startled him—Amelia Luke transfigured, dominant, exalted. Before she spoke a word, he felt a worm in her presence. His lips parted so abjectly that his pipe fell with a clatter to the floor, where it remained unnoticed.

"Amelia!" the awe-struck, inquiring word trailed into silence.

"Jason Beeson!" Her tone was different. A judge seemed to speak the words. They arraigned him as a culprit.

Miss Luke's eyes travelled around the room, noting its comfort, its neatness—for Jason was a "handy" man—and came back to rest in contempt on his face.

"I came to-night to speak my mind to you, Jason Beeson. You've lived so long alone and thought only of yourself, you ain't got a right idea of just what you are, so I came to tell you. You're what I call a coward, Jason Beeson!"

She flung out her arm, and her forefinger, sheathed in the new grey kid, was like an arrow pointed at his head.

"You set there mighty contented with your fire and your supper, and your dog and your pipe—you keep from me as if I had a plague—you go around telling folks you're through with the idea of matrimony. You're well pleased with yourself, ain't you? You don't think of the woman who lives half a mile off, whose life you've ruined—do you? You don't think of the fifteen years you've taken from her, years thrown away on a palaverin' fool like you, who said by your actions to all Falmouth, 'I'm going to marry Amelia Luke if she'll have

me,' and never said it with your mouth? You don't care that you've made a laughing stock of me to some folks, while others pity me? Oh! Oh!" Miss Luke flung out her arms. "You wicked, cruel, cowardly creature, how big is your soul? I wish I had a man's strength to beat you till you crawled at my feet and begged my pardon as if you were a slave and I a queen!"

Jason sprang back, a look as if he had been roused from sleep on his face, a fervid admiration in his eyes different from the shy attention Miss Luke had been accustomed to from him. He tried



"IF YOU WERE A KING, I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU NOW."

to speak, but she hushed him as if he were a fly she brushed aside.

"I ain't through yet. There's one thing more. It's jest this. If you were a king and I was starving, I wouldn't marry you now. If you went on your knees and begged me to, and were dyin' with love, I'd laugh at you."

She pulled the door open and paused to look back, her eyes alight, her head moving like a restive racer's.

"Understand that, Jason Beeson! Amelia Luke *wouldn't* marry you. She despises you for a coward. You ain't good enough for her."

The door closed, and Jason stood like an amazed sheep.



"Well, I be —— he began, but stopped and scratched his head, gazing at the spot where she had stood.

The next day was Sunday.

When Miss Luke opened her eyes she thought for a moment she was dying. There was something seriously wrong with her head. It ached from her eyes to the back of her neck. Bolts of pain shot through it. She groaned in helpless misery. She was alone, with no one to fetch her a cup of tea, for which she longed miserably. Despite the pain blinding her she dressed, and shading her eyes made her way to the kitchen. The task of lighting the fire and boiling the kettle almost overcame her. But when she came to measure out the tea and saw the empty canister, she sank back against the cupboard with a groan. Now she knew why her head ached. Now she remembered that there was no tea yesterday, and she had taken the tonic instead. It had made her ill, as she might have known it would. She was not cut on the pattern of the city folks. As she sat by the table, her head on her hand, she recalled by degrees a curious dream she had had, something about Jason Beeson; she had met him somewhere—had loved him so as she looked at him, but in her ache and disappointment had spoken cruel words. Dreams were strange things. She could never, no matter how badly Jason used her, speak harshly to him. It would hurt her too much. Her heart might condemn him, but her lips would be silent. She drank a cup of hot water, went back to her room and lay down. Nothing there told her that what she fancied a dream had been reality, for with the precision which was instinct, the best clothes had been put back in camphor and silence.

An hour's quiet did her head good, and she prepared a midday meal which "stayed her," though she sadly missed her tea. Her cat purred against her skirt. Disjointed thoughts kept her company. Mrs. Peakes would wonder

why she had not gone to church—it was a strange dream about Jason—it was stupid of her not to have gone to the village for tea last night, as Sunday was to follow.

The back gate clicked, and she started up, fluttering. A talkative, prying visitor would be most unwelcome. Her hand went to her throat in consternation as she saw Jason Beeson in new clothes coming up the walk. His progress was slow and almost timid. She could see that his bearded face was pale. He looked serious. Somebody—his sister Agnes, maybe—must be dead. Nothing else would make him come with such a serious face after his slighting absence. Miss Luke's headache was forgotten. She had a part to play, pride to sustain, secret pain to hide. After a glance in the mirror, which showed her two round red spots in her white cheeks, she answered the hesitating knock on the kitchen door.

"Good morning, Jason," she said in a calm voice. "Step in. It's a mite colder than yesterday."

Jason looked surprised, but obeyed.

"You didn't expect to see me, Amelia?"

"No, I didn't," said Miss Luke flatly; "I ain't happened to see you sence you came back, but of course if that suits you, it suits me, as it does any of your other friends, I s'pose."

"Last night——" Jason began, and his expression was bewildered.

"I know what you've come to say, I guess. Last night Agnes died. Ain't that it? That's what's brought you?"

"Have you heard such a thing?" he cried.

"No, but I allowed that must be why you came."

"No! It ain't why I came." He stood up, trembling visibly. "I came to ask you to do me the honour to be my wife."

They looked at each other.

"Why, Jason!"

Amazement, joy, bewilderment, were



in the words as Miss Luke rose and sat down again.

"You ain't surprised, Amelia? I ben thinking of a lot of things sence last night, and I come to see I have acted a coward—but I'll make up for it, Amelia. Maybe thirty years of—of—*love*, Amelia—if we're spared—will wipe out the fifteen that's gone."

"Why, Jason!"

It was all joy now, and she fluttered awkwardly as he took her hand.

Afterward, as he sat with his arm around her waist, she told him of her dream.

"Oh, I said awful things to you in that dream, Jason! You stood up—your pipe fell, and you looked so queer. Now, to think you come here to-day and ask me to marry you! Ain't it wonderful? Don't it show that dreams go by contraries?"

While his face showed that he was puzzled, Jason had a native tact which kept him quiet. She thought the visit to him a dream, she thought he had sought her just because of his own awakening to his need of her. Well, she must continue to think so. But it puzzled him.

He stayed to supper, and as he smoked his pipe his eyes fell on two empty bottles on the ledge of the sink. In surprise he read the labels.

"How on earth did you come by these here?" he asked.



"NOTHIN', AMELIA—NOTHIN'—BUT BY GUM I WISH YOU'D TAKEN THAT TONIC SOME DOZEN YEARS AGO."

Miss Luke told the story of the tonics, and added that she had poured them out because a dose she took the day before had not agreed with her.

There was sudden sagacity in Jason's narrowed eyes.

"What time did you take the dose, Amelia?"

"'Bout dark. I mixed 'em. But, oh! I felt awful ill this morning. I do yet. They may be tonics fer town folks, but give me——"

The laugh from Jason was a roar which made the tins on the shelf clatter.

"What on earth's the matter, Jason?" Miss Luke asked in concern, for the laughter seemed to have the abruptness of insanity.

"Oh! nothin', Amelia—nothin'—but, by gum, I wish you'd taken that tonic some dozen years ago."

"Why, Jason?"

"Oh! nothin', Amelia—nothin'."



## FOLLY AT THE WHEEL

By HARRY J. ROBINSON

THE little cuckoo clock on the carved oak mantelshelf struck midnight, and Pierrette proceeded with her knitting. Truth to tell, her peace of mind was not quite so undisturbed as might be inferred by her placid method of working. It was the fifth evening of the week, and for the fifth time Pierrot was late in his home-coming; for the little play-house was but ten minutes' journey from their homestead, and the terra-cotta curtain fell with noted regularity at a quarter to eleven.

A terrible night in mid-winter, the snow lay heavy upon the countryside, an easterly wind gave force to a fierce snowstorm, and rattled and thundered round the tiny, isolated cottage with unabated fury.

Pierrette, in her loneliness, was full of thoughts of the vague rumours which had reached her, of the new *soubrette* at the theatre, of her fascination over men in general and the reckless Pierrot in particular; imagined slights were exaggerated, incidents which had never occurred assumed definite shape, and when finally the door was burst open to admit the late comer, in company with a bitter snow drift, his reception was of a decidedly chilly character.

"Well, girlie, what a cheery night to be sure; if ever the play-actor's art had to play second fiddle to the cravings of an empty stomach, that time is—Hullo! What on earth ails you, *ma cherie*—there are tears in your eyes—you are working ever so much too late."

"I fear me your supper will be cold, Pierrot, but if the night has such powerful attractions, I fail to see that it can be helped."

Pierrot clasped her in his arms in an instant.

"What nonsense you are talking, dear; we adjourned to old Topham's next to the theatre to warm our hands and hearts, and see if the storm abated. I've left the rest there now!"

"Did Miss Jocaneaux adjourn to old Topham's? Did the weather prevent you supping punctually last evening or three nights previously? It was glorious moonlight! Do you imagine for one moment——?"

So the quarrel proceeded. As is usual in affairs of this kind, foolish things were said on either side, for she was tired, he was hungry, whilst the state of the weather hardly improved matters.

Within a very short time a miserable Pierrette went to her room, alone, whilst an equally unhappy Pierrot sat on a stool by the kitchen fire, and poked out the dying embers viciously.

The storm still raged without, and the figure by the hearth brooded on far into the night.

A loud tapping at the door startled him! Quickly rising and drawing the bolt, two muffled and bedraggled folk entered the darkened room.

Pomponnet, a handsome, dashing, and sprightly young strolling player, with Ninette, his bewitching little comrade in art, breathlessly unfolded their story. Their caravan had been snowed up since the previous day, supplies of food and fuel had run short, and they begged shelter for the night.

Hearing the sound of voices, Pierrette, with tear-stained eyes, quickly brightening now, ran from her room, and hastened with the preparation of a frugal but welcome repast.

Pomponnet was a fascinating fellow indeed, well accomplished in the language of the eyes, and made every subtle effort to ingratiate himself with Pierrette. That little lady, with more



than a degree of the weakness of human nature, and scarcely recovered from the fancied neglect of Pierrot, realised nothing beyond an excellent opportunity of delicious revenge. The supper was a brilliant success for three of the party; gay repartee, foolish little speeches, timid flirtation on the part of Pierrette, bold advances by Pomponnet, dainty sauciness from golden-haired Ninette, all combined to bring poor Pierrot to the verge of despair. There is an end, however, to the worst of evils, and somewhere near the approach of dawn, it was voted time for bed. Lights were lowered, the visitors retired to the spare room of the tiny abode, after the bidding of good night.

*Pierrette kissed Pomponnet.*

Pierrot was again sitting in lone meditation on the stool by the fireside.

"May I come in, please?"

"You may if you like, I suppose."

"I'm in, Pierrot!"

With a rustle of soft raiment, Ninette is kneeling on the rug at his feet.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I think she is a wicked, wicked girl, and Pomponnet—well, Pomponnet is quite a brute!"

"Why have you come to me, Ninette? You must be tired."

She crept closer to his side in the dim firelight, and he smoothed her long tresses softly.

"I was sorry, Pierrot, that's all."

A long pause, whilst they nestled yet closer.

"Pierrot!"

"Yes, dearie!"

"May I ask you a tiny question?"

"Of course."

"If a girl loves a boy ever so much and he doesn't know, what should she do, Pierrot?"

"I suppose she could tell him in-

directly, if the boy is idiot enough not to see."

"Pierrot!"

"Yes."

"If the boy is married?"—in a whisper.

"Ninette, dearie, you're tired, please go to bed?"

"Are you cross, Pierrot?"

"No."

"Aren't you tired, too?"

*Pierrot kissed Ninette.*

\* \* \* \* \*

It is early morning. The door is flung wide open, the little apartment is flooded with brilliant winter sunshine, and Pierrot sleeps at full length on the rug by the smouldering embers.

"Pierrot, Pierrot, wake up, you stupid!"

He was on his feet with a start.

"Why—where—what has happened?"

"They've gone—without a word."

With a sudden inspiration, Pierrot rushes to the boudoir and tore open the wardrobe. Snatching up a little box in which had been placed their frugal savings, he found it—empty!

With a sob he fell on his knees by the bedside. Pierrette gently raised him, and took his hands.

"Oh, my dear, forgive me! I am sorry with all my heart. I am not worthy to be by your side, dear, now, but I swear that I will work and work to make amends for this awful night."

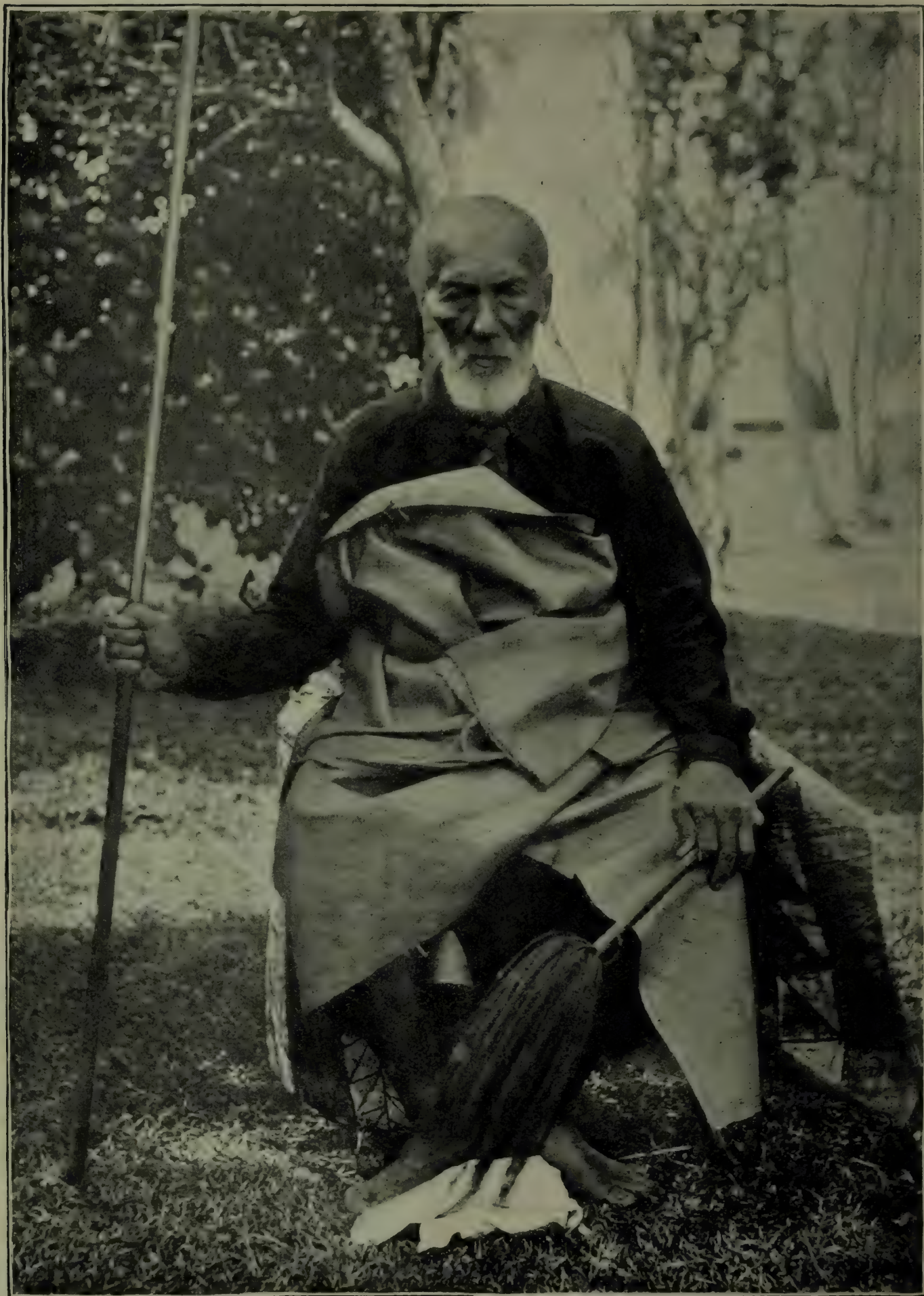
He nestled her closely to him.

"God has sent us this lesson, little wife! Such a night can never again happen. It has passed, and the crisp sunshine takes its place. The glorious dawn is sufficient recompense for the black night."

Two figures knelt by the bed.

*Pierrot kissed Pierrette.*





FAKAFONUA.

Said to have killed Capt. Croker, R.N., in the Bea War



# THE CANOE WHICH SAILED TO BULOTU ;

## THE ORIGIN OF THE YAM AND THE TALO

### A TONGAN FOLK-STORY

By CRAIG NELSON

*The following is a translation, or rather an English version, of one of the most common of the old folk tales of Tongatabu, in the Friendly Islands. Like most Polynesian stories, the original is full of repetitions and redundancies which I have endeavoured to eliminate.*

*Bulotu is simply the place of departed spirits ; there is no suggestion of reward or punishment. It therefore corresponds nearly to the Greek Hades.—C. N.*

THIS is the story of the canoe which sailed to Bulotu—the canoe of the wizards. There were four wizards—Havealoke, Takafuumaka, Haalefeke, and Lohi.

One day they determined to explore the underworld, and, launching their canoe, set out for Bulotu. After paddling for some time, they came to an island, and saw a woman standing on the beach. The woman, who was a witch named Faimalie, hailed the canoe, and asked the crew to land and tell her their destination.

"We are going to Bulotu," said the wizards.

"Take me with you," said Faimalie. "I can sit on the outrigger and keep the canoe steady. And when it leaks, I can bale the boat."

The wizards consulted ; Faimalie was not prepossessing, having no nose, and they did not like her appearance. At last, however, they grudgingly gave her leave to come with them on the distinct understanding that she made herself useful. So Faimalie came on board rejoicing, and the canoe resumed its voyage.

After sailing and paddling many days the shores of Bulotu came in sight. As the canoe drew near, the crew could not see any of the inhabitants, so they beached their boat and went up to the great house of the Chief Hikuleo. It was empty, so the travellers rested awhile

on the mats, and then went into the bush and concealed themselves.

Presently some of the people of Bulotu passing along the beach saw the canoe hauled up, and examining it, they perceived at once it was of human workmanship. They sought for the crew, but Havealoke and his companions were too well hidden, and the Bulotu folk were puzzled.

"The crew must be somewhere about," they said. "The odour of oil scented with earth-grown flowers is quite distinct. But where are the people?"

Again and again they sought, until they were weary of hunting, but in vain. So they went to Hikuleo, the chief, and told him of the arrival of a canoe from the earth, and of the mysterious disappearance of its crew. Hikuleo ordered a yet more thorough search to be made.

After some time the wizards grew weary of lying concealed, and one of them, assuming the form of a bird, perched on the great pillar of Hikuleo's house. Thence he watched the people of Bulotu searching for him and his friends. Another of the wizards disappeared into the ground ; a third into a huge tree. But Takafuumaka rolled himself up in the chief's mats, and tried to hide himself in them. He was not well concealed, however, only nobody thought of looking there for him.

After the search had lasted some time without success, Hikuleo summoned





FAI KAVA.—SHOWING THE CHIEF THE QUALITY OF THE KAVA.

two of his wise men, Haamatakikila and Haafakanamunamu, to his assistance. They came and Haamatakikila by his magic caused a brilliant light to shine everywhere ; still the searchers could not see the people whom they sought. Then the wizards of the earth laughed in derision of the wizards of Bulotu.

“*Ta!*” cried the people of Bulotu. “The wizards are here! They laugh at and mock us, and we cannot find them. Let Haafakanamunamu and his ‘smell-makers’ try and drive them from their hiding places.”

So Haafakanamunamu and his smell-makers raised a most noisome stench, but the wizards only laughed and mocked the more.

Then the “thinking men” and the “hearing men” came and pondered and listened. But all in vain : the wizards still remained undiscovered.

At last Hikuleo became alarmed, as well as puzzled.

“Those wizards are powerful,” said he.

“Bring my litter and carry me away that I may think matters over judicially. The magic of these earth wizards is too strong for our wise men ; we must devise other means to discover them.”

After long and deep cogitation, Hikuleo came back and called aloud :—

“Come forth, ye wizards of earth! Let yourselves be seen, and we will talk together!”

Immediately the wizards appeared, each as he became visible announcing his name, and last of all Faimalie came from her hiding place. And all five sat down to converse with Hikuleo and his people.

“Great is your witchcraft, oh wizards!” said the chief. “We have been much wearied in seeking you ; how much more so must you be of hiding from us. We will have a *fai kava*\* to refresh both you and us.”

\* *Fai kava*—the ceremonious preparation and consumption of a bowl of the extract of the root of the *kava* plant (*Macropiper methysticum*).





FAI KAVA.—SERVING THE CHIEF'S CUP.

Hikuleo sent off at once for a root of *kava*, and soon his messengers returned bringing a root so huge that it resembled an island. Twenty coconut tree trunks were needed as poles to carry it on, and many hundreds of the people of Bulotu bore it on their shoulders, and laid it at the feet of Hikuleo and the wizards.

"Great thanks, oh Hikuleo, for your gift of *kava*," said Havealoke. "It is a royal gift to bring to us poor commoners."

"Bring the *kumete*" (bowl), said Hikuleo.

It was a large *kumete*, as large as the island of Haapai;\* and the water was as the sea in volume.

Then said Hikuleo:—

"Mark, ye wizards of earth! This *kava* has been brought hither for you to drink. See that you drink it all, for if ye leave any in the bowl I will have you slain as poor common wizards of the

lowest class. On earth possibly ye may be great wizards; here ye are naught. Why did you not stay in your own land instead of seeking knowledge of Bulotu?"

The root was promptly split and scraped clean. Then it was subdivided and masticated and placed in the *kumete*, and mixed with water.

The wizards were naturally appalled, and cried aloud, knowing that they would be unable to consume such a vast quantity of *kava*. But Faimalie, the noseless, sat still saying nothing.

In due course the *kava* was strained and made clean, and then distributed. The first cup was offered to Havealoke; he drained it, and was so distended that he could not possibly drink any more. And so with his three companions.

Then came Faimalie's turn. But ere she received her cup she said:—

"What shall you do? You are already full of *kava*, and you cannot consume what is left."

The wizards were stricken with grief.

\* About thirty square miles.





MISSION GIRLS PERFORMING A LAKA-LAKA OR TONGAN SONG.

"It is impossible," said they; "we cannot drink this *kava*; we are quite full."

Faimalie taunted them. "You hesitated about bringing me," she said. "You thought I should be of no use to you, and bade me stay where I was. But I think I have been of service to you. I baled out the canoe when necessary, and sat upon the outrigger to steady it. Now you cannot drink your *kava*, and Hikuleo will slay you if there is any left. Well may you weep and moan!"

But Hikuleo was angry. "What are you saying, there, you woman?" he shouted. "Why do you not drink your *kava*?"

"Be not angry, oh chief!" said Faimalie. "Wait but a moment, and I will drink my *kava* from the *kumete*."

She walked over to the *kumete*, and disdaining to use the cup, leaped into the bowl, and drank and drank until it was quite empty. Then she swallowed the *kumete* itself and the strainer; the

refuse *kava* even to the branches and leaves; the twenty cocoanut trees on which it had been borne, and then drank all the water, so that nothing remained of the *fai kava*.

This naturally astonished Hikuleo. But he commanded his people to make *fei-umu* (ovens of food), each man one, and when they were ready, to bring them for the wizards to eat.

Accordingly all the people of Bulotu set to work to kill pigs and dig yams and *talo*, and made ovens to cook them. When they were cooked, the *fei-umu* were brought and laid before their earthly visitors—thousands of roasted pigs, with mountains of yams and *talo*. And Hikuleo bade the wizards eat, but on peril of their lives to leave no remnants.

The wizards were grief stricken.

"Lo! the ovens reach even to the skies!" said they. "How shall we consume them? Of a verity Hikuleo will slay us!"





ANOTHER PART OF THE LAKA-LAKA.

Faimalie, the noseless, wonderingly asked :—

“Why weep ye, my friends?”

The four explained their difficulty, but Faimalie only laughed, and bade them eat. So each wizard satisfied his appetite, but the meals of the four made no appreciable diminution of the great heap of food.

Again Faimalie taunted them with their former distrust of her, and then began to eat. She devoured all the pigs, all the yams, all the *talo*; she swallowed the baskets in which the food had been brought, the leaves in which it had been wrapped; even the sticks on which the baskets had been carried disappeared into her throat. When Hikuleo returned there was absolutely nothing left of the *fei-umu*.

This made Hikuleo very angry, and he began to fear the wizards, dreading their evident power. So he took thought again, and then summoned the visitors once more.

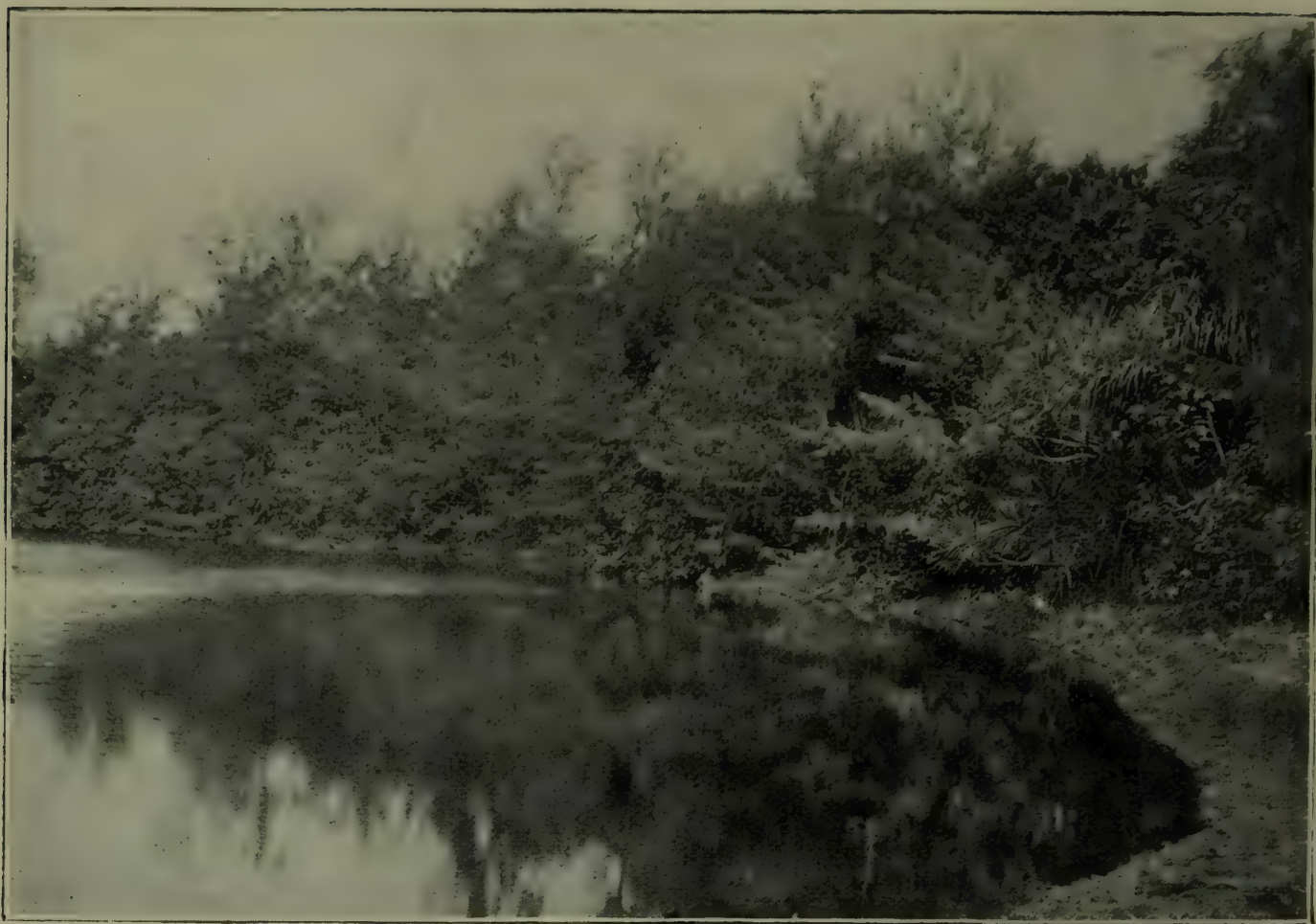
“Let us see,” said he, “if you are equally clever at games and sports. Can you beat the Bulotu champions? We will first have a contest at *fanifo*,\* and if you are victorious, you shall live; if my men beat you, your lives are forfeit.”

The wizards consented. Faimalie confessed her inability to help them; her lack of nose interfered with her success in diving. But Havealoke volunteered to represent the party as he excelled in the *fanifo*.

So the wizard of Bulotu and the wizard of earth swam out to sea, and the other travellers and the people of Bulotu sat on the beach and watched the contest. Twice the champions dived, and twice Havealoke was the first to appear above the surface, and the Bulotu people grew very confident. But the third time as they dived, Havea-

\* *Fanifo*—sports in the sea; diving, swimming “surf-boarding,” and similar exercises.





A LAKE IN THE CENTRE OF NINAFON.

loke seized the wizard of Bulotu by the back with his teeth, and killed him. And the earth wizards shouted with joy, for Havealoke had conquered in the diving contest. Hikuleo, however, was furious; the defeated man was the champion of Bulotu in the *fanifo*.

The next test was to decide who could stay longest under water. Taka-fuumaka volunteered on behalf of the earth wizards, and the Bulotu men selected their champion. They dived in together and sat at the bottom of the sea. For two days they sat there, holding on to the coral reef. For ten days they sat, for a whole moon they sat. Then the wizard of Bulotu began to be short of breath, and when Taka-fuumaka saw his opponent conquered and lying like a shellfish at the bottom of the sea, he rose to the surface, drew a deep breath and came ashore.

Hikuleo was very wroth.

"This is a bad business," said he. "All our Bulotu champions are defeated

in the games they propose, and by so small a crew! What other *faiva*\* can we suggest in which we may have a chance of defeating these wizards of the earth?"

"Our games are many," replied one of his chiefs; "but they are clearly useless and out of the question. Our most difficult sports have been essayed, and we are vanquished in them, and two of our champions are dead. There is no other difficult sport left."

"There is one thing," said Hikuleo. "The great *Vi*† tree which spreads its branches over all Bulotu is in full bearing. Ho! ye wizards of the earth! Is there one of you expert at catching the *Vi* fruit in his hand? Come, gather the fruit and eat, but if any falls to the ground ye shall die. Ye must catch the fruit in the hand as is the custom."

\* *Faiva*—any game or sport either of chance, skill, or endurance.

† *Vi*—a fruit-bearing tree. The fruit somewhat resembles the apple.



Haalefeke volunteered to try. Taking his long pole he shook the boughs of the trees, catching in his hand the fruit as it fell, and none fell to the ground. And Haalefeke continued until the tree was bare of fruit, and all was gathered into baskets.

Thus again were the earth wizards victorious, and Hikuleo then imposed his final test, ordering the wizards to eat all the fruit thus gathered by Haalefeke. This was easily done by Faimalie, who, when she had eaten the fruit, devoured the baskets and finally the tree itself, root, stem, and branches.

Hikuleo finding he could not impose an impossible task on his unwelcome visitors, ordered them to quit Bulotu at once and return to earth, which they gladly proceeded to do. But not empty handed. When the Bulotu folk presented their *fei-umus*, one of the yams was not properly cooked, one end being quite green, and a root of *talo* was also uncooked. Faimalie secreted the yam, and Lohi the *talo*, and these they brought back to earth with them. On their safe

arrival after their adventurous voyage, Faimalie planted her yam at Haamotuku. It grew, and produced the Kahokaho, the yam of chiefs, most excellent. Also the Mauage, the Kaumaile, the Toua, the Levei, all these being chief's yams. Many are the varieties of the white yam and of the yellow yam, but the progenitor of all was the Kahokaho, the yam which Faimalie brought from Bulotu. Some people say she also brought the *O* fish, a most choice fish, thence. But Lohi brought the *talo*. But the yam, the Tuaata, the Guaata, the first yams in all Tonga, were brought from Bulotu to Ata; and also the Heketala yam and the Huheva yam—all these the woman Vaepopua brought from the skies to Tonga.

This is the end of the story of the Canoe that sailed to Bulotu. It was a canoe from Eua,\* and this is the true account of the adventures of its crew, and of how they outwitted Hikuleo and the people of Bulotu.

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\* *Eua*—the most southerly of the Tongatabu group; also the most lofty.

## LA DOULOUREUSE

By GILBERT CANNAN

HE loved—he said he loved—and rode away  
 Without a thought for me.  
 I cried—in vain, he looked not back;  
 Now I am tortured on the rack,  
 Poor fool, of misery.

Before, I carolled joyously by day,  
 By night I dreamed of him;  
 But now, ah! now, my joy's all sped,  
 His passing love for me is dead—  
 The creature of his whim.





"DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, SHE SHOWED HERSELF OFF."



# “GOLDEN FLEECE”

## THE ADVENTURES OF A FORTUNE-HUNTING EARL

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Arthur Gordon-Beauvais, Earl of Frothingham, is on the verge of hopeless financial ruin, and something must be done about it. There seems to be encouragement in the example of his friend and neighbour, George, Duke of Surrey, who has succeeded in capturing an American heiress, and, bolstered up with borrowed courage by his sister Evelyn, he takes his leave of England and the girl he really loves—Lady Gwendoline Ridley, Surrey's sister. On the steamer he meets two American types—Longview, a title-hunting nonentity, recently naturalised an Englishman, and Barney, a flamboyant example of sudden wealth. Both have daughters and both have fortunes; but Miss Barney is still in Chicago, and Honoria Longview is much too wide-awake a young woman to make any mistake in understanding Frothingham's errand.

### III.

“New York, *November 6.*”

“MY DEAR EVE,—I'm just sending you off the newspapers with the accounts of George's wedding. Don't show them about, please, as he's frightfully cut up over them. He swears he'll never set foot in this country again, or let his Duchess come. You'll be tremendously amused as you read. You'll never have seen anything so frank and personal. And the illustrations! We've done nothing but dodge cameras—when we weren't dodging reporters. I don't agree with George; I think it's great fun.

“They let me off easy, as you'll see, and some of the pictures of me are not half bad. But I don't wonder that George is furious. Just read the descriptions of his looks—and, really, he's looking horribly seedy. And don't neglect the accounts of the new Duchess' papa and how he came by his cash. He must be a gory old vulture—though really he don't look it—and, except when he gets to going it hard, his English is fairly good—of the nosey, Yankee kind.

“George came down to the dock to meet me; he was in a *blue fury*. It seems the newspapers had been making a fearful row over him from the moment he had left the other side. And then, by illustrated accounts of his houses, his property, his family, and himself, not to

speak of what they printed about the Dowies' past and present, they set the crowd to collecting at his hotel and to following him around the streets. They published even what he ate and drank, and the size of the tips he gave the servants. And after the engagement was announced, the excitement became something incredible. He couldn't poke his nose out of his rooms that somebody didn't collect the crowd by shouting: ‘There's his Dooklets—there's the little fellow’—and you know George is a *bit* sensitive about his size.

“Well, the newspapers published everything—his height and weight, the tooth he has out on the left side, every rag in his boxes, pictures of 'em, everything in Miss Dowie's trousseau—columns and columns. And how he *did* hop round when he found that the Dowies had actually hired a fellow and a woman to give out facts to the press! What do you think of that for a Yankee notion?

“You can't imagine the presents. You'd have thought the crown princess was marrying. The newspapers say they alone were worth a million and a half, American money. I and Cleggett went over 'em, and we decided they'd fetch more. You know Cleggett—he's George's solicitor—is over here looking after the settlements. He simply had to put the screws on to old Dowie. I got a good many hints from him on





BARNEY.

how to deal with these beggars in money matters. Dowie's a shrewd chap. He and Cleggett did all the money talk. Georgie was supposed to know nothing about it. But maybe he wasn't in a blue funk when it began to look as if the whole business were off at the last minute. I had to work hard to keep him up to the mark. Cleggett won out, though—got a hundred thousand pounds more than George expected.

"To go back to the presents. Her uncle—one of the ha'penny rags here said he's been in the penitentiary, but I hear it's not true—he gave her a yacht, a regular ocean steamer. You'll admire the necklace her aunt sent her—it can't have cost less than fifty thousand, our money. It makes me ill to see these beggars wading and wallowing in money. By the way, I notice that while they talk of spending money, they talk of making it as much as they talk of spending it, if not more.

"Wallingford, a fellow I've met here, said to me at dinner the other night, a few minutes after the women had gone,

'Shall we stay here with the men and discuss making money, or shall we go up to the women and discuss spending it?'

"But to go back to Georgie and his coming down to meet me. I saw him on the pier, his face like a sunset and his arms going like mad. He was haranguing a crowd, in which there were several cameras. I shouted to him—I and Miss Longview and her father were at the rail together. As soon as I shouted the crowd looked at us and the cameras were pointed at us. Miss Longview darted away, and her father pulled at me.

"Come, come!' he said, all in a flurry and a sweat. 'They'll take your picture if you stay.'

"Who?' said I. 'And why should they take my picture?'

"The reporters,' he answered, dragging at me. 'You don't understand about American newspapers.' I let him drag me away, then he exclaimed. 'They know you are coming to the wedding,' he said, 'and they'll photograph you, and interview you, and print everything about you—insulting, impudent things. There's no such thing as privacy in this horrible country. Didn't I tell you they haven't the faintest notion what a gentleman is or what is due a gentleman?'

"Barney—I'm sure I told you about him in the letter I wrote you on the way over—Barney was standing near us. He burst in with, 'I think your friend is unduly alarmed, Earl.' (He always calls me Earl. He says he'll be blanked if he'll call any man lord.) 'You haven't committed a crime or done what you'd be ashamed to see in print. No honest man objects to having his face published or anything else about him that's true.' And he glared at Longview, who sniffed and walked away. Barney sent a jeering laugh after him and said, 'The scrawny little chipmunk!'

"What's a chipmunk?' said I.



"‘A kind of squirrel,’ said he, ‘only little and even easier to scare.’

"We went to the rail, and there was George with his crowd pushing and jostling him. As soon as the gangway was let down he rushed aboard, the crowd with the cameras on his heels. At the top he turned like Marius, or whoever it was, at the bridge. And he shouted to the officers in a funny, shrill voice, ‘Drive those ruffians back!’ But the officers were smiling at him and only pretended to restrain the reporters and photographers. On they came, reaching us about as soon as George did. They poured round and between us and began to ask me questions. I must admit they were polite, in the Yankee way, and friendly, and good-natured.

"I said to one of ‘em: ‘I say, my good fellow, can’t you give me time to get my breath?’

"‘No, I can’t, Lord Frothingham,’ he said, laughing. ‘What would you do if you were I, and your paper were going to press in ten minutes and you were five minutes from a telephone?’

"I got on famously with them. I didn’t in the least mind. They must have liked me, as you’ll read. But Georgie! *How* they have been dishing him up!

"It wasn’t until we got into the carriage that I and he had a chance at each other. ‘Did you ever see or hear of anything like it?’ he said. His hands were shaking and the sweat was rolling down his cheeks. ‘They act like a lot of South Sea savages when a whale comes ashore. They *are* savages. I had heard it was a beastly country, but——’ And he actually ground his teeth.

"You know, George is very touchy on his dignity and has old-fashioned ideas of what’s due a Duke from his inferiors. It seems he got into a huff when he first came because they treated him in an off-hand fashion, as they treat everybody. And he tried to snub them. And when they snubbed back, only they

had illustrated newspapers to do it in, he went wild and has been making matters worse and worse for himself. Some of the papers have had leaders pitying Miss Dowie and predicting that she’ll have him in the divorce court for brutality shortly—think of it—Georgie, quiet Georgie! Everyone is hating him, for he assumed that even Miss Dowie’s friends were like the newspapers that had slated him, and he snubbed right and left.

"He took me to his hotel. He had an apartment that costs him fifteen pounds a days—isn’t that cruel? But he said he didn’t propose that these savages should sneer at his poverty.



JOE WALLINGFORD.



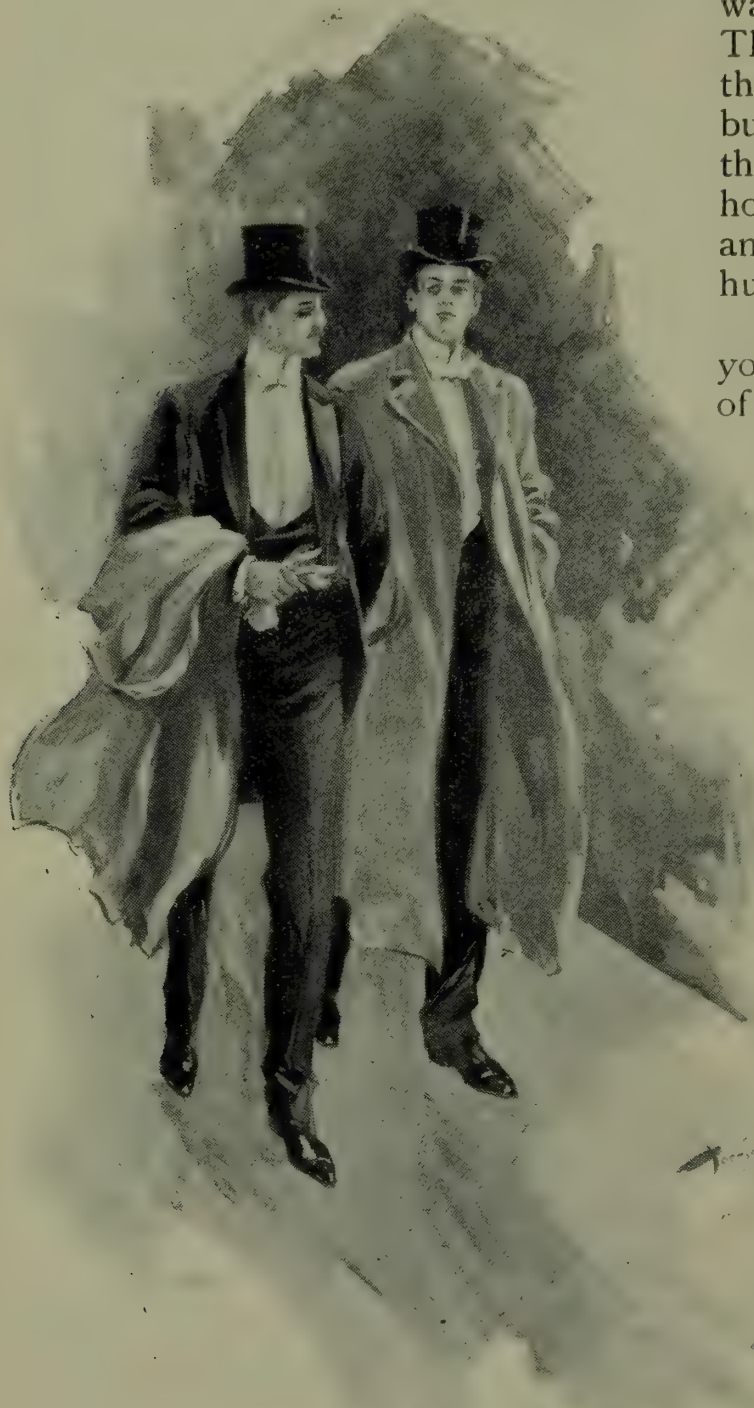
They're doing it anyhow, and they hint that the Dowies are paying his hotel bill or will have to pay it. However, I think he did well to spread himself. There's something about this country that makes you ashamed to seem poor. You spend money and pretend you've got plenty of it. They call it 'throwing a bluff,' or 'making a front.'

"George had taken an apartment at a tall price for me, but I wouldn't have

it, as I wouldn't saddle him with the expense—he hadn't her money in hand then. Besides, I knew that as soon as he was gone I'd have to come down, and that would have looked bad. After I was installed in a very comfortable little apartment thirteen floors up—think of that!—at three pounds a day, we drove to Dowie's. A crowd saw us off at the hotel, people pointed and stared at us all the way up the street, and there was a crowd waiting for us at Dowie's. They live in a huge graystone castle—there is no end of smart houses here, but a queer jumble—samples of everything. I hadn't known old Dowie an hour before he told me that the house and ground and all cost him six hundred thousand, our money.

"The girl—but you'll judge her for yourself. I rather fancied her. Affected, of course, and trying to act a duchess out of one of Ouida's novels. Rather fat, too, and her hair is thin and a sickly shade of yellow. I think she'll waddle in about five years. Still she's sensible and quick, and dresses well. All the women here do that. But the money! It's heartrending to see it parade by. And they seem to be throwing it away, but they don't. Everything is horribly dear here. I must look sharp or I sha'n't last long.

"The newspapers will give you all you want to know about the wedding—it was quite a show—perhaps vulgar and overdone, but really gorgeous. I like America and I like the people. They're jolly good-natured, and the nice ones here are much the same as nice people anywhere else. The Longviews have taken a big furnished house and I'm staying with them. Next week a friend of Miss Longview—a Miss Hollister who lives here, but her people are still in the



ACCEPTED WALLINGFORD'S INVITATION TO WALK IN THE FRESH NIGHT AIR TO HIS CLUB."





"HE LIKED THE VERY FIRST  
GLIMPSE OF HER."

country—is coming to visit her. Her (Miss Hollister's) father owns a lot of railways and mines, and is no end of a financial swell. I'm too sleepy to write another word except "ARTHUR.

"How is Gwen? Be good to me, Evelyn—with love—

"A."

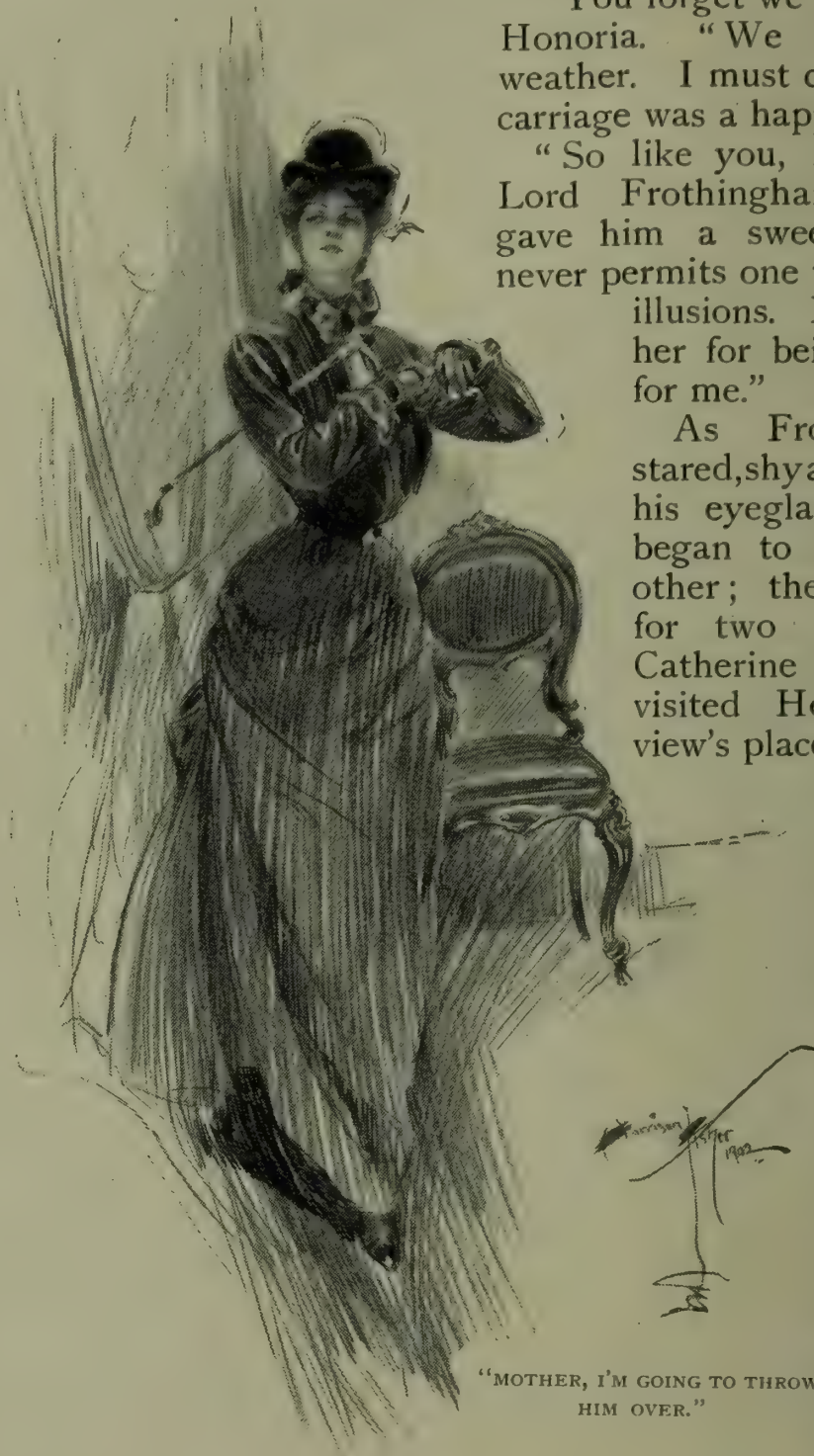
#### IV.

Honorina took Frothingham to the Grand Central Station to meet Catherine, and he liked the very first glimpse of her as she came striding down the platform. She was tall and narrow, and she wore dresses and wraps that emphasized



both these characteristics. She had a long, thin neck and a small, delicately-coloured face, which she knew how to frame most fascinatingly in her hair, with or without the aid of her hat. She had dreamy young eyes, long and narrow, and her red lips and her slender, nervous fingers made it clear that she lived in her senses rather than in her intellect—that she would neither say nor think anything brilliant, but would feel intensely, and could be powerfully appealed to through her imagination. She was wearing a light brown, brightly-lined coat that trailed to her heels, and she was holding up from the dust, and close about her, many folds of soft, fine materials—cloth and silk, and linen and lace. In her wake came a maid and a porter, each laden with her belongings—an attractive array of comforts and luxuries of travel.

"I'm glad you brought a closed carriage," she said with a shiver, as they started for home. "It's raw, and the sky seems to weigh upon one's shoulders and head. This is a day to hide in the house, close by an open fire."



Frothingham was surprised by this fairy-princess delicateness in so robust a creature. He thought the day mild, and as for the sky, why bother about anything that far away so long as it sent nothing down to bother one?

"You forget we are English," said Honoria. "We call this good weather. I must confess the closed carriage was a happy accident."

"So like you, Honoria—isn't it, Lord Frothingham?" Catherine gave him a sweet smile. "She never permits one to keep agreeable illusions. Now, I was loving her for being so thoughtful for me."

As Frothingham only stared, shy and stolid, through his eyeglass, the two girls began to talk each to the other; they had not met for two years—not since Catherine and her mother visited Honoria at Longview's place in Buckinghamshire.

"What a beautiful place it was," said Catherine. "I often dream of it. But then, I love England. It is of such a wonderful, vivid shade of green, and everything is so cultivated and refined, and — and — and — like a fairy garden. Don't you find the contrast very great, Lord

Frothingham? We are very new and wild."

"I've seen only people since I've been here. I must say the people—at least, those I've met—remind me of home, except that they speak the language

"MOTHER, I'M GOING TO THROW HIM OVER."



differently. As for the city, it's not at all as I fancied. It's much like Paris—more attractive than London, not so gloomy."

"Paris!" Catherine smiled with gently reproachful satire. "Oh, you flatter us."

"I like it better," insisted Frothingham. "It's Paris with English in the streets. I hate Frenchmen."

"No, they're not nice to look at—the men," admitted Catherine. "But I adore what they've done. What would the world be without France?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Frothingham, with his cynical enthusiasm-discouraging drawl. "They're hysterical beggars—always exploding for no reason. It makes me nervous. I like quiet and comfort."

"Lord Frothingham isn't so sensible as he pretends," put in Honoria. "He's really almost as sentimental and emotional as you are, Catherine."

"Oh, but I'm neither," replied Catherine. "I don't dare to be. If I find myself the least bit enthusiastic I catch myself up and look all round, frightened lest somebody may have noticed. I'm such a liar—we all are over here. Don't you like sincerity, Lord Frothingham?"

"I—I suppose so." Frothingham looked vague. "What do you mean?" Catherine's "intensity" confused him.

"I mean being true to one's self and not ashamed to show one's self as one is, and never afraid to tell the truth."

"But all of us do that, don't we?" said Frothingham. There was a twinkle in his eye—or was it only the reflection of light from his glass?

Honoria gave him her "candid friend" look. "Nobody does," said she. "That is, nobody who has temperament enough to lead any sort of life above an oyster's."

"But I can see at a glance that Lord Frothingham has temperament." Catherine looked at him with intensely sympathetic appreciation. "Yes, men can be sincere and truthful; but women must always repress their true selves."

Frothingham looked stolid and hopeless. Whenever conversation turned on abstractions he felt like a man fumbling and stumbling about in a London fog.

"Really!" he said. "Really, now?"

"I don't know why women fancy they must be liars," said Honoria. "Do you mind dining at Sherry's to-night?"

Catherine in her psychological moods bored her. She sometimes ventured on aerial flights, but had no fancy for aerial flounderings.

"Sherry's? That will be delightful. I like dining at restaurants—I'm very American in that respect."

"But so do I," said Frothingham. "That is, in your restaurants here. The people are interesting, and they talk a lot, and loud enough so that one hears every word, and isn't annoyed by missing the sense. And how they do waste the food!"

"Food!" Catherine repeated the word with a smile that was half humorous, half pleading. "Please don't use that word, Lord Frothingham. It always makes me shiver. It sounds so—so animal."

Frothingham put on the blank look behind which he habitually sheltered himself when he did not know what to say or to do or to think. Honoria was disgusted with him and with Catherine. "They're not going to like each other, not even enough to marry," she said to herself. "And it's a pity, as they're exactly suited. If only Catherine wouldn't pose!"

She was, therefore, somewhat surprised when, immediately she and Catherine were alone, Catherine burst into rhapsody on Frothingham. "What a fine, strong face! So much character! What a sincere, sensitive, pure nature! He's a splendid type of true gentleman, isn't he, Nora? How well he contrasts with our men, doesn't he?"

Honoria smiled to herself. "She wants to marry him," she thought, "and she's building a fire under her imagination. I might have known it. She's



the very person to weave romance over a title and imagine it's all gospel. What a poser!" To Catherine she said: "He's a decent enough chap, Caterina. And you'll admire him more than ever when you've read him up in Burke's Peerage and looked at the pictures he's given me of Beauvais House."

"How do you spell it? B-e-v-i-s?"

"No, that's the way you pronounce it. You spell it B-e-a-u-v-a-i-s."

"Isn't that interesting? It's so commonplace to pronounce a word the way it's spelt, don't you think?"

"I never thought of it, my dear. Why not marry him?"

"You are so abrupt and—and practical, Honoria," said Catherine plaintively. "But you are a dear. I should never marry a man unless I loved him."

Honoria looked faintly cynical. "Certainly not. But surely you can love any man you make up your mind to marry. What is your imagination for?"

At Sherry's that night, besides Honoria, Catherine, Longview, and Frothingham, there were at Longview's table Mrs. Carnarvon, of the hunting set, and Joe Wallingford—he hunts and writes verse, both badly, and looks and talks, both extremely well. Honoria devoted herself to Wallingford and so released Catherine and Frothingham each upon the other—she listened for a few seconds now and then to note their progress.

"It's a go," she said to herself with the matchmaker's thrill of triumph, as the cold dessert was served. She saw that Frothingham had ceased to listen and so had ceased to puzzle; his eyeglass was trained steadily and sympathetically upon Catherine's fascinating beauty—why weary the brain when it might rest and enjoy itself through the eyes? Catherine was talking on and on, quoting poetry, telling Frothingham of her emotions, telling him of his emotions—he did not have them, but she was so earnest and convinced that he half believed he did.

"When you said this afternoon that you liked things quiet and comfortable," she said, "I felt that it was splendidly in keeping with your character. I saw that you hated all this noise and display that you like to get away in your own corner of your beautiful England and live grandly and quietly—near Nature."

If Catherine had not been beautiful and rich he would have said to himself, "What rubbish!" But, as it was, he thought her profound and spiritual. And he said, trying to touch bottom and get a firm stand upon firm earth, "I think you'd like Beauvais."

"I'm sure I should," replied Catherine with enthusiasm. "Honoria was showing me the photographs of it. I admire the great, stately old house. But I liked best of all the picture of the woods and the brook. It reminded me of those lines of Coleridge's—they are so beautiful!—where he speaks of the brook—

'In the leafy month of June  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.'

Don't you think those lines fine? Do I quote them right?"

"Yes—I think so—that is," stammered Frothingham, "it's a jolly brook, but we call it a river." Then to himself: "What an ass she'll think me!" But the starting sweat stayed, for she asked him no more questions; and he, freed from the anxiety of having to try to soar with her, was able to sit quietly and enjoy her beauty and the murmurous rush of her low, musical voice—"It's like the brook that brute she quoted wrote about," he thought.

He did not drive home with his party, but accepted Wallingford's invitation to walk in the fresh night air to his club. "Your American women are tremendously clever," he said, as they were strolling along. He was feeling dazed and dizzy from the whirl of his emotions, the whirls and shocks Catherine Hollister had given his brain.

"Yes, they're clever," replied Walling-



ford, "but not in the way they think they are. Take Kitty Hollister, for example. She's all right when she wants to be. She thinks sense. But what a raft of fussy trash she does float out when she gets a-going. I pitied you this evening. She laid herself out to impress you. You're staying in the house with her, aren't you? I suppose she whoops it up whenever you're round?"

"I find her very clever—and interesting," said Frothingham somewhat stiffly.

"Of course she is. I've known her for seventeen of the nineteen years she's gladdened the earth—and I ought to know her pretty well. But she's like a lot of the women in this town. They haven't any emotions to speak of—nothing emotional happens. But they think they ought to have emotions such as they read about, and so they fake 'em. Then, they've got the craze for culture. They haven't the time to get the real thing—they're too busy showing off. Besides they're too lazy. So they fake culture, too. Oh, yes, they're clever. And they look so well that you like the fake as they parade it better than the real thing."

"We have that sort in London," said Frothingham.

"So I've observed. But it's done rather better there—they're older hands at it. If you weren't an Englishman, I'd say it fitted in better among the other shams. I suppose you've noticed that many people here are imitation English or French? You've seen the tags, 'Made in England,' 'Made in France,' 'Made in England, finished in France.'"

"I've noticed similarities," replied Frothingham, tactfully.

"It's all imitation stuff—the labels are frauds. We over here don't know how to be gracefully idle and inane, as your upper classes do. It's not in us anywhere. We haven't the tradition—our tradition is all against it. Whenever we do produce a thoroughly idle and inane person, he or she goes abroad to live or

else loses all his money to some sharp pushing fellow, and drops out of sight. All this aristocracy you see is pure pose. Underneath, they're Americans."

"What is an American?" asked Frothingham. "Every time I think I've seen one, along comes some native and tells me I'm wrong. Are you an American?"

"Underneath—yes. On the surface—no. I used to be, but now I'm posing with the rest of 'em. You'll have to get out of New York to see Americans. There are droves of 'em here, but they're so scattered in places you'll never go to that you couldn't find them. You'd better go West if you wish to be sure of seeing the real thing."

"It's very confusing. How shall I know this American when I see him?"

"When you see a man or a woman who looks as if he or she could do something honest and valuable, who looks you straight in the eyes, and makes you feel proud that you're a human being and ashamed that you are not a broader, better, honester one—that's an American." And then he smiled with his eyes so queerly that Frothingham could not decide whether or not he was jesting.

At the club Wallingford introduced him into a large circle of young men, seated round two tables pushed together and covered with cocktails and bottles of aerated water and silver bowls of cracked ice. He said little, drank his whisky and water and listened. "It's the talk of stockbrokers and tradesmen," he said to himself. "Yet these fellows are certainly gentlemen, and they don't talk business in the least like our middle-class people. It's very confusing."

After he left the others were most friendly and even admiring in their comments upon him.

"He's monotonous, and poor, and will never have anything unless he marries it," said Wallingford. "If he were a plain, poor, incapable, rather dull



American, is there one of us that would waste five minutes on him?"

There was silence, then a laugh.

V.

Wallingford and Frothingham developed a warm friendship. Wallingford was extremely suspicious of himself in it, but, after a searching self-analysis, decided that his liking for the Earl was, to a certain extent, genuine. "He doesn't know much—at least, he acts as if he didn't. But he's clever in a curious way, and a good listener, and not a bit of a faker. No doubt he's on the lookout for a girl with cash, but English ideas on that subject are different from ours—that is, from what ours are supposed to be. He's a type of English gentleman, and not a bad type of gentleman without any qualification."

When he expressed some such ideas to Catherine Hollister, at a dance given for her by Mrs. Carnarvon, she went so much further in praise of Frothingham that he laughed.

"So that's the way the wind blows, eh?" he said, grinning at her satirically.

She coloured, and put on the look of an offended saint.

"Countess of Frothingham," he went on, undisturbed. "That would sound romantic, wouldn't it? Catherine, Countess of Frothingham."

"How can you be so coarse-fibred in some ways, Joe, and so fine in others?" she said reproachfully.

"I don't know, dear lady. I suppose because I'm human—just like you."

"Let us dance," was her only reply.

She had known Joe so long that she couldn't help liking him; but he certainly was trying.

Later in the evening, remembering Joe's cruelty and sordidness, she said to Frothingham: "You don't know what a pleasure it is to the finer women over here to meet foreign men. They are so much more subtle and sympathetic.

They are not coarsened by business. They are not mercenary."

She raised her dreamy eyes to his as she spoke the word "mercenary." He reddened and stumbled—they were dancing the two-step.

"I wish *you* wouldn't look at me like that," he said, with an ingenuousness wholly unconscious. "It reminds me of my sins, and—and—all that."

She trembled slightly, as he could plainly feel in his encircling arm. He looked down at her. She always was ethereally beautiful in evening dress. In his admiration he almost forgot how rich she was—he quite forgot how oppressively intellectual she was. "Do you—do you——" he began. Then he stopped dancing and led her into the hall, through the hall to the library. Two other couples were there, but far enough from the corner to which he took her.

"May I smoke?" he asked.

"I love the odour of a cigarette," she replied in a voice that encouraged him to resume where he had abruptly left off.

"Perhaps you will smoke?"

"No," she said in a tone that was subtly modulated to mean apology or reproach according as he liked or disliked women smoking.

"Do you really like England?" he began nervously, seeing to it that his glass was firmly adjusted.

"I adore it." Usually she would have gone on into poetical prose unlimited. But this, she felt, was a time for short answers.

"Would you—mind England—with——"

He halted altogether and she slowly raised her heavy lids until her eyes met his.

"Catherine!" He seized her hand, and the thrill of her touch went through him. "You are so lovely. I—I'm horribly fond of you."

She sighed. "Isn't it beautiful?" she said. "This lovely dance—these fascinating surroundings—the music—



the dim lights—and—and——" She lifted her eyes to his again.

He murmured her name, threw away his cigarette, looked round to see where the other eyes in that room were, then clasped her round the waist for an instant. "Will you? Will you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied, in a tone so faint that he barely heard.

"You have made me happy." And he meant it.

"How satisfactory she is in every way," he was saying to himself. "Looks, money, everything. I'm a lucky dog."

And she was saying to herself:—

"Countess of Frothingham! How strong, and fine, and simple he is! I love him!" But when he suggested speaking to her father at once, she would not have it. "No, I want it to be just our secret for a little while," she pleaded. "Don't *you*?"

He did not see any reason for it, but he said "Yes" with a surface reflection of her earnestness.

"It's a pity the world ever should know anything about it. Don't you think so?" she went on.

"I am very impatient to claim my countess," he answered.

She liked the "countess," but the "my" jarred slightly in her sensitive ear. She was "acquiring" an earl, not he a countess.

"Not too long," he remonstrated.

It was all very well for her to be romantic—he wouldn't have liked it if he had not inspired some romance. But why should either of them wish to delay ratifying the bargain that was the real purpose in view? Certainly he wished no delay. And there was much to be arranged—settlements, a trousseau, a host of time-consuming preliminaries. Not a day should be lost in getting under way. His creditors, impatiently awaiting the event of his American adventure, might become ugly. He hated ugly letters and cablegrams almost as much as he hated ugly "scenes." No,

he felt strongly on the subject of long engagements.

His heart was full of her beauty—he had drunk a good deal at supper half-an-hour before; his head was full of her dowry—he never drank so much that he forgot business. "How could I evade if anyone should congratulate me?" he asked.

And then he wished he had not said it, but had made that the excuse for not obeying her wishes.

"You must deny it, as I shall. You know, we're not really fully engaged until I'm ready to have it announced. Besides, as Joe Wallingford says, a lie in self-defence isn't a lie. And self-defence isn't either a crime or sin, is it? I think self-defence against prying is a virtue, don't you?"

A man came to claim her for a dance. She smiled sweetly at him, plaintively at Frothingham, and went back to the ball-room. Frothingham stood in the doorway, watching her for a few minutes, then went away from the dance to walk and think and enjoy. But his mind was depressed. "Too much supper," he grumbled. "I ought to be tossing my hat. I don't deserve her and my luck. Her cash will put us right for the first time since my great-grandfather ruined us by going the Prince Regent's gait. We shall restore Beauvais House and take the place in Carlton Terrace again. Gad! what a relief it will be to feel free in my mind about cab fares and not to claim commissions from my tailor when I send him customers. I shall be able to live up to the title and the traditions——" He painted vividly, but in vain. He caught himself looking away from the glowing pictures and sighing. "Yes, she's pretty—devilish pretty—a high stepper, but—Gwen would be so comfortable."

Honorina suspected their secret, yet doubted the correctness of her intuitions. "She'd parade him," she reflected, "if she were really engaged to him. There



must be a hitch somewhere." And her wonder grew as the report of their engagement spread, only to be strenuously denied by Catherine.

Catherine was almost tearful in lamenting this "impertinent gossip" to her. "Isn't it hateful, Honoria," she said, "that a young man and a young woman can't be civil and friendly to each other when they're visiting in the same house without all the busybodies trying to embarrass them? Did you see the papers this morning? How *dare* they print it?"

Honoria smiled at this mock indignation. "Where's the injury to you in crediting you with landing an earl?" she asked.

Catherine gave her a look of melancholy reproach. "Do you know," she said dreamily, "I don't think of him as an earl any longer? His character makes everything else about him seem of no consequence. Don't you think he's a *remarkable* man?"

"A little less remarkable than a marquis, a little more remarkable than a viscount—and in comparison with a baronet or a plain esquire, a positive genius!" replied Honoria.

Frothingham was more and more uncomfortable. Catherine took him everywhere in her train and, with seeming unconsciousness of what she was doing, fairly flaunted him as her devoted attendant. Yet only when they were alone did she ever betray that she had more than a polite, friendly interest in him. He would have got angry at her, would have made vigorous protest, but how was it possible to bring such sordidness as mere vulgar appearances to the attention of so innocent and high-minded a creature? He restrained himself, or, rather, was restrained—until Horse Show week.

Those five afternoons and six evenings of dragging at the divine Catherine's chariot wheels before the eyes of the multitude were too much for him. It was one of the years when the Horse

Show was the fashion for the fashionable. Not only the racing set and the hunting set, but also the dancing and the dressing and the literary and artistic sets, and the fadless but none the less frivolous set, flocked there day and evening to crowd the boxes with a dazzling display of dresses, wraps, jewels, and free-and-easy manners. At first Frothingham gaped almost as amazedly as the multitude that poured slowly and thickly round the promenade, eyes glued upon the occupants of the boxes, never a glance to spare for the ring from the cyclorama of luxury and fashion. "And at a horse show!" he muttered as he noted the hats and gowns made to be shown only in houses or in carriages on the way to and from houses, but there exhibited amid the dust of the show ring.

"What rotten bad taste!"

He was astounded to find Catherine outdone by none in extravagant out-of-placeness of ostentation—as he regarded it. Day after day, night after night, she showed herself off to her friends and to the craning throngs of the promenade in a kaleidoscopic series of wonderful "creations." And she insisted that he should be always in close attendance. As he sat beside her he heard the comments of the crowd—there was always a crowd in front of Longview's box: "That's the girl."—"Yes, and the fellow beside her, with the eyeglass, he's her Earl."—"I don't know how much—some say a million—some say two or three."—"He looks dull, but then all Englishmen look that."—"I'll bet he could be a brute. Look what a heavy jaw he's got."—"She'll be sick of him before she's had him a year."

Did Catherine hear? he wondered. Apparently not. He never surprised in her face or manner a hint of consciousness of self or of being stared at and commented upon. "But she can't avoid hearing," he said to himself. "These asses are braying right in her ears. And why should she get herself up



in all these clothes, if it isn't to be stared at?"

And, between performances, the performers in the Longview box dined in the palm garden at the Waldorf, with their acquaintances at the surrounding tables, and gossip of their engagement flying, and curious glances straying toward them over the tops of wine-glasses, and whispers and smiles—and Catherine soulful and unconscious. On Friday night, as they drove from the Waldorf to the Garden—she had given him her hand to hold under cover of the rug—she said with a soft sigh: "I'm so glad it's nearly over. Only to-night and to-morrow night."

"Not to-morrow afternoon?" asked Frothingham. "Why do we miss a chance to exhibit?"

"Only the servants and children go to-morrow afternoon," replied Catherine sweetly. "I'm worn out and sick of it all. So many go merely for self-display; so few of us, not to speak of those dreadful people in the promenade, care anything about the dear, beautiful, noble horses."

"Why look at horses," said Honoria, "when there's a human show that's so much more interesting? It may be vulgar, but it's amusing. I'm afraid my tastes are not refined."

Frothingham looked at her with the expression of a thirsty man who has just had a glass of cold water. "That's what I think," said he. "And I'm fond of horses." A faint sneer in his satirical drawl made Catherine give him a furtive glance of anxiety—was the worm thinking of turning?

When they were in the box and the others were busy she said to him in her tenderest tones: "You're dreadfully bored by all this, aren't you? And I thought it would give you pleasure for us to be together so much."

The surliness cleared from his face somewhat. "No, I'm not bored. But I hate to be shown off. And, while you've been unconscious of it, the fact is that

you and I have been sitting here in this cage five or six hours a day, being gaped at as if we were a pair of new chimpanzees in a zoo." As he remembered his wrongs his anger rose upon the wine he had freely drunk at dinner. "It's what I call low—downright rotten, Catherine," he finished energetically.

"I wish you wouldn't use that dreadful word," she said, tears in her eyes, but a certain sting in her voice. "I know it's all right in England—some of us use it here. But it—every time you or any one says it I feel as if some one had thrust a horrid-smelling rag under my nose. You don't mind my saying so, do you, dear?"

"Beg pardon," he said. "We do use rowdy words nowadays. I'm so accustomed to it I don't notice."

Just then up to his ears from the promenade and the crowd gaping at the "new chimpanzees" came a voice: "They're fighting—look! look! Hasn't he got an ugly scowl? And she's almost crying."

He flushed scarlet and sent a glowering glance down into the crowd. He turned upon Catherine: "Just hear that! They think I'm rowing you. By—beg pardon, but—well—I shan't endure it another instant." And he rose, brushed past Catherine's mother and Longview, Honoria and two men hanging over her, and stalked along the aisle down into and through the recognizing crowd, and out of the Garden.

The boxes ate greedily of this sensation, and the crowd in the promenade scrambled frantically for the crumbs. It was presently noised round that the Englishman had become angered, had struck some one. Rumour at first said it was Catherine; but the crowd by the use of its legs and eyes, and the boxes by the use of their glasses, learned that this was false. There sat Catherine, calm, absorbed in the ring, applauding the jumpers, and turning now and then to her companions with outbursts of ladylike enthusiasm for some particu-



larly clever performance. However, crowd and boxes saw that the Englishman was gone, felt that he must have gone in anger.

The Longview party stopped at the Waldorf for supper, and Frothingham, calmer and a little embarrassed, joined them. Catherine received him as if nothing had taken place, and the next night they appeared together at the Garden as usual.

Late in the evening she said to him: "I've told mother of our engagement. Do you mind, dear?"

His face lighted up.

"She wishes you to come down to the country with us on Sunday to stay a week or two. It is beautiful there, and we shall be very quiet. Shall you like that?"

"And I may speak to your father?" he asked. "In my country it wouldn't be regarded as honourable for me to act as I've been acting with you. I can't help feeling uncomfortable because I've said nothing to your father."

"I'll speak to him first, Arthur. He lets me do as I please. And he'll be contented with whatever makes me happy. He's such a dear!"

Frothingham looked faintly annoyed. It was not in his plan to include "father" in their romance. Romance with daughter, business with father—that was the proper and discreet distribution of the preliminaries to the formal engagement. He had, deep down, a horrible, nervous fear that he might be drawn into matrimony without definite settlements—the father might be as difficult to pin down in his way as was the daughter in her way. "I must take this business in hand," he said to himself, "or it will be a ghastly mess."

Catherine, her mother and he went down on the one o'clock train. The Hollisters' country place—Lake-in-the-Wood—was a great pile of brick and stone, impressive for size rather than for beauty, filled with expensive furnishings and swarming servants in showy livery,

and surrounded by a handsome, well-ordered park with winding walks and drives and romantically bridged streams flowing to and from a large lake. They lived with more ceremony than did Surrey at Heath Hall—but there was an air of newness and stiffness and prodigal profusion about it all, a suggestion of a creation of yesterday that might find a grave to-morrow. This impression, which had often come to him in the palaces of New York, began to form as the porter opened the huge gates between the park and the highway. It grew stronger and stronger as he penetrated into the gaudy, if tasteful, establishment. Everything was too new, too grand, too fine. The daughter alone was at her ease; the mother was not quite at her ease; the father was distinctly, if self-mockingly, ill at ease.

The two women left Frothingham alone with him, and the old man soon vented his dissatisfaction.

"I suppose *you* like this sort of thing," he said, with a wave of the arm to indicate that he meant the establishment. "But I don't. If I had my way we'd be simple and comfortable—no, I don't mean that exactly. I suppose at bottom I'm as big a fool as the women. But, all the same, French cooking gives me indigestion. That infernal frog-eater in the right wing has it in for me. He's killing me by inches. And I'm so afraid of him, and the butler, and all the rest of 'em, that I don't kick the traces more than once a week." He laughed. "My wife and daughter have got me well trained. Whenever they tell me to, I sit up on my hind legs and 'trust' for biscuits and snap 'em off my nose."

Frothingham liked him at once. He was a big, handsome old fellow with keen, steel-grey eyes and the strong look of the successful man of affairs. "I fancy he's almost one of those Americans Wallingford talked about," he thought.

After a smoke with Hollister he went to his rooms—a suite of vast chambers, like the show-rooms of a palace, with a



marble bath room that had a small swimming pool sunk in the middle of it. He looked out upon the drive, and the park, and the half-hidden streams glittering in the sunshine. "These people will beat us at our own game when they get used to the cards," he said.

There was the sound of wheels and horses—many wheels and many horses. He looked down the drive; one after another came into view; a three-seated buckboard, a stylish omnibus, a waggon with the seats taken out to make room for a huge pile of luggage. In the buckboard and the omnibus he recognised men and women whom he had met in New York—the Leightons, the Spencers, the Farrells, the Howards, Mrs Carnarvon, Wallingford, Gresham, Browne, a man whose name he could not recall, Miss Lester, Miss Devenant.

"I thought Catherine and I were to be 'very quiet,'" he muttered.

There were thirty-two people at dinner that night, sixteen of whom, including himself, were guests in the house for stays of three days, a week, ten days. "You said we were to be alone," he said to Catherine with ironic reproach.

She gave him her pathetic, helpless look.

"I did hope so; but I asked some, and mamma asked others, and the rest asked themselves."

The days passed, and he had only fleeting glimpses of her. Everybody was hunting, riding, driving, going to luncheons, teas, dinners, through a neighbourhood ten miles square. Every moment from early until late was more than occupied—it was crowded, jammed. His idea of country life was the quiet, lazy ease of England; a week of this rushing about fagged him, body and mind. He ceased to try for a moment alone with her; he saw that it was hopeless to expect so much in a place where he could not get a moment alone with himself.

"You never rest in this country?" he said, addressing the men in the library

at midnight as they were having their final nightcap.

"Why should we?" replied Browne. "Why anticipate the grave's only pleasure?"

"You see," explained Wallingford, "on this side of the water we take our pleasures energetically. When we work, we work hard; when we play, we play hard. If we're having a good time, we crowd our luck in the hope of having a better time. If we're bored, we hurry, to get it over with."

"Do you keep this up all the year round?"

"Except on ocean steamers. But we'll close that gap when we get the 'wireless' installed, with a telephone to the head of every berth."

## VI.

On a Monday morning—Frothingham's eighth day at Lake-in-the-Wood—only Wallingford and the tireless Catherine appeared for the early ride. "It's cold," said Wallingford. "Shall we canter?" And they swept through the gates and on over the frost spangled meadows for several miles before they drew their horses into a walk. Catherine's cheeks were glowing and her eyes were not dreamy and soulful, but bright with vigorous, wide-awake life.

"I haven't seen you looking so well for years, Kitty." Wallingford was examining her with the slightly mocking, indifferent eyes that had piqued not a few women into trying to make him like them. "You look positively human. And it's becoming—most becoming."

Catherine began to scramble into her pose. She did not like to be caught lapsing from her ideals.

"Why *do* you do it?" Wallingford dropped his mockery for an instant. "Your own individuality, no matter how poor you may think it, is far better than any you could possibly invent—or borrow."



Catherine looked hurt.<sup>26103</sup>

"Why do you charge deception against every one who lives above your level?" she asked. "I hope you're not going to be nasty this morning, Joe. I'm blue."

"What's the matter? Something real, or——"

"Don't tease. This is real."

"What is it? I see you wish to be encouraged to tell me."

"No, I couldn't tell anyone." Catherine's eyes were tragic. "It's one of those things that can't be told, but must be——"

"Go on. What is it?" Wallingford refused to be impressed by tragedy. "I see you're dying to tell me. Why not get it over with?"

"You are so sympathetic, Joe. You pretend not to understand me, but I feel that you always do."

"You mean that I refuse to be misled by your charming little pretences? But how could I? Why, don't I remember the day, the very hour, you went in for the 'soulful'? I must say, I never could see why you took that up as your fad. Being natural is much harder to win out at. Few people are interesting, or even endurable, when they're natural."

"Joe," she said absently, as if she had not heard him, "I'm afraid I'm making—a dreadful—mistake."

"Well," he asked, almost gruffly, after a short pause.

"About—about—Lord Frothingham," she confessed, lowering her eyelids until her long lashes shadowed her cheeks.

"Oh, I think you'll land him all right," said Wallingford, encouragingly. "He's a bit gone on you, and then, too, he needs the cash."

"Please don't speak of him in that way, Joe. He's not a vulgar fortune-hunter, but a high, sensitive, noble man."

"Who said he was a vulgar fortune-hunter? On the contrary, he's an honest British merchant, taking his title to market. And he's been lucky enough to find a good customer."

Catherine ignored this description of her knight and her romance. "You know I'm engaged to him?" she asked.

"Ever since the first time I saw your mother look at him."

"Yes—she approves it."

"I should say she would," said Wallingford, judicially. "She's got the best part of it. She'll have all the glory of having an Earl in the family, and she won't have to live with him."

"I'm—afraid—I don't love him as I ought," said Catherine with a sigh.

Wallingford laughed. "Now, of what use is it to talk this over, Kitty, if you won't be frank? It can't be a question of loving him that's troubling you. Of course you don't love him. You love his title, and that would prevent you from loving him for himself, no matter how attractive he was. But why bother about love? He's giving you what you really want."

"What *do* I want?" She looked at Wallingford with sincere appeal, slightly humorous but earnest.

"I once thought that you wanted to be a real woman. But ever since your mother took you abroad to fill her own and your head with foreign notions I've been losing faith. What do you want now? Why, the trash you're buying!"

"Joe, how can you think that I'd sell myself?"

"Why not? It's generally regarded as a reputable transaction—unless one is vulgar enough to sell out for the mere necessities of life. Oh, I'm not criticising you, Kitty. Perhaps I'd sell myself if I could get any sort of price. Never having been tempted, I can't say what I'd do."

"Please don't talk in that way, even in jest. It isn't true. I know it isn't true. And it's knowing that that makes me"—she hesitated, then went on—"despise myself. It's of no use to lie to you, Joe. I'm glad there's somebody I can't lie to—somebody that sees into me, and forces me to look at myself as I am. And sometimes I *hate* you for it."



"Yes, I hate you for it now!" She was sitting very erect upon her horse, her head thrown back, tears of anger in her eyes.

"Hate?" He shook his head teasingly at her. "I envy you. I've tried every other emotion, and I'd like to try that. But I can't. I can't hate even Frothingham. On the contrary, I like him. If you must have a title, you've got to take a husband with it. And, I must say, I think you will be able to harness Frothingham down to a fairly reliable family horse."

"How can you jest so coarsely about such a serious matter?" she exclaimed indignantly.

"But is it? What does it matter whom you marry so long as you have no purpose in life other than to make a show and to induce stupid, shallow people to admire you and envy you for the things you've got that can be bought and sold? It's better, on the whole, isn't it, my friend, that you should carry out these purposes through a foreigner and in a foreign country than that you should spoil some promising American and be a bad influence here?"

"You are cruel, Joe. And I thought you'd sympathise with me, and help me!"

There was a pause, then he demanded abruptly: "What does your father say?"

She flushed—partly at the memory of the interview with her father, partly through shame in recollecting that she had led Frothingham to believe she had not told him. "He said—but why should I tell you?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, unless because you wish to."

"Well—I will tell you. He said" (she imitated his nasal drawl): "'If your ma and-you want to make the deal, I'll sign the papers. I reckon you know what you're about. And all our money's for is to make us happy. Buy what you please—I'll settle for it.'"

"Was that all?"

Catherine lowered her eyes. "Yes,

that was all he *said*. But he looked—Joe, it was his look that upset me."

"I understand." Wallingford's voice was gentle and sympathetic now. "And what answer are you going to make to that look?"

"I'd rather not say," she replied, giving him a brilliant smile. "Let's canter again. We must get home."

As soon as she reached the house she went to her mother's rooms. Mrs. Hollister was just finishing her morning's work with her secretary. Catherine waited, impatiently playing with her riding-whip. When the secretary left she said: "Mother, I'm going to throw him over."

Mrs. Hollister hesitated for an instant in putting away some of her especially private papers, then went on. Presently she said tranquilly: "You will do nothing of the sort."

Catherine quailed before that tone—she had been ruled by her mother all her life, had never been interfered with in any matter which her mother regarded as unimportant, had never been permitted to decide any matter which her mother regarded as important. And her mother's rule was the most formidable of all tyrannies—the tyranny of kindness.

"But, mother, I should be wretched with him."

"Why?"

On the basis of their method of thought and speech each with the other, it was impossible for her to erect "Because I don't love him" into a plausible objection. So she said: "We have nothing in common. His laziness and cynicism irritate me. He makes me nervous. He bores me."

"All men are objectionable in one way or another," replied her mother. "If you had married the ordinary man you would have had nothing after you had grown tired. But marrying him, you'll have first, last, and all the time the solid advantages of your position and your title. And you'll like him



better when you're used to him—he has admirable qualities for a husband."

"I can't marry him," said Catherine, doggedly. She knew that it was useless to argue with her mother.

"You can't refuse to marry him. It would be dishonourable. Your word is pledged. It would be impossible for a child of mine to be guilty of a dishonourable action."

"When I tell him how I feel he will release me."

"You mean he would refuse to marry a woman who, after treating a man as you have treated him, would show herself so light and so lacking in honour. No, my daughter will not disgrace herself and her family." Mrs. Hollister seated herself beside Catherine and put an arm round her. "She has had her every whim gratified, and that has made her careless of responsibilities. But she will not show herself in serious matters light and untrustworthy."

Catherine stiffened herself against the gentle yet masterful force that seemed to be stealing in upon her from her mother's embrace and tone.

"You've come to one of those rough places in life," Mrs. Hollister went on, "where young people need the help of some older, more experienced person. And I wish to see you safely over it."

"I can't marry him, mother."

Mrs. Hollister frowned for a second, then her face cleared and she said quietly: "Your father and I have put you in a position to establish yourself well in life. You have engaged yourself to an honourable man who has something to offer you, who can insure you a position that will be a satisfaction to you all your life and to your children after you. I know I have not brought you up so badly that you would throw away your career, would disregard the interests of those you may bring into the world, all for a mere whim."

Catherine was silent.

"Even if you cared for some one else——"

"But I do," interrupted Catherine, impetuously.

Mrs. Hollister winced and reflected before she went on: "It cannot be a serious attachment, Catherine, or I should have noticed it. Is it Joseph Wallingford?"

Catherine did not answer.

"Even if you had been attracted for a moment by a man who had something to offer besides a little sentiment that would be gone in a few months after marriage, still it would be your duty to yourself and to your family to make the sensible marriage. You are not a foolish girl. You are not a child. You know what the substantial things in life are."

"I can't marry him," repeated Catherine, stubbornly.

"Has Wallingford been making love to you?" The anger was close to the surface in Mrs. Hollister's voice.

Catherine smiled bitterly. "No," she answered, "he has not. He cares nothing for me. But I can't marry Lord Frothingham—and I won't."

"You must not say that, Catherine," said her mother sternly. "It is a great shock to me to find that you cannot be trusted. If you refused to marry the man you have voluntarily engaged yourself to, I should never forgive you."

Catherine's eyes sank before her mother's. "The engagement must be announced at once," her mother went on. "You will change your mind when you have thought it over, and when you realise what my feelings are."

"I can't," began Catherine, monotonously.

"I wish to hear no more about it, child," interrupted her mother, her eyes glittering a forewarning of the hate she would have for a daughter who disobeyed her. "To-morrow we will talk of it again."

Catherine and her mother arose and each faced the other for a moment—two inflexible wills. For Mrs. Hollister had made one error, and that fatal, in training her daughter. She had not broken



her will in childhood, when the stiffest inherited will can be made to yield ; she had only subdued it, driven it to cover. She had left her individuality. But she did not know this ; so, she saw her daughter's looks, saw her daughter leave the room, resolution in every curve of her figure, and was not in the least

disturbed as to the event. The idea that she, Maria Hollister, could be defied by any one in her family—or out of it—could not form in her mind. "It is fortunate," she said to herself, "that Wallingford is leaving early in the morning. I'll announce the engagement at dinner to-night."

*( To be continued. )*

## FATHER KNOWS THE WAY

By LIZZIE YORK CASE

I CREPT up under father's cloak,  
He wrapped me safe and warm,  
And with my hand held fast in his  
We braved the night and storm.

The very spirit of the blast  
Seemed moaning as with pain,  
And from the dark eyes of the night  
Fell tears of frozen rain.

I tried to peer along the way  
With lightning-blinded sight ;  
I could but close my eyes and say,  
"Father will lead me right."

And sometimes, when my courage failed,  
He cheerfully would say,  
"Just keep your hand in mine, my boy,  
For father knows the way."

At last we saw a distant light,  
Far shining through the storm ;  
We knew it meant a welcome bright,  
A fire and supper warm.

Then mother clasped me in her arms—  
"All safe at last you've come ;  
I knew you were in father's care,  
And he would bring you home."

"Oh, yes," I said, "the night was dark,  
I could not see one ray,  
But I held fast my father's hand,  
Because he knew the way."

And when we were all snug in bed  
I heard my mother pray :  
"Lord, wilt thou lead us through life's storms?  
Our Father knows the way."



## A MATCH THAT WAS HALVED

By PHIL ARP

**M**R. DONALD TOMSON, his brows puckered by deep thought, sat idly toying with a niblick. At the opposite side of the table Mr. Horace Chayton rolled a "haskell" to and fro, and covertly watched his companion.

"You're not going to the dance, of course?" said Chayton.

"Eh—what?" asked Tomson, dropping the niblick with a start. "Dance; no, of course not. Are you?"

"Most unheard-of thing—giving a golf club dance," said Chayton.

"You must admit," said Tomson with a feeble chuckle, "that balls are a necessity in golf."

Chayton frowned sternly. "It's not golf," he said, reprovingly.

"No; that's what I say," replied Tomson, hastily. "It all comes of admitting ladies to the club. They have no regard for the—the sanctity of golf."

"I was opposed to it from the first."

"So was I. You remember I seconded you at the meeting."

"If they all played like Miss Featherstone," said Chayton judicially; "it would not be so bad."

"Do you know," said Tomson, enthusiastically, "I took her round on Monday, and she did the whole eighteen in three hundred and five; wonderful performance, I call it. I've been coaching her in using her irons."

"I noticed when I went round with her on Tuesday," said Chayton, "that she was all wrong in her iron shots. I suppose that accounts for it."

Tomson breathed heavily, and gripped his niblick as if it were a war club.

"Well," said Chayton, pocketing his ball, "I must be off. I'd ask you to come round to my place on the night of the dance and have a smoke, only——"

"Thanks, awfully," interposed Tom-

son, hastily, "but I'm dining in town with a friend. See you on the links to-morrow."

Tomson and Chayton had been fellow members of the Guttery Park Golf Club for seven years. They had played together three or four days a week regularly all that time, and had talked golf steadily all the time they were not playing, but they were still as far from being golfers as they were when they first started. And then into the Eden of their happiness came the serpent in the shape of Miss May Featherstone.

A charming little brunette, Miss Featherstone, though helpless at the game, was a pronounced success in the club from the first, and play she never so badly, she never lacked attendant cavaliers. But of all her admirers Tomson and Chayton were the most devoted and most regular. When one played with her, the other insisted on acting as her caddy, and steadily blackened his rival's character as a golfer all the way round the course. They still retained an outward appearance of friendship, but both knew it was but an armed neutrality, and if they played together it was only because neither one would trust the other out of his sight.

When the night of the dance came, Tomson, who had apparently forgotten his engagement to dine in town, was one of the first arrivals in the ball room. In an obscure corner he struggled long and feverishly to button his gloves, until Miss Featherstone appeared. And then, with his task but half completed, started hastily to make his way through the throng to her. He had just reached her when a man pushed in front of him, and he heard a familiar voice ask for a dance.

"Stymied, by Jove!" said Tomson.

"Hullo, Tomson," said Chayton, "I



thought you were dining with a friend."

"Eh—yes—no, I mean. Dinner put off. Got a dance left for me, Miss Featherstone?"

"You can have the fifth," she said. "Your's is number four, Mr. Chayton, isn't it? So glad you both came."

Then she was swept away by a partner, and the rivals were left glaring at each other over their programmes.

When the fifth dance was over, Tomson sought the refreshment room to comfort himself as best he could against the thought that life's pleasures were very fleeting, and Miss Featherstone's card very full.

Chayton was there on a similar errand, and from force of habit the two foregathered. They talked golf, of course, but the subject seemed to have lost its interest, and the conversation flagged.

"Got another dance with Miss Featherstone?" asked Tomson, with an ostentatious air of indifference.

"Er—no," said Chayton; "I was a bit late in coming, and her card was full."

Tomson helped himself to a stiff whisky and soda, and gulped it quickly down.

"Look here, Chayton," he said, abruptly, "I suppose we are both playing the same game."

"You mean—er—Miss Featherstone."

"Exactly. Well, now, she can't marry us both, and I can't propose to her with you always hanging about."

"Quite so," said Chayton. "The best thing would be for you to go down to Sandwich for a week, and let me have the field to myself."

"Sandwich! for a week?" gasped Tomson.

"Splendid golf there," said Chayton, beaming; "and I'd let you know the date of the wedding. In fact, you might act as my best man."

"Your best man! I like that."

"I knew you would," said Chayton, cheerfully. "Then that is settled. Do

you a lot of good. Shouldn't be surprised if they had to lower your handicap."

"You're—you're a fool, Chayton!" said Tomson, thickly.

"Sir!" said Chayton, so indignantly that a waiter came up and stared at them.

"Hush! must not make a scene here," said Tomson, lowering his voice. "I tell you what we'll do, we'll play a match the day after to-morrow; the winner to have three days clear in which to propose, and at the end of that time, if he is not successful, the loser to have his turn."

"The day after to-morrow," said Chayton.

Then they solemnly shook hands, and the ball being over, so far as they were concerned, went home.

The fateful day dawned bright and still, a good light with not too much sun, and not a breath of air moving, an ideal day for the game. The rivals had kept the match quiet, and as they made an early start, they had the links to themselves.

Tomson, who had secured the first honour, carefully teed his ball, gave a prolonged and masterly exhibition of "waggle"—and topped it badly. Chayton grinned scornfully.

"You were a bit nervous, Tomson," he said. "I noticed your hand shake before you even picked up your club. You'll get better after a hole or two," he added, condescendingly, as he took up his stance.

His ball, badly sliced, flew far to the right, and dropped into a big gorse bush.

"You were a bit over-confident, Chayton," said Tomson, grinning in his turn. "I'm afraid you'll have a job getting out of those whins, but it's all experience."

But Chayton had already departed, red in the face with suppressed profanity.

Left to himself, Tomson got a good brassie shot, and then, Chayton being still hopelessly struggling amongst the



whins, went calmly on, holed out in six, and won the first hole. The next two were halved, and then Tomson got badly bunkered, and Chayton managed to put the score all square. They were still all square when they turned at the tenth tee to come home, but from here Tomson came on in his game and won three holes in succession. The thirteenth and fourteenth were halved, and the fifteenth fell to Chayton. His drive from the sixteenth tee, though long, was rather pulled, and both players watched its flight eagerly, for in that direction lay a shallow ditch of thick mud, a death trap to even the best players, for playing out was compulsory and painful.

"You're in!" cried Tomson.

"No," said Chayton, with a confidence he was far from feeling; "it didn't roll far enough. I can see it from here, I believe."

Tomson, in his anxiety to keep out of danger, sliced his ball, and it fell in some rough ground to the right.

"Hope you'll be able to find your ball," said Chayton, maliciously; "I've lost a lot of balls over there. It's the worst piece of ground on the links."

"Not worse than the ditch," grunted Tomson, as he strode off followed by his caddy.

When Chayton reached the edge of the ditch he found his worst fears were realised, his ball was lying half hidden in the softest patch of mud in the whole place. He looked at it with a sinking heart. He was already two down with three to play, and if he lost this hole he lost the match and his chance of winning Miss Featherstone. His caddy had stopped to struggle with a refractory bootlace; far away in the distance he could see Tomson and his caddy wandering with bent backs amongst the whins. He was alone, absolutely alone. The temptation was more than mortal man could bear, and smothering his conscience with the reflection that all was fair in love and war—and this was both—he dropped another ball on to a

nice open place on the bank. He waved his club and shouted across to his rival, who looked up for a minute, and then resumed his search. Then Chayton reflected, not on the baseness of his crime, he had got past that, but on the best way to cover it up. Tomson was a suspicious beast, and it would be like him to come across and investigate the ditch for himself. To stoop and pick up the ball would be a suspicious action. He stepped gingerly on to a big stone that lay near, and pressed the toe of his boot on to the ball until it sank right into the mud. Then he carefully smoothed the mud over it, hiding it completely, and with a sigh of relief looked up—to see his caddy watching him open-mouthed.

"Er—I was just—er—seeing if that little white stone would—er—support me," stammered Chayton.

"Ah!" said the caddy, staring fixedly at a dimple in the mud that showed where the ball had disappeared.

"My ball is over there," said Chayton.

"Eh?" said the caddy, looking from the ball to Chayton, and then back again at the mud.

"I'm very keen on this match," said Chayton, desperately; "and if I win I shall give you half a sovereign."

The caddy looked up for a second, and then resumed his study of the mud.

"Here's five shillings on account," said Chayton.

"Thank 'ee, sir," said the caddy with a grin. "Couldn't have a better lie, could yer?"

"Give me the brassie," said Chayton, hastily. "I see Mr. Tomson has found his ball at last."

Chayton managed to get on to the green with his shot and won the hole easily.

The seventeenth hole was halved, and when they teed up for the last hole the rivals were trembling with excitement. Both foozled, not only their drives but every shot afterwards. But Tomson at least managed to keep fairly straight,



and with his fourteenth shot got within a foot of the hole. Chayton, playing the odd, was still twenty yards away. Tomson was watching him with a self-satisfied smile, and in desperation he snatched up his mashie and struck blindly at the ball. To his astonishment it flew perfectly straight, pitched a yard from the hole, and rolled right in.

"That was a lucky shot," gasped Tomson.

"It was what I meant to do," said Chayton, mendaciously.

"Still it does not make any difference," said Tomson; "we halve this hole, and I win by one up."

"Halve the hole!" roared Chayton; "you haven't holed out yet, sir. Play the like, and then we'll talk about halving."

"Just as you please," said Tomson, sulkily, settling down for his putt.

The ball rolled slowly up to the hole, and stopped dead just on the lip, and Chayton and his caddy joined in one wild yell of triumph.

"We had better play off the tie tomorrow," said Chayton, as they turned into the Club house.

"The sooner the better," replied Tomson, stiffly.

"You will—er—join me in a split?" said Chayton, with an effort at hospitality.

At that moment Walker, the secretary of the club, came in, beaming with excitement.

"Tomson! Chayton!" he cried; "the very men. Here, Jones, open a bottle of cham. Now I insist—you two must join me. I want your congratulations."

"I did not see you playing," said Tomson.

"Playing—no by Jove; it's something more than that. I'm engaged—to Miss Featherstone."

"Yes; settled it at the dance. Going to be spliced in June. Knew you'd be pleased—such old friends of hers. Well, I must be off—got to meet May in half-an-hour—must be in time."

They watched him blankly as he

rushed out of the door, and then Chayton said slowly:—

"We need not play off that tie."

"No," said Tomson with a sigh. "Let us go and get some lunch."

By the time the meal was finished they had grown more reconciled to existence; but in proportion as Chayton's heart ceased to flutter, so his conscience became the more restless. Tomson ordered a bottle of port, and at the second glass Chayton's conscience got the upper hand.

"You remember my drive for the sixteenth?" he began.

"Yes," said Tomson; "lucky chance it's not going into the ditch."

"It did—right in. I buried it in the mud and dropped a fresh one. I felt I must tell you—not that it matters now."

Tomson pushed aside his empty glass, and looked sadly across at the penitent.

"I would not have believed it of you, Horace," he said. "That you of all men should cheat—at golf."

Chayton groaned, and refilled his friend's glass.

"I know it was shameful," he said; "but think of what I thought it meant to me."

"I might forgive cheating at cards; but at golf—and you, Horace."

"I know, I know. If only Walker had told us yesterday. I can never forgive myself. Let us have another bottle of port. You can't refuse, Donald."

They finished the second bottle in silence, and then Chayton harked back to his crime.

"I thought you might have lost your ball amongst those whins that time."

"I did," said Tomson, suppressing a hiccup. "Couldn't find it anywhere, an' put down fresh ball."

"You, Donald—you!" murmured Chayton, steadying himself against the table. "If it had been cards—now—but golf."

Tomson winked solemnly.

"I think," he said, "we can call the match halved completely."





GATHERING TUBEROSES.

## THE PERFUME TRADE

By JACQUES BOYER

*Illustrated by photographs by Roure-Bertrana Fils, Grasse*

FROM time immemorial man has been making efforts to extract the essential perfume of flowers, and even the most primitive races in their religious ceremonies made use of some of the aromatic spices which still give forth their sweet and penetrating odours in the sanctuaries of to-day. In this respect are mainly concerned the countries of the East, where plants with fragrant juices are to be found in large numbers. There aloes with their thick fleshy leaves shed it abroad; balm grows side by side with the nutmeg, the cinnamon, and the camphor plants; and there the intoxicating nilica—in whose blossoms, according to the legend, the bees sleep to the buzzing of their wings—scents the cool nocturnal air; while

many other sweet-smelling herbs are found growing wild.

Frequent allusion to perfumes is to be found in the Bible, and from papyrus scrolls we learn that the women of Egypt often wore on the person scented sachets. According to Pliny, the Persians also perfumed themselves freely.

With the Greeks, that nation of refined sensuality, each part of the body had its own special perfume: marjoram for the hair; palm-tree oil for the cheeks and bosom; mint for the arms; and for the throat and knees essence of the ground ivy. On the other hand, athletes at the Olympian Games were in the habit of rubbing their limbs with balsams in order to make them supple; and the perfumery shops, especially at Athens,





GATHERING THE JASMINE HARVEST NEAR GRASSE (FRANCE).

were so many places of rendezvous. There the idlers of bygone days met for political discussion or gossip, and for the interchange of news and scandal.

Following upon their conquests in the East, the taste for perfumes was introduced amongst the Romans. Sweet-scented rushes distinguished their women, while spikenard, megalium, and balm of Gilead were at the command only of the most wealthy. The use of cosmetics was also common on the banks of the Tiber. Even in those days women darkened their eyebrows, and tinted their hair with the lees of vinegar or St. John's wort; pale cheeks were coloured with carmine, and mandragora repaired the ravages of time on patrician faces. The best orris-root was brought from Corinth and Cyzicus (modern Kapu-Dagh). The marjoram from Cos was that most valued, while the finest saffron was prepared first at Soles in Silicia, and later at Rhodes.

In the Middle Ages, the manufacture of perfumes prospered but little in the Latin western empire, and it is not till the days of Hieronymus Saler, called Brunswick, that we find clear ideas existing on the subject. In his work on distillation published in 1500, this Strasbourg physician described some simple methods of extracting the essences from various plants.

After having fallen somewhat into disfavour under Henri IV., the pastes and pomades of cocoa or vanilla imported from Spain to Paris revived in popularity with the French aristocracy, while the fashion of perfumes crossed the Channel to take root in England. In the reign of Elizabeth every dame possessed her "sweet coffer" or small chest for containing them. Louis XIV., however, forbade the use of scents amongst his suite, though a little later Queen Marie Antoinette was revelling in essences of violets and roses. Then





GATHERING VIOLETS NEAR NICE.

in the course of the nineteenth century, owing to the improvements effected by the French chemists, Darcet, Leblanc, Robiquet, and Chevreul, the problem of extraction of the flower essences became more and more determined, and the mechanical processes of manufacture were perfected. Of late years a young *savant*, M. Eugène Charabot, has been studying the conditions of the formation of the essential vegetable oils, and the interesting experiments recently made by him are of great assistance in aiding us to realise the wonderful and original laboratory existing in the tissues of plants.

After this brief historical review, let us now see something of the manner of preparing these delicate essences to which Grasse, Nice, and their neighbourhood owe a world-wide celebrity.

The art of the perfume-maker is a delicate one, and infinite care is needed in his operations. If, for example, the

essential oil is in the flower itself, the result will vary according to the point at which it has bloomed, the atmospheric conditions prevailing at the moment it was culled, and the method of extraction employed. In place of the exquisite natural aroma of the plant, a mere odour devoid of sweetness can be obtained—the soul of the flower may have vanished. However, although each case requires its special treatment, there are certain general methods of extraction.

The process of infusion is employed for the fleur-de-lis, the Tonquin bean, and musk and amber seed. This operation is effected in closed vessels, the lower part of these being provided with filters in which the fragrant substances are left to steep. Extraction by pressure is a method confined to lemons, oranges, and bergamot. When the product is abundant, the essential oil is merely gathered with a sponge, while the fruit is squeezed by the hand. But, as a





SORTING AND PICKING ROSES.

general rule, the process here used is that called the "écuelle." This is done by means of a receptacle with a flat bottom, shaped either like a cup or a drum, covered by metal points for grating the rind. The remaining particles of the peel are treated by being squeezed through horse-hair bags, and subjected to hydraulic pressure.

A mode of treatment more commonly employed is that of distillation. This is used for roses, lavender, rosemary, thyme, sandalwood, &c., where the essences are not decomposed either by the effect of a high temperature, or through the action of vapour. In accordance with theories suggested by experience, distillers endeavour to cut up the plants so as to let the essence be thoroughly diffused, to deal with large quantities in order to obtain the strongest product, to clear the vapours as rapidly as possible, and to condense very quickly. In machinery designed to attain these

ends, there is an infinite variety of form, and we give an illustration only of the most picturesque amongst them: the receptacles used for the distillation of lavender, aspic, thyme, and rosemary in the hilly country referred to. Wood is employed for heating purposes. The essential oil flows out through a kind of stop-cock fixed in a cask full of water, and is collected in a smaller vessel placed alongside. In factories the boilers are heated by steam in order to avoid explosion, and the stills are of much greater dimensions than in the foregoing.

Another common method of extraction to be mentioned is that of dissolution. Solvents may be either fixed or volatile. The former are used for certain delicate flowers, and in this operation greasy substances are employed which have the property of absorbing perfume by contact. If this process is effected by cold, it is known as "enfleurage," or in-





DISTILLATION OF LAVENDER ALPES MARITIMES.

flowering. Such is the case with tuberoses and jasmine. On the other hand, violets are left to steep in a hot bath. Where the fat of beef is used, it must first be deodorised and treated with antiseptics in order to avoid the danger of rancidity. More generally, however, vaseline is employed, as it, amongst other advantages, possesses that of retaining its freshness.

Enfleurage is carried out by means of frames about four inches deep having glass bottoms. The greasy substance is spread on the glass bottom with a spatula, and the flowers under treatment are left inside the case some twelve hours, then changed two or three times. When recourse is had to the process of maceration the flowers must be left for forty-eight hours in the "bugadiers," or large plated boilers with a capacity of about forty-four gallons, as shown in one of the illustrations. Women provided with huge ladles plunge into these the

flowers from which the perfume is to be extracted, replacing them by others until the vaseline has been completely saturated. When the extract is required, the saturated matter is brought in contact with alcohol until the essences have been entirely withdrawn. If pomades have to be obtained, the substance is brewed in copper-lined vessels, being kept astir by moving paddles; after settling it is decanted, and the residue is then congealed in order that the last particles of grease may be removed.

In carrying out the ideas formulated by Milon, Messrs. Roure-Bertrand Fils, of Grasse, succeeded in obtaining various floral scents in the form of concrete essences. By means of volatile solvents properly blended they were enabled thus to treat mimosa, hyacinths, lilies, carnations, and other flowers the use of which had been till then unknown to the perfumer. More recently, the same manufacturers have succeeded in obtain-





PREPARATION OF PERFUMED POMADES BY THE HEAT PROCESS.

ing those essences which are termed "absolute," formed by the perfume principle of each flower refined to a condition of perfect purity and wonderful delicacy. As a matter of fact, the price of these products is high, but, in view of their great aromatic power, the success of such essences seems assured.

Having glanced at the methods of obtaining natural perfumes, the question suggests itself: where are the scent-bearing plants chiefly cultivated? Speaking generally, every country has its specialty in this line.

Since the sixteenth century, the distillation of lavender and mint has been carried on in England at Mitcham, Surrey. Bulgaria is celebrated for her fields of roses. Florence and Verona send tons of irises yearly to France, while Calabria and Sicily cultivate oranges, bergamot, and lemons, which are exported by way of Messina, Catania, Palermo, and Reggio. Aniseed comes from Russia. For some years

past attempts have been made to acclimatise roses in Germany, in the neighbourhood of Leipzig. The spot whence sandalwood is obtained is the province of Mysore, where the British Government holds a monopoly in it. The 5,450 square miles under cultivation in this district are nearly enough in themselves to support this entire line of commerce, although sandalwood is also found in the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras. The United States, on their part, supply the European market with large quantities of peppermint, grown chiefly in Michigan and Indiana.

Although these aromatic plants are scattered throughout different parts of the world, yet the flowers yielding the sweetest perfumes are grown in the districts of Grasse, Cannes, and Nice. The department of the Alpes-Maritimes is thus a great centre for the production of raw material in perfumery. Here local distillers of the essential oils handle in the course of each year some 2,500





HYDRAULIC PRESSES FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF PERFUMED POMADES BY THE COLD PROCESS.

tons of orange-blossom, nearly the same quantity of roses, 200 tons of jasmine, 150 tons of violets, and about the same weight in black currants and tuberose. Le Var, the Basses-Alpes, Hérault, and the Drôme provide an annual supply of 100 tons of lavender essence, 25 tons of oil of aspic, 40 tons of essence of thyme, and this is taking into account only the regular produce. In the matter of perfumery the whole world is therefore indebted to France.

In other ways artificial perfumes may be manufactured from various sources, by chemical processes with the aid of substances derived themselves from natural essences. There is in the first place nitrobenzol or essence of mirbane, prepared from benzine, which simulates the flavour of bitter almonds; again, an artificial musk which M. Baur discovered an ingenious way of making; terpineol, which is used in soap on account of its fine perfume of syringa;

thymol, noted for the first time by Doveri in the essence of thyme, though it may be extracted equally from other essential oils, and possessing many medical properties; vanillin, discovered by Tiemann and Haarman, which is constantly used by confectioners instead of the vanilla bean; and finally, ionone, which has an odour very like that of the violet.

It may be asked to what extent the manufacture of artificial perfumes will affect the trade in genuine products. Up to now, their influence has been practically *nil*. To begin with, these synthetic compounds come into the market at exorbitant prices. Musk was valued by Baur in its initial stages at £500 per lb. weight, while ionone cost £200. These figures were considerably lowered by competition, but as regards purity and sweetness, the artificial essences can scarcely rival the genuine perfume of flowers; it is difficult to say whether they will ever prove successful





THE PROCESS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF PERFUMES CALLED "ENFLEURAGE."

in this. The aroma which comes from the chemist's retort needs rectification; this must be effected by compounds in which are found some trace of flowers, for all the ingenuity of Science has not yet triumphed over the delicacy of Nature.

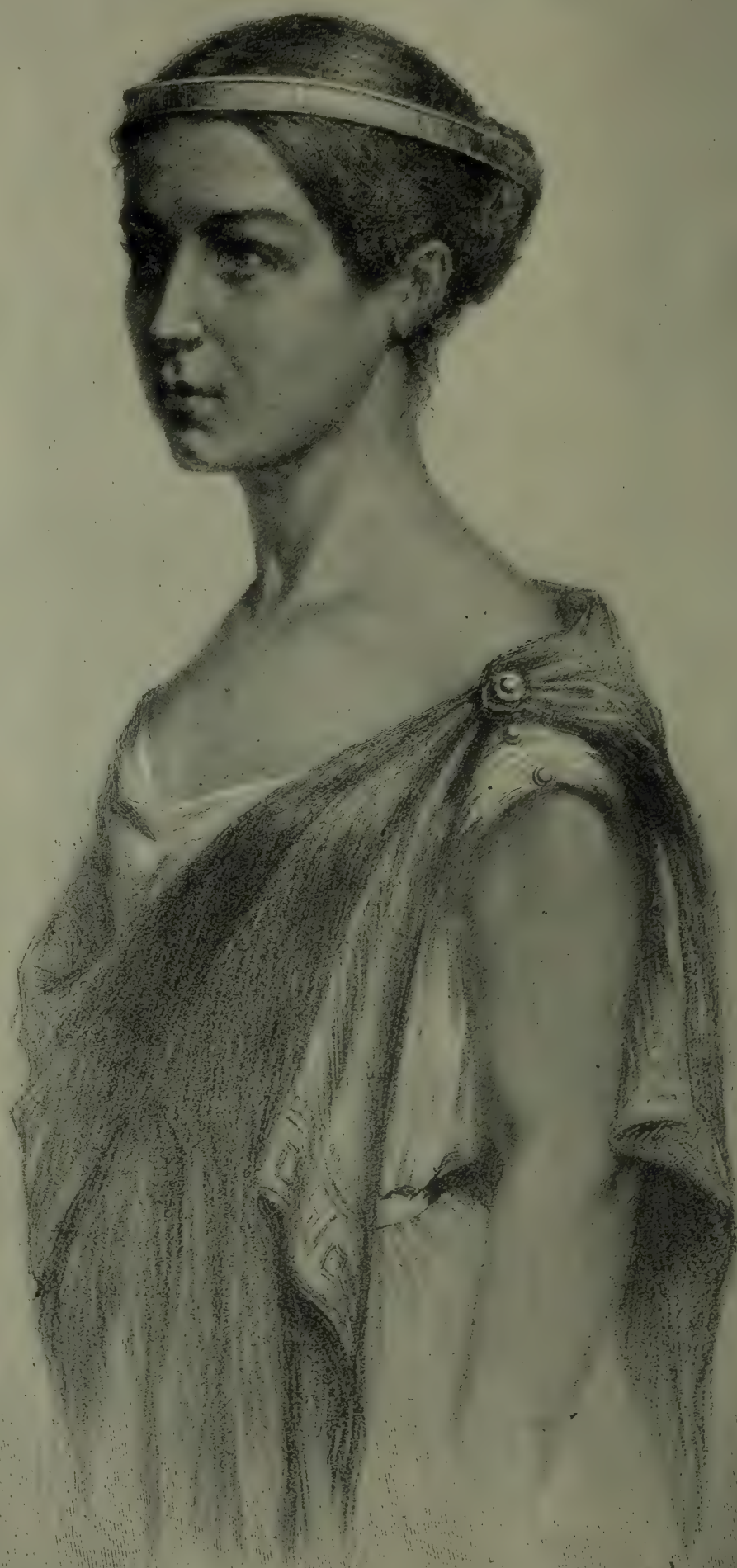
In Great Britain the art of perfumery has fallen considerably into disfavour since the days of Queen Elizabeth, who, being possessed of peculiarly sensitive olfactory nerves, was much addicted to the use of scented unguents, and thus set a fashion frequently referred to in the works of Shakespeare. It has, however, revived somewhat during the last half-century, and, were home horticulturists and those of the warmer colonies to concern themselves with the collection of odours from the flowers they cultivate, a great impetus would be given to this source of imperial revenue. Perfumes, apart altogether from being used as a means of pleasure, have a strong reviving

effect, while hundreds of years ago our ancestors must have been aware of their value as preventives of infection, or the now obsolete pomander—the little ball of perfumed paste worn round the neck or carried in the pocket—would never have become popular. Dr. Johnson, who was no dandy, has left on record his belief that "physiologically the fragrance of vanilla acts upon the system as an aromatic stimulant, exhilarating the mental functions, and increasing generally the energy of the animal system." Under the imaginings of the poets, too, when dwelling on the pleasures of the senses, may be discerned some glimmerings of these hygienic truths, as when Thomson sings:—

By Nature's swift and secret working hand  
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
With lavish odours.

There let me draw  
Ethereal soul, there drink *reviving gales*,  
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves  
And vales of fragrance.





George F. Robin

RACHEL.

"I think her the mightiest Jewess since the times of Miriam and Deborah!"



# RACHEL

By CLARA MORRIS

*"They have made them a molten calf and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto"*

RACHEL! Is there any name in the world more fascinating, more mysterious, more magical?

There seems to be a triumphant ring even in its quietest pronunciation. How eagerly we devour every printed word we can find about that small, frail, pale woman with inky hair and eyes—mighty daughter of Israel!—who brought the Christian world to her feet and kept it there for eighteen years. Such genius! such amazing power of expressing her own conceptions! Such dignity, such grace as were hers!

Oh, to have seen her!—to have felt the terror with which she was wont to chill her hearers! That has been my cry ever since I first read in early girlhood of the famous woman whose childish days were spent in such bitter poverty, whose dwarfed ugliness won her the name of "the half-starved monkey," as she gathered up the *sous* her elder sister sang for in the cheap cafés. "Oh, how dreadful!" I thought, not understanding then that there was no humiliation in the act to the small Jewess—only a joyous satisfaction in seeing the copper coins coming her way. But it was only when the gifted girl had won her first great triumph that I began to understand, and, I must confess it, to hate the Félix family, whose cupidity was such that I believe they would not have hesitated to draw the life-blood from that precious sister's veins if they could have stamped it into coin of the realm.

The young are always severe. I was not looking for mitigating circumstances then. I did not pause to think how bewildering, how intoxicating must have been the effect of the sudden transition from unspeakable poverty, from the society of the low, the ignorant, the vulgar, to that of the educated, the high-bred, the aristocratic. I made no allowance for the rapacious greed, the

sordid littleness that had been their inheritance from an itinerant peddler ancestry. But seeing the wonderful calmness and dignity with which the one supremely gifted member of the family assumed the rôle of gentlewoman, expected some little self-control, some slight semblance of honour, of gratitude from the rest of "that awful Félix crowd," as they came to be called in Paris, and tears of shamed sympathy filled my eyes at that point, when the Committee of Management, recognising the hit the young actress had made, sent for her, recalled her contract for four thousand francs salary, and gave her instead a new one calling for eight thousand—a piece of generosity that aroused such a devil of cupidity in Abraham Félix's mind that straightway he made a study of the "Code Civile," and finding, to his joy, that the contract of a minor could be broken, went with gleaming eyes, working mouth, and curved fingers, to demand of the management terms so amazing, so outrageous, that in two days the whole city was crying "Extortion!" and "Shame!" and thereafter referred to him as "*Père Félix the Jew*." And young Rachel, going to her famous and devoted teacher, Sanson, for instruction in a new part, was met with a passionate appeal for her to deny the truth of the abominable report that she had ungratefully and dishonourably broken her signed contract with the Committee of Management of the great theatre he so honoured. And when she briefly remarked "she was a minor, and the 'Code Civile' did not hold such to their contracts," he burst into a very frenzy of shame and rage, and dashing a statuette of his pupil to the floor, declared: "Your talent will be shattered and annihilated like that image!" He told her he "taught declamation, not chicanery," and that he



was "not in the habit of associating with those who sought the measure of their honour and delicacy within the limits of the 'Code Civile,'" and he finally drove her from his presence.

For her then the shame and humiliation of it all, and though she clothed and fed the whole family, though her younger sisters and her brother were being educated at her expense, she being, by way of educating herself, meantime, studying grammar and history in particular, all that that tender and loving father allowed his daughter for her own use from her splendid and ever-increasing salary was three hundred francs a month. Twelve pounds for her theatrical costumes, her private wardrobe, her pocket-money—a sum utterly inadequate to her requirements. So it is no wonder she hailed with joy her majority. When, after a frightful struggle, she broke away from her father's thrall, she gave the family all her apartments contained, a pension to her father of twelve thousand francs, to her mother, for her own private use (oh! wise daughter), four hundred francs, and exerted herself to procure good positions, at high salaries, for all those sisters and that one brother, while she paid the debts of one at least of the girls many times. And so the family rapacity that began with that first humiliating extortion by papa, went on to that cruel dash to America, the result of brother Raphael's chimerical illusions, to end at last, when the coffin of the world-honoured woman had barely settled in the grave, in a public sale of her belongings.

"She had been *exploitée* for their benefit to the last gasp," says Madame de B—— in her "Memoirs of Rachel," "and now it occurred to the children of Israel that something more might be made out of her remains."

"Had the family been forced by poverty to such an act," said an old Frenchman to me, "it would have been a very painful exhibition; but when every member was amply provided for,

the sale, advertised like an American circus, was gross and disrespectful beyond belief. Nothing was held sacred—nothing! Her most intimate belongings—even her very body-linen—were exposed to the investigating fingers and the inquiring gaze of the curious and the greedy." Tears filled the old gentleman's eyes as he spoke of this last effort to turn public enthusiasm into bright franc pieces.

"Now and then through the crowd," he said, "he caught a glimpse of one of the Félix family, watching eagerly how the auctioneer was acquitting himself, or hovering near some group of possible buyers, ready to throw in a convincing word as to the genuineness of a jewel or the value of some *biblot*. For a sign of feeling—for a flush of shame over this needless desecration—one had to turn to poor old Rose, the dressing-maid, who had seen her mistress rise to her dizziest height, and had done her loving best to retard that mistress's swift descent to the tomb. Twenty years of service had she given to the woman who, capricious, exacting, often violent to others, was to her trusting, affectionate, and grateful. And sitting in her skimpy mourning gown and black cap by the side of the bed, piled with a small fortune in laced underwear, she lifted tired, indignant old eyes to his face, and said in trembling tones: 'Monsieur le Docteur, it is an infamy, this thing you see here! All could have been sold privately, that should have been sold at all; but these—these intimate garments, these stockings, these slippers—oh!' She rocked herself back and forth, and stroked tenderly the snowy garments piled upon the bed by her side. 'If I only could afford to buy and keep them altogether! They breathe of her presence to me, monsieur! They should have been treasured sacredly by her family—but the Félix crowd are vultures, monsieur!' And just then," said the old gentleman, "a woman reached out her hand to pull a lace-



covered petticoat toward her, when ancient Rose leaned forward and silently fixed upon her so fierce and menacing a look, that with a little gasp of fright the stranger withdrew her hand and hurried away. Ah!" he continued, "all I could think of was some faithful, helpless old spaniel bravely displaying its toothless jaws in loving defence of a dead owner. Poor old Rose!"

Recalling how the petty hatred of Abraham Félix for Sanson was allowed to accompany the great dead even to the grave, the old Frenchman continued: "That thanks to a twenty-year-old spite, Rachel, the greatest actress France ever produced, the last defender of the classic drama, the stay and support of tragedy, went to her grave without one voice from the Comédie Française being raised in her praise or honour—without one word to testify to the greatness of the loss the theatre had sustained. Streams of eloquence flowed about the coffin, but the speakers were famous writers—not actors. Every one waited for the words of Sanson, the devoted teacher, who had been second only to Janin in the service he had rendered Rachel in her days of struggle—waited in vain for him to come forward as the representative of the theatre of her love, for neither he nor another spoke one word of affection or farewell in the name of the Comédie Française. Paris stood aghast, until Monsieur Empis, the manager, made public the letter of Félix père, when it approved the action of the *Sociétaires* in resenting by their silence the insult

he put upon a comrade, loved and esteemed by all, to whom merit and priority of standing in the company gave the right to represent them on so grave and important an occasion. So, just as in that far away first breach of contract by Félix père, it was



RACHEL AS ROXANE IN "BAJAZET."

*From a drawing by Deveria.*

Rachel who suffered the humiliation, so, alas! it was Rachel whose funeral honours were shorn of their chief ornament through Père Félix's breach of the common decencies of behaviour," and my old friend would walk excitedly about, shaking his ten widely spread fingers in the air—for he was still very French in manner, for all his American citizenship.



All my days I have had this undying hunger for information about Rachel. She has all the fascination for me that the "Arabian Nights" has had for the most of us. Never have I met at home or abroad an old playgoer without instantly asking, "Have you ever seen Rachel?" If the answer is "Yes," then that man or that woman is marked for "the third degree." Such examining—such cross-examining—such re-examining as the unfortunate is subjected to! One of my most precious finds was the elder Dr. Séguin—father of the late E. G. Séguin—who filled my heart with satisfaction by remarking that "Rachel shone like a star of brilliant intellectual and spiritual light against the black cloud of her ever sordid family."

He owned pictures so rare, so interesting, that I'm afraid that commandment that says "thou shalt not covet" got cracked a bit, though "thou shalt not steal" was all right, because the doctor kept the pictures under double locks. Then my next splendid find was another doctor, a younger man in a southern city. Actually he had travelled with my enchantress through part of that fatal American trip.

One day, it had been raining, while I was re-reading the "Memoirs," and sitting after the shower, thinking of the wonderful power of the great French-woman, and trying to understand where her effects came from, I noticed resting on a leaf a raindrop, that clear, round, trembling, held all the wide blue sky and piled white clouds in its tiny compass, and suddenly I cried, "She! Rachel! must have been like that, with her frail woman's breast encompassing the aspirations, sorrows, sins, and passions of poor humanity. That, of course, was only one of those instinctive conclusions that make woman so amusing to more logical man; but see what good supporting evidence it found in Paris but four months later.

Mademoiselle Dinah Félix was acting still, and my efforts to find in what play

she was likely to appear amused my French acquaintances greatly, until I explained my eager desire to approach even so distantly the great Rachel, when one said to me: "You will gain more through a meeting with a certain old neighbour, and, I think, relative of the Félix family, than from watching Mdlle. Dinah, who is a very indifferent actress and was never the intimate of Rachel, as were Sarah and Rebecca."

And so, trembling with excitement, I was given an opportunity to transact a little business with an old Hebrew woman, and, quite incidentally, to speak the magic name, Rachel. She was lowly, poor, mercenary; but she had a splendid pride in her great sister in Israel, a sharp tongue, a memory that held a fact as tenaciously as her hand held a coin, and an immeasurable contempt for the Félix crowd, whom she likened to "leeches."

"Oh!" she cried, with her hooped gold earrings all a-tremble and almost a moisture in her yellow-flecked old eyes, "her voice! her marvellous voice! It ran along your nerves like that! (with a trembling of her fingers). So deep—so grave—so—so solemn, like the music in a cathedral!"

"And the hoarseness, the weakness so often spoken of," I asked, "was that genuine or was it—well, acting?"

The old woman looked at me with a sly, half-closed eye, as she murmured: "Of course she may have been exhausted sometimes, to the point of hoarseness and of voice failure; but somehow when a great scene arrived, the great voice returned to her in time to electrify the audience. Such enunciation! Madame, you cannot have heard! No syllable was ever lost! Sit where you would, each word perfect, polished, full of meaning, came safely, musically to your ear! When she raged she was fine, *fine*! But those nights, when she had the devil in her—b-r-r-r! When she had it in for some one—*comprenez vous*? That is of the English way to say it, eh? *la*



*haine*? Oh, ay! ay! Then she was Rachel plus Félix! and Félix plus the devil! And she make the hair to creep on the head and the flesh of the goose to come upon the arms—b-r-r-r!”

Suddenly she threw back her head, showing a half-string of gold beads tied tight about her yellow throat, and laughed a contemptuous and knowing laugh.

“How often, Madame, have you read of the wonderful eyes of the great Rachel? Many times, eh? *Oui*, of course! How often have you read of them as flashing, blazing, glistening, lustrous? Many times again, eh? Well, each time that was a lie! Of the imagination, perhaps, not of the intention; but, all the same, a lie! For, look you, that angular little mightiness of a woman was ugly—and knew it! And was nowhere *more* ugly than in that most strange eye of hers! You know that noble brow? Well, back—far back—deep-sunken beneath it were the eyes—small, black, opaque, and flattened like—truly it has not a good sound, but they were like the eyes of a great serpent! No, you don’t like that? But wait now! Can you—can I—can another look at anything steadily, steadily, unwinkingly, for a minute at a time? *Mais non!* No! no! The eye it blur, it pain, it cry, and at last it wink for rest, for pity of itself! But that dense, cold, black eye of Rachel, when there was rage behind it, would look at you with an unwinking, unwavering intensity of evil that chilled your blood, dulled your

thoughts, and left you helpless, just as a bird is helpless when the unwinking serpent eye has mesmerised it!”

“Was there truth, then,” I asked, “in the story told of the public crushing of Mademoiselle Maxime by Rachel?”

The old woman worked the tip of her



RACHEL AS PHÈDRE IN "PHÈDRE."

*From a drawing by Pruche.*

nose as a rabbit does; she tapped the counter with trembling fingers. “Truth? You ask it! *Dieu de Dieu!* Was I there, then, with all the other Jews, or was I not? Some were for Maxime, who, mark you, was handsome and not so bad an actress either; and, besides, Rachel had behaved badly towards Paris and the home theatre, and many



wanted to punish her. So the Maxime party was strong, and Rachel had the very devil's self pent up in her that night. The Félix crowd were wild with fright, and every one chuckled at sight of their faces. It was a great night! The whole city seemed to be packed into the theatre. Maxime's party applauded and hissed. Rachel's party hissed and applauded. And so they yelled, and shouted, and clapped, and stamped until *Marie Stuart* and *Elizabeth* met and faced each other. And, Madame, there came then a silence—that was like death. The audience saw Rachel's face and a sigh passed over the crowded house. We had expected a struggle to the death, mind you; but that face, *mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* We felt the end already! The scene began. *Elizabeth* was doing well. Rachel, as *Marie*, waited. She folded her arms, lowered her sleek head a little, and fastened upon Maxime's face dull, black eyes of such malignant hate that one felt a chill at the roots of the hair. *Elizabeth* started—then made a swift gesture, and went bravely on; but she could not break away from the intensifying power of the cold eyes that clung to her, until at last her own glance met theirs! Then, at the unwinking, baleful stare she gave a gasp, a visible trembling passed over her whole body. She spoke, and a hoarseness came into her voice—she strove desperately to escape Rachel's unwavering eye—strove in anguish—spoke again—stammered—hesitated—and was lost! *Marie Stuart's* opportunity came then, and never in all her life did Rachel give rein to such mad passion as on that night! Paris raved over her—was at her feet again! Maxime was ruined! But, Madame, a young English artist, who sat with us in the cheap places, cried out, all furious, 'Ah! but that was accursed!' *Eh bien!* Perhaps it was; but that was the power of the dull black eye I tell you of! Sometimes, in the great moments of the grand tragedy, I have seen a glow come

—a kind of red smoulder; but never, oh never! in the world, the flash, the blaze, the gleam! She seemed, Madame, sometimes to be far up above us all—the tragedy of all the earth, the love of all lovers, the grace of all women—seemed to be in her own heart!" (Ah, I thought, my raindrop), "and it was out of her heart that she acted, at least part of the time."

Hungrily I listened to some scraps of information about her costuming. Every one wrote and raved over the exquisite grace with which she wore her Greek draperies. "Merely cast carelessly about her," one critic said, "yet falling always in such statuesque folds."

Poor Rose had another tale to tell. Every fold was arranged, pinned, studied in the glass, walked in, studied again, abandoned, another tried, and yet another, until the perfect line and fold being attained at last, they were secured by patiently-placed stitches. She was fond, too, of "making up" her face with almost no rouge for many of the parts she played, *Tisbé* being one of the few characters for which she dressed brilliantly and painted high.

"When," continued my old woman, "she had made up with an unbroken whiteness that her jetty hair, eyebrows, and eyes made marble-like, and had touched her lips with a vivid scarlet, she looked—she looked like——" she hesitated.

And I suggested: "Like a beautiful portrait of Tragedy?—for surely such a make-up, besides being artistic, must have been very becoming to the woman who wore it."

The yellow-flecked eyes suddenly took on a new sharpness. She laid an inquiring finger on my arm.

"You, Madame—is it that you are yourself of the stage? *Oui? Tant mieux! mais.* I grow old of a certainty—I should have seen. Oh! *là, là,* by a dozen things I should have seen! From *Amérique*, you come—from that far, sad land, where the great Rachel



laid down the sceptre? You—you cannot have seen her? No—I was sure! You are not even of her race, yet you seek to know all—everything. You question like the little child. Why, Madame, and what think you, then, of her?”

And from an extravagant impulse I answered: “I think her the mightiest Jewess since the times of Miriam and Deborah!”

Her old mouth worked. She caught my gloved hand to her lips, and said huskily, “*Merci! merci!*” many times. “It is, you see, that sometimes I have, Madame, the fear that Paris here forgets a little, and it makes the pain. No? You think not? All of *Amérique* makes honour to that memory, you say? Good! Eh? What? You do not admire *Père Félix*? Not even the beau *Raphael*? A-a-h!” She straightened up, gave a sigh of satisfaction, and then, with the oily tone peculiar to the dealer in misfit garments, she said: “Madame has the judgment of the best, and—and doubtless you are an artiste of high standing,” and then surprised me by taking from my hand an old bit of metal. “*Non, Madame,*” she continued, “that is not for you.”

“But,” I remonstrated, “it is old German work!”

“*Non!*” she interrupted, “the placard says old German work, but it comes truly from across the *Seine*. It is not for the woman who bends the head to the memory of the great Rachel—whom she has not even seen,” and in the scorching heat she crossed the walk, placed me in the carriage, opened my parasol, and laid my package upon my knee—all with the manner of one attending upon an enfeebled Grand Duchess. Then the cabby cracked his whip over the unimpressed, heat-dried unfortunate between the shafts, who slowly got in motion. We both glanced back—both spoke a last sentence. The voices were different, but my “Thanks, Madame, for your memories of Rachel,” was cut across by

her “Thanks, Madame, for your memory of Rachel,” and so, with the great name upon our lips, we parted.

One dreary wet Sunday, nearly a year later, I lay in a hotel room in Louisville, and with frowning brows watched Dr. Yandell, as he bandaged the ankle I had injured the night before. The season was nearing its close, and I was homesick. In the great splashing pattern of the carpet I seemed to see faces that mocked me. The marble mantel looked like a tombstone—my almost indestructible cheerfulness was giving way before these things, combined with pain. The doctor had just mentioned some incident connected with the days when he walked the hospital floors as a student in Paris. Paris! I glanced at him! Yes, there were touches of grey about his stately head; he might, perhaps—and swiftly, the question—the inevitable question—flew from my lips: “Doctor, did you ever see Rachel?”

The quick glint in his lifted eyes, the involuntary tug upon the bandage, answered me before his slow Southern speech could, and scrambling up upon my pillows, unrelentingly I wrung the doctor’s memory dry of everything it held anent Rachel.

He, as a young student, had made the acquaintance of Raphael and his great sister by a ludicrous collision in a dark hallway. Apologies, laughter, the discovery that they sought a mutual friend’s apartment, led to introductions, and to an impromptu little game of cards; also to the enslavement of young Yandell to the reigning queen of the world of art. In his opinion the trip to America had been a veritable tragedy. Never had there been any folly to equal the folly of Raphael. Hare-brained, inexperienced, he had been made mad by the story of Jenny Lind’s one million seven hundred thousand francs earned in thirty-eight performances. He could not be brought to listen to reason. He gave no thought to Barnum—that tremendous factor in the *diva’s* success. He forgot that music



appeals to all classes, can be enjoyed regardless of the language in which it is sung—forgot that Tragedy appealed but to the cultivated few, even in France. There was no reason in him. He had made him a molten calf, and the golden dazzle of it blinded him to the realities of life and common sense.

Rachel had been most unwilling to undertake the expedition, but that family of hers conspired against her. Abraham, Raphael, Sarah, Dinah, Lea, *Mère Félix*—all united in pointing to the land of gold! They gave her no peace! "Ah, well; all that is history," said the doctor; "but, oh, could you have seen the shame, the wounded pride, the silent suffering of the great woman, who found she had been made an instrument for the advancement of her family's interests!"

"Shame!" I exclaimed. "Why should *she* be ashamed?"

"Good God!" excitedly answered the doctor, "have you not heard of the inconceivable parsimony of Raphael? Rachel had her faults, but she did truly reverence art. But here, in this country, art was not thought of; the cry was dollars! dollars! The brother who managed for her would not expend one cent even to secure correct 'properties,' and permitted the most ludicrous blunders in stage-setting to pass uncorrected—such as a flowered carpet covering a Roman street. Many a time the curtain rose on a stately tragedy to the convulsed laughter of the audience, so absurd would the scenery be. I had," continued the doctor, "hesitated to present myself to Madame in America, thinking it very probable she had forgotten me, but at our meeting she greeted me as a friend, and did me the honour to ask me to accompany her, for a time at least. You can imagine with what willingness I placed myself at her service. But that family! good Heaven! that family! Jealous, malicious, covetous, they all were! Quarrelsome they all were. Yet one there was who terrorised all the others, including even

the father and Rachel herself! In times of family mishap or of serious illness, Sarah was the devoted sister and nurse; but the moment the draft upon sympathy had been honoured, she became a terror. She dominated every one, she meddled in everything, and on the slightest provocation she would burst into a furious rage, using the *argot* picked up in her street-singing days, making charges of theft, of falsehood, and often, indeed generally, using her hands, even her nails, as freely as she did her angry words. It was between Raphael and Sarah that dissensions oftenest arose. Rachel dreaded such scenes greatly, and strove to maintain the peace, which she had invariably to purchase with a gift to each participant in the fray. Her own self-control was wonderful. She always, save in one instance, preserved a quiet dignity of manner that was admirable; but that one outburst I shall never forget! Gambling was as the breath of life to her. You look startled—but it is quite true. She loved cards passionately; so did they all love them, but in a lesser degree. When she could not rise from the bed, she would have a board brought and laid across her knees. To face her, frail and shadowy, in white gown and delicate lace cap, her thin fingers deftly manipulating the cards, was like gambling with a phantom! I had forbidden playing for high stakes, because the intense excitement engendered was injurious to her. She had given me a droll look, but, smiling indulgently, had said: 'Very well—she would play for pennies if I so commanded,' a form of speech that covered me with confusion, for I was far too young to venture to 'command' a Rachel, even for her own good. Well, on the day of which I speak, she and her sister were playing at the bedside. Rose admitted me to the room, and with a quick glance in their direction shook her head disapprovingly. No wonder. Rachel was trembling violently, but her eyes were fixed in a stare of such concentrated anger that I felt a chill



creep over me. On her side of the board lay about a half-dozen coppers—on Sarah's side there must have been thirty or forty. Rachel never greeted me—never winked even, in that unbroken stare, but said very low: 'Go on, *mademoiselle*; you have a very remarkable *luck* to-day!' In high, angry tones, Sarah exclaimed, 'Don't you try to look me down, Madame Greatness!' 'Play!' commanded Rachel, and then—oh! it was all like the flash, the crash of a volley of musketry!" said the doctor, throwing out his hands helplessly. "Before I could cross the room there came two words—'cheat!' 'thief!'—the board was flying through the air, pennies were everywhere! Sarah was in the middle of the chamber—the bedclothes were flung aside—and with the leap of a tigress Rachel flung herself upon her sister, and caught at her throat, and eight small red dents showed where her fingers struck, before her strength fled and she sank back unconscious into my arms. I never heard such vituperation from human lips as poured from Sarah Félix as I carried her sister back to her bed. But when she saw the still form, the bluish lips, she flung herself beside her, rubbing the limp hands, breathing into her mouth, forcing brandy down her throat, and doing it all like a woman demented with grief. Then, when at last breath had returned to the patient, and a long attack of coughing had been reckoned with, Sarah, tired, dishevelled, stood looking down at the exhausted creature on the bed, and remarked resentfully, 'And all that, mind you, because I cheated her out of a few pennies! There's a sister for you, Monsieur!' And so I learned that Rachel had as her birthright the violent temper of the Félix family, and surely she deserved credit for so nearly conquering it. She saw every doctor who was suggested to her, and one and all they said 'Rest! Rest! now, immediately, and in this balmy air you will probably recover.' Every one avoided the word 'lungs'—all spoke of

the larynx—until, in Charleston, a French doctor boldly informed her that her lungs were affected. Then she began to realise her danger. 'I ought to rest,' she would say piteously to Raphael, whose face would become sullen in a moment. When she coughed the girls would shrug their shoulders and tap their feet impatiently. They made her feel that she was injuring them greatly. They sighed and moaned over 'the failure she had made;' for though the receipts exceeded everything they had ever played to in Europe, they yet fell so far below Raphael's mad dreams and expectations that the family made most piteous outcries."

The doctor thought that from being with her all the time they failed to perceive the change in her appearance; but the rest of the company, who had reached Charleston before her, were startled at the alteration even those few days of suffering had made in the face of Rachel. It would be too painful to repeat the doctor's story of her eager watching for a fairly comfortable day in which to write letters to her mother and her sons—brave, bright, hopeful letters; of her silent despair on the bad days, when the cough gave her no rest and the pain beneath the shoulder tortured her, while a mighty homesickness wrung her very soul with anguish. And she was pulled one way by the doctors, pulled the other way by her family. Oh, poor Rachel! Listen to her own words, written even in the heyday of her power:—

"My success is wonderful, but purchased at what a price! The price, alas, of my health and life. The intoxication of applause passes into my blood and burns it up! The public—the world sees the artist, but they forget the woman!"

Was it not Ouida who said, "The laurel hurts when it grows from the tender breast of a woman?"

Next to the joy of having seen the famous actress, I would count the joy of owning a certain picture—one of those Dr. Séguin so wisely kept under double locks. A tiny thing, but, oh, the delight



of it! There is the Rachel of one's imagination, still young, in all her hope, her just springing pride, her vaulting ambition. She had greatly desired to play *Phèdre*, but had been told she was too small for the part. She was hotly indignant, and Alfred de Musset, the poet, the beau, the beloved of George Sand, who had just written his famous "Nuit de Mai," one night, after *Tancred*, had returned home with Rachel, had supped with the family, and afterward she had eagerly requested him to listen to her reading of the great part of *Phèdre*. And in this wonderful little picture these two gifted children of France, ever young, ever triumphant, face each other at the table, where the few dishes are pushed on one side, where one fluttering candle has been reinforced by another hastily thrust into a wine bottle; where Rachel, in a loose sacque with a cap (formed of a foulard handkerchief) upon her hair, sits, the book in one hand, while the other is stretched out in illuminating gesture. And De Musset leans his folded arms upon the shabby table, and gazes as at an inspired young priestess. This is not the woman of whom it was afterward said: "She seeks not glory—but gold!" This is the aspiring, passionate young student—this is the girl who calmly passed from her sordid home into the drawing-rooms of the aristocrats of France, and by her modest self-possession and gentle dignity astonished and charmed all who met her.

I gazed and gazed at the small picture, until suddenly a thought came to me. "Dr. Séguin," I said, "George Sand and Rachel disliked each other intensely, did they not?"

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, and I could never find a satisfactory reason for that dislike—a cause."

I laughed, and putting my finger upon De Musset, I asked, "Is not *this* the cause?"

An amused, almost mocking look came into his face. "Well, well!" he exclaimed. "Leave a woman to divine a

thing! Now, Paris generally thought that George Sand was piqued because Rachel would not accept a play of hers, and yet, I remember now, Sand always spoke generously of Rachel, while Rachel was ever bitter and satirical in her comments on the writer."

"Naturally," I remarked, "as Sand was strong enough to hold her poet at her side—and defeat was ever bitter to the actress."

He frowned thoughtfully a moment, then smilingly continued: "I make you my compliments, Madame; I believe you are right. The two great women hated each other, and here is 'the cause.'"

Again I returned to the study of the picture, where the poet of France sits in rapt attention opposite Rachel—pale, slight, gifted with the divine power, the perfect tact, the wondrous grace, that won her the allegiance of the most accomplished men in France, the most illustrious in the literary world, the most eminent statesmen, and the most talented politicians! This is the Rachel who creates the glamour, who wins the love, who fires the imagination! This is the actress who raised people to her level, never sinking her art to them! Rachel—*artiste*! as we wish to remember her before the family had forced her attention to the golden mirage that dazzled their own eyes—before they had injected the poison of avarice into her veins! This girl still has nobility, pride, enthusiasm, courage! The tears came swiftly to my eyes, for in the dim, dim background I had caught sight of a fat old woman asleep in a chair—*Mère Félix*, of course. "Oh!" I cried, "she can't escape them, even here!"

The doctor looked over my shoulder, and quoted sarcastically, "They have made them a molten calf and have worshipped it!" while I, wet-eyed, added, "And have *sacrificed* thereunto!" and was silly enough to bend my head and press my lips to the pictured face of the great Rachel.



# THE CHEETAH AND THE WILD BOAR

By CHARLES E. CLAY

I BOUGHT him when he was a fluffy little cub, just two months old. Some jungle men had trapped him in the rocky hills lying to the north of Gudduck, where I was at the time quartered, policing the construction of the Dharwar and Carwar State Railway.

They rolled him out for my inspection from a bag of plaited palm leaves, and as he commenced to play with a polo ball that happened to be lying at my feet he looked for all the world like a roly-poly tabby cat romping with a ball of white knitting cotton.

Presently he gave his new-found plaything a vicious buffet with his pudgy little paw and the ball rolled away under my camp cot. With eyes ablaze and tiny whiskers bristling, with fur erect and streaming tail he flew towards the spot where the coveted prize had disappeared. Just as he was gathering himself in act to spring, my little fox terrier Gyp, who had been disturbed in a nap by the ball striking him, appeared upon the scene in no pleasant humour, and more than usually ready for the fray. Both quadrupeds were in the green and callow stage of early youth, and neither had ever seen anything like the other. Instinctively the cat-strain of the cheetah asserted itself, and its back went up as the stiff hairs of its mane bristled, for all the world like an irate Tom on a house-top. The first flush of surprise over, Gyp assumed the aggressive by emitting a vicious yelp and making a

tentative dart toward the stranger. His rash advance was met by a warning pat on the nose which must have hurt, for the cheetah's claws—unlike those of the leopard—are not entirely retractile. The next moment puppy and cub were rolling over one another upon the floor and mauling each other to the best of their undeveloped abilities. I was loath to spoil what promised to be a splendid fight, but there was no telling to what extent the active little spotted beast with its ever busy talons might damage the beauty of my terrier. With the aid of the hill men the contestants were separated and it was conceded for the sake of courtesy that honours were divided, although I must confess that whilst the cheetah was full of fight, Gyp displayed no desire to renew the combat.

Snuggled up in my lap he gave vent to his injured feelings by an occasional short whine and a reproachful look which said: "Rats, I can understand, but



"HE LOOKED LIKE A ROLY-POLY TABBY CAT."

that jumpy beast is another proposition."

The owners of the cub did not fail to express their satisfaction at the prowess of their representative in the impromptu combat.

"Bâhut ghut butcha, Khudahwund. Burrah ludai-wallah" (Very strong cub, your lordship. A great warrior) they insisted, stroking the still angry little beggar whom they had picked up and were holding tantalizingly out of the wee doggie's reach. So I beat them down and for ten rupees became possessed of my first cheetah or true hunting leopard; and I never regretted the purchase.



Venkataputtee turned out to be all that his vendors asserted. At maturity he had grown a superb specimen of his race, taller than a leopard proper, with a head very much like that of a dog. In fact the hunting leopard—whose only claim to recognition as a member of the pardine family rests upon his spotted skin—combines in himself the physical characteristics and the mental traits of the feline and canine genuses. His legs, whilst longer and more slender than those of the leopard, are less muscular. The resemblances and contrasts between the two animals are somewhat like those which exist between the greyhound and the great Dane. From the back of the cheetah's head to his shoulders runs a mane of long, stiff, almost upright hair, and his peculiarity has earned him the name of *jubata*, the "crested one."

Contrary to the common belief, no training is required to develop the hunting proclivities of the cheetah, which are the result of an hereditary instinct. In his wild state he stalks and kills his prey in exactly the same way as he does under the guidance of man.

The cheetah is used in many parts of India for the purpose of coursing and pulling down the black buck, a beautiful antelope very common all through the cotton and grain belt of Southern India. When about to be used in the chase the animal is hooded and placed in a wooden cage, constructed to run upon wheels. From the floor of the cage extend two light poles terminating in a semicircular yoke designed to hold one of the little trotting bullocks which will cover the ground at a pace almost equal to that of an English cob.

When the game is sighted the cheetah is unhooded and loosed, and slipping quietly to earth he glides away with a sinuous cat-like action. Crouching until his belly sweeps the ground he takes advantage of every bit of cover in his path, as he swiftly and stealthily approaches the quarry, when within striking

distance he springs forward with the rush of a whirlwind, and such is the force of his passage through the air that he seldom fails to knock the buck off his legs, when, agile as is the latter, the cheetah is still more quick, and his teeth are fastened in the throat of the victim before he can rise.

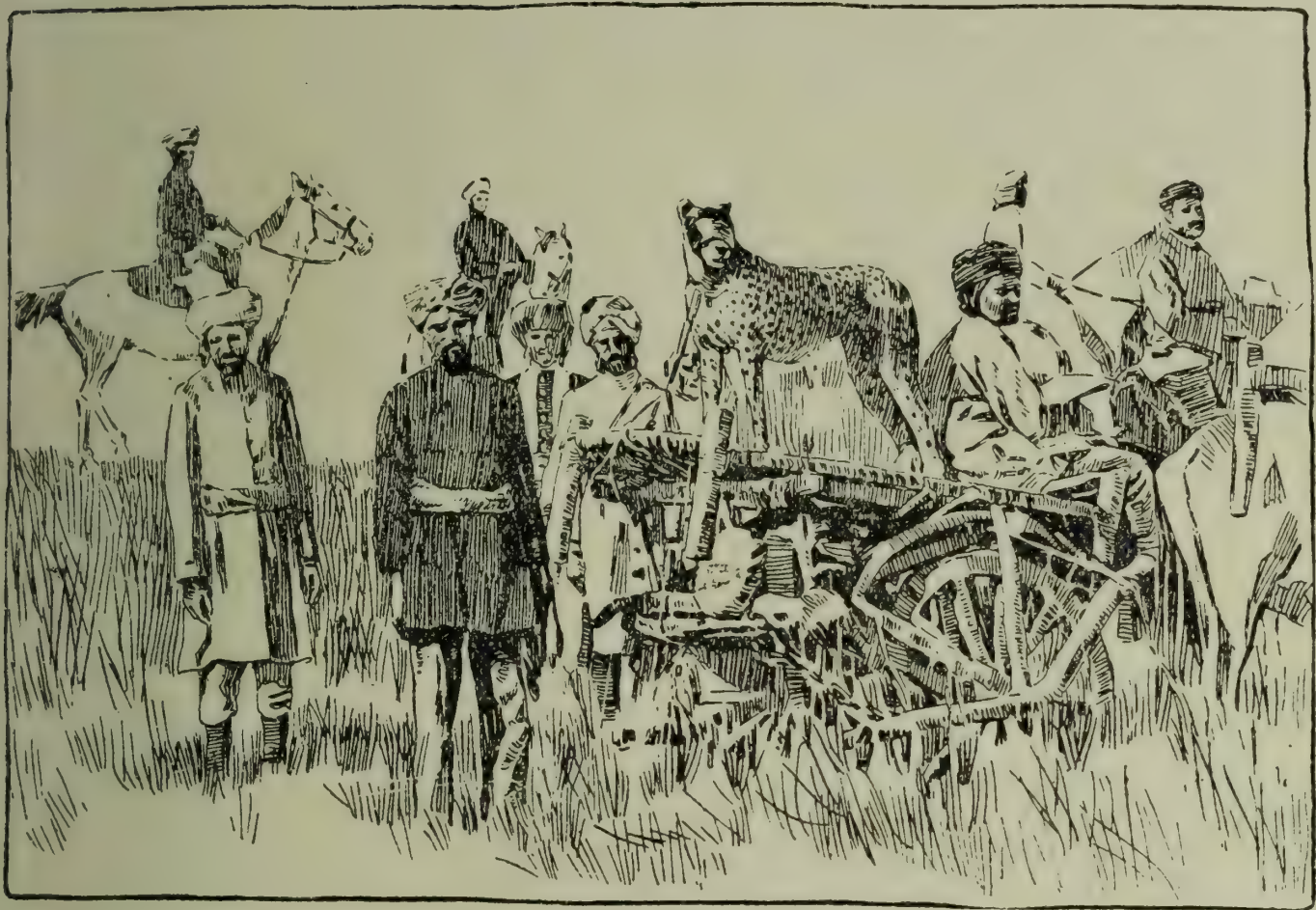
The cheetah invariably seizes his prey by the throat, and often in his mad dash to strike, pursuer and pursued roll over and over after coming together. Keepers and hunters follow as fast as they can, and when they reach the cheetah and his quarry, the buck receives his *coup de grace* and is immediately paunched. Then the cheetah is whipped off and the entrails are thrown to him as a reward. He is particularly fond of the liver and heart, but does not despise the less inviting viscera; often he will devour the entire insides of a deer at one meal if his fast has been a long one.

Venkataputtee soon became an expert at coursing and was a tireless and most energetic hunter, so that the fame of his skill and prowess was heralded throughout all the country round about. Many a glossy black pelt and fine pair of horns did I obtain as the result of his achievements, and so great was his courage and agility that my native friends were secretly determined to try him at much nobler game.

The two trappers who had originally sold him to me took particular pride in his performances and generally accompanied him when he went afield. One afternoon a deputation of village sportsmen waited upon me and begged the loan of Venkataputtee. The spokesmen were his former owners, who explained that a very great *tamasha* performance had been arranged for the edification of some visiting native dignitaries, and two hundred rupees had been wagered that Venkataputtee, my cheetah, would show better sport than any in the Rajah's kennel.

"For," said they, "the Rajah himself is going to bring out four of his best





"WHEN ABOUT TO BE USED IN THE CHASE THE ANIMAL IS HOODED."

animals, and a great deal of money, besides our own, is staked on the trial."

In consequence of the supreme test Venkataputtee was to undergo, they requested he be starved an extra day and tantalized into greater ferocity and keenness by having the scent of blood continually in his nostrils. They promised to supply a freshly killed kid to be hung before his cage during the last twelve hours of his enforced fast.

It so happened that pressing duties called me to Dharwar, twenty-eight miles from Gudduck, on the day appointed for the trial, so that it was utterly impossible for me to be present and witness the sport. I asked them if they could not defer the event for a day or two, that I might be back to attend the meet; but they said no postponement was possible, because the visitors were to leave the village the day following that set for the hunt, and no other day would suit the Rajah's convenience.

Since I lay under sundry obligations to the Rajah, who was a sportsman and a good fellow, I felt impelled to grant the urgent request, but it was with keen regret that I thought of my pet wresting fresh laurels from the pick of his royal highness's beasts, and I engaged in the driest drudgery the while. There was nothing for it but to content myself by commissioning Ram Buksh, my factotum, to place a hundred rupees for me on the best terms he could get.

Later on I heard the story in the graphic language of natives, enthusiastic and jubilant with bunches of rupees, which had recently changed owners, tied in the ends of their *cuprahs* or stowed away in the recesses of their *langouties*.

What happened was this: On the appointed morning Venkataputtee, his flanks all lean and tucked up from the effects of his extra fast; well-nigh frantic from thirst and the smell of the meat that hung so near and yet so far from his ravenous maw, was pronounced by experts to be in the pink of condition. No



pugilist of modern times, nor gladiator of ancient days, ever was conned more carefully and critically, nor received a more enthusiastic reception.

Before parading for public inspection he was properly groomed and cleaned, and his neck and sleek body and supple limbs garlanded with fragrant wreaths of sweet jasmine, yellow and pink and white. His cage and bullock cart, on which he always took the field, was converted into a shady and luxuriant arbour of feathery palms and waving plantain leaves. His brave little trotting steer was bedecked as resplendently as the tawny and spotted warrior he conveyed. Old Ramanah and the cheetah's keeper, dressed in gala attire and stimulated by liberal libations of arrack, led the procession. His backers and admirers formed a numerous body-guard on either side, and with tooting of horns and beating of tom-toms, the hero was escorted through the village streets to the maidan, or open plain beyond, the whole population, men, women, and children, turning out to do him honour.

But it was no fast-flying black buck that Venkataputtee was to face that morning; nor any of the Rajah's famous cheetahs with which his mettle was to be matched. That fairy tale was a part of the hoax the unscrupulous Mussulmans had played upon me. Instead of a deer, a mighty wild boar, but lately trapped in the jungle, had been quietly brought to the village for the purpose of "trying out" my celebrated cheetah.

The sportsmen of Gudduck went wild over the anticipation of this novel and thrilling combat, and large sums of money had been wagered on the outcome.

The ferocious boar had plenty of backers, and every precaution had been taken to keep him fit, and have the confinement tell as little as possible on him. Apparently I was the only person in Gudduck kept in ignorance of the great event.

My friend, the Rajah, was there, but with none of his cheetahs to take part in

the contest. He was, on the contrary, the chief supporter of the boar, and eagerly covered my hundred, asking superciliously if that was all I was laying.

The programme was to loose the boar in full view of the cheetah and see if he would attack. Should he refuse, Venkataputtee's adherents lost their money; but if the cheetah ran his quarry and it came to a fight, the animals were to be allowed to go at each other to a finish, and the result of the bets would then be decided by the death of one of the combatants. Ramanah, previously bribed into an accomplice to the plan, was now too drunk to offer any effectual objection.

The boar was let go, and headed toward the jungle, about a mile distant, which bounded the plain, or public grazing-ground of the villagers. Venkataputtee's hood and collar were quickly slipped. The boar, with a grunt of satisfaction, looking neither to left nor right, made off to covert in a leisurely trot. Venkataputtee, as soon as his eyes fell upon the receding porker, bounded from the open door of the cage, and seeing that the bare and perfectly level space offered not the slightest cover by which he might stalk his prey, after his usual method, started full tilt in pursuit of his game, uttering a fierce and angry growl by way of challenge.

The boar had covered about ten score paces, proceeding at a swinging gait, when he heard Venkataputtee's cry. Turning his head quickly over his back, and viewing his bounding pursuer at his heels, he wheeled like lightning, and with bristles erect and tusks gleaming in the sunlight, dashed madly forward to the fray.

They met with a terrific shock, rolling over and over together in the dust. The wildly shouting and excited spectators, regardless of risk to themselves, rushed forward and formed a large circle round the battling beasts, each encouraging the animal that carried his money.





"VENKATAPUTTEE GOT HIS TEETH CLINCHED INTO HIS PREY."

When the dust cleared away Venkataputtee, on top, having pinned the boar by the foreshoulder, now held him down to the ground, crunching the massive bone with his iron jaws. The boar, as they met, struck him a glancing blow, which, had it gone home, might have been mortal; but luckily for the cheetah, it was not truly aimed, or had been partially avoided by his surprising agility. Still the cruel tusk, after grazing the forearm, had ripped a gaping wound along the flank, from which the blood flowed freely.

But when once Venkataputtee got his teeth clinched into his prey nothing

short of a screwjack could pry open those tenacious jaws. So he kept his hold, grimly mauling the boar the while with his sharp claws. The porker's hide was lathered in profuse perspiration, and glistened like a slab of polished ebony. He made furious but ineffectual efforts to shake off his adversary, dashing his huge head to and fro in the vain endeavour to plunge his great white tusks into the cheetah's body.

But Venkataputtee was too agile for him. With one paw thrown over the shoulder of his grunting foe, he lay sprawled upon the weak and sloping back and hind quarters, working his sharp



claws like rakes along the flanks, literally tearing the tough skin into ribbons. The boar was soon lacerated by a hundred wounds, from which the blood spurted at each plunge he made to free himself.

Meanwhile the crowd of frenzied on-lookers had separated themselves into two parties. Those on one side were the backers of the cheetah, and yelled vociferous applause as they listened to the continuous chewing of his fierce jaws. On the other side stood the adherents of the now spent and tottering boar. They viewed the grim death struggle with bated breath, glum and silent.

Suddenly the boar gave vent to a gasping, gurgling sigh, and, rolling over, ceased to fight. Instantly Venkataputtee loosed his hold of the shoulder and made a swift dive for the outstretched throat, driving his gory fangs deep into the yielding flesh. There was a stifled grunt or two, the huge frame quivered all over a moment, and then the limbs ceased to beat, and the great boar lay dead.

"Shabásh, shabásh" (Bravo, bravo!) exclaimed the supporters of the cheetah, rushing in to embrace the victorious animal. But he heeded not their cries nor caresses. He was very busy drinking deep of his foe's life-stream. The losers—fatalists and true philosophers—simply ejaculated "Hogya" (It is finished), and the Mussulman, who abhor swine as much as the Jews, spat upon the ground and muttered: "Bud-mash, soostee-wallah!" (Lazy brute!) "Burwah-ka-lucha margya."

Venkataputtee's wounds healed slowly, and it was many a day before he was out after his favourite game.

When I came home and found the beautiful fellow all torn and lacerated, and learned the details of the affair, I was naturally furious and inclined to inflict condign punishment on the recreant Ramanah. But the joy I felt in my pet's proud triumph, and the solace of the Rajah's hundred rupees in my pocket, made me leniently disposed towards all who had plotted to play me so scurvy a trick, and I forgave them.

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## PRIDE

By WINIFRED WEBB

I WEEP not for the grief of man,  
His grandeur there I see;  
But oh! the pathos of his pride  
Could break the heart in me!



## THE IDLERS' CLUB

By A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

Only the provincial *The Wonder City* born and bred can realise to the full the exaltation of London. To the enthusiastic provincial it is a dream-city, whose existence is almost too good to be true; and the brief visits to which, seen as phantasmagoria, golden pageants of glorious hurrying incident, that leave one confused and tired with their plethora of interest and excitement. The name of every street has some association of history or romance; the very shops are not as other shops; their names have been familiar to you from childhood, emblazoned on the pages of *The Gentlewoman* or *The Queen*, and fantastic haloes surround the names of "Jay's," "Marshall and Snelgrove's," and "Peter Robinson's." Royalties and the peerage throng the parks; celebrities are pointed out to you at every turn; distinguished people of all nations pass up and down the steps of your hotel; even the windows of your hotel bedroom look on to the Embankment, where flows the river beside the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, all teeming with romantic memories. But if a visit to London is bewildering, what can describe the rapture of the young provincial whom a lucky chance brings to *live* in London. To be in London, not for a few days, but for ever! You will do all your shopping now at those magnificent establishments in Regent Street, and Bond Street, and Oxford Street; there would be nothing to prevent you from seeing George Alexander every night for six months with only short breathing space on Sundays, but for the fact that Irving, Wyndham, Seymour Hicks, James Welch, Beerbohm Tree, Cyril Maude, Lewis Waller, Forbes Robertson, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mary Moore, and twenty other stars are appearing nightly also.

In the provinces these radiant beings paid angels' visits of six brief nights, not always once a year. Then the extraordinary sensation of being able to walk forth into the *Strand* each day, and extend your Pilgrimage to *Fleet Street—Fleet Street*, where authors jostle one another! Those keen-faced, deliciously alert young men are real reporters; those equally charming, portfolio-laden men are real black-and-white artists, working for real papers! Who knows, that stern and haughty-looking gentleman may be an editor! Oh, hallowed beings, hurrying up and down! You are actually in the midst of them—the living movers of the Empire, all collected into one little street—the working "PRESS." On every door are world-famous names of magazines and newspapers. Heavens! the thrill—the breathless thrill—when we saw in dingy letters on a dingy window "THE FAMILY HERALD." Thence came those delirious supplements from which we had been so zealously and ineffectually guarded from our childhood upwards! To this day that spot has a fascination for us. And if we should tire—though we think this impossible—of the bustling, humming life of Fleet Street, what new wonders wait us further West? Think of it! At any moment, in the Mall, the King and Queen may drive past, quite as a matter of course. In the provinces kings and queens were beings who appeared once in a whole lifetime to the sounds of music, in decorated streets, with long processions, to be waited for all day and seen from dingy windows over the heads of swaying crowds. Truly, a *Wonder City* for the young. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

A Holy City, too, full of sacred dreams; and the provincials who enter therein, may be forgiven for thinking



themselves the lucky elect. Strange are the shining garments, and you are never tired of feeling them, and looking at yourself in your new guise. Is this *really* you, this wonderful creature who is buying cakes at Fuller's for afternoon tea, just as, a month or so ago, you were buying cakes at Pattison's in New Street; who passes Buckingham Palace every day when you go out, and does not even turn the head to look at it; who has seen Wyndham, Irving, and Beerbohm Tree in the same week, without any undue excitement? Yes, it is you, and there is no harm in your consciousness of your good fortune; yet there is no need for you to hang over the gates of pearl, and flap your wings derisively at your friends in, what seems to you, the outer darkness of the provinces. There is too much of the cock-a-doodle-doo in your hymns of thanksgiving, we fear. You have not escaped from the Stygian Pit, my little feathered friend. You were very happy in that outer darkness before you packed your knapsack and came up to the Wonder City; and now you have entered, you have only exchanged one delectable land for another. For though London be the critical brain, the heart of the nation lies in the great provincial towns; thence come the men who rule your country, who rule your London! There lie the trade of England, its wealth, its power. Wealth and power are nothing, you say, oh idealistic young! Fame is what you want, and you can only find that in your London City. Yet it is as well to remember that you may obtain success in London of a strictly local nature. "Artistic" successes, successes of judicious paragraphs, are to be gained in London quite easily; but no success is real or lasting till it has been endorsed by the provinces. Their's is the final judgment, and the one that is truly worth having, for if the humanity in your work be not sound, they will not accept it, however London may have paragraphed and fêted you. Decadence

is of no use in the provinces. The true test of success is when your name is as well known in Southampton as it is in Manchester; for it means nothing to be recognised in Fleet Street, but it means a good deal to be recognised in some strange provincial city. So be not so insolent in your use of the word "provincial" my ambitious young Londoner, for though, to yourself, you seem a radiant shining one, walking golden streets and blowing loudly on your trumpet to the friends of your native town, you are the same sized sparrow, with your feathers ruffled, but otherwise no larger.

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For every one's life is *The Social* of a local nature. Each *System.* person is the centre of a little world, and though some of the worlds are of wider radius than their fellows, each has a boundary. Oh, consequential persons, you would do well to remember that, outside that boundary, other worlds revolve on their own axis, not on yours; and everybody else is the centre of his own interests, just as you are of yours. Also, however important a part you play in your own world, you are nothing outside it. In his world of elongated simpering duchesses, the fashionable portrait-painter is a shining sun; but let him step outside into the world of art and he is a speck, an atom, a pin-point—utterly lost in the effulgence of the myriad planets. The radius of Hall Caine's world may be a wide one, and his name a household word in it, but which of the great Eastern sages has ever heard of him? If people would only ponder over the chastening facts that we propound, conceit would be as impossible as discontent. Modestly and resignedly, each person would inhabit his own world, neither thinking it of more nor less importance than any other world. And if an alien world should cross his orbit, under our calming influence he would view its inhabitants with interest and even



critically, but he would not expect them to be guided by the code of laws by which his world is ruled, for every territory has different laws, and what is one man's duty is another's sin. A musical comedian may earn his children's livelihood by singing ditties which, on our lips, would be rightly received with cold looks by our aunt ; for what is his duty in us would be sinful pleasure. Yet the little mountebank may have as kind a heart as that of an aunt of refined tastes and narrow sympathies. It is the duty of the aged to make comments on the behaviour of the young ; but if the young comment upon the behaviour of the aged—oh, how impertinent they are considered ! It is the duty of a critic to say in plain English exactly what he thinks of an author, but if that author turn round and say in plain English exactly what he thinks of the critic—oh, how we hang the head in shame at seeing such an exhibition of human vanity and weakness. Yet the impertinent young and the angry author may both be actuated by the same passionate love of speaking their own minds that prompts the aged and the critic. Therefore try to judge people by their own code, and not by yours ; and as it is now considered ostentatious and unfashionable to wear a code of morals where it can be seen, it is wisest not to judge at all.

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*The Right of Self-Possession.* If a man would only recognise his glorious right of self-possession, he would be immune from envy or humiliation. "My mind to me a kingdom is," goes the saying, and there is one region in which the most stupid, the most oppressed, is absolute, his own mind : that is a monarchy indeed. And how wise it is to take a monarchical view of life. You become at once immune from worrying thoughts as to what other people think of you ; your only concern is what you think of them. Therefore you have no need to angle

for people's good opinion ; their admiration may be pleasant to you, but its expression or non-expression does not affect your consciousness of your intrinsic worth. It is only the slave to whom approval is of poignant consequence. But if you ascend your throne, and take possession of the kingdom of your mind, how impregnable is your position ! If people are curt in their manner to you, you simply observe their ignorance of the graceful courtesies of intercourse, which, we hope, royalties display. If uncouth churls cast gibes at you, it is permissible to be a little ostentatious in your continued politeness, for as a monarch, it is your pleasant duty to set them an example. A gracious smile is the most effective punishment for wrath, believe us. And serene and unimpressed, you watch the pretensions of the inflated ones who seek to humiliate you by a display of superior rank, or wealth, or culture. No matter what one's circumstances may be, the royalty of self-possession is for all. An actor-manager may puff out his chest, and rate a wretched little super in his company, asking that super if he thinks he is paid to spoil the effect of the manager's speeches, with other refined well-bred amenities. Let him inflate himself ! Receive his taunts in silence. Little does he know you have just given him the position of chief punching bag in your kingdom, and the more he inflates himself, the better you are pleased. For is it not the mission of a punching bag to be as full of wind as possible ? It would not be courteous or politic to show the creature he is affording you amusement ; but in your private consciousness there is no harm in enjoying the spectacle he is providing for your delectation. If you let his jeers disturb you, then you are rising him to a position he is unworthy to fulfil ; you are giving him the power to hurt your feelings ; you are allowing his opinion of you to be of consequence to you. Oh, keep him in his right place as a punching



bag! If a duchess dispute your equality and seek to awe you by a lofty stare, assign to her the position of a caterpillar in your kingdom; then, the more airs she assumes, the more you will encourage the creature to elevate itself; for while the condescension of a duchess irritates the independent spirit, a caterpillar can but tickle you. Dear people, who are snubbed and held in low despite, recognise your kingdoms, and enter in on them! In the outer world fate may give material power to the brutal and the stupid, but in your own private kingdoms it is your own fault if you let them enter. Whoever is cruel, whoever hurts you, triumphs over you, and glories in his triumph; put him in his right place in your kingdom, and keep him in it. And for your comfort, remember that the actor bows, oh, so humbly, to the duchess; and the duchess cringes to the multi-millionaire. Their's is but the power of circumstance, not the power of personality. The latter is the greater power; it is for you, if you will only take it.

*The  
Humility  
of Self-  
Assertion.*

The consciousness of independence should rather check a tendency to bumptiousness than foster it. The happiness of a monarch lies in promoting the happiness of his subjects, for the greatest privilege of royalty is to have the power to serve. A monarch is most royal when he puts his subjects' welfare before his own; and he will help those who most need his help, not those who can repay him with equal favours. The king who plays for his subject's admiration is only a mountebank king. There are some braggarts whose object is to impress people with their wealth or influence, who parade their conquests, and boast of their slaves—oh, ladies, alas! ye are included in this indictment! They seem to us as hucksters, cap in hand, bowing and cringing to solicit our attention. The

possession of his stock is nothing to a huckster without the approval of the public. He must scrape and cadge for the shekels (of admiration). And oh, ladies, we have noticed, the more perishing fleeting the nature of his goods, the more need there is to advertise in glowing terms their quality. Thus, when we hear young ladies parading their admirers, and crying up their quantity and quality, we shake the head; we are not taken in. For all braggarts are anxious to gain our envy. We have something to give which is of consequence to them, so, though they employ a patronising voice, it is really we who are the patrons, for it is we who are solicited. Therefore the most swollen-headed of actors is really the humblest, for he is striving to impress all those around him; their indifference maddens him; slighting words rouse him to frenzy. He is completely at their mercy—their sport, their servile slave. Do you imagine certain actor-managers could enjoy a dinner-party if the company did not treat them with deference, and pay them some attention? No, indeed! Ignored, and forced to talk on other subjects than their triumphs, they would sink into miserable, impotent moroseness; but you and we, dear insignificant readers, would enjoy our dinners, and the sparkling conversation of those around us, serene and dignified, although unnoticed. What matters the attention of others? Are we not capable of giving attention to ourselves? Most decidedly we are. And those public-minded women who stamp about on platforms, puffing and perspiring, as they hit their fists on tables, and rail against a world of men that has denied them "rights," how infinitely, pathetically humble they are in their aggressiveness! No high-bred person tells every one he meets he is high-bred. Facts speak for themselves. So when a woman continually says she is man's equal, she is asking for his recognition of the fact; for if it were an acknowledged fact, why



should she reiterate it in such defiant tones? Therefore, she places herself in the position of a beggar, for to demand unsuccessfully is the most humiliating form of begging. Would a queen ask her subjects continually to hail her as such? No. Queens do not bid for allegiance, although they gratefully accept it. Dear ladies, clamour no more for women's rights—take them.

Applying this line of *Monkeys.* argument to the different sections of society, we find the smart set is the lowliest, for it is unquestionably the most self-assertive. In the menagerie of mankind, the smart set may be said to rank with monkeys. But, mischievous and noisy as they are, with immature brains and no pronounced ideas on the subject of decency, monkeys have their appointed place in the world of animals, just as the smart set has its place in the world of man, if that place be only to afford amusement for the satirist, and an object lesson to the working world. Sometimes, when a person has laboured and achieved a fortune, he thinks it would be amusing to enter a monkey house. Tickets of admission are offered freely to anyone who likes to pay the high price asked; and certainly, when the person enters, the monkeys will try their hardest to gain his approval by their capers, and so obtain the broken meats he throws them. It is interesting to watch them crossly chattering, and playing tricks on one another, though the fastidious may object to the rude and intimate way in which the greedy little creatures rush at him, who holds the bag of nuts, pawing at him with their filthy claws, and striving to grab the entire contents without any pretence at concealment of their greed. When they have obtained all the person has in his possession, they will then scream out at him, and chase him from the monkey house; for monkeys have no affection, nor gratitude, any more than they have a sense of

shame. They are interesting, however, to watch from a safe distance, as their habits have not the monotony of refinement, nor the reserve which characterises the members of a higher state of civilisation; and to those whose olfactory nerves are strong, who have studied physiology, and are not shocked by frankness, the monkey house may prove an entertaining spot; at least, the outside atmosphere will seem deliciously sweet and fresh after a few hours in a monkey house. And if the monkeys would remain in their abode, we should not complain of their existence, for it is our own fault if we go near them. Unfortunately they sometimes escape, and scramble into the working world, where they are most troublesome, and sometimes, even a source of danger to the community. (For example, in the War Office.) It must be owned monkeys have an inveterate passion for meddling, which it is impossible to control, or check; and so, there are some people who say they are a pest and clamour for their extermination. But these people should remember pests have their use in teaching mankind patience; monkeys have not the strength nor wit to do any lasting harm; when they are most angry, they can only chatter together, and pull faces, and look more and more ridiculous; they cumber, but are powerless to destroy; and so their very folly should appeal to our compassion. In the days of the French Revolution, think how the poor little monkeys fled weeping and wailing to us? We were right to shelter them; the strong should pity the weak. And we know, that if our populace arose, the poor, feeble little creatures could but fly gibbering again. Is it not better that the foolish and vicious members of society should herd together and form a community to themselves? Like every other world, they have a code of laws, of habits, and of thought peculiar to themselves; and if their codes seem immature to civilised mankind, we must remember the limitations



of a monkey brain. For is not monkey music as vapid as monkey art? Monkey novels on a level with the monkey plays produced by monkey actors, before monkey audiences? The fact that monkeys take these monkey productions seriously, with indeed a most enormous fuss and chattering, but exemplifies the motto, "Monkey things please monkey minds." Would you blame a child for preferring a Tuck's, the Christmas cards of Messrs. Tuck, to the cartoons of Raphael? Then why condemn the smart set for preferring their chosen portrait painters, who will elongate their figures, and prettify their faces, to— well, artists!

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We have come to the conclusion that the ideal place for fashionable society is in a previous century. The chappies and johnnies of recent date only seem vulgar to us because they have not receded far enough, and their crudities are still apparent. But the macaronies, dandies, bucks, fops, blades, and sparks loom picturesquely through a mist of years. Distance lends enchantment, though familiarity breed contempt; and through the gilt spy-glass which writers such as Mrs. Elinor Glyn hold up so daintily, the smart society of this age may seem as equally attractive to a future generation as the Georgian courtiers seem to us. Surely the demure Elizabeth and the artless Ambrosine are sisters of Evelina. Do we not pardon Miss Burney for her ideas of humour as portrayed in the horseplay of her gay young "blades"; we regard their practical jokes on the wretched old French woman as the custom of a rude and bygone age. And the errors of taste which Mrs. Glyn's heroes commit, will in like manner (let us hope) be pardoned by a future generation, as the

custom of our time; a future generation which we hope will have reached a higher civilisation than that which permits a guest to sneer at the low breeding of the host who entertains him, ignore the friends of that same host, who are his fellow-guests, and point out the deficiencies of the meal he eats to his hostess at his side. The immorality of our smart set will in like measure be condemned, and condoned as we condemn (and condone) the immorality of the bygone rakes and modish courtesans of the Georgian period, the Stuarts, and still earlier eras. For it is only in the manner of its expression, that the ingrained coarseness of fashionable society varies, whatever the century. Yet how dull would history be without its dainty broideries of the gallantries and intrigues of the different courts. In their pretty luxury and gay frivolity, these butterflies of fashion form a charming fringe to the grave events which happen in the working, living world. With no serious ambitions, hopes, nor duties, they flit about as aimlessly and irresponsibly as flies; feasting on the sweets of life, fouling most things they settle on; but pretty to watch as they fly about in the sunshine. Flies, or monkeys, they are not worth our hate; enough of them.

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In the interview with Miss Smedley which appeared in the June number, Mr. Gerard Fiennes was mentioned as the acting editor of the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Fiennes wishes it stated that Mr. Ronald McNeill is the editor of that excellent newspaper.

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We should also like to take this opportunity of giving credit to the *Girls' Realm* as being the first magazine to recognise the merit of Miss Smedley's writings and to introduce these to the public.









' PICTURE MY AGONY AT FINDING THAT YOU HAD FORGOTTEN.'





## THE LADY AND THE GHOST

By ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

*Illustrated by the Author*

**I**T was some moments before the Lady became rationally convinced that there was something occurring in the corner of the room, and then the actual nature of the thing was still far from clear.

"To put it as mildly as possible," she murmured, "the thing verges upon the uncanny;" and, leaning forward upon her silken knees, she attended upon the phenomenon.

At first it had seemed like some faint and unexplained atmospheric derangement, occasioned, apparently, neither by an opened window nor by a door. Some papers fluttered to the floor, the fringes of the hangings softly waved, and, indeed, it would still have been easy to dismiss the matter as the effect of a vagrant draught had not the state of things suddenly grown unmistakably unusual. All the air of the room, it then appeared, rushed even with violence to the point, and there underwent what impressed her as an aerial convulsion, in the very midst and well-spring of which, so great was the confusion, there seemed to appear at intervals almost the semblance of a shape.

The silence of the room was disturbed by a book that flew open with fluttering leaves, the noise of a vase of violets blown over, from which the perfumed water dripped to the floor, and soft

touchings all around, as of a breeze passing through a chamber full of trifles.

The ringlets of the Lady's hair were swept forward toward the corner upon which her gaze was fixed, and in which the conditions had now grown so tense with imminent occurrence, and so rent with some inconceivable throe that she involuntarily rose, and, stepping forward against the pressure of her petticoats, which were blown about her ankles, she impatiently thrust her hand into the ——

She was immediately aware that another hand had received it, though with a far from substantial envelopment, and for another moment what she saw before her trembled between something and nothing. Then from this precarious situation there slowly emerged into dubious view the shape of a young man dressed in evening clothes, over which was flung a mantle of voluminous folds such as is worn by ghosts of fashion.

"The very deuce was in it!" he complained; "I thought I should never materialise."

She flung herself into her chair, confounded; yet, even in the shock of the emergency, true to herself, she did not fail to smooth her ruffled locks.

Her visitor had been scanning his person in a dissatisfied way, and with some vexation he now ejaculated: "Beg your pardon, my dear, but are my feet



on the floor, or where in thunder are they?"

It was with a tone of reassurance that she confessed that his patent leathers were the trivial matter of two or three inches from the rug. Whereupon, with still another effort, he brought himself down until his feet rested decently upon the floor. It was only when he walked about to examine the *bric-à-brac* that a

Life is not, I assure you, all beer and skittles for the disembodied."

He drew a long breath, and his gaze upon her and the entire chamber seemed to envelop all and cherish it.

"Little room, little room! And so you are thus! Do you know," he continued, with vivacity, "I have wondered about it in the grave, and I could hardly sleep for this place unpenetrated.



"IN AN INSTANT HE HAD HER IN HIS ARMS. . . ."

suspicious lightness was discernible in his tread.

When he had composed himself by the survey, effecting it with an air of great insouciance, which, however, failed to conceal the fact that his heart was beating somewhat wildly, he approached the Lady.

"Well, here we are again, my love!" he cried, and devoured her hands with ghostly kisses. "It seems an eternity that I've been struggling back to you through the outer void and what not. Sometimes, I confess, I all but despaired.

Heigho! What a lot of things we leave undone! I dashed this off at the time, the literary passion strong in me, thus:—

"Now, when all is done, and I lie so low,  
I cannot sleep for this, my only care;  
For thought of that dim place I could not know;  
That where my heart was fain I did not go,  
Nor saw you musing there!"

"Well, well, these things irk a ghost so. Naturally, as soon as possible I made my way back—to be satisfied—to be satisfied that you were still mine." He bent a piercing look upon her.

"I observe by the calendar on your





"OH, DO NOT LEAVE ME," SHE CRIED, "OR MY LOVE WILL KILL ME!"

writing-table that some years have elapsed since my—um—since I expired," he added, with a faint blush. It appears that the matter of their dissolution is, in conversation, rather kept in the background by well-bred ghosts.

She drew herself splendidly up, and he was aware of her beauty in the full of its tenacious excellence—of the delicate insolence of Life looking upon Death—of the fact *that she had forgotten him*.

He rose, and confronted this, his trembling hands thrust into his pockets, then turned away to hide the dismay of his countenance. He was, however, a spook of considerable spirit, and in a jiffy he met the occasion. To her blank, indignant gaze he drew a card from his case, and, taking a pencil from the secretaire, wrote beneath the name:—

"Quiet to the breast,  
Wheresoe'er it be,  
That gave an hour's rest  
To the heart of me.  
Quiet to the breast  
Till it lieth dead,

And the heart be clay  
Where I visited.  
Quiet to the breast,  
Though forgetting quite  
The guest it sheltered once:  
To the heart, good-night!"

Handing her the card he bowed, and, through force of habit, turned to the door, forgetting that his ghostly pressure would not turn the knob.

As the door did not open, with a sigh of recollection for his spiritual condition, he prepared to disappear, casting one last look at the faithless Lady. She was still looking at the card in her hand, and the tears ran down her face.

"She has remembered," he reflected; "how courteous!" For a moment it seemed he could contain his disappointment, discreetly removing himself now at what he felt was the vanishing point, with the customary reticence of the dead, but feeling overcame him. In an instant he had her in his arms, and was pouring out his love, his reproaches, the story of his longing, his doubts, his dis-



content, and his desperate journey back to earth for a sight of her. "And, ah!" cried he, "picture my agony at finding that you had forgotten. And yet I surmised it in the gloom. I divined it by my restlessness and my despair. Perhaps some lines that occurred to me will suggest the thing to you—you recall my old knack for versification?"

"Where the grasses weep  
O'er his darkling bed,  
And the glow-worms creep,  
Lies the weary head  
Of one laid deep, who cannot sleep:  
The unremembered dead."

He took a chair beside her, and spoke of their old love for each other, of his fealty through all transmutations; incidently of her beauty, of her cruelty, of the light of her face which had illumined his darksome way to her—and of a lot of other things—and the Lady bowed her head, and wept.

The hours of the night passed thus; the moon waned, and a pallor began to tinge the dusky cheek of the east, but the eloquence of the visitor still flowed on, and the Lady had his misty hands clasped to her reawakened bosom. At last a suspicion of rosiness touched the curtain. He abruptly rose.

"I cannot hold out against the morning," he said; "it is time all good ghosts were in bed."

But she threw herself on her knees before him, clasping his ethereal waist with a despairing embrace.

"Oh, do not leave me," she cried, "or my love will kill me!"

He bent eagerly above her. "Say it again—convince me!"

"I love you!" she cried, again and again and again, with such an anguish of sincerity as would convince the most sceptical spook that ever revisited the glimpses of the moon.

"You will forget again," he said.

"I shall never forget!" she cried. "My life will henceforth be one continual remembrance of you, one long act of devotion to your memory, one oblation, one unceasing penitence, one agony of waiting!"

He lifted her face, and saw that it was true.

"Well," said he, gracefully wrapping his cloak about him, "well, now I shall have a little peace."

He kissed her, with a certain jaunty grace, upon her hair, and prepared to dissolve, while he lightly tapped a tattoo upon his leg with the dove-coloured gloves he carried.

"Good-bye, my dear!" he said; "henceforth I shall sleep o' nights; my heart is quite at rest."

"But mine is breaking," she wailed, madly trying once more to clasp his vanishing form.

He threw her a kiss from his misty finger-tips, and all that remained with her, besides her broken heart, was a faint disturbance of the air.





# ALMOST TWO MILES A MINUTE

## THE LIVERPOOL-MANCHESTER SINGLE-RAIL MOTOR

By ARTHUR C. JOHNSON

*The Monorail, as perfected by Mr. Behr, has proved so practicable that Parliament has recently passed a Bill for the construction of a road between Manchester and Liverpool.*

"Change here for the Monorail!"

The guard at the Manchester Station passed down the length of the dusty London express, throwing open the doors and allowing the passengers, like so many animals emerging from their cages, to alight on the busy platform.

A young Scotchman is hastily taking down his portmanteau and travelling rugs from the rack. The hotel labels on his luggage show that he has been in the well-worn tourist regions of Italy, Switzerland, and France. Duncan Farquhar, M.B., C.M., on being capped at Edinburgh after a hard five years' medical course, had received an unexpected letter with a substantial cheque enclosed from his uncle, a successful physician at Montreal. "I have no opinion of young fellows who never go outside their native country," said the letter, "so just you take a bit run on the Continent at my expense to get the taste of the 'varsity out of your mouth, and then come on here by the end of September, and we'll find you some sort of a hospital post to see if you're worth the salt to your kail." The young Highlander had found so much that was new and strange to him in foreign parts that he had lingered abroad till there was just time to join the last steamer from Liverpool which could land him by the date appointed.

"Goin' through by Monorail, sir?" asks an attentive porter, discerning inexperience in the youthful traveller and an easy job with his light outfit.

"The Monorail? Oh aye, that's the name of the line. They told me this train would catch the 11.9 forenoon one. Will we do it?"

"Left six minutes ago, sir."

"Good lord!"

"But another motor leaves in four minutes, sir. She's waitin' now, sir."

"What's that you say?" exclaims the young man. "It's thirty-four miles to Liverpool, and that steamer rings her last bell at twelve sharp. It's fifteen minutes past eleven now."

"Get ye there in twenty minutes, sir."

"My conscience!"

"Yessir. Next Monorail train arrives Liverpool at 11.39. Take yer luggage, sir?"

The Scotchman looked at his watch, and then gazed incredulously at the porter. He put the watch away with a snap and seized his plaid.

"Away with you, man," he exclaimed. "If this is that new system I've read about, I'm wanting to try it. And I just must catch that steamer, whatever happens."

Across the station and beyond the domain of the network of manifold rails stood the 11.19 regular train of the Liverpool and Manchester Monorail system.

Young Farquhar followed his guide towards a neat, highly-polished carriage with a shining glass cab in front, which looked like the beak of some monstrous fantastic creature. One or two gleaming levers was all that he could see within. At the opposite end of this structure





ON THE MONORAIL IN IRELAND. THE TWIN-BOILERED ENGINE



men were piling luggage into an odd little room, and people with wraps and bags were disappearing through a door which interrupted the long series of windows running along the side of the carriage. The whole affair appeared to him like two railway carriages fastened together lengthwise, and placed astride of an A-shaped trestle, like nothing so much as a huge, fat clothespin on a rope. A glistening rail running vertically along the top of the trestle began somewhere in the depths of the carriage floor, and stretched in a straight line out through the station and away across the town.

Not a wheel was in sight, and yet this strange double carriage was to run on wheels over that single rail from Manchester to Liverpool, thirty-four miles off, and do the distance in twenty minutes.

"Jump in, sir," said the guard, holding open the door at the side.

"It doesn't look very canny," said the young man to himself; "but I don't suppose it's dangerous, and after that London tube——! Moreover, I must get the boat."

The door clicked sharply after him, a bell rang noisily, and before he had found a place in the long row of plush-covered seats which bounded either side of the narrow passage, a gentle rolling sensation told him that the train was in motion. The droning of an electric motor rising to a higher and higher pitch, and the regular burr-r-r of wheels over the rails were the sounds which

came to his ears, as the strange vehicle moved out on its trestle and soared along over the roofs of the Manchester houses. The noise was muffled though distinct, and it came somewhere from behind the newcomer as he sat facing the windows. It was evident that within the partition which separated the two long compartments of the train and formed the back of his seat were hidden the wheels now spinning along the top of that wonderful A-shaped trestle.



INTERIOR OF A MONORAIL ELECTRIC HIGH-SPEED CAR.

When he walked to the end of the central passage and looked round the partition, he found the opposite compartment also filled with people. They were all talking or reading newspapers, and seemed quite unmoved by anxiety or alarm over the warnings of the motor beneath the train, which had now raised its hum to a shrill soprano pitch and was climbing higher and higher up the scale every minute.

Manchester was spreading into sparsely-built suburbs, and they were swooping down from their position in



mid-air to seek a level nearer the ground, now that the city was cleared. The clicking of the wheels within the partition was beginning to beat with the rhythm of a fast gallop played by an orchestra.

"It's a wonderful train," said young Farquhar to a well-dressed man sitting opposite.

"Yes, pretty fair," replied the man, who bore the look of a prosperous merchant. "I'm going over to Liverpool to see my partner, and shall be back in Manchester before lunch-time. You see, the telephone wires were all out of order this morning, and as it's a matter of only twenty minutes each way, I can attend to business better by running over myself."

The conversation here lagged suddenly, for the young Scotchman, almost spellbound, was watching farms and country houses, stone walls and green hedges, slide past the windows as if they were bewitched.

"A hundred and ten miles an hour is pretty good going, eh?" said the Manchester merchant loudly, through the rush and the roar. He received no answer, for his *vis-a-vis* had jumped up suddenly to catch sight of a pretty village which came and went by the window like a biograph picture.

Warrington and several other towns flew past like phantoms.

On the curves, which were sharper than any double-rail system would ever contemplate, the passengers lurched slightly in their places, but the train itself caught the tilt of each curve and rounded it with no more disturbance than an increased roar of the wheels. The young medical noted, however, the absence of grinding and screeching which an ordinary railway-train gives forth on a sudden curve. His companion caught the expression of inquiry on his face.

"It's the guide-rails that do it," he explained. "There are two of them on each side."

He was right. The guide-wheels running along the two rails down the trestle on either side were playing their parts, and as the train plunged at the vertiginous curves, they caught its lurch and kept it firmly on the wonderful cross-country hobbyhorse. The little wheels running on the guide-rails saved the grinding, and changed the ordinary strain of a railway train at a curve to a gentle roll.

The bewildered Scotchman at last found his voice.

"But there ought to be some dust," he expostulated. "Travelling at this speed should raise clouds of it from below."

The Manchester merchant allowed a triumphant smile to overspread his features before he spoke.

"We're running over a lawn," he said. "How could there be dust where there is grass? Happy idea, wasn't it, this sowing of grass seed beneath the trestles?"

The young Scot looked his astonishment, then settled back in his seat, and had begun to dream of endless travelling at a hundred and ten miles an hour, over moors covered with heather and bracken and blackberries, when the train, bounding round an unusually sharp curve, brought him back suddenly to the realities of his present journey.

But the spell was upon him, and in a moment more he had taken out a pencil and was busy making figures on his shirt cuff. He added up some numbers, and then, slapping his knee with satisfaction, exclaimed:—

"Why, but the distance to John o' Groats would be like stepping next door, and there would be no ado about running down to London for lunch and getting back to Edinburgh in time for dinner in the evening. Let's see, my uncle out in Montreal could get to Halifax in—— But what's the use? It's fast travelling whatever."

On and on sped the train. The drone



of the motor was now lost in the roar of the spinning wheels. Farquhar pulled out his watch—11.35 London time. The low hills around Liverpool were just coming near. The city was not in sight. Yet four minutes later, when the train had suddenly shot uphill, the door of the compartment was opened, and the young Scotchman stepped briskly out with the other passengers into the neat station near the Liverpool Exchange.

"It's grand," was what he said to the Manchester merchant. "Why," he continued, "I spent more time every day in Edinburgh getting from my digs to the University. Well, I'm off for the docks. Good-bye to you."

#### HAS MR. BEHR SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF RAPID TRANSIT?

The Manchester and Liverpool monorail is not a system which existed in dim ages past, nor is it a Utopian dream of the coming decades. It is a reality of the next few months.

Has the dawn of the twentieth century solved the problem of rapid transit? If the claims of Mr. F. B. Behr, the London engineer, for his proposed monorail system are substantiated by actual experience, it would certainly seem so. During the close of the nineteenth century, the railway engineers of the world have all been at work trying to solve the problem of more speed, less expense, and more safety. Mr. Behr claims that he has done this in his monorail, and he has convinced some of the most conservative capitalists of England to a point of raising almost three millions for the purpose of testing his plans in a practical way.

What Mr. Behr proposes, in brief, is to construct a monorailway connecting Manchester and Liverpool, a fraction over thirty-four miles in length, to be worked by electricity at an average speed of close on a hundred and ten miles an hour, and at a cost so far



MR. BEHR.

*Photo by Downey & Son.*

below that at which a two-rail system could be worked that its success promises practically to force the two-rail systems out of competition for passenger traffic. Mr. Behr is not considering the freight traffic at all in his Manchester-Liverpool line. He will cater entirely for the passenger business, and proposes to offer to the travelling public about double the speed of ordinary trains, and at the same time guarantee absolute safety; comfort even exceeding that of the ordinary passenger-trains of to-day; freedom from dust, cinders, and smoke; and promptness of service.

With such a programme, no wonder the railway companies of England have





ON THE LISTOWEL-BALLYBUNION LINE, THE SYSTEM OF POINTS.

been opposing his project before Parliament. If he fulfils present expectations—and there seems to be good reason to believe that he will—not only the railways of England, but practically of the whole world, will be compelled to adopt the monorail system for passenger traffic at least. It will mean a complete revolution of the present railway methods; it will mean that a trip from London to Edinburgh can be made in approximately two and a half hours as against the existing eight. It will bring Southampton within half a day's journey of Aberdeen. It will offer a means for the application of electricity to transcontinental travel in a practical and cheap manner.

Monorail systems are not new things in this world, hence it is not difficult to

tell what a monorail is like or to describe its working. A trestle shaped like the letter A, with an average height of four feet on level ground, upholds the single rail on which the train travels. The carriages and locomotives are simply placed astride this rail, and it is the duty of the guide-rails on either side of the trestle to support them when the equilibrium is destroyed by too great a speed on curves, or too heavy loading on one side.

It is claimed for the monorail train that it cannot leave the track, for on the curves the guide-rails exchange duties in such a manner with the top, or carrying-rail, that the train is held firmly in place, even while moving at full speed. Either steam or electric motor power may be used.



## ALMOST TWO MILES A MINUTE

On the steam monorail roads now in existence the locomotives have each two boilers of the ordinary locomotive variety, and each boiler is distinctively on one side of the rail, just as a pair of horses stand each on one side of a carriage pole. The running gear is between.

so that with the running gear well up in the interior, plenty of equilibrium is secured in the same manner as a champagne cork with two pen-knives stuck into it on opposite sides is balanced upon the point of a needle. The development of this invention may be traced in a few words.



IN THE REPAIR SHOPS, SHOWING THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF ROLLING STOCK IN USE ON THE IRISH LINE.

The carriages have been made in various forms. Some of them represent ordinary railway carriages, save for being bisected to almost a third of their depth by the tunnel in which the wheels are placed. Others are completely partitioned inside to make two long compartments, one on either side of the rail. The compartments of the carriages and the boilers of the locomotives are the ordinary distance from the ground,

### THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION.

Mr. Behr's attention was first directed to monorails in 1882, when the French engineer, M. Charles Lartigue, conceived the construction of a very primitive monorail in Algeria to replace a small narrow-gauge line for the carrying of agricultural produce through a very sandy plain. He found that the ordinary light railway was practically of no use, as it



was swallowed up in the sand. Therefore, it occurred to him that by raising the carrying rail from two to three feet above the surface of the soil he would get a smooth surface free from sand on which to carry his produce. The Lartigue system was the simplest form of monorail, having but one carrying rail, and no guide-wheels or guide-rails. The

February, 1888, and it is still working quite satisfactorily.

The Listowel-Ballybunion line has been the object of much interest in the railway world, and the pilgrimage point of many an expert and curiosity-seeker. It is a light system, designed for a speed of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. Some of the curves have a radius as



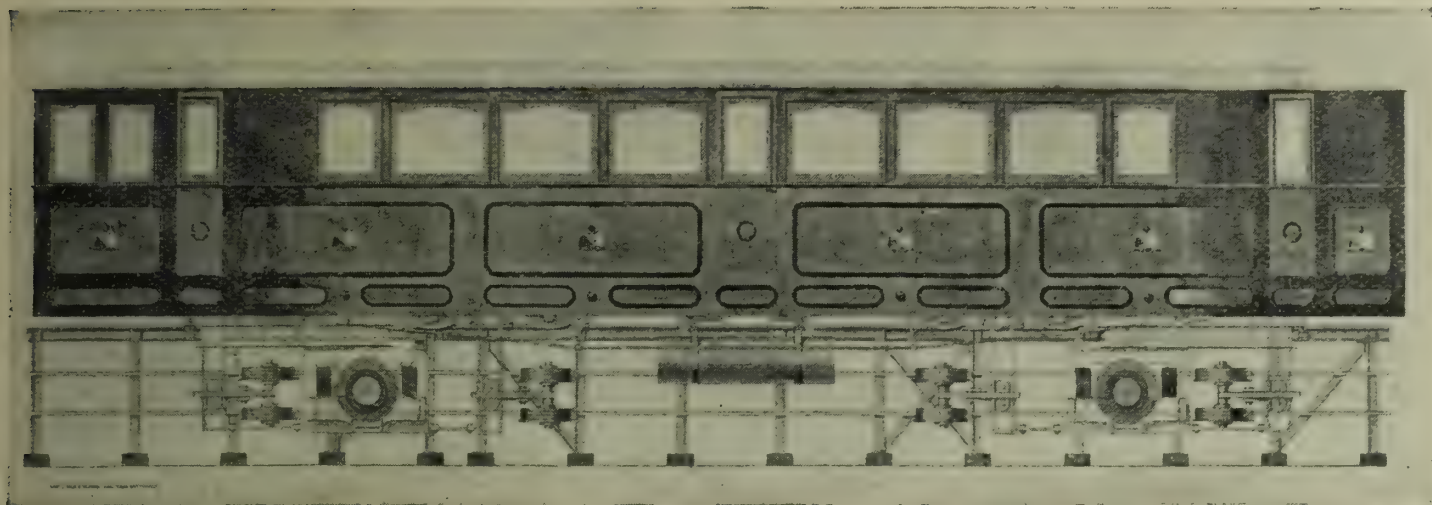
A STEAM-DRIVEN ENGINE ON THE MONORAIL SYSTEM IN FRANCE.

trestles were wooden affairs placed on the sandy soil, with no sleepers. The hauling was effected by mules.

Mr. Behr's first experiments were conducted with a miniature line, which he built at Westminster in 1886. Encouraged by his success there, a year later he obtained an Act of Parliament, which enabled him to build a line ten miles long, from Listowel to Ballybunion, in Ireland. This line was opened in

sharp as fifty-four feet in diameter, and many of the grades are very heavy. The locomotives of the line are of the two-boiler variety. Many of the carriages bear the appearance of having once been legitimate railway carriages which had been cut in two lengthwise, with the two outsides cemented together. This makes the roof of the car highest at the edges, and sloping to a gutter in the middle. The guide-rail system is single, consist-





ELEVATION OF A CAR FOR THE NEW LINE, SHOWING THE HORIZONTAL GUIDE-WHEELS.

ing of but one rail on each side of the trestle.

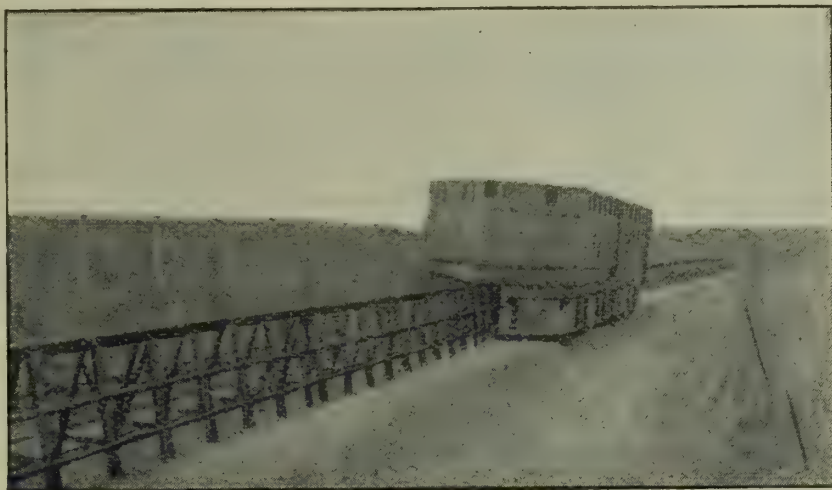
The idea of utilising the monorails for the making of speed did not present itself strongly to Mr. Behr until 1892. Previous to this he had considered its usefulness to be limited to the sharp curves it was possible to make with it, and the heavy gradients that might be operated with safety.

"After listening to the papers and discussions at the Railroad Congress at Frankfort," says Mr. Behr, "it occurred to me that the project of attaining a high rate of speed on a two-rail railway was so expensive and commercially so difficult that I tried to find another way of attaining the proposed speed, and hit upon the monorail as an agent to fulfil the plan. The first requirements were, of course, absolute safety and security from derailment, and it appeared to me that no other style of line offered the same guarantee on these two vital points.

"There can be no doubt, theoretically speaking," he continues, "that when the carriage is constructed with all the necessary care, and so designed as to have the centre of gravity below the top rail, the track itself being sufficiently strong and the guide-rails placed in a

proper position, derailment becomes practically impossible."

These theories were tested on a large scale at the International Exhibition at Brussels in 1897. The line constructed under Mr. Behr's directions had the shape of a closed ellipse formed by two



CAR RUNNING NINETY MILES AN HOUR ON THE BRUSSELS EXPERIMENTAL LINE.

straight lines and joined together by semicircles. It was over three miles long, and the trestles were four feet one inch high. There were two guide-rails on both sides, and the carrying-rail weighed eighty-four pounds per yard, instead of twenty-eight pounds, as on the Irish line. The carriage was over sixty feet long, and could accommodate a hundred passengers. The power used was electricity, and the train, including the motors, weighed seventy tons. Though



the line was constructed and worked under unfavourable conditions, the results obtained were most conclusive and satisfactory. A regular speed of eighty-three miles per hour with a carriage weighing seventy tons was obtained on the curves with absolute safety. The scheme was tested in every possible manner. The deflections of the guide-rails and the top rail were measured carefully by special instruments placed all over the line, and in no instance was there any tendency on the part of a carriage to derail. The carriage was even cut in two and half the guide-rails removed, with the same satisfactory results. A royal commission was appointed by the Belgian Government to continue the experiment conjointly with Mr. Behr, and the measurements and observations of this committee fully confirm Mr. Behr's statements.

"When I returned to England in 1898," says Mr. Behr, "I felt convinced that everything had been tested and proved in such a manner that it was quite safe to undertake the building of a line for the purpose of carrying on a regular passenger traffic at the average speed of at least a hundred miles an hour."

#### SPECIAL ADVANTAGES FOUND BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL.

The cities of Liverpool and Manchester present peculiar advantages for the trial of a new departure. The distance between them—thirty-four and a half miles—is just sufficient without being too long, and their large populations, their common interests, and their constant intercourse—commercial, industrial, and social—seem to single them out before others for this trial. These were, no doubt, the same reasons which influenced Stephenson to select Liverpool and Manchester for the construction of the first steam railway. After public meetings in both cities a powerful syndicate with a capital of nearly three millions was organised. Capital was privately sub-

scribed for promoting the Behr Railway Bill in Parliament. A Bill asking for a charter for the proposed monorailway between Liverpool and Manchester was laid before the Railway Committee of the House of Commons in May, 1900, but was thrown out, with an intimation, however, that if certain modifications were made in the interest of the communities through whose territory the proposed line was to pass, the Bill might be favourably considered at a subsequent session. The measure was again presented last year, and was duly passed. Ground has been broken, and by this time the enterprise is under full way. A similar line is projected between London and Brighton.

#### WHAT MR. BEHR PROPOSES TO DO.

To us poor mortals who consider sixty and seventy-five miles an hour extremely fast travelling on a railway train, the idea of running thirty-four miles in twenty minutes, and making this run many times a day as a matter of course, is hard to realise. Mr. Behr on his electric train proposes to leave a mile behind him on the major portion of the road every half minute and two or three seconds. He proposes not only to attain a maximum speed of a hundred and ten miles an hour while *en route* from Liverpool to Manchester, or *vice versa*, but to attain the speed on every one of thirty-two miles out of this thirty-four mile stretch. When one considers the fact that an ordinary railway train on an average strip of road runs at least five miles before getting up to a maximum speed of seventy or seventy-five miles an hour, and must have nearly as much of this distance to enable it to slow down safely, it seems a wonderful feat to be accomplished. Yet with these precedents before him, Mr. Behr announces that trains on the monorail system will attain a speed of a hundred and ten miles an hour within two miles of the starting-point, and brakes will not be applied until the train is within twelve



hundred yards of the terminal station. There are, of course, to be no intermediate stations. The rapid starting and stopping facilities are to be applied in the most simple manner. Entering the outskirts of Liverpool, the track trestles will rise to a height of twenty feet above the street, and from this will rise gradually until the trains have attained an altitude of sixty-eight feet at the station.

At the Manchester end of the line the expedient for starting and stopping is the same as at Liverpool. Starting on a viaduct from Deansgate, the very heart of the business centre of the town, the line will pass downward into a deep cutting, which takes it through Salford and out past the suburbs and country districts. Just as at Liverpool, this heavy grade will stop trains when they come in, and start them when they go.

The train will consist of a single carriage, regulated in size according to the demand of the hour, and it is proposed to instal a service of ten minute trains from each terminus, thus giving a hundred trains a day in either direction.

Some clever ideas have been conceived in regard to running all these trains safely and avoiding collisions. The system provides that the line shall be divided into five sections of about seven miles each. Thus there will always be a complete block of

at least seven miles in front of each train.

There will be block signals along the way, but it will not be the duty of the driver to observe them, as on a dial in



A STEAM MONORAIL IN FRANCE.

front of him in his cage will appear the warning, "Line clear," or "Line blocked," as the case may be, and during the time the line is blocked a bell will ring continuously in the train, the bell being worked by an electric current, separate from the operating current, which only



the driver himself can divert. This current passes at the same time through a current breaker, depriving the motors of the main electrical current from the generating station. By the same agent the brakes are put on automatically.

All the electricity to be used on the system will be generated in a powerful plant at Warrington, and transformed at five sub-stations along the line into currents of the proper voltage.

In connection with the cost of working the monorail, Mr. Behr advances the assertion that working expenses would be covered if there were an average of but eight persons travelling per train at the same fare now charged by the existing railway companies. He also says that if each train averaged twenty passengers, or four thousand people travelled each day, there would be a net profit sufficient to pay five per cent. on the capital of the company.

The speed and safety of the monorail system, and its cheapness, both of construction and operation, are sufficient, he says, to commend it.

"There is no doubt," argues Mr. Behr, "that the only practical solution of the ever-multiplying problem of the management of the great railway lines lies principally in the separation of the high-

speed from the ordinary low-speed traffic by placing them on separate rails. This would produce at once the possibility of punctuality on all the trains and would dispose of at least ninety per cent. of all the causes of accidents. It would also allow the lowering of the rates both for passengers and goods, still leaving an increased margin of profit to the railway company."

Conceding that Mr. Behr has indeed solved the rapid transit problem—for the most noted experts admit reluctantly that theoretically his plan is perfect, and all practical tests have so far been most successful—then, indeed,

has the millennium in the railway world come at last: no more railway accidents, no spreading rails and collisions, no dust, no cinders, no mixing up with freight trains on sidings, and add to this a speed that is greater than man has ever yet been able to attain. The railway journey of the future will be an exhilarating dream—a wild dash through the air without fear of accident. What wonderful possibilities to the civilised world! Distance will at last fail to have any meaning, and the electric car on the monorail will mean to the world the acme of modern progress.



CAR FOR THE MONORAILWAY FROM LIVERPOOL TO MANCHESTER.



## SWEET FACES

By WILL H. OGILVIE

I AM sitting alone in the dim-lit hall  
    With a window raised to the west,  
And the quaint old hangings rise and fall  
As the night wind kisses the northern wall—  
    Ah! she loveth the old things best!

And the dropping sun with his dancing flames,  
    Struggles in where the angles meet,  
Just to touch the place where the dear old dames  
And the maidens smile from their dark oak frames,  
    With their faces pure and sweet.

I have taken a book from a table near—  
    'Tis a book that has found its fame,  
Sordid and flippant and insincere,  
With a laugh for vice and for love a sneer,  
    And is signed with a woman's name.

I can hear the girls on their homeward way,  
    And their voices clatter and clang,  
Breaking the charm of the fading day  
With the high-pitched tale of their hoyden play  
    In their brothers' borrowed slang.

Then I close the window and draw the blind  
    Where the roselights flicker and reel,  
And out of the dark and the years behind  
Comes the flash of the thread on the shuttle turned,  
    And the hum of the spinning-wheel.





"JUST MY ROTTEN LUCK ' HE MUTTERED,



# "GOLDEN FLEECE"

## THE ADVENTURES OF A FORTUNE-HUNTING EARL

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Arthur Gordon-Beauvais, Earl of Frothingham, is on the verge of hopeless financial ruin, and something must be done about it. There seems to be encouragement in the example of his friend and neighbour, George, Duke of Surrey, who has succeeded in capturing an American heiress, and, bolstered up with borrowed courage by his sister Evelyn, he takes his leave of England and the girl he really loves—Lady Gwendoline Ridley, Surrey's sister. On the steamer he meets two American types—Longview, a title-hunting nonentity, recently naturalised an Englishman, and Barney, a flamboyant example of sudden wealth. Both have daughters and both have fortunes; but Miss Barney is still in Chicago, and Honoria Longview is much too wide-awake a young woman to make any mistake in understanding Frothingham's errand, but in a friendly way has undertaken the management of his game and introduced him to Miss Catherine Hollister. A secret engagement results, but Catherine discovers her own mind and finds she does not care for Frothingham and has intimated to her mother that she intends to break off the engagement. That lady is of a very different opinion, and has immediately instituted steps to put her wishes into instant effect. As for Frothingham, he is as yet quite unconscious of his doom.

### VI.—*continued.*

CATHERINE went to change her dress and then searched for Frothingham. He was alone in the billiard room, half asleep on one of the wall lounges. At sight of him—she saw him before he saw her—her courage wavered. Yes, he was a decent sort of chap; and she was treating him badly, despicably—had bargained fairly with him, had used the contract publicly to aggrandise herself at his expense, was about to break her contract and humiliate him, and injure him, through no fault of his. He had been fair with her, she had been false with him, was about to be base. "I can't," she said to herself. "At least, not in cold blood."

He saw her, and his face lighted up. She smiled, nodded, hurried through the billiard room and disappeared into the hall beyond. As she turned its angle her knees became shaky and her face white. Then Wallingford suddenly appeared at the conservatory door. He came toward her as if he were going to pass without stopping. But he halted.

"Well?" he said.

She leaned against the wall. Her throat was dry and her eyelids were trembling.

"What is it?" he asked gently.

She hung her head.

"Don't be afraid to say it to *me*," he urged. "There isn't anything you couldn't say to me."

"Do you—do you—do you care for me?" she said in a queer little choked, squeaky voice.

He laughed slightly, and came close to her and looked down at her. "You're the only thing in all this world I do care for," he said. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing, don't follow me," and she darted back toward the billiard room.

Frothingham was still there, seated now at the open fire. "Ah—you! I'm glad you've come back," he drawled.

"I want you to release me from my engagement," she said.

His jaw dropped and he stared stupidly at her. He could hardly believe that this impetuous, energetic creature was the languorous, slightly affected, dreamy Catherine.

"I mean it," she sped on. "I've no excuse to make for myself. But I can't marry you. And you ought to be glad that you're rid of me."

Her tone instantly convinced him that he was done for. He turned a sickly yellow, and put his head between his hands and stared into the fire. His



brain was in a whirl. "Just my rotten luck," he muttered.

"I don't hope that you'll forgive me," she was saying. "You couldn't have any respect for me. I'm only saving a few little shreds of self-respect. I'm——"

"You mustn't do it, Catherine. You mustn't, you——" he interrupted, rising and facing her.

"I must be free. I care for some one else. Don't discuss it, please. Just say you let me go."

"It's not right." Cupidity and vanity were lashing his anger into a storm. "You can't go back, you've gone too far. Why, we're as good as married."

"Don't make me any more ashamed than I am," she pleaded humbly.

"No, I can't release you," he said with cold fury. "I can't permit myself to be trifled with." He knew that he was taking the wrong tack, that he ought to play the wounded lover. But his feeling for her was so small and his anger so great that he could not.

She was almost hysterical. She felt as though she were struggling desperately against some awful force that was imprisoning her. "Let me go. Please, let me go," she gasped.

"No!" he said, arrogance in his voice—the arrogance of a man used to women who let men rule them.

Her eyes flashed. "Then I release myself," she said haughtily, with a change of front so swift that it startled him. "And don't you dare ever speak of it to me again!"

She slowly left the room, her head high. But her haughtiness subsided as rapidly as it had risen, and by the time she reached her own apartment she was ready to fling herself down for a miserable cry—and she did. "If I could *only* get him out of the house," she wailed.

Frothingham debated his situation. "The only thing to do," he concluded, "is to go straight off to her father." He had not yet become convinced that in America man occupies a position in the family radically different from his posi-

tion in England. He found Hollister writing in his study.

"Mr. Hollister," he began.

Hollister raised his head until it was tilted so far back that he could see Frothingham through the glasses that were pinching in the extreme end of his long nose. "Oh, Lord Frothingham, yes!" He laid down his pen. "What can I do for you?"

Frothingham seated himself in solemn dignity and hid his nervousness. "For several weeks your daughter and I have been engaged. We—we——"

Hollister smiled good-humouredly. "Before you go any further, my boy," he interrupted kindly, "I warn you that you're barking up the wrong tree."

"I beg your pardon," said Frothingham stiffly.

"The person you want to see is the girl's mother. She attends to all that end of the business. I've got enough trouble to look after at my own end."

"What I have to say can be said properly only to her father as the head of the family."

"But I'm *not* the head of the family. I'm not sure that I know who is. Sometimes I think it's my wife, again I suspect Catherine."

"Your daughter now refuses to abide by her engagement," said Frothingham, in desperation at this untimely levity.

Hollister took off his glasses and examined them on both sides with great care. "Well," he said at last, "I suppose that settles it."

Frothingham stared. "I beg pardon, but it does not settle it."

Hollister gave him a look of fatherly sympathy. "I guess it does. You can't marry her if she won't have you. And if she won't have you—why, she won't."

"You treat the matter lightly." Frothingham had a bright red spot on either cheek. "You do not seem to be conscious of the painful position in which she places you."

"Good Heavens, Frothingham! What have I got to do with it? You ain't



engaged to *me*. She's got the right to say what she'll do with herself."

Frothingham rose. "I was under the impression, sir, that I was dealing with a gentleman who would appreciate the due of a gentleman."

Hollister's eyebrows came down and a cruel line suddenly appeared at each corner of his mouth. Just then Mrs. Hollister entered. Intuitively she leaped to the right conclusion. "The idiot!" she said to herself. "Why didn't he come to me?" Then she said smoothly, almost playfully, to "the idiot": "Has Catherine been troubling you with her mood this morning?"

Frothingham's face brightened—her mood! Then there was hope.

"You ought not to pay any attention to her moods," Mrs. Hollister went on with a smile. "She's very nervous at times. But it passes."

"She told me flat that our engagement was off," said Frothingham. "I came to her father, naturally. She seemed to be in earnest."

Mrs. Hollister continued to smile. "Don't concern yourself about the matter, Lord Frothingham," she replied in her kindest voice. "Catherine will be all right again to-morrow at the latest. She has been doing too much

lately for a young girl under the excitement of an engagement."

Hollister, who had been looking hesitatingly from his wife to Frothingham, went to the wall and pressed an electric button. When the servant appeared he said: "Please ask Miss Catherine to come here."

Mrs. Hollister turned on him, her eyes flashing. "Catherine is in no state to bear——"

Hollister returned her look calmly, then repeated his order. The servant looked uneasily from the husband to the wife, saw that Mrs. Hollister was not going to speak, bowed deprecatingly and withdrew. In a few minutes—it seemed a long time to the three, waiting in silence—Catherine appeared. Her eyes were swollen slightly, but that was the only sign of perturbation. Mrs. Hollister said to Frothingham: "I think it would be best that her father and I talk with her alone first."

Frothingham instantly rose. With eyes pleadingly upon Catherine he was nearing the door when Hollister spoke—it was in a voice neither Frothingham nor even Catherine had heard from him or suspected him of having at his command. "Please be seated, Lord Frothingham. The best way to settle this business is to settle it."



MR. HOLLISTER.



Frothingham could not have disobeyed that voice, and he saw with a sinking heart that at the sound of it Mrs. Hollister looked helpless despair.

"Catherine," said her father, "do you, or do you not, wish to marry Lord Frothingham?"

"I won't marry him," replied Catherine. She gave Frothingham a contemptuous look. "I told him so a while ago."

Mrs. Hollister's eyes blazed. "Have you forgotten what I said to you?" she demanded of her daughter, her voice shrill with fury.

"No, mother," Catherine answered slowly; "but—I cannot change my mind. I cannot marry Lord Frothingham."

An oppressive silence fell. After a moment Frothingham bowed coldly and left the room. Mrs. Hollister started up to follow him. "One word, Nelly," said her husband. "I wish you to understand that this matter is settled. Nothing more is to be said about it either to Catherine or to that young man—not another word."

Mrs. Hollister was white to the lips. "I understand," she replied with a blasting look at her daughter. And she followed Frothingham to try to pacify him—she knew her husband too well not to know that her dream of a titled son-in-law was over.

When she was gone Catherine sank limp into a chair. "She'll never forgive me," she exclaimed despondently.

Hollister nodded in silent assent. After a few minutes he said: "It's been fifteen years since she made me cross her in a matter I sha'n't speak of. And she remembers it against me to-day as if it had happened an hour ago. The sooner you find your man, Katie, and marry him, the better off you'll be—that's *my* advice. And I ought to know." He patted her encouragingly on the shoulder.

Frothingham had gone direct to his apartment. "Get my traps together at once," he said to his man—Hutt, whose father had been his father's man. He threw himself into a chair in his sitting room and tried to think, to plan. But he was still dazed from the long fall and the sudden stop. Presently Hutt touched him.

"Well—well—what is it?" he asked, looking stupidly up at the round, stupid face.

"Beg pardon, my lord," replied the servant, "but I've spoken to you twice. Mrs. Hollister wishes to know if you'll kindly come to her in her sitting room."

Frothingham found Mrs. Hollister's maid waiting for him in the hall. He followed her to the heavily perfumed surroundings of pale blue silk, both plain and brocaded, in which Mrs. Hollister lived. He listened to her without hearing what she said—thinking of it afterward he decided that she had been incoherent and not very tactful, and that her chief anxiety had been lest he might do something to cause scandal. He remembered that when he had said he would go at once she had tried to persuade him to stay—as if leaving were not the only possible course. He gradually recovered his self-command, and through weakness, through good nature, through contempt of his hosts and through policy, he acted upon the first principle of the code for fortune-hunters of every degree and kind: "Be near-sighted to insults and far-sighted to apologies."

Surveying the wreck from his original rooms at the Waldorf, he found three mitigations—first, that the engagement had not been announced; second, that he had not written Evelyn anything about it; third, that it was impossible for "middle-class people" such as the Hollisters to insult him—"if I wallow with that sort, I can't expect anything else, can I?" To cheer himself he took



several drinks and an account of stock. He found that he was ninety-three pounds richer than when he landed—he played "bridge" well and had been in several heavy games at Lake-in-the Wood, and had been adroit in noting the stupid players and so arranging partners that he could benefit by them; also he had been lucky in a small way in picking the numbers at Mansfield's the few times he had trusted himself to go there. "Not so bad," he said. "It's a long game and that was only the first hand." He hesitated at the bell then instead of ordering another drink went to the telephone and called up Longview's house. It gave him courage, and a sense that he was not altogether friendless and forlorn, to hear Honoria's voice again. "Shall you be in late this afternoon?" he said.

"Why! I didn't know you were in town—or are you calling me from Catherine's?"

"Yes—I'm in town," he replied, and he felt that she must notice the strain in his voice.

"Oh!"

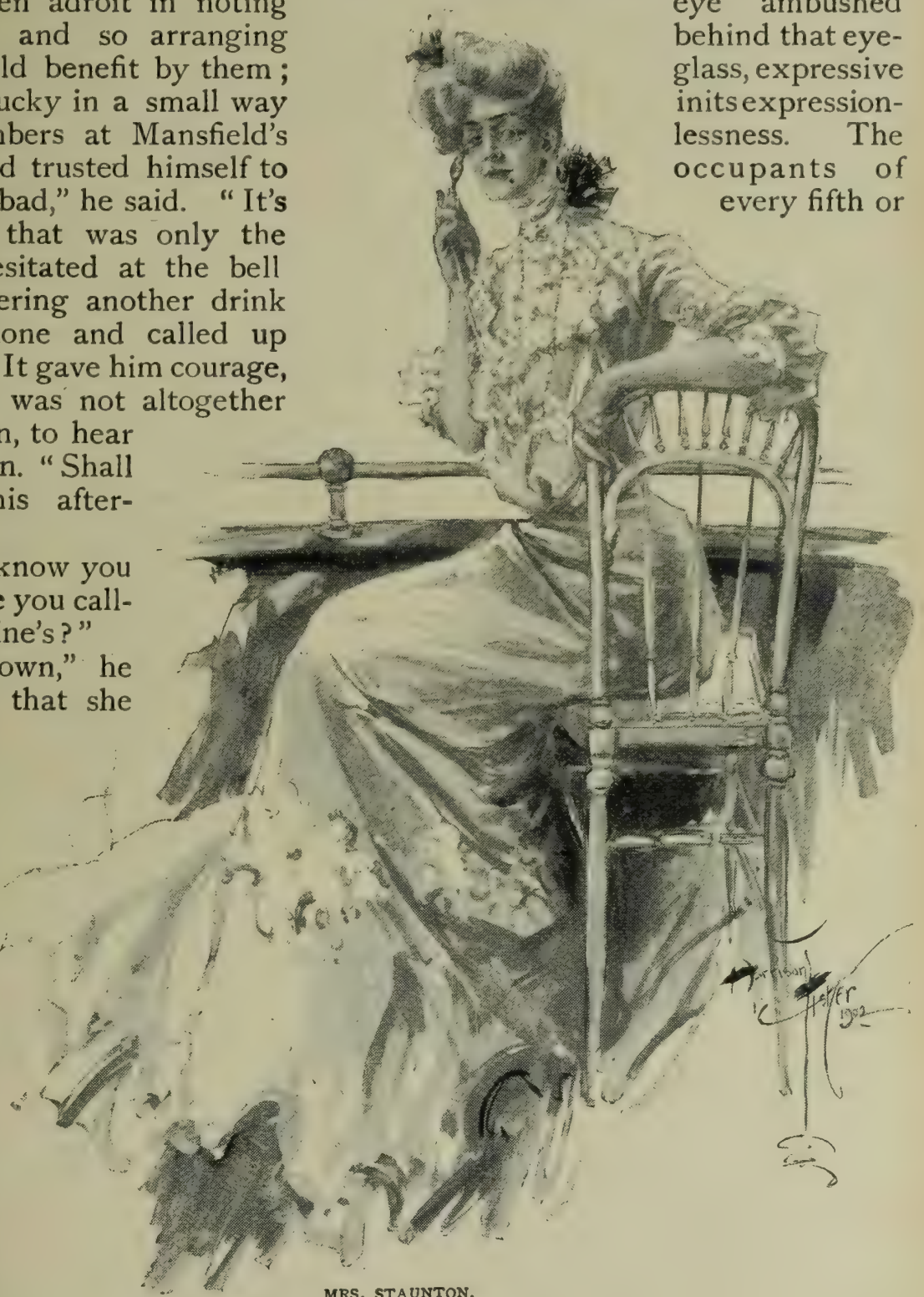
"I'm up to stay," he went on, his voice improving.

"Oh — yes — come at half-past five."

"Thank you — good-bye." He held the receiver to his ear until he heard her ring off. "Good girl, Honoria," he muttered. "Not like those beastly cads." He went to the club, lunched with Browne whom he found there, was beaten by him at billiards, losing ten dollars, returned to the hotel to dress.

At a quarter-past five he started up the avenue afoot—a very striking figure

in clothes made in the extreme of the English fashion; but he would have been striking in almost any sort of dress, so distinguished-looking was his pale, rather supercilious face with one keen eye ambushed behind that eye-glass, expressive in its expressionlessness. The occupants of every fifth or



MRS. STAUNTON.

sixth carriage in the fashionable parade bowed to him with a friendliness that gave him an internal self-possession as calm as the external immobility which his control of his features enabled him always to present to the world.



He told Honoria his story in outline—"the surest way to win a woman's friendship is to show her that you trust her," he reflected. She was sympathetic in a way that soothed, not hurt, his vanity; but she sided with Catherine. "I half suspected her of being in love with Joe," she said, "but I thought he was a confirmed bachelor. He played all round you—that's the truth. I'm going to say something rather disagreeable—but I think it's necessary."

"I want—I need your advice," he replied.

"You've been relying entirely too much on your title. You've let yourself be misled by what the newspapers say about that sort of thing. You don't understand—I didn't understand until I'd been here a while and had got my point of view straight. They're not so excited about titles now as they used to be when they had no fashionable society of their own and had to look abroad to gratify their instinct for social position. If you'd come five years ago——"

"Just my rotten luck," he muttered.

"Your title is a good thing—properly worked. It will catch a woman, especially if she's not well forward 'in the push,' as they say. But it won't hold her. She's likely to use you to strengthen her social position and then to drop you, unless she has lived in England and has had her head turned—like your middle classes."

"But my family is far better than Surrey's."

"Your family counts for nothing here. New York knows nothing and cares nothing about birth. Englishmen count by title only."

"Then they ran after Surrey because he was a Duke?"

"Perhaps, to a certain extent," replied Honoria. "But I fancy the principal reason was that they wished to see what it was Helen had paid such a tall price for. If he had come here quietly to marry a poor girl there'd been no stir."

"Money—money—nothing but money

—always money," sneered Frothingham. He saw the twinkle in Honoria's eyes. "But I say," he protested, "you know that we over there do care for other things too."

"So do they here, but what do they care for, first and most, in both countries?"

He smiled.

"It's money first—there and here, and the world over," she went on with a bitterness under her raillery. "And among our kind of people everything else—sentiment, art, good taste even—is far behind it. How could it be otherwise? We've got to have money—lots of money—or we can't have any of the things that we most crave—luxury, deference, show. But—where are you dining to-night?"

"Probably at the club."

"Excuse me a minute. I'll just see if Mrs. Galloway will let me bring you. We're going to the opera afterwards." She looked at him quizzically. "I think I'll arrange to ship you off to Boston. A little vacation just now would do you no harm. And—Boston might interest you."

When she returned from the telephone it was with a cordial invitation for him from Mrs. Galloway. He said: "I've a letter to a Mrs. Saalfeld in Boston. Do you know her?"

"Yes—she's here now, I think. But you would better keep away from her. She wouldn't do you the least good."

"Is she out of 'the push'?"

"Oh, no—she leads it there, I believe. But she wouldn't let you look at a girl or a widow or any woman but herself. She's about forty years old—it used to be the woman of thirty, but it's the woman of forty now. Everywhere she goes she trails a train of young men. They're afraid to look away from her. They watch her like a pack of hungry collies, and she watches them like a hen-hawk."

There was more than the spirit of friendly helpfulness in Honoria's plan



to send him away to Boston. The bottom fact—hidden even from herself—was that she was tired of him. He seemed to her helpless and incapable, worse in that respect than any but the very poorest specimens of men she had met in New York. She felt that he was looking to her to see him through an adventure of which she disapproved rather than approved. She had no intention of accepting such a burden, yet she was too good-natured and liked him too well to turn him abruptly adrift.

Mrs. Galloway took him to dinner, and it was not until the second act of the opera that he had a chance to talk with the Boston woman in the party—Mrs. Staunton. Then he slipped in to the chair behind her; but she would not talk while the curtain was up. Grand opera bored him, so he passed the time in gazing round the grand-tier boxes—the Galloway box was to the left of the centre. The twilight was not dark enough to hide the part of the show that interested him. He knew New York fashionable society well now, and as he looked he noted each woman and recalled how many millions she represented. "Gad, how rich they are—these beggars," he thought enviously. And he was seized by a mild attack of what a distinguished New York lawyer calls

"the fury of the parasite"—that hate which succeeds contempt in the parasite as its intended victim eludes it.

When the curtain went down on the last of seven uproarious calls—the opera was *Carmen*, and Calvé was singing it—Mrs. Staunton's supercilious expression gave him the courage to say: "Ghastly row they make, eh?"

Mrs. Staunton was perhaps fifty years old, long and thin, with a severe profile and a sweet and intelligent, if somewhat too complacent, front face.

"Calvé sings rather well—in spots," she said. "But I doubt if Boston would have given her seven calls."

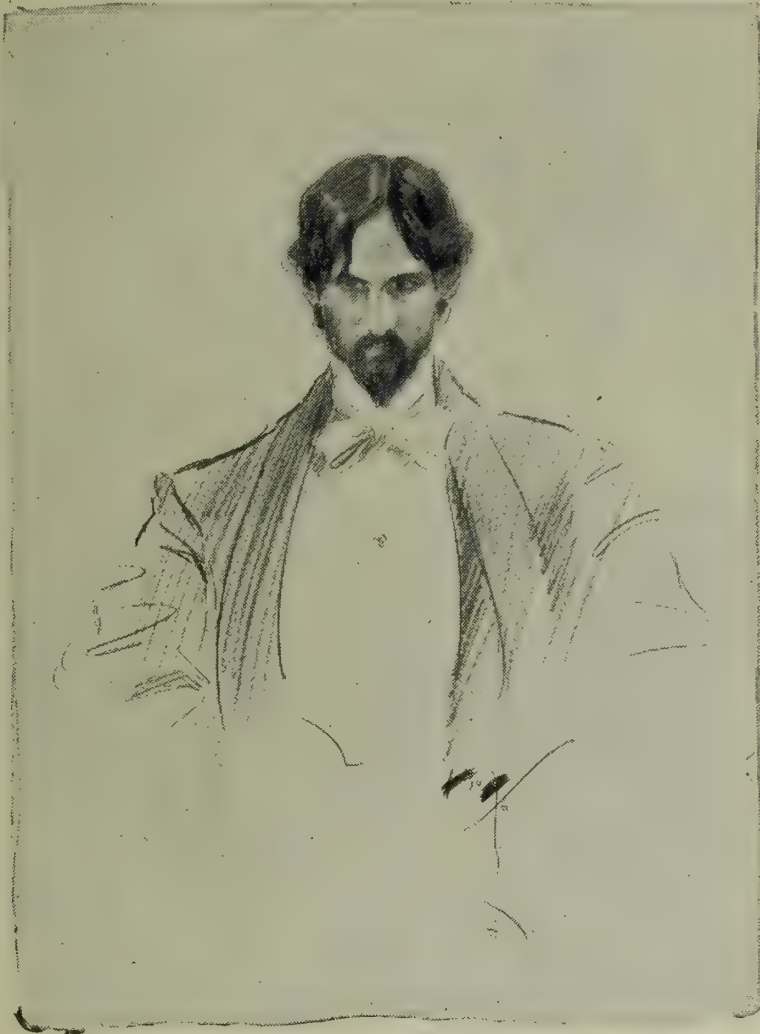
The mirthful shine of Frothingham's right eye may have been a reflection from his glass; again, it may have been really in his eye where it seemed to be—Mrs. Staunton was so seated that she could not see him as he talked over her shoulder into her ear.

"Really!" was all he said.

"You've not been at Boston," asked Mrs. Staunton.

"Not yet. I thought it would be well to get acclimated, as it were, before I ventured away from New York."

"You will have to do it over again," said Mrs. Staunton. "We are very different. Here money is king and god, and"—Mrs. Staunton cast a disdainful glance round the brilliant and beautiful



"A SALLOW, BLACK-WHISKERED, LONG-HAIRED YOUNG MAN."



and even dazzling grand tier—"you see the result. Really, New York is becoming intolerably vulgar. I come here rarely, and leave as soon as I decently can. But one can't stay here even for a few days without being corrupted. The very language is corrupt here, and among those who call themselves the best people."

"Really—really, now!" said Frothingham.

"Indeed, yes. In Boston even the lower classes speak English."

"You don't say!" Frothingham's drawl was calm; he put upon his eyeglass the burden of looking astonished interest.

"It must fret your nerves to listen to the speech here," continued Mrs. Staunton. "It's a dialect as harsh and vulgar—as most of the voices."

"It will be a great pleasure to hear the language spoken as it is at home—though I can't say that I mind it here. Yes, I shall be glad to see Boston."

Mrs. Staunton lifted her eyebrows and looked politely amused.

"But *we* don't speak as you speak in England. I didn't say that."

"Oh, I thought you were saying that they spoke English at Boston?"

"So I did. I mean that we speak correctly. You English speak very incorrectly. Your upper class is even more slovenly in that respect than your middle class."

Frothingham looked interest and inquiry.

"Ah—yes—quite so," he said. "I believe we do let our middle class look after all that sort of thing. It saves us a lot of bother."

"I'm glad you admit the truth." Mrs. Staunton looked gracious and triumphant. "Last winter we had the president of one of the colleges at Oxford with us—a very narrow man."

"Frightful persons, all that sort, I think," said Frothingham.

"I'm not astonished that you think so," replied Mrs. Staunton. "He—it was

Mr. Stebbins—scoffed at the idea that Boston spoke English. He insisted that whatever your upper class speaks is English—that they have the right to determine the language."

That was Frothingham's own notion, but he gave no sign.

"Stebbins is a hideous old jabberwock," he said, glad that the orchestra was beginning.

He had accidentally but naturally stumbled into the road to Mrs. Staunton's good graces. She wanted acquiescent listeners only; he disliked talking and abhorred argument. She was living at the Waldorf also, and this gave him his opportunity. She found him most agreeable. He had the great advantage of being free all day, while her New York men friends were at work then—and she did not like women. She insisted it was only the New York woman—"so trivial, so childish in her tastes for show and for farcical amusements"—that she did not like; but the fact was that she did not like any women anywhere. Nominally, she was in New York to visit her sister, Mrs. Findlay, but she rarely saw her. "I can't endure staying in Henrietta's house," she explained to Frothingham. "She has fallen from grace. If anything, she out-Herods the New York women—always the way with renegades. And she lets her housekeeper and her butler run her household—dust everywhere, things going to ruin, the servants often drunk. If I were in the house I could not be silent, so I stay at a hotel when I make my annual visit to her."

She invited Frothingham to come to her at Boston in the second week in January, and he accepted. She had said never a word to him about her niece, Cecilia Allerton, and for that very reason he knew that she was revolving some plan for bringing them together. He also knew that Cecilia Allerton's father, head of the great Boston banking house of Allerton Brothers and Monson, was rich enough to give his daughter



the dower necessary to her admission into the Gordon-Beauvais family.

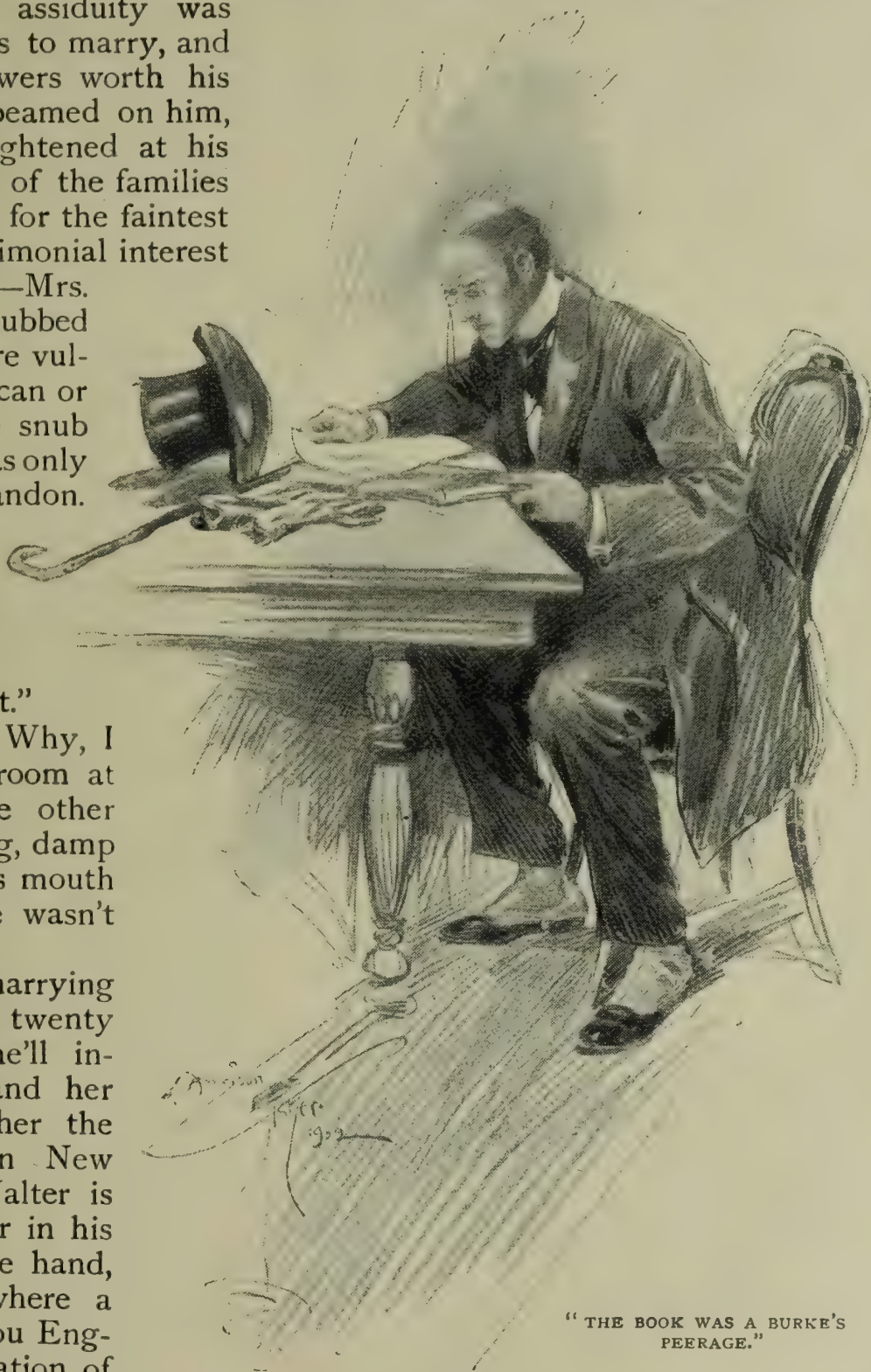
In the two weeks between Mrs. Staunton's departure and his engagement to follow her, he did not neglect his business. But his assiduity was wasted. He saw chances to marry, and marry well, but no dowers worth his while. Many mothers beamed on him, and their daughters brightened at his approach; but not one of the families that might have had him for the faintest hinting showed any matrimonial interest in him. One mother—Mrs. Brandon—actually snubbed him as if he were a mere vulgar, poor, untitled American or fortune-hunter; and the snub was unprovoked, as he was only courteous to Miss Brandon. When Frothingham laughed over this incident to Honoria, she said: "Mrs. Brandon purposes to marry Estelle to Walter Summit."

"That chucklehead? Why, I found him in the cloak room at the Merivale dance the other night sitting with his big, damp hands in his lap and his mouth hanging open. And he wasn't drunk, either."

"But Estelle isn't marrying *him*; she's marrying his twenty millions. With what she'll inherit from her father and her uncle, that will make her the third richest woman in New York. The fact that Walter is slightly imbecile is rather in his favour; she'll have a free hand, and that's everything where a woman's ambitious. If you Englishmen hadn't the reputation of being masterful in your own households you'd have less difficulty in marrying over here. It was a bad day for English marriages when the American woman learned that England is a man's country. A girl brought up as our girls are

nowadays hates to abdicate, and she doesn't have to if she marries an American."

"I've heard that all women like a master," suggested Frothingham.



"So do men. Every one likes to bow to real superiority, and serve it, when he or she finds it. But the difficulty comes in trying to convince a man or a woman that he or she has met a superior."



"Well, then, perhaps women are more easily convinced than men."

Honoriam smiled satirically.

"They *seem* to be," she replied, "because they are prudent. But if some husbands only knew what their wives really thought, they might be less easy in their vanity than they are."

"That isn't true of our English women," said Frothingham.

"No—and why? Because, milord, they don't think."

"Well, *my* wife can do as she jolly pleases if she'll only let me alone."

"If she's an American you may be sure she *will* do as she jolly pleases; and you may also be sure that it won't please you to be jolly as she does it."

Just then a servant came to say that Catherine was at the door in her carriage, and wished to know whether Honoriam was at home. Honoriam looked at Frothingham inquiringly.

"As you please," said Frothingham, settling his eyeglass firmly and clearing his face of expression.

Honoriam left him in the large drawing room, and waited for Catherine in the adjoining smaller room.

"Lord Frothingham is here," she said in an undertone, after they had kissed each other.

Catherine paled and her eyes shifted.

"Does he know I'm here?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Honoriam, "but you needn't see him if you do not wish."

Catherine reflected.

"I'm certain to meet him again some time or other, dear," she said, "and it might be more awkward than this."

She advanced boldly with Honoriam, and put out her hand to him, her face flushing and a delightful pleading look in her eyes. "I'm so glad to see you again, Lord Frothingham," she said.

"Ah, thank you, a great pleasure to me also, I'm sure," he answered in his most expressionless tone. "Are you living in town?"

"We came up yesterday—to stay. Won't you come to see us? Are you

at the Waldorf? I do hope we can get you for a dinner mamma's arranging for the latter part of next week."

"Very good of you. But I'm just off to Boston."

He shook hands with her, then with Honoriam. At the door he turned and a faint smile showed in his eyeglass and at the corners of his mouth. "Oh, I almost forgot—give my regards to Wallingford—when you see him—won't you?"

Catherine looked gratefully at him. "Thank you, thank you," she said. "I know he'll be glad of a friendly message from you. He's very fond of you."

"Really?" drawled Frothingham. "That's charming!" He smiled with good-natured raillery. "He had such a quaint way of showing it that I wasn't *quite* certain."

When he had bowed and dropped the heavy *portière* behind him Catherine went to the window. She stood there until she had seen him enter his hansom and drive away.

"How beautifully he dresses," she said absently to Honoriam. "And what distinguished manners he has—as if he'd been used to being a gentleman for ages and ages."

She seated herself near the fire—the tea table was between her and Honoriam. "You didn't know that we were engaged, did you?" she went on, looking dreamily into the fire.

"Were you?" said Honoriam—she never betrayed confidences.

"Yes. But I broke it off."

"Why?"

"I think," Catherine answered slowly, "I think perhaps it was because I didn't feel at home with him—and I do with—Joe. He knows how to manage me."

"Joe? Why, I thought you disliked him."

"So did I think so." Catherine sighed. "I wish," she said after a moment, "that Joe had Beauvais House and—the title."



VIII.

At half-past four o'clock on a raw January afternoon Frothingham descended from a Pullman fiery furnace to adventure upon Boston. As he drove to Mrs. Staunton's the rain sifted through the cracks round the windows and doors of the musty cab and was deposited upon his face in a greasy coating by currents of the iciest air he had felt since he was last in Scotland. It was air that seemed to mangle as it bit, that sent the chilled blood cowering to the depths of the body instead of bringing it to the surface in healthful reaction.

"A loathsome town," he muttered, as he looked out on either side. "Looks something like London—no, Liverpool. The people looked English, too." A big, dingy street car with bell wildly clanging darted from a narrow side street into the narrow main street which the cab was following. There was a bare escape from a disastrous collision. "It's America, right enough," he said.

The rain was whirling in the savage wind; umbrellas were tossing and twisting, impeding without in the least sheltering the sullen throngs on the sidewalks. Everything looked wet and sticky and chilly and forbidding. "They certainly are English," he said, as he noted the passing faces; and he did not like it. In New York he had been amused by the variety—specimens of all nationalities, often several nationalities struggling for expression in the same face. Here the sameness was tiresome to him, and he missed the alert look of New Yorkers of all kinds.

He began to feel somewhat better, however, when he reached the wide front hall of Mrs. Staunton's big, old-fashioned, comfortable house on the water side of Beacon Street. And he felt still better when the butler showed him to the room he was to occupy—the furniture and hangings, the woodwork and wall paper, sombre yet homelike in the light and warmth of an open fire.

At half-past five he entered the drawing room in fairly good humour now that he and Hutt were established and safe from the weather. He joined Mrs. Staunton and her daughter-in-law at the fire where they were cosily ensconced with a tea-table between them.

"You must have a cheerful impression of Boston," said young Mrs. Staunton, called Mrs. Ridgie—her husband's name was Ridgeway.

"That wind was a bit nasty," replied Frothingham. "But I've forgiven and forgotten it. I always spill my troubles as soon as ever I can."

"You'll detest Boston after New York," continued Mrs. Ridgie. "I've lived here ten years. It's—it's a hole."

Her mother-in-law's expression was not pleasant, and Frothingham saw at a glance that they disliked each the other. "Virginia is from New York," she said to him apologetically. "She determined in advance not to like us, and she does not change her mind easily."

"Us." Virginia smiled mockingly. "Mother, here," she said to Frothingham, "was born at a place a few miles away—Salem, where they burned witches——"

"Hanged witches—none was burned," interrupted Mrs. Staunton.

"Thank you, dear—hanged witches. At any rate, she was born at Salem. And her people removed to this very house more than forty years ago. The other day I was talking to old Judge Arkwright and spoke of my mother-in-law as a Bostonian. 'But,' said he, 'she's not a Bostonian. She's of Salem town.' Think of it, Lord Frothingham! She's lived here nearly half a century and she married a man whose family has lived here two hundred years. And they still speak and think of her as a stranger. That's Boston."

"It reminds me of home," said Frothingham. "Very different from New York, isn't it? I asked the woman I took in to dinner the other night where her parents came from. 'Good Lord,



don't ask me!' she said. 'All I know about it is that they came in a hurry and never went back.'"

"How sensible!" said Mrs. Ridgie, the more enthusiastically for her mother-in-law's look of disgust. "You'll notice that people on this side never talk of their ancestors unless there is something wrong with themselves."

Mrs. Staunton restrained herself. "You'll give Lord Frothingham a very false idea of this country, Virgie," she said with softness in her voice and irritation in her eyes.

"Oh, he's certain to get that anyhow. He'll see only one kind of people while he's here, and though they think they're the whole show they don't amount to *that*." At "that" she snapped her fingers so loudly and suddenly that both Mrs. Staunton and Frothingham started. "If you came really to know this country," she went on, "you'd find out that just as soon as people here begin to pose as 'our best people,' 'our best society,' and all that rot, they begin to amount to nothing. They're has-beens, or on the way to it. We don't stand still here—not even in Boston. We're always going up or coming down."

After a silence Mrs. Staunton ventured to say, "I think you'll find, Lord Frothingham, that the tone of Boston is, as I told you, far higher than New York's."

"Really!" Frothingham looked slightly alarmed. "That's bad news," he said. "I don't go in for a very high tone, you know. I'm keyed rather low, I should say."

"You needn't be frightened," said Mrs. Ridgie. "They beat the air a good deal here. But, if you'll be patient and not encourage 'em, they'll soon get down to the good old business of raveling reputations. At that they're far superior to New York."

Mrs. Staunton looked vigorous dissent, but said nothing. They listened for a few minutes to the drowsy crackling of the wood fire and to the futile beat of the storm against the windows. Then

Mrs. Ridgie rose. "I'll see you at dinner," she said to Frothingham. "I forgive you for being so cross with me, *belle mère*," she said to Mrs. Staunton, patting her on the cheek. Then her pretty little figure and pretty, pert face vanished. Mrs. Staunton frowned at the place where she had been—she disliked Virgie's hoydenish movements almost as much as her demonstrativeness; in her opinion, "no thoroughly respectable woman laughs loudly, uses slang or indulges in public kissing and embracing."

They were ten at dinner that night, and Frothingham, seated between Mrs. Staunton and a middle-aged, stiff and homely Mrs. Sullivan, tried to keep his spirits by drinking the champagne steadily. "Vile stuff," he said to himself, "and bad cooking, and a dull old woman on either side. And what's this rot they're talking about?"

The conversation was of a Buddhist priest who was making converts among "the very best people." Mrs. Sullivan was contending that he was a fraud and that his teachings were immoral. Mrs. Staunton was defending him, assisted by a sallow, black-whiskered, long-haired young man on the opposite side of the table—a Mr. Gilson.

Frothingham would not even pretend to listen. His look and his thoughts wandered down the table to Cecilia Allerton.

She had a small head, a high, narrow forehead, a long, narrow face—pale, almost gaunt. The expression of her mouth was prim to severity. But her eyes, large and brilliant brown and full of imagination, contradicted the coldness of the rest of her face, and gave her a look that was certainly distinction, if not beauty. "I wonder what she's thinking about?" said Frothingham to himself. "Buddhism, I wager. How English she looks. But they all do, for that matter, except this long-haired beast opposite. He looks a Spaniard, or something else Southern and dirty."



"Did you find that the New York women swore much, Lord Frothingham?"

He started. It was the Puritanic-looking Mrs. Sullivan. "I beg pardon," he said, turning his head so that his entrenched eye was trained upon her.

"The New Yorkwomen," repeated Mrs. Sullivan. "Were they very profane?"

"Ah—well—that is—— Now, what would you call profane?" asked Frothingham in his driest drawl. "Devil and that sort?"

"I should call that profane in a woman, and worse. I should call that vulgar."

"Really!"

"Shouldn't you?"

"Ah, I don't know. I don't call things. What's the use?"

"But you must have opinions."

"Lots of 'em—lots of 'em—a new set every day. It's a good idea to look at everything from all sorts of directions, don't you think?"

"If one has no sense of responsibility. But I know you have. One of the characteristics I particularly admire in the English upper class is their sense of responsibility. I think it splendid, the way they support the church and so set an example to the lower classes."

"I don't go in for that yet—I lie abed. It's not expected of one until he's head of a family. When I am, of course I'll tuck my book under my arm and toddle away on Sunday morning to do my duty. I think it's rather funny, don't you? We do as we jolly well please all the week and then on Sunday, when there's nothing naughty going on anyhow, we do our duty. Cleverest thing in the British Constitution that!"

"But you believe in your — your Church, don't you?"

"Believe? To be sure. Every one does, except ghastly middle-class cranks. Some of 'em go crazy and are pious every day. Others go crazy and chuck it all. They run to extremes; that's bad form. I don't like extremes."

Mrs. Sullivan looked at Frothingham suspiciously. His face was always serious, but the eyeglass and the drawl and a shadow of a hint of irony in his tone raised a doubt. She returned to her original question:—

"They tell me that the women—the fashionable women—swear a great deal in New York now—that it's the latest fad."

"I can't say that they ever swore at me much," replied Frothingham. "But then, you know, I am rather meek. It's possible they might if I'd baited 'em."

"A few of our women here—those that hang round horses and stables all the time—have taken up swearing. It is said that they contracted the habit in New York and Newport. But I doubt it."

"Perhaps it's the horses that makes 'em swear," suggested Frothingham. "Horses are such stupid brutes."

"And they smoke; but that's an old story. All the women smoke in New York, don't they?"

"I'm not observant. You see, I don't see well unless I look sharp."

Mrs. Sullivan smiled amiably.

"You're very discreet, Lord Frothingham. You don't gossip; I detest it myself."

She talked to the man at her left, but soon turned to him with: "Doesn't it shock you, the way divorce is growing nowadays? It's almost as bad in England, I understand, as with us. We're taking up all the habits of the common sort of people. Really, I try to be broad-minded, but I can't keep up with the rising generation. A young married woman called on me this afternoon; she and her husband are of our best families. She told me she was engaged to a young married man in New York. 'But,' said I, 'you're both married!' 'We're going to get our divorces in the spring,' she said. She asked me not to say anything about her engagement—'for,' she said, 'we haven't announced it. I haven't told my hus-



band yet that I'm going to get a divorce, and my *fiancé* hasn't told his wife.' What do you think of that, Lord Frothingham?"

"Deuced enterprising, isn't it, now? That's what we call a Yankee notion. Do you think it'll go through?"

"I've no doubt of it. She's extremely energetic and conscienceless—I'd say brazen if she weren't a lady."

When the ladies went into the drawing room, Ridgeway Staunton brought to Frothingham a tall, ascetic-looking man with the bald, smooth, bulging temples and the sourly-curved lips of habitual bad temper.

"Lord Frothingham—Mr. Allerton."

They bowed stiffly, and looked each at the other uncertainly.

"I've heard much of you from my sister-in-law, Mrs. Staunton," said Allerton.

"She's been very good to me," replied Frothingham, cordially.

"She is an admirable woman," said Allerton. "She has been a mother—more than a mother—to my little girl for years."

"Your daughter was most fortunate," replied Frothingham, in a tone of what was for him enthusiasm.

Allerton began to talk English politics, and Frothingham, who, like Englishmen of all classes, knew his country's politics thoroughly, was astonished at the minuteness and accuracy of the American's knowledge. But he was amazed to find that Allerton, though an aristocrat and a Tory in the politics of his own country, with narrow and bitter class views, was in English politics a Liberal of the radical type—a "little Englander" and a "Home Ruler." And he presently discovered that there were other inconsistencies equally strange. For example, Allerton was savage in his hatred of all social innovations, was fanatical against the morals and manners of the younger people in the limited Boston set, which he evidently regarded as the pinnacle and pattern of the

whole world, yet was almost a sensualist in literature, art and music. He sneered at superstition, yet believed in ghosts and in dreams. Finally, he was a theoretical democrat, yet had a reverence for his own ancestry and for the title and ancestry of Frothingham, that, even to Frothingham, seemed amusing and contemptible.

"What do you think of him?" Mrs. Staunton asked her brother-in-law, when the men rejoined the women.

"A fine type of English gentleman," replied Allerton. "Manly and dignified, and his mind is keen. I liked him."

"I'm going to take him to Cecilia," said she.

"I'm sure Cecilia will like him. I don't think she's looking well, Martha."

"Poor child! You can't expect a girl of her depth of feeling, her spirituality, to recover soon. You must remember, it's been only a year and three months. This is the first time she's been out, isn't it?"

"I should not have believed she could be so disobedient as she has been in the past year," said Allerton, sourly. "The night of the opening of the gallery I ordered her to come down and help me receive. I shall never forget that she locked herself in her room. It shows how the poison of the example of the young people nowadays permeates."

"But that was nearly a year ago, Edward. Be careful not to be harsh with her. She inherits—your imperiousness."

Mrs. Staunton hesitated after "inherits," because the look in her brother-in-law's eyes reminded her that his wife—her sister—after enduring for eight years the penitentiary he made of his home, fled from him and refused to return, and lived by herself in a cottage at Brookline until her death.

After talking to several of her guests, so that her action might not seem pointed, Mrs. Staunton took Frothingham where Cecilia was listening to Gilson's animated, but not animating,



exposition of the true or Gilson theory of portrait painting. A moment after Frothingham was introduced, Mrs. Staunton took the reluctant Gilson away.

Cecilia looked after him, a quizzical expression in her eyes.

"Do you know Mr. Gilson?" she asked.

"No; I've only just met him."

"What do you think of him?"

"I can't say. I've barely seen him."

"But isn't Schopenhauer right where he says: 'Look well at a human being the first time you see him, for you will never see *him* again'?"

"I should say Gilson was—not very clean, then. Who is he?"

"He came here four years ago from we don't know where, and exhibited a lot of his own paintings, most of them portraits of himself in all sorts of strange attitudes and clothes. Everybody ran after him. We have a new craze here each year, you know. That year it was Gilson. A girl—a Miss Manners—married him. If it hadn't been for that he'd have been forgotten, and would have disappeared. As it is, we still have him with us. That's his wife on the sofa."

Frothingham looked toward the enormously fat woman disposed there, and, gazing round vaguely with a sleepy, comfortable, complacent smile: "How do you know it's a sofa she's sitting on?" he asked.

"Because I saw it before she sat down," replied Cecilia. "Her fad is a diet of raw wheat. If she'd been where you could see her at the table, you'd have noticed that she ate only raw wheat. She's served specially everywhere since she got the idea last autumn. She brings her wheat with her."

"And what is your fad? You say every one has a fad."

"Every one except me." She smiled pensively. "I'm too serious for fads, I fear."

"Then you're not a Buddhist or a Spiritualist?" he said, with a sigh of relief.

The colour flared into her face.

"Spiritualism!" Her lips compressed and seemed even thinner. Her expression vividly suggested her father. "But *that* is not a fad. Only the thoughtless and the ignorant call it a fad."

Frothingham's face became blank.

"This is a time to sit tight," he said to himself. "She's looking at me as if I were a witch and she were about to burn—no, hang—me."

"It would be a dreary world, it seems to me," she went on, her voice low and a queer light in her softening eyes, "if it were not for the friendship and guidance of those in the world beyond."

"Really!"

His tone might have meant almost anything except the wonder and amusement it concealed.

Her father came to take her home.

"We should be glad to see you, Lord Frothingham, at our house," he said graciously. "I hope you will let Mrs. Staunton bring you."

"Thank you—I'll ask her to."

As he watched her leave he said to himself: "She's mad as a hatter—or is it just Boston?"

## IX.

About a week after he met Lord Frothingham at Mrs. Staunton's, Edward Allerton left his bank an hour before luncheon time and went to the public library. His look as he entered was undoubtedly furtive; and as he drifted aimlessly round the reading-room, declining the offers of assistance from the polite and willing attendants, his manner was such that, had he been a stranger, he would have been watched as a suspicious character. He took several reference books from the cases; finally, and most carelessly of all, a Burke's Peerage. Half concealing it with his overcoat, he bore it to a table and seated himself. He turned the pages to where "Frothingham" appeared in large letters. There he stopped and read—at



first nervously, then soon with an attention that shut out his surroundings :—

"Frothingham. — George Arthur Granby Delafere Gordon-Beauvais, ninth earl of Frothingham, Baron de Beauvais, b. at Beauvais House, Surrey, March 9, 1865, s. of Herbert Delafere Gordon-Beauvais, eighth earl of F., and Maria Barstow, 2nd dau. of the Marquess of Radbourne. Succeeded on the death of his father, Aug. 4, 1890."

Allerton studied the coat-of-arms, which originated in part in the tenth century, so Burke said. He read on and on through the description of the secondary titles and other honours of his sister-in-law's guest, into the two columns of small type which set forth the history of the Gordon-Beauvais family—its far origin, Godfrey de Beauvais, a great lord in the time of Charlemagne, so Burke declared; its many and curious vicissitudes of fortune, its calamities in old France through the encroachments of the Dukes of Burgundy, which finally drove it in poverty, but with undiminished pride and unabated resolution, to live only by the sword and the tax-gatherer, to England in the wake of William the Conqueror; its restoration there, and long and glorious lordship—so glorious that it scorned the titles a mere Tudor or Stuart or German nobody could give until 1761, when it condescended to receive from George III. the Earldom of Frothingham. There were places in the narrative so weak that even the adroit and sympathetic Burke could not wholly cover them. But the Milk Street banker saw them not. No child ever swallowed a tale of gnomes and fairies and magic vanishings and apparitions with a mind more set upon being fooled. He read slowly; and when he came to the end he read it through again, and found it all too short.

He started from his trance, glanced at his watch, noted that no attendants were in sight, and stole hastily away from the scene of his orgie. But in his agitation

he was guilty of the stupidity of the novice—he left the book on the reading-desk; he left it open at the second page of "Frothingham." An attendant was watching afar off. As soon as Allerton had slipped away he swooped, full of idle yet energetic curiosity.

When he saw that the book was a Burke's Peerage he was puzzled; then he turned back a page and his eye caught the name "Frothingham." Like all Boston, he knew that the Earl was in town, was staying at *the* Mrs. Staunton's, "on the water side of Beacon Street." And like all Boston, he had heard the rumour that the Earl was trying to marry "Celia" Allerton, the second heiress of Boston. Thus, the sight of that name caused a smile of delight to irradiate his fat, pasty face. He looked round for some one to enable him to enjoy his discovery of a great man's weakness by tattling it. He saw Gilson, industriously "loading up" for a lecture on "colour in Greek sculpture and architecture."

He hastened to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Come with me," he whispered.

Gilson, a natural gossip, had not lived four years in Boston without becoming adept in the local sign language of his species. He rose and followed to the table, whereon was spread the proof of Allerton's guilt.

"Look at this," whispered the attendant, pointing to the name "Frothingham."

Gilson looked, first at the page, then at the attendant. His expression was disappointment. He cared not a rap about Frothingham or Burke's genealogical romances.

"But who do you think was sitting there?" whispered the attendant, "reading away at this for more than an hour?"

"Frothingham," said Gilson, in the reading-room undertone. "Those adventurers are always crazy about themselves."



"No—Edward—*Allerton!*" As he hesitated on the name the attendant shot his big head forward; at the climax he jerked it back, regarding the artist with delighted eyes.

"You don't *say* so!" exclaimed Gilson, and then they had a fit of silent laughter.

"Don't give *me* away," cautioned the attendant.

By nine o'clock the next night there was not a member of the Beacon Street set, whether living in Boston or Brookline, or other adjacent suburbs, who had not heard the news; and the mails were carrying it to those at a distance. And wherever it was repeated there was the same result—derision, pretended contempt of such vulgar snobbishness, expressions of wonder that an Allerton had descended to such low trafficking. Of course, none dared tell the Stauntons and the Allertons, or Frothingham. But Frothingham, who saw everything through that monocle of his, noted the curious smiles that always greeted him, saw the grins and nudgings and cranings when he and Cecilia Allerton appeared in public.

One of the many rules which Mr. Allerton had established for the guidance of his household in the lines he regarded as befitting the establishment of a gentleman of family and tradition was that Cecilia must be at the half-past seven o'clock breakfast with her father. Usually he did not speak after his brief, formal salutation—a "Good-morning, Cecilia," and a touch of his dry, thin lips to her forehead; but he might wish to speak, and it would be a grave matter if he should wish to speak and no one were there for him to speak to. Besides, he always gave his orders at breakfast—his comments on the shortcomings in the servants or in Cecilia's housekeeping; his criticisms of her conduct. These "breakfasts of justice" were not held often, because Cecilia made few mistakes, and the maids—Allerton kept no men servants but a coachman—had been

long in the family service and had therefore been long cowed and trimmed and squeezed to the Edward Allerton mould for menials. But when there was a "breakfast of justice" it was memorable.

Toward the end of the second week of Frothingham's Boston sojourn, Mr. Allerton laid aside his paper at breakfast and looked at Cecilia. Agnes, the second waitress, who always attended at breakfast, understood the signal and at once left the room, closing the door behind her. Cecilia gave a nervous little sigh, dropped her eyes and put on the pale, calm expression behind which she hid herself from her father.

"You were at Doctor Yarrow's lecture yesterday afternoon, I believe?" Allerton began.

Cecilia's nerves visibly relaxed as she noted that his voice was not the dreaded voice of justice. "Yes, sir," she replied.

"It was on the evidences of communication with the spirit world, was it not?"

"Yes, sir—the fourth in the series."

"Who accompanied you?"

"Aunt Martha and Lord Frothingham."

There was a pause, then Mr. Allerton coughed slightly and said: "How do you like the young Englishman, Cecilia?"

Cecilia lifted her eyes in a frightened glance that dropped instantly before her father's solemn, rigid gaze. "He's—well-mannered and agreeable," she replied. "I like him as much as one can like a foreigner."

"I'm surprised at your speaking of him as a foreigner. He—in fact, he seems to me quite like one of our own young men, except that he lives upon a higher plane and shows none of the degeneration, the vulgarisation, I may say, with which our young men have become infected through the over-indulgence of their parents and contact with New York."

Another long pause, and when Allerton spoke there was a suggestion of combating opposition in his voice. "I have



been much impressed with the young man. Titles are very deceptive. As you know, I have no regard for them or for the system which produces and maintains them. But, his title aside, the young man comes of a family that has the right sort of blood. You must have noticed the evidences of it in his face and in his manners and character?"

As the statement was put interrogatively, Cecilia knew her duty too well not to reply. "He has a strongly-featured face," she said. "But it seemed to me to indicate rather a race that had been great, but was now—small."

Allerton frowned. "I am sure that, properly established, he would have a distinguished career." He paused, then went on in a tone Cecilia understood and paled before: "It would be most satisfactory to me to have my daughter married to him. I should regard it as satisfactory in every way. You would be established in a honourable and dignified position. You would exert in society and the wider world the influence to which your birth and breeding entitle

you. You would maintain the traditions of your family and strengthen his."

Cecilia shivered several times as he was speaking; but when she spoke her low voice was firm. "But father, you know my heart is with Stanley."

Her father looked steadily at her—the look she felt like a withering flame. "I requested you more than two years ago—months before he died—never to mention his name to me and never to think of him seriously again. I repeat, it would be gratifying to me if you were to marry Lord Frothingham. When is he leaving your Aunt Martha's?"

"Next Monday, I believe. He goes down to Brookline—to Mrs. Ridgie."

"You are invited for the same time?"

"Yes."

"I shall expect you to go." Mr. Allerton rose. "I trust, in thinking the matter over, you will appreciate that I am more capable to judge what is best for you than you are, with your limited experience and the narrow views of life and duty not unnatural in youth." He left the room, severe and serene, master of himself and of his household.

*(To be continued.)*

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## TIT FOR TAT

By L. LOWNDES

"ONCE on a time," as children say,  
When leafy June was in its prime,  
One came and stole my heart away—  
"Once on a time."

It was not counted as a crime,  
Nor was the robber brought to bay,  
Nor banished to a distant clime.

It was a game that two might play  
Beneath the blossoms of the lime.  
The thief was robb'd himself that day—  
"Once on a time."





By JEAN COURTENAY

*Illustrated by Berta Ruck*

SHE was staying at the *Schweizerhof* at Lucerne, where I also was domiciled *pro tem*. She was quite the most delicious thing in girls that I have ever met.

She was *petite* and slender—without being attenuated. I can't bear girls who look as though they had been ironed flat. Cynthia didn't. She was rounded to a nicety, yet preserved a fairy-like slimness that rested my eyes to behold.

She possessed an elbow that you wanted to kiss, and dimpled shoulders as well as cheeks. Her complexion was the most deftly compounded mixture of strawberries and cream you can imagine, and her skin was soft as velvet.

She had merry, coquettish brown eyes with long lashes that curled up at the tips—they were distinctly enticing, those lashes—and they and her hair were the exact shade of burnished copper.

She was always "gowned to perfection." I believe that's the correct expression, anyhow, what I mean is that her clothes were always the right colour and fitted *her*, not she her clothes. Some

of the girls of the present day seem to aim at the appearance of a wooden clothes-horse over which some garments have been thrown, and I am bound to say that they are very successful in achieving the desired result. But it's an irritating result to the masculine eye, for one cannot help picturing the ugly framework underneath.

Then Cynthia also possessed the daintiest things in hands and feet, and these are points that many otherwise attractive girls lack. We have all heard, I suppose, of the man who "would have been taller if he hadn't had so much turned up for feet," and the same might be said with truth of very many women. Personally I always notice extremities at once, and on them base my judgment. Broad flat feet, or coarse, unshapely hands may be capable of effective use in the hockey or cricket field, but to me they make the owner positively repulsive.

Of course I was by no means the only male staying at the *Schweizerhof* that year who found Cynthia charming. She was unanimously awarded the palm by



every man worth considering in the hotel, and there wasn't one of us who didn't count her favour the height of bliss. Some men were "attached" already, so they didn't enter the lists, but there were a good number of roving bachelors like myself, and we one and all longed to kick each other for unwarrantable intrusion, and secure a free field for our own individual tourney against fair Cynthia's heart.

I met another man from the hotel who was carrying a large cow-bell which protruded in naked insolence from its quite inadequate wrappings. I stared significantly at the bell, and he smiled—foolishly I thought—and hurried on. As I turned the corner of the *Alpenstrasse* I collided violently with another fellow who dropped a parcel he was carrying on to the path where it loudly "gave him away." He swore—at least it



"BY NO MEANS THE ONLY MALE WHO FOUND CYNTHIA CHARMING."

She had developed a singular fancy for cow-bells. She said she wanted to carry home with her the melodious tinkle tinkle of the cattle in the Swiss pastures, and she exhibited proudly her growing store. A soft-tongued bell from Lucerne, a deeper-throated one from Göschenen, a plaintiff third from Andermatt, and a fourth from Chamounix.

As we gazed at the little collection the same thought apparently struck us all at once, at all events, as I came out of *Gallopin's* where I had been ordering a small trinket to be made to my design,

sounded as though he did—and picking up his parcel continued his walk home.

As I passed along the street, gazing idly in at the various shops, I saw O'Connor airing his excruciating French while he bargained with the proprietor of a bazaar of "characteristic Swiss souvenirs" over a massive bell.

I could stand it no longer, and retraced my steps, determining to go for a saunter towards *Emmenbrucke*. Hanged if I didn't see another of them standing on the *Schweizerhof Quai* gloating over some silver-plated





"SWEET CYNTHIA LOOKED A TRIFLE HARASSED."

specimens with the Swiss cross on them, and, as I strode savagely past him, he evidently made up his mind, for he entered the shop.

I wished afterwards that I'd gone towards *Seeburg*, for there are fewer opportunities for purchasing bells that way. I counted no less than ten other idiots cow-belling during my walk, and to crown all, as I entered the hotel for lunch, a fat-headed German youth caught me up, puffing and panting under the weight of an enormous bell, a good deal bigger than a large-sized tea-cosy.

"*Ach! mein freund*, I haf found the *fraulein* a *wunderbar* bell. See, I buy him on the *Kapellbrucke*, at the leetle shop in the *Wasserturm*. He is the largest bell in Lucerne. *Nicht wahr?*"

I muttered something equally indistinct and impolite, but he was too inflated over his purchase to heed me.

I thought sweet Cynthia looked a trifle harassed and perplexed at dinner that evening, and was not surprised.

Her room must have been overflowing with bells!

She sent me one or two soft glances that I caught and "canistered" for the pleasure of enjoying them in retrospect, and I became subtly conscious that I had taken an upward leap in her estimation—solely because I had refrained from offering her my quota towards her collection. I remembered my visit to the jeweller's in the morning and felt a howling hypocrite; but fortunately my feelings were invisible, and I returned her glances with interest.

We had a delightful half-hour under the chestnuts later. I assured her that when in Switzerland it was right to do as the Swiss did, and that being so, she tucked her dear little arm in mine and her hand lay conveniently close for a tender pat when occasion demanded it, which it did frequently.

"What have you been doing all day?" I enquired.

"Oh, nothing much. It's been a horrid day—so long and empty somehow. Where were you? You have



been only conspicuous by your absence."

"If it made *you* think of me, I shall congratulate myself," I said. "Otherwise it has been an absolutely miserable day with me. This morning I strolled aimlessly about the town, but could not get away from the other chaps staying here, who were all busy shopping apparently." Here she stole an apprehensive glance at me, expecting me, no doubt, to produce yet another of those terrible things with which her room was littered. But I didn't. I patted that little hand instead, and continued: "*You* were nowhere visible this morning, and I had heard rumours of an expedition to *Kussnacht*; so I grew desperate and finally went off for a solitary tramp round *Kastanienbaum* and *Horw*. It was a dismal failure, however, and I didn't enjoy it a bit."

"It must have been very lonely," she said, and sighed softly.

Just then three or four of the bell idiots passed us. They looked depressed and forlorn, and I couldn't resist patting that pretty hand again just to show them how. Their combined scowl ought to have blighted my chances beyond recovery, if it had been as powerful as it looked.

"And how is your little collection getting on?" I inquired wickedly. "Have you added to your store?"

Her cheeks grew pink.

"*I* haven't, but——" she stopped abruptly, and I finished it for her:—

"Others have, eh?"

"Yes," she murmured, with a laughing glance at me. "I don't think I care for cow-bells after all," she said. "I think they'd be terribly monotonous, don't you?"

"I *know* they would," I answered with decision. "I found them so this morning."

"But—*you* didn't." Her eyes fell beneath my gaze, and the only things that turned my way were the curled-up lashes.

"No, *I* didn't—but others did. But perhaps I shall still——"

"Oh, no, *please* don't!" she implored, and her other hand came up and joined the one already resting on my coat-sleeve—a delightful arrangement, as I could pat them both.

"I won't then," I said reassuringly. "I will wait till I'm married, and then present my wife with one. You see, she might really like it—a small one, of course—as a souvenir."

"Of what?" she inquired softly, and I knew her eyes were dancing.

"Shall we say—of the time that I didn't?" I suggested, and I found it necessary here to take that little hand tenderly into mine.

"Is it a riddle?" she asked faintly.

"If it is, only *you* can give me the answer."

"It's too difficult—can't you help me a little?"

(When Cynthia begs like that she is simply irresistible.)

"It will need some time to explain thoroughly," I said gravely, "so we will take another turn under the chestnuts, eh?"

It did take a considerable time; a thing you love doing never gets hurried over, but in the end Cynthia gave me the answer I wanted, and my wife is to have that little jewelled trinket I ordered at *Gallopin's* on her wedding day.

"And what shall I do with the rest?" she asked as we loitered on the hotel verandah.

"We'll cart them home somehow, darling, and have them made into a carillon of cow-bells to stand in our hall."

Which we did.





THE element of chivalry in me prompts me to take all the blame upon my own shoulders, but the cause of Truth demands that the guilty shall suffer rather than the innocent, and therefore I am compelled to admit that the mischief began with Pamela.

She was a young woman of ideas, was my second-cousin-by-marriage-twice-removed, Pamela Gurney, and on more than one occasion she had startled me, together with other members of our respective families, but this remarkable episode in her career—and incidentally mine—surpassed all her previous records.

The first I heard of the affair was when Fate and my hostess sent us in to dinner together. Perhaps I had better explain before going any further, that my name is Lawrence Moseley: that I am a barrister by profession, an enthusiastic sportsman, and a bit of a scribe in a small way. Also I take sugar in my tea, in spite of the increase of the sugar tax.

To return to my muttons, if such a term can apply to a charming young woman in an almost equally charming Parisian gown, and the very excellent menu before us, I knew that something serious was up as soon as Pamela opened her lips.

"Larry," she said, "I wonder would you consent to—collaborate with me in a—a book?"

"To—how much?" I asked, helping myself to *filet-de-sole*.

"To collaborate: now don't pretend to be silly—I mean sillier than you really are. You know what I mean quite well. After all, other people have collaborated."

"So on the principle that other people have committed murder," I said, "you think you would like to do likewise, eh?"

"Now you're laughing at me," she said with severity; "do be serious. Look at Besant and Rice, Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. Weren't they collaborators?"

I said that undoubtedly they were, but that I did not see the point of her argument.

Whereupon she explained, with that lack of logic which is one of Pamela's many charms.

I listened attentively, groaning in spirit at the sudden rage for graphomania which had seized upon my relative of late. A rage which prompted her to immortalise all her friends and relatives with scant mercy for their failings and foibles, in print—or, I should say, in paper and ink, since few of the bundles



of MS. which she evolved in the small hours of the morning, ever saw the light of print. Some it is true had appeared in sundry penny papers, and had been pronounced by an intelligent family conclave to be really "very nice little stories."

Hence I conclude her desire to do greater things, and in order to let some of the responsibility fall from her slender shoulders, she now proposed that we should collaborate.

In an evil moment I consented.

It was not till we had got to the ice pudding that I arrived at this point. But—well what was a fellow to do? I had been Pamela's willing or unwilling slave as the case might be, for so long in the vain hope that some day she would consent to a change of initials—since her own were the plague of her life, so she always told me, as they afforded ceaseless opportunities for the manufacture of opprobrious nicknames, such as "Pious Girl," "Paying Guest," etc., etc. But when I suggested that the remedy lay in her own hands and that she could at any time become "P.M." instead of "P.G.," she openly laughed, and said that then she would only be called "Post Mortem" or something equally horrible. So for the time being the subject was allowed to drop. However, seeing that the time had now come for me to lay her under an obligation, I nailed her to the point.

"Then it is decided," I said as the ladies rose from the table, "we collaborate."

She threw me a brilliant smile over a white shoulder.

"I've got a plot," she said, "and I'll do the first chapter and send it on to you for you to join on with the second. We can manage to work it that way quite well."

I doubted it, but later on the idea was enlarged upon in the privacy of the conservatory to which I tracked Pamela, and taking a pencil from my pocket I scribbled notes on my shirt cuff.

"I think an up-to-date elopement must come in somewhere," she said, leaning her chin on her hand and looking up at me with a pair of thoughtful hazel eyes.

She was distinctly pretty. I believe I had told her so more than once.

"Together with an orthodox irate father, and a subsequent reconciliation, I suppose," said I.

She nodded.

"And what kind of ending do you propose?" I asked of my collaborator.

"Well," she demurred, "it would be more taking if the ending didn't end at all—you know what I mean, Larry. Just a query mark or something vague like that. But I should like them to be happy—poor things."

"Yes, really after all they will have to go through it does seem as if they deserved a bit of luck to wind up," I said cheerfully; "and then, Pamela, have you thought of a suitable title?"

"No, I haven't; but any title will do. The more misleading it is, the better. People will read the book just to see what the name means, and it doesn't matter if they can't understand it either. And if we only work at it I think it ought to be splendid. You see, it might be out by Christmas."

"It might. The heroine must have hazel eyes and dark hair," I said with decision. I don't see the use of being a collaborator if you can't turn out your heroine to your own satisfaction. So when Pamela said the thing must have blue eyes, I stuck firm.

And she gave way.

"I shall open the chapter with a murder," she announced, as we left the conservatory together, "and leave you to fill in the details. As you are at the Bar, you know all about such things, of course."

I agreed, although I really didn't see why my connection with the Bar should necessarily imply a large acquaintance with the various modes and methods of murder.



That was how it all began, and before I knew where I was I found myself embarked upon a sea of troubles as a collaborator.

Judging by the enormous bundle of MS. which reached me three days after our first conversation on the subject of our joint book, Pamela must have burned gallons of midnight oil, and I regarded the pile of neatly-written sheets with something like terror.

Beyond a few mild articles of a legal and scientific nature, which I had succeeded in publishing—at my own risk—I had no experience whatever of the thorny path of literature, and of such literature as Pamela apparently went in for, I was as ignorant as the babe unborn.

It was nicely told—even I could see that—but it was hopelessly involved and banal, and sensational to the last degree. In an instant I resolved that my name should never be appended to such a composition, and then in desperation, remembering the compact and the penalties which would undoubtedly attend any attempt on my part to evade it, I set to work, and did my best to act up to the part which fate had thrust upon me.

I was launched as a collaborator, and I cannot say with truth that I found it all jam.

It was late October, and the Gurneys had gone down to their country place, so that our collaboration became a

matter of an immense outlay in postage, and the almost daily going backwards and forwards of fat parcels of MS.

My difficulties increased with the MS. I had found but little help in the notes which I had scribbled down on my



"FATE AND MY HOSTESS SENT US IN TO DINNER TOGETHER."

shirt cuff, which said shirt I had extracted from its hiding-place in the clothes-basket to which it had been consigned by my man, in order to benefit by the notes, which I had taken at express speed as Pamela enlarged upon



the plot. But what could anyone make of this:—

“Murder in East End—face at window—elderly villain—grey beard—lovely heroine—hero accused of murder—flees the country—elopement—Christmas Eve—fire,” and a few more equally confusing details which were almost rubbed out.

Having completely forgotten in what connection these mysterious remarks were to be used, I gave up all idea of finding help on my shirt cuff, and went on off my own bat, so to speak.

Things went on as well as could be expected under such trying circumstances till one foggy morning, when, in addition to the fat parcel to which I—and, incidentally, my man—had become quite accustomed, I found a letter marked “Urgent” in Pamela’s pretty handwriting, awaiting my attention, beside the coffee and hot rolls which steamed on the table before me.

I tore open the letter.

“DEAR LARRY—I’ve planned the elopement to perfection, even to going over the ground myself on Polly in order to see exactly how long it would take to get from the lodge gates to the station. The early morning mail, which passes at four-twenty, stops at the junction, so that all fits in without a hitch. It struck me that it would help matters on considerably if everything were cut and dried. What do you think of the plan? You suggested Dieppe as a suitable destination. I know that is where people go as a rule under such circumstances, but don’t you think we might cut out a new line and make it Calais? The sea crossing is shorter, and that is a great advantage in my eyes. From there one could catch the express to Paris, and then—the rest I leave to you.

“Everything is going swimmingly, and no one suspects anything. I think I’ve managed splendidly. And how surprised they will all be!

“The ground is like iron, and hunting

is impossible; such a bore, but it gives me more time for other things, and time is growing short, Larry.

“In frantic haste,

“Ever yours,

“PAMELA.”

I thrust the letter into my pocket with a laugh.

How keen the child was, and how she took it all *au grand sérieux*. One might think it was her own elopement she was planning with so much care. The thought pleased me somehow. Dear little Pamela! I swallowed my coffee and rolls, and for about the fiftieth time meditated on the exceeding dulness of my chambers, and the delicious dimple which lurked near Pamela’s laughing mouth. Well—well—some day!

I scribbled an answer to her letter, and then turned my attention to the manuscript, which had by this time assumed gigantic proportions.

Unconsciously as I worked at my share of the book, the pleasure of writing it grew upon me, and it was as if I were telling a story of my own life. You see it was always Pamela who was before me as I wrote: Pamela with her clear eyes, her sweet mouth, her peach pink cheeks. My heroine, with whom my collaborator had said she would not interfere, was none other than Pamela. As I wrote the scene of the elopement—or rather the arrangements for it—I thought what if it were true? What if it were Pamela and I who were to take that wild ride through the park—down the silent high road in the cold darkness of a December morning—to the junction where the mail stopped—and then on—on—on—till the Channel lay before us? Of course this was pure madness born of late sittings and much smoking, and I pushed away my papers with a laugh at my own folly.

At that very moment a telegram was handed to me.

It was from Pamela.

“O! Great Scot!” I ejaculated, “more complications!”



*Must postpone elopement for a couple of days. Unavoidable. Am writing to explain. Go on with preparations. Pamela."*

This was one of the joys of collaborating evidently! All one's most cherished arrangements for the ultimate good of one's hero and heroine knocked on the head! However, there was clearly no help for the matter, for I had placed myself unreservedly in the hands of my collaborator, and so I looked up my engagement book, discovered that I was due at a dinner at the Cecil at eight, and putting away the signs of my recent struggle with the refractory creatures of our collaborated imaginations, I sallied forth to keep my engagement.

Of the dinner it is not necessary to this story to speak. It was dull, and at a comparatively early hour I took my way home to my chambers. It was a bitter night, all day there had been a thick fog, and the air was chill and raw.

My man glanced at me with a curious expression on his stolid face as I took off my overcoat.

"There's a gentleman waiting to see you, sir," he said with deference.

"At this hour!" I said. "Who is he, Jennings?"

"I don't know, sir. He would not give his name—but I thought it was all right."

I nodded, and pushing open the door of my sitting room, walked in, to find

myself face to face with—General Gurney—Pamela's father.

I was genuinely surprised.

"An unexpected pleasure, sir," I said, advancing with outstretched hand, "I am only sorry that I was out, but you



"FACE TO FACE WITH—PAMELA'S FATHER."

have been provided with everything by my man, I hope? Beastly night, isn't it?"

Now, I had never been on very intimate terms with General Gurney; in fact, I believe we had not met more than half a dozen times, and I remember



having heard that he was a man possessed of gouty tendencies, and as fine a vocabulary of hot language as any officer of the old school.

But I was hardly prepared for his greeting.

"Don't talk to me, sir!" he said with ferocity, standing bolt upright on my hearthrug and fixing a pair of steely eyes upon my innocent countenance, "don't take that tone with me, sir! It won't wash. May I ask what explanation you have to give me? I have discovered the depths of deceit and infamy to which you and my daughter have stooped, and I insist—I repeat, sir, I *insist* on an explanation! What the deuce do you mean by it? What the——"

"Look here, sir," I said, "I don't know in the very least what you are driving at, but I must object distinctly to the terms in which you speak of Miss Pamela."

"Object!" he spluttered, "*you* object, sir? I shall speak as I please of my daughter, and I repeat that everything has been found out, and the sooner you make a clean breast of matters, and give me an explanation, the better. I'll have the law of you, you young scoundrel."

I took him by the arm and put him into a seat. Then I crossed over and locked the door.

"Now, sir," I said quietly, "suppose we come to business? What is the meaning of all this? I haven't the remotest idea of what you are driving at, and you'll be good enough to enlighten me—or I must ask you to clear out. It is getting late."

"Do you mean to brazen it out? Very well. My daughter referred me to you for the explanation which she would not, or could not, give me, and here I stay till I get it. Do you mean to tell me that you have no knowledge of the elopement, the details of which I found out this morning by accident? That you have had no communication on the subject with my daughter

Pamela? Did no letters or—or telegrams pass between you, eh? Ah! that hits the mark, does it?"

*Elopement, letters and telegrams!* Ye gods, into what mess had the collaboration led me?

A moment's pause and light began to dawn upon me.

As it did so I burst into a shout of laughter. The situation was too comic for words.

"You laugh, sir!" shouted the old soldier furiously, "very well, wait a while till I show you how well all your little plans have been found out. This morning I chanced to go into the village post office, just after my daughter had been there to despatch a telegram. The post-mistress, thinking it her duty to protect me and mine, showed me the message which had been despatched. I need hardly repeat it. My daughter, so lost to shame, must needs blazon the fact abroad that she was intending to elope—to elope with you—you miserable——"

"That's enough, sir!" I said, "leave my qualities out of the question, and continue your story."

He glared at me, and continued:—

"I went home and taxed her with it. Your answer had arrived, I insisted on seeing it, I have it with me—you can't deny the sending of this wire this morning?"

I glanced across the little slip of thin pink paper.

"*All right. Have put it off for two days. Cannot wait longer. Larry.*"

Once more as the intense humour of the affair swept upon me, I lay back in my chair and *roared*.

The general's furious voice continued. I thought I'd let him have his say out, and then I'd romp in with *mine*.

"She admitted nothing and denied nothing. She could not. She referred me to you and said you could explain matters. But no amount of lying will clear you or her, and she has spent the day in solitary confinement with food in the shape of bread and water, and time



in which to reflect upon her wickedness. To clinch matters beyond a doubt, I saw a letter on your table in my daughter's hand-writing. I took the liberty of reading it. She is under age, you will remember, or perhaps that did not enter into your calculations? I read the letter, and it only confirmed all I have already heard. Now, sir! Pamela denies all intention of any elopement, but she confessed that you had made love to her on more than one occasion and she had the audacity to confess her love for you. I shall know how to deal with her when I have settled my account with you."

It was like an Adelphi drama: here was the irate father to perfection!

He paused breathless. And then I felt my time had come. I spoke.

"Sir," I said quietly, "I love your daughter. You may as well hear that truth to begin with. You accuse me of designs which no gentleman would entertain except under most exceptional circumstances. It is perfectly true that this correspondence has passed between us on the subject of an elopement, but it had no reference whatever to ourselves. Possibly Miss Gurney has already tried to tell you so."

"She talked a good deal of nonsense—but proceed. Do you mean to tell me then you were planning someone else's elopement? 'Pon my soul! you're mighty thoughtful for your neighbours! Psha! man don't think you can take me in with such bunkum."

"You don't believe me? Then I must ask you to be kind enough to listen to me for five minutes and then to read the evidence which I have here at my hand which will convince you of the error into which you have fallen."

And for five minutes or more I talked coolly and to the point. The old soldier's jaw dropped visibly as the mystery began to slowly explain itself. I suppressed with difficulty the mirth with which I was consumed.

I thought of poor, pretty Pamela with bread and water and solitary confine-

ment, and I hardened my heart, and let him have it without mercy.

"And now," I concluded, unlocking my bureau and taking out a fat bundle of MS., "you will be kind enough to look over that. This, General Gurney, is the book which your daughter and I are writing together. And you will find all the incidents of the elopement arranged for in the last dozen pages."

I doubt if he had ever received such a shock in his life. He stared at me with open mouth.

"But—but—but—," he stuttered.

I waved him to the MS.

"There's your explanation, sir," I said as I lit a cigarette, "it is not much after eleven, and I shall be glad to give you a shake down if the reading of it takes you too far into the small hours of the morning. I'm used to late hours since I took to writing, so don't mind me I beg of you."

He reluctantly turned over the pages.

Fixing a pair of pince-nez on his aquiline nose with a hand which visibly trembled he began his task. I sat and watched him through wreaths of smoke. The clock on the mantelshelf struck twelve—still he read on: I had never thought that our collaboration would have received such undivided attention.

The clock slowly ticked its way round to the half-hour—the hour—it pointed to twenty minutes to two before the General moved.

The rustle of the pages made me look up.

A bewildered countenance was turned upon me. He cleared his throat—pushed back his chair—opened his lips as if to speak, and then—burst into such a shout of laughter that I began to be afraid that the neighbourhood would be roused.

He laughed—and laughed—and I joined him.

When he was capable of coherent speech, he said, wiping his eyes:—

"Moseley I've made a devil of a mess—you must bury the hatchet and help



## THE IDLER

me out of it. Will you shake hands and let bygones be bygones?"

We shook hands, and he sat down with a cigarette between his lips.

"I don't know how I'm going to face my little Pamela," he said ruefully, "she'll never forgive me Moseley, for making such a fool of myself and of you—but perhaps—you'll—er—that is——"

I wouldn't help him out.

"You will at least release her from solitary confinement, sir?" I submitted with gravity, and he subsided into helpless laughter once more.

He was obliged to accept my offer of a shake down for the night, and the next day saw his ignominious departure for his home, where I pictured a furious Pamela awaiting his arrival.

But I had got what I wanted, and that was an invitation down for the shooting—ostensibly.

Yet—caution said: wait.

The General had let a cat out of the bag: had he not told me that Pamela, in her distress at the terrible mistake which he had made on the impulse of a moment's passion, had confessed to caring for me? The thought spelt bliss, but—I was wise enough not to spoil things by hurrying events.

So—I marked time till a note reached me a week later:—

"DEAR LARRY,

"Are you coming down next week? I hope so. We might finish up the collaboration.

"Yours sincerely,

"PAMELA GURNEY."

I went.

The collaboration will never be finished, for we are going to continue it through life.

The book has been consigned to the flames, and—we are to be married next week.





## EACH TO HIS TRADE

By CY WARMAN

*Illustrated by Walter J. Enright*

A RUDE theatre, improvised in an empty store room; a rough stage, floored with bridge plank; upon the stage a strong steel safe like those used in country banks, and an expert cracksman to crack it. The principal performer is not a robber—that is, a burglar. He is the representative of the Startler Alarm Company. This company undertakes to put intricate and elaborate alarm systems into banks and other buildings, which, when disturbed by midnight prowlers, will wake and warn the sleeping city, as an Æolian harp wakes and sings in the rising wind.

The repertoire of the "Startler" depends altogether upon the amount of money the bank, village, or city is willing to give up. A cheap one will cause an electric bell to ring in the room over the bank where the cashier sleeps. A better one will sound a gong in the street. A still more elaborate system will sound a number of gongs, and if those interested could spare the price, no doubt the company would provide a system that, in addition to sounding the gongs, would ring the fire, church, and school bells, and assemble the Vigilance Committee (which is an important part of the system) in the public square. However, the man had not come to show the system at this performance, but the necessity for it.

The day was dark in the smoke-veiled city. The lamps had been turned down, lighting the theatre dimly, for the thing must be realistic. The struggling robber—the real professional burglar—must

often work in absolute darkness, so this make-believe robber must not have too much light.

Presently the big doors began to cry and moan, as the audience began to assemble. A man in morning dress received each guest at the door, smiled, and waved him forward to a seat. They were all men, and nearly all bankers. There were millionaires among them, poor, unhappy millionaires, who had come through the storm and snow and sleet to see a man melt a hole in a safe, and incidentally, to hear the man tell of the wondrous workings of the "Startler" alarm, which was to guard the millionaire's millions and give him a rest.

The show had not been advertised in the regular way. A neat card had been posted to prominent banking houses in the city and to country bankers round about, so that every man present was intensely interested in the performance. There were bank managers, cashiers, paying tellers and clerks, all waiting eagerly for the show to begin.

In the front row of chairs there were three men who were not bankers: a detective, a burglar, and a struggling author, who sees the inside of a bank only once in a great while, when he goes in to cash a cheque that comes to him from some one of the magazines.

Presently, when about half of the chairs had been filled, a nervous man in a fur coat pounded the floor with a heavy stick, after the way of the gallery god, and immediately a man came from a rear room, leaped lightly upon the

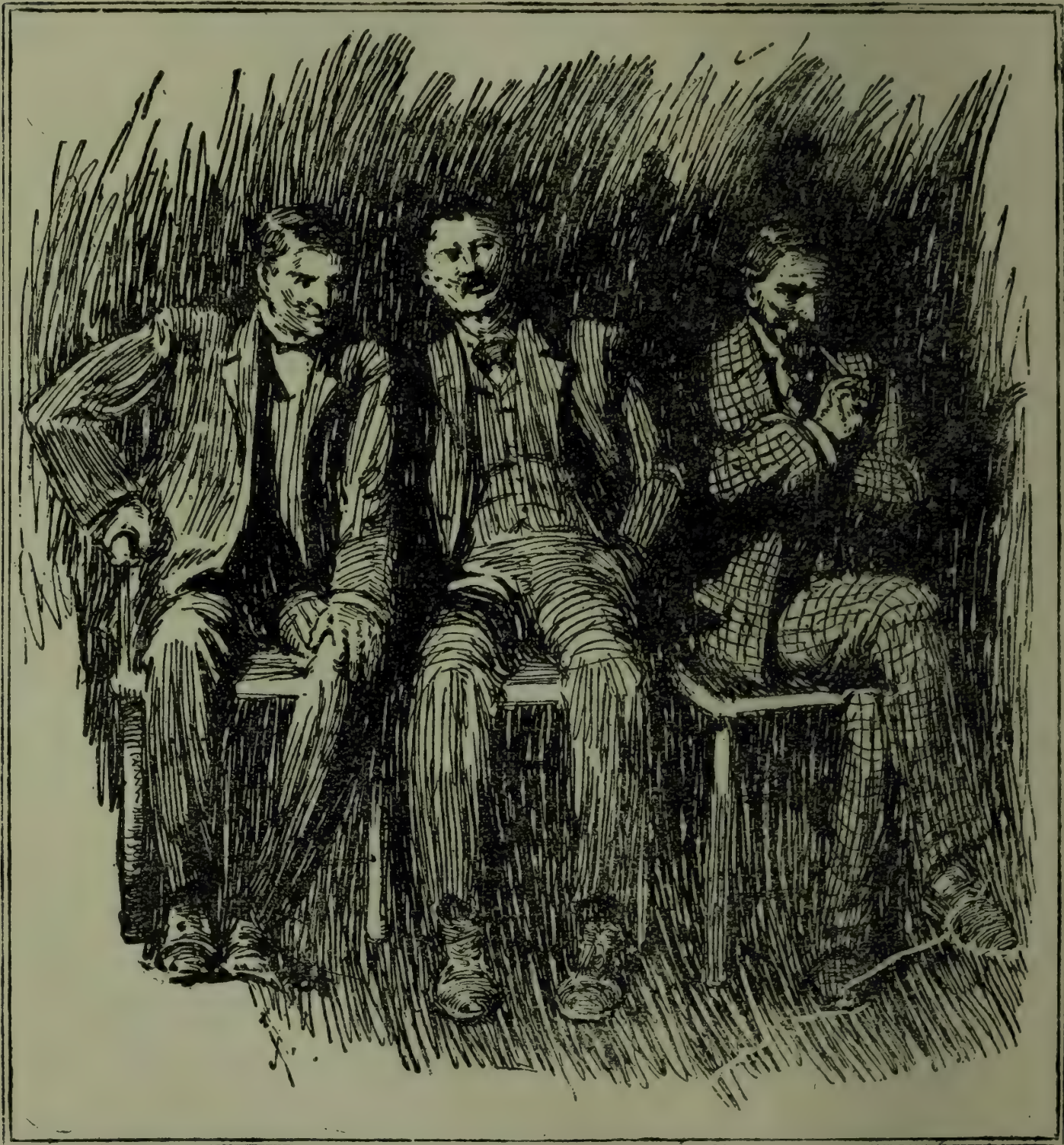


stage, hit the safe a rap or two with a hard hammer, and asked any man in the audience who might doubt the tangibility of the strong box to come forward and examine it.

"Hit it where you are going to burn it," said a man in the front row, and the showman did so. That seemed to satisfy

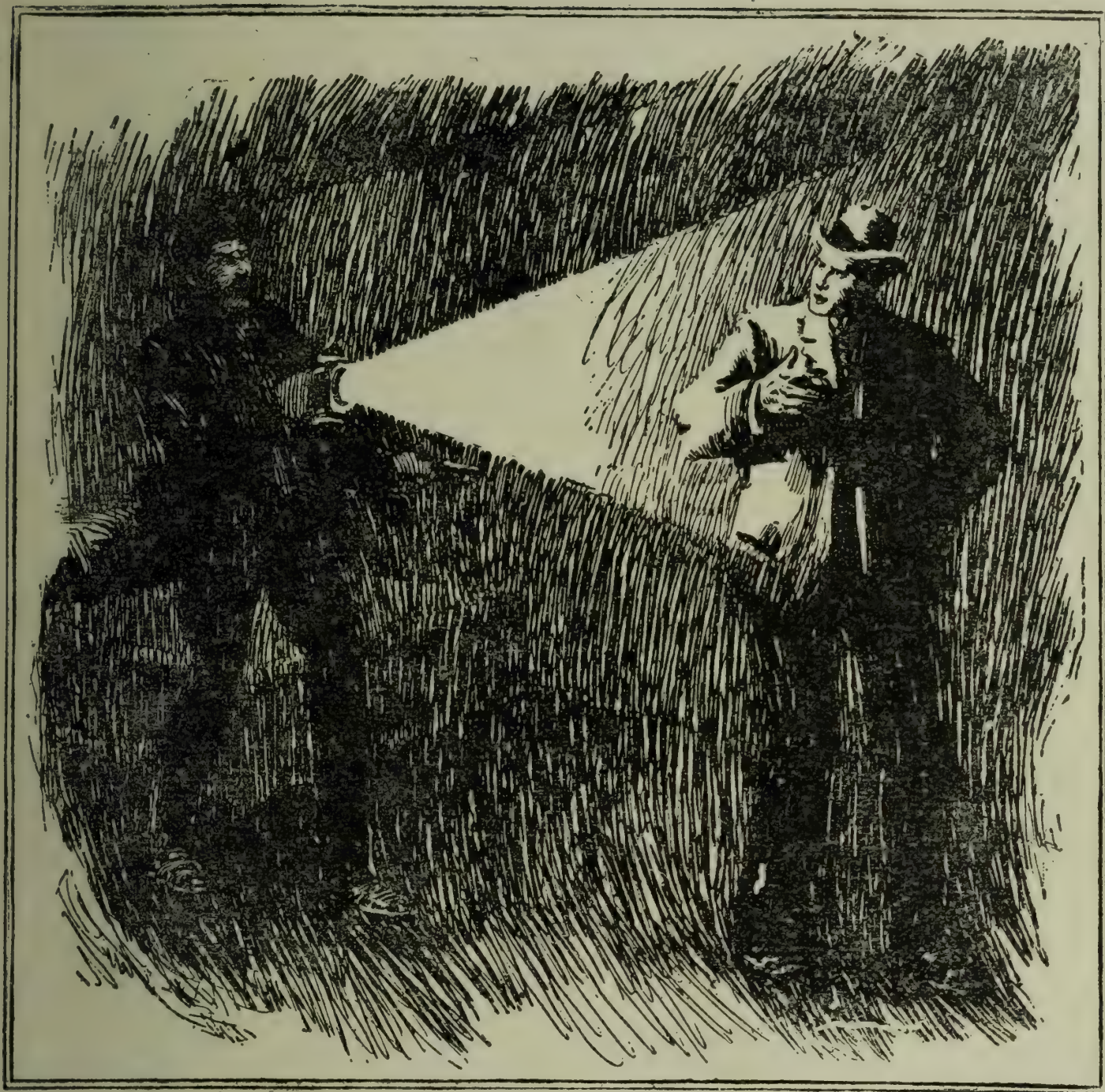
the company. At all events no one went up to test the armour, and the showman went on with the show.

Of the apparatus, there was a switch-board to begin with, a positive electric wire attached to a carbon, clamped to a stick, a negative wire attached to the safe, an asbestos-lined sheet-iron box



"A DETECTIVE, A BURGLAR, AND A STRUGGLING AUTHOR."





"HELLO, OL' NEVER SLEEP, THAT YOU?"

with a hole in the centre, also attached to the safe, and a man who knew how to work the machinery.

The metal did not melt as rapidly as the expert had predicted, but it surely melted, and in a short while a small hole appeared in the face of the safe.

The man said it would be foolish to make another hole, for if one hole could be made, any number of holes of any size could be made, and the audience consented silently to what the man said.

Now, to guard against these enterprising burglars, who have only to

harness an electric light wire and go to work (and there are electric lights wherever there are civilised men and money), the Startler Alarm Company was prepared to put in a system that would call the people to arms. As a matter of fact, the "Startler" could not catch a thief, but it would wake the inhabitants up, and that was something.

Presently, when the performance was at an end, the people passed out. The banker and the burglar each went back to the even tenor of his way. But the millionaire—poor, unhappy millionaire—



carried a new fear away with him. In the old days, by the old ways, he could at least hear his chest going to pieces, but with this newfangled device he might slumber sweetly the whiles his safe melted and ran out over his carpet. It worried the millionaire.

At 1 a.m. of the following morning, in that small hour when all respectable people are supposed to be in bed, the detective was walking softly in the shadow of the big building wherein had been the "Bankers' Matinée" the day before. At the close of the performance he had managed to loosen the fastening on one of the back windows, and to that window he now made his way. To his surprise the detective found the window open. He listened for a moment, and then stepped inside. In a little while he had made his way to the basement, and a moment later had the blinding light of a dark lantern flashed in his face. Instantly the detective flashed his light on the flasher, and found that the man in the cellar had a revolver in his other hand. The detective had one too.

"Horse and horse," said the man.

"Put that down," the detective replied.

"Hello, ol' Never Sleep, that you?"

"Yes, that's me. What you trying to do, bag the outfit?"

"No. What *you* trying to do, learn the business?"

"I know it already."

"Sit down," said the man, turning his bull's-eye upon an empty biscuit box, and the famous detective and the notorious burglar sat side by side in the dark cellar and discussed the show and the probable importance of the new system of robbing banks.

"What do you think of the layout?" asked the detective.

"I'm not in the habit of giving expert testimony gratis, or revealing professional secrets, but now that you are here, and doubtless to investigate, I'll save

you the trouble. It's a good thing; that is, it would be a good thing if bankers would build their banks on the banks of streams, or fit up their basements as this one is fitted up. Otherwise it's going to be a great burden to beginners, and to burglars working on small capital. To do this act properly a man wants a private railway carriage, same as a theatrical star, to carry his outfit. An operator will be obliged to remain in each town three or four days, running up hotel bills, which he must necessarily jump, and so get a bad name, to put up his plant. You see the ordinary electric light current will not do the work. I tried it once, and successfully, too, but I found afterwards that the safe was a big paper imitation vault that a sharper had used in a buncum bank at Brumingham. But the ordinary light wire won't touch an iron safe."

"Then the system is not a success?"

"No. There's too much machinery. Over against that wall, whence comes the song of the running brook, there is a huge tank, or rather a trough, and in that trough are miles of resistance coils, carefully packed out of sight, and there are tons of other paraphernalia, to say nothing of wiring the building, which is apt to attract the notice of the employés. No," the veteran burglar added, with the faintest sigh of regret, "it won't work. With the exception of that paper one no bank has ever been robbed by electricity."

So the two men who had gone forth at the dead of night, each in quest of information that would be useful in his business, climbed up the dark stairway and out into the wind-swept street. At the first turning the detective called a cab and said good-night.

"Good-morning," called the crook, and then, being a poor man, he walked slowly and thoughtfully home.





By MARGARET WESTRUP

*Illustrated by R. A. Richards*

I.

MARK REYNOLDS wandered disconsolately up and down outside the prison. He had taken to reading Browning lately, a fact he had let slip in a letter to Agatha. Agatha was his sister-in-law. She had replied with a Latin quotation, "Nec amor, nec tussis celatur."

She was a wise woman, with a sort of social wisdom that carried her airily through life.

Mark pondered on her letter, and, being in an earnest frame of mind, and hyper-sensitive to trifles, through much thought lately, he over-estimated her penetration and looked upon her as a wonderful woman.

Regarding the prison with ireful gaze, he began to muse on the idea of appealing to her for help.

Since she had observed, with almost abnormal insight, that "love and a cough could not be hidden," she had evidently fathomed his plight; he would not be violating his reserve by an appeal to her, and he felt acutely that he was mere man. Till a recent date he had gloried in his manhood; he felt still there were possibilities that would bring

back his glorying, deepened a hundred fold.

But the possibilities were imprisoned—smothered in crimson ramblers and small white clematis. They made a charming prison, his eye told him that grudgingly, but they sickened him with their delusive sweetness. He knew they were not sweet; they were clutching, cruel; they formed as impregnable a prison as the strongest of His Majesty's bolts and bars. They were as relentless a chaperon as Mrs. Grundy's twin sister. Behind them Sibylla sat; they were as nearly a fitting frame for her, he acknowledged, as anything could be; perhaps pink roses and lilies would have been nearer—he wavered—he was sure of only one thing, that the frame should be flowers of some sort; Sibylla was suggestive of flowers, she should move always surrounded by them. Men in love are inconsistent; he found fault with the roses and clematis, yet they fittingly framed Sibylla. He looked longingly towards the little window, round which they twined and clustered with luxuriant, loving growth. He envied those that peeped within; he knew what they saw—Sibylla reading, Sibylla writing—instead of flowers, books, papers



around her. He denied that these were her fitting surroundings, yet she had not been unheard of at Newnham.

In his rare glimpses of her, her deep blue eyes gazed into his face misty with problems; she carried a book, and her eyebrows daintily suggested his departure.

His steady stride past the prison, up and down the gravel path, brought Sibylla at last to the flower-caressed window.

He stopped and doffed his hat, exulting in the unexpected gift of the gods.

She leant from the window, her red lips parted sweetly, her eyebrows arched. "Would you mind taking your exercise elsewhere?" she said.

The words dropped clear and soft as falling water.

For a moment he rejoiced in the mere music of the sound; then he bowed ruefully, as the sense smote him with a familiar soreness.

"I hoped I might be rewarded by a walk with you," he said.

"Rewarded?" she suggested.

He laughed.

"You can trample and subdue with one word," he said.

A rose caressed her cheek; she put up her hand, and caught it, holding it tenderly.

"You don't look crushed," she said, carelessly.

"Looks are deceptive," he answered.

"And you are trite."

She turned and buried her nose in the flower. The sun glinted on the whiteness of her throat.

Mark Reynolds sighed.

She drew gently back into the room.

"You will go?" she said; "your step disturbs me."

"Say you'll let me take you on the river——"

"I am too busy."

"This afternoon?"

"Thanks, no."

"To-morrow?"

The window was empty; from within

came the voice. "I am here to read. I have told you so."

It held inexorability in its sweetness; it had held it for three weeks. He realised that the time for action had come. He had failed in his own strength, he would use his sister-in-law's. He would appeal to her for a lure to entice Sibylla from her books, for how could a man woo an unseen Sibylla? That was the problem always before him, he could get no opportunity. His sister-in-law must provide him with it. He went back to his rooms and wrote to her. His letter was meagre, because its subject lay deep with him, but it asked plainly enough for help.

## II.

Mark, waiting for the help, dreamed dreams. His imagination had developed amazingly lately, at the expense of his sense of well-being. The materiality of the help was shrouded in mist, but he saw an aid to courtship coming by post—a lure, irresistible, all-powerful—to entice Sibylla from her books.

Josh came.

Mark, reading Browning in a hammock, glanced up and saw him standing gravely contemplating him.

Everything about Josh was on a wide scale. His shoulders were wide, his eyes were wide, his legs were always wide apart when still, some people said his face was wide, his mother said it was rounded, and the space between his eyes was wide.

The other noticeable thing about Josh was his brownness; he was very brown, even to his eyes and hair.

Mark, seeing him, swung his legs to the ground. "Has your mother come?" he asked, with a mingling of eager hope and horror. The hope was for her knowledge of courting processes, the horror for verbal explanation on his part.

"Me and my rabbits," Josh answered.

"That all?" said Mark.

He nodded.



They eyed each other awhile. Mark was trying to fathom it.

"Didn't your mother send me any message?" he asked, at last.

Josh fumbled in a pocket of his holland suit, and produced a piece of crumpled paper.

Mark read: "Awful hurry. Am sending Josh. Good luck, old boy! Sending him *alone*—not even nurse—better, I think."

Mark decided that the toughest bit of Greek was nothing to it. He looked up from knitting his brows over it, and found Josh gone. He began to wonder if he were being troubled with visions. However, the bit of paper scrawled with the cryptical sentences was real. He rose, and searched lazily for his small brown nephew.

He learnt incidentally at the cottage where he was lodging that Josh had been brought by a "respectable body," who apparently had vanished into air.

Mark had a vague feeling of the incongruity of a respectable body's doing such a thing, but the fact remained that she had disappeared.

Josh had disappeared, too. Mark, studying him with his mind's eye, smiled at the idea of *his* having vanished into

air. But he grew anxious, and his step quickened, as the afternoon wore on without his finding Josh. Sir Joshua was a precious commodity—the pivot and hope of one household at least. His powers were pronounced wonderful; his predilection for dirtying all the clean paper he could find, and incidentally



"JOSH CAME."

himself, with coal, pencil, ink, or anything available, had gained him his sobriquet. His career was already cut out for him. The idea of anything happening to this future R.A. sent cold shivers down Mark's spine.

He met Sibylla. She was carrying a book, and her eyes looked at him sweetly through an indifferent mist, her eyebrows arched into the delicate suggestion of



departure that he was so sorely familiar with. But he stopped and spoke: "Have you seen a boy—a—er—brown sort of little chap?"

"Many," said Sibylla, and her eyes strayed to her book.

"But—he's my nephew. I've lost him. I'm in an awful fu——, fear, you know."

The brown lashes swept upward. He saw her eyes—clear, deep, wonderful—without the bookish dreams overlying them.

"Lost? When? Is he *very* little? I didn't know you had a nephew."

Mark explained, as far as he could. Sibylla wasted no time on the subject of his apparently mad sister-in-law. She caught her lip between her teeth in thought; he had a glimpse of pearly white. Then she tilted back her head, and her eyes, beneath the shade of a wide hat brim, met his earnestly.

"He came by train," she said; "he wants his mother. He has gone to the station."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Mark in awed admiration; "of course!" and raising his hat, he strode away.

But Sibylla's voice floated after him reproachfully: "I am coming, too," she said, as if it were her custom always to come, too.

They went together by a short cut. A little way from the station they overtook a small, sturdy figure trudging along in a business-like way, and carrying a large cage.

When Josh saw them, he looked very dignified, and his eyes, in a setting of streaky dirt, met Mark's defiantly.

"Where are you off to, young man?" demanded Mark, laying his hand on his nephew's left shoulder.

"Me and my rabbits are goin' home," said Josh, wriggling his shoulder, "on'y we lost the way heaps, and it made us late."

Sibylla saw a wetness on his lashes. She flung her book aside, and bent to Josh, and laid her arms about him.

Mark looked on. He sighed in wonder when Josh drew away; afterwards he moralised to himself on the theme suggested by the action. At the time his mind had no room for moralisings.

"I'm catching a train," Josh said.

"You'll have to come back with me, old chap," said Mark.

"I'm not goin' to," said Josh, with calm determination.

"Tell me why, dear," said Sibylla, motioning to Mark to be quiet.

Mark obeyed in infinite content.

Josh's glittering lashes lay on his fat brown cheeks. "I don't like this place; I'm goin'," he said, sullenly.

Then he looked up into the face of such wondrous charm bending to him, and succumbed, as anything male was bound to succumb.

"He jus' looked at me," he burst out. "Jenkins went 'way, and he never said 'Hulloa,' nor noffing; he was awful rude, and I hated the 'ole place more'n more, and so I came straight 'way to catch a train, and I brought my rabbits, but we lost the way, and a ole man told me to go home, and we lost the way heaps, and—and I *won't* go back to him."

Mark had grown slowly red beneath the stress of a guilty conscience. Now he grew redder beneath the sparkling indignation Sibylla turned upon him with her blue eyes.

"Why were you so cruel?" she said.

"I was surprised," Mark answered, inadequately.

Sibylla's short upper lip curled disdainfully. She turned from him to Josh.

Mark hitherto had felt a genuine fondness for this brown nephew of his, and the fondness had been deepening till a few minutes ago. Now it was swallowed up in another feeling. He knew he could not explain his apparent neglect to Sibylla; he caught himself up in stern honesty, the neglect was not only apparent, it was real.

Josh's brown eye came round and up to his uncle's face; then he looked at Sibylla with masculine reproof in every



feature. Why had she made him tell? The thought struggled confusedly in his undeveloped mind.

"I didn't *mean* to tell," he said.

Sibylla murmured comfort.

Josh continued to gaze up at his uncle; he ignored Sibylla.

"He's not like that mostly," he said.

Mark felt drawn to him again.

"Will you come back with me then?" he asked.

Josh's eyes fell.

"You really can't wonder if he doesn't want to," observed Sibylla, coldly.

Josh peeped up to see how that was taken by Mark.

"I'll come," he said, and slipped a hand into his uncle's.

Mark looked at Sibylla with an affectation of meekness, through which his triumph appeared.

Sibylla said, "That's right, Josh," and looked virtuously pleased.

So they wended their way from the station in accord and amity. When they reached the rose and clematis covered cottage, Sibylla bade them good-bye.

Josh looked surprised. "Don't you live with us?" he asked.

Sibylla smiled serenely and said, "No."

Mark's face expressed a confliction of shy emotions that made him look rather attractive, but Sibylla, glancing at him, retained her beautiful serenity.

Mark and Josh pursued their way to the other cottage.

In the middle of the night Mark had a nightmare—a leaden weight on his chest oppressed him, till he felt he was suffocating; he groaned aloud and woke. Josh sat on his chest.

Mark said, "You little beast!" and could have said more.

His avuncular con-

science restrained his tongue, however. Josh was primed with night-and-darkness repentance.

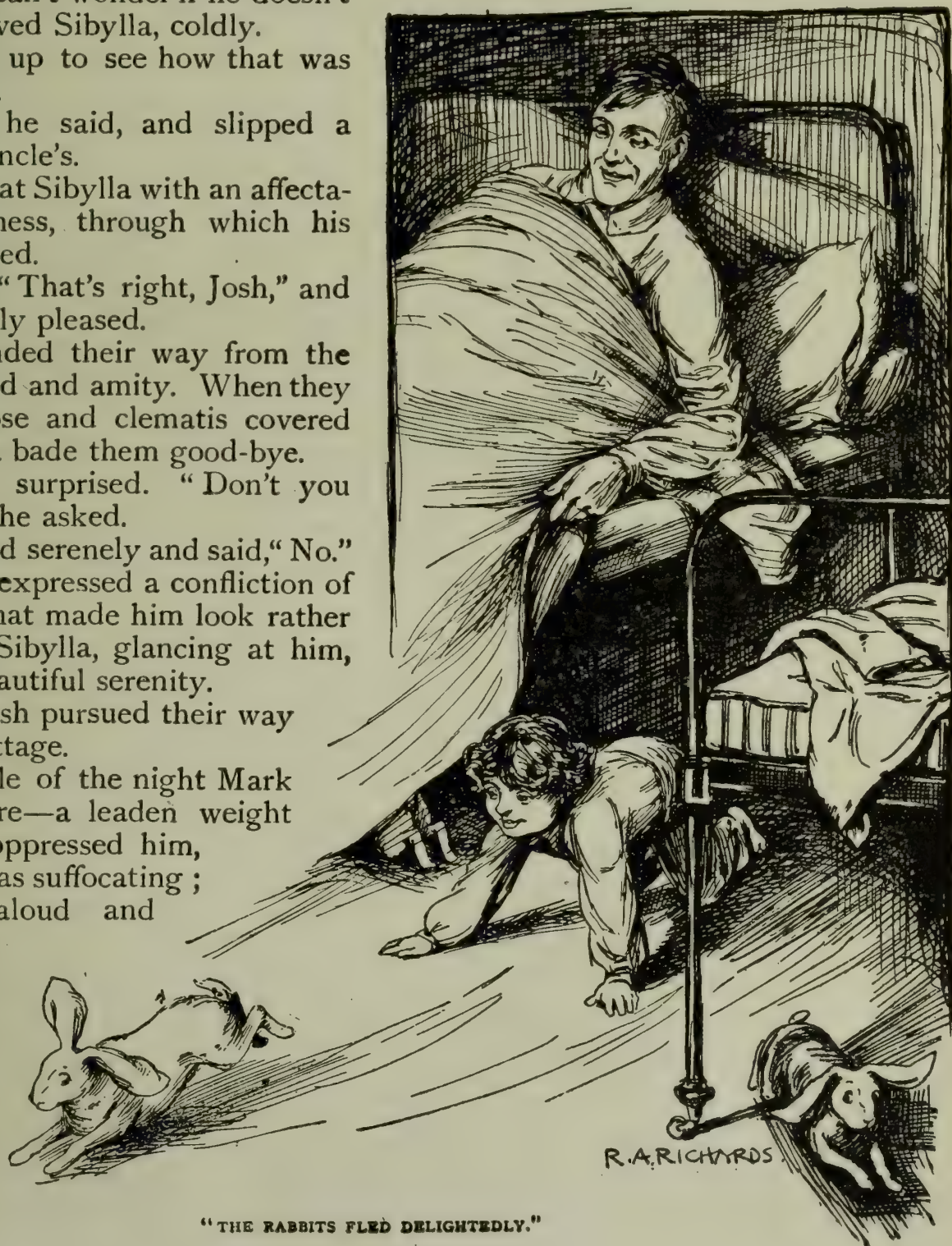
He began, "I'm not really a sneak-um——"

"Go back to bed!" interrupted Mark.

"She jus' *made* me tell!" There was indignation in Josh's voice.

This interested Mark; it was one of the subjects he had pondered deeply lately.

"How did she make you, old man?"



"THE RABBITS FLED DELIGHTEDLY."



he asked, and gave him a corner of blanket.

Josh paused to think; the moon, looking in at the window, shone on his puzzled face.

"She—she *looked* at me!" he burst forth, at last; then he sighed, for he recognised the insufficiency of the explanation.

"She *did* make me," he added, with forlorn emphasis.

Mark nodded.

"It's all right, old man."

But Josh was beset with difficulties.

"Is *that* tellin', too?" he demanded, desperately.

Mark reassured him.

"'Cause I jus' *hate* sneakums!"

"Of course; we never sneak, old chap. Go back to bed—we don't whine either, you know."

Josh went back to bed.

At three in the morning Mark was awaked jumpingly by a terrific clatter. He found Josh rising from the floor.

"What are you doing now?" he demanded.

"Jus' rubbin' my head where it bumped," Josh answered.

"How did it come to bump?"

"At home there's a chest side my bed, and I step on it, and I did here too, on'y there wasn't any chest, so I went straight 'way to the floor."

"What on earth did you want to get on the chest for?" asked his uncle.

Josh was climbing back into his bed.

"It does for the top of a car," he said, laconically.

"I'm not going to have cars in my room—see? You're to go to sleep again, young man."

At half-past four Mark dreamed he was out in a gale of wind; it was a beatific dream, for he dreamt he was sheltering Sibylla from the blast with his manly form. The sense of protecting her, which she had never allowed him to experience, was glorious. He was awakened rudely by a crash; he lay a moment gazing at the huge tree that

had fallen, beaten by the wind, and reassuring Sibylla, who had shrunk back timidly to his side. Then the furniture of his room forced itself upon his clearing mind; he realised at one and the same moment that the wind had dropped, and that the crash had been caused by the banging to of the door. His avuncular conscience was smothered beneath the shock of disappointment and anger; he swore a bad word. He was relieved, then, to see that his nephew was not in the room.

Josh came in, carrying in his arms a fur bundle, with waving appendages.

"Where have you been?" asked his uncle, sternly.

"Jus' to fetch my rabbits," said Josh, trotting across to his bed.

"You're not going to take them into bed with you?" said Mark.

"I am," said Josh, with the plump determination that was characteristic of him.

He essayed to climb into the bed that had been put up for him by the landlord, but, incommoded by the rabbits, fell.

Mark was grimly pleased that he was awake already; Josh made a considerable noise coming in conjunction with the thin-carpeted floor.

The rabbits fled delightedly in three different directions. Josh raised himself with a sigh, and pursued them in business-like silence.

Mark lay and watched the chase lazily; the tubby pyjamad figure trotting with its rolling gait after the frisky rabbits was funny.

"You know, you'll never catch them," Mark observed, after a while.

Josh did not pause. "I will," he said, stooping to pick up John, who had vanished to a distant corner by the time his hand arrived at the floor. Josh raised himself, and trotted after Luke. Matthew had hidden himself securely somewhere.

The rabbits had been named, with a sense of the fitness of things, to round



off a quartette—Matthew, Luke and John. It had been Josh's idea.

"If you fetched their cage with some food in it, they'd probably go for it," Mark suggested, after another interval of watching.

Josh went off without a word.

When he returned with the cage, his feet were grubby.

"Where have you been?" Mark asked, noting the fact.

"Cabbage bed," said Josh, and put the cage on the floor.

The lure succeeded. Luke succumbed first; perhaps his olfactory organ was keener, and sniffed the succulent cabbage sooner.

Matthew and John followed in a race, which John won.

"Now shut them in," said Mark.

Josh, in admiration of his uncle's method, obeyed.

Then Mark rose; it was half-past five, and he did not feel to want more sleep; he had been effectually aroused.

When, both looking somewhat heated, they descended, it was seven o'clock.

Mark had asked savagely, at half-past six, why Josh's nurse had not come with him.

"Boys don't have nurses," Josh had said.

"Then who the dev—dickens gets you fitted up at home?"

"Johnson."

"Your father's man?"

Josh nodded.

"Mary used to be my nurse," he was impelled, by an inveterate honesty, to add; "but I wouldn't have her any more when I grew up. She has dinner and things with me sometimes," he added, carelessly.

Mark eyed Joshua somewhat uncomfortably when they sat at breakfast.

There was a pigeon-chested look about him that Mark did not remember having noticed the day before.

Josh's face expressed a suffering, pathetic patience, too, that discomposed a kind-hearted uncle.

"Feel bad?" he asked.

"Awful bad," acquiesced Josh, with melancholy relish.

"Where?"

Josh put up a chubby, dirty-nailed hand to his bosom.

"What sort of pain?" Mark asked, deciding finally that Agatha was *not* a wonderful woman—she was a particularly silly one. He had had a doubt in the night, but a strong chivalry, inherent in him, had kept it at a doubt; now he doubted no longer.

Josh ate a piece of his rasher of bacon while he considered.

"Sort of squash," he said, at last.

However, the breakfast he ate somewhat reassured his uncle, but he was still doubtful about his figure. He appealed to the landlord's red-cheeked daughter, when she came to clear away the breakfast things.

"Er—does Master—Douglas look to you as if he's dressed all right, Miss Hughes?" he asked, anxiously.

Josh, not recognising himself in the question, devoted his attention and fingers to the jar of marmalade on the table.

Miss Hughes giggled; she always giggled before she answered a question. "Oh, yes, sir," she said.

When Mark and Josh went for a walk they found themselves passing the flower-decked prison which held Sibylla.

Josh, walking on in front, a bowed and humpy-looking figure with a preponderance of back, stopped and looked over his shoulder at Mark.

"Goin' to fetch her?" he suggested.

Mark said, "No."

"Why?" further asked his nephew.

"She's busy."

Josh kicked a stone along the path.

"What's her name?"

"Miss Singleton."

Mark felt curiously excited as he watched his nephew.

Josh raised his voice to a stentorian shout—"Miss Sinnelton! Miss Sinnelton! Miss Sinnelton! Miss Sinnelton!"



He kept straight on till Sibylla appeared in the window.

Then Josh screwed up his fat cheeks in a wide and very sweet smile.

"Good mornin'," he said, politely.

Mark looked deprecatingly, yet with a certain amount of uncle-pride, at Sibylla.

She smiled down at them, beautiful and gracious. But she announced to Josh that she was busy. With a parting shower of dimples she turned away; her eye, resting on Josh in farewell, widened; she leant from the window. "Good gracious!" she said, in comical amazement.

Mark, revelling in an expression he had never seen on her face before, and which was peculiarly fascinating there, forgot what it was that called forth her amazement. He smiled in sympathy.

Sibylla cried, "That poor mite! Who ever put on your clothes, dear?"

Josh looked down at himself, thoughtfully. "It's squashy," he said, patiently.

"I did," acknowledged Mark; "I thought they looked wrong somehow."

The flower-frame stood pictureless. The next instant, Sibylla, radiant, laughing, commiserating, was beside Josh.

"Everything is put on wrong," she said, looking up at Mark with humorous gaze, "his tunic is back to front!"

"I thought things must go on with the neck-hole on top, and doing up in front," he said.

"I can't breathe *very* big," observed Josh.

"I'll take him in and put him right," said Sibylla.

Mark was amazed at Josh's stolidity under this wonderful condescension. Then a remembrance seized him. "Miss Singleton," he said.

Sibylla looked at him over her shoulder.

"It's his nails," said Mark, desperately. "I know it's beastly, but *I couldn't* get them clean; his fingers doubled up like putty."

She looked down at the brown paw in her hand. "Very well," she said, "I'll wash them."

Mark reddened. "I didn't mean that I'll have another try——"

Sibylla vanished within.

### III.

The next morning Mark managed better. Indeed, he scrubbed and rubbed at Josh so energetically that Sibylla, seeing the brilliant rose and brown fascination pass her window, succumbed and came out.

Mark's opinion of his sister-in-law suddenly veered again; after all, she was a very wonderful woman.

Sibylla, coming towards him, in muslin as blue as her eyes, and her chin nestling into the bow of the ribbons that tied on her hat, was a living proof of it. She held no book in her hand.

She spent a long glorious morning with them that seemed as five minutes to Mark. And then she sighed over her wasted time. Mark bore her sighs with tranquillity; she was as bewitching sighing as smiling, and he had had his morning.

Josh crumpled the blue muslin, and dug an inquiring finger into her dimples. "What makes those little holes come?" he asked. More little holes came then, pink this time. Josh watched them earnestly. "They're awful funny," he said. "Uncle hasn't got any."

Mark said once, "I wish I were his age." He nodded towards a round brown cocoanut sort of thing that was presumably his nephew's head amongst the corn.

"Do you see how it twines round every straw?" said Sibylla, alluding to the field convolvulus; "why?"

"Because I might stand a chance of interesting you then?"

She eyed him meditatively.

"Were you like Josh? He is a fat fascination," she said, and broke into smiles as the fascination drew near, holding out a handful of limp poppies.

"Picked 'em for you," said Josh; "I didn't squash any of the corn."

In the days that followed there were





"SIBYLLA, AS HOSTESS, WAS PERHAPS AT HER SWEETEST."

several walks; then Sibylla repented, and shut herself up once more in the flowery prison, and it remained impregnable.

The crimson ramblers and clematis tapped and peeped against an empty frame. Mark and Josh went for rows on the river that called aloud in its beauty for Sibylla. Mark let Josh shout, and the shout was answered from within the cottage:—

"I am busy, Josh, please go away."

Mark realised she distrusted herself should she once set eyes upon Josh. He racked his brains for a means to make her come to the window.

"Josh," he said, after a fruitless racking, "if your mother were my sister instead of my sister-in-law, it's very sure she would never have been a wonderful woman."

"She's awful nice," said Josh with a sigh.

Mark had received a letter from her a few mornings since: he understood now that Josh was the aid to courtship. He acknowledged he was a very efficient aid up to a certain point, beyond that he failed as being altogether too fascinating, and not possessing the art of self-effacement.

That afternoon Sir Joshua trotted on before his uncle and turned a corner of a lane. Then there issued noises from round the corner, and Mark ran. He came upon the scene just as Josh in a blind fury, head down, rushed, hitting out madly, upon a country yokel several sizes bigger than himself. Mark gripped the yokel's collar with one hand and pulled Josh off with the other. "Leave him to me," he said to his nephew, and Josh, recognising that the yokel would probably receive direr punishment at his uncle's hands than at his, drew back, explaining furiously:—



"He kicked him two times—I saw him—he made him *blood*!" He choked, then went on, "It was on'y a *little* dog—beat him, uncle! Oh, make him blood, too! Oh, make him!"

Mark knew Josh's habit of absolute truth and non-exaggeration, so he lifted his stick and laid it about the yokel's squirming body with much heartiness and strength.

Josh stood by, his face smeared horribly, and looked and listened with earnest satisfaction.

The dog had disappeared. The yokel, under pressure, told them it did not belong to him, and where its owners lived. They went to inquire after it, and found it having its foot bathed where the yokel had kicked the skin off.

Josh said, while his nose was being bathed too by the dog's grateful mistress, "I do hope *his* skin is off, too!"

Mark opined smilingly that at any rate it must be feeling pretty sore.

On the way back Mark suddenly developed an anxiety about Josh.

"Sure you're not hurt, old man?" he asked.

Josh considered. "I did bump my head 'gainst the tin pot he was carr'ing," he said.

Mark looked very cheerful. He made a circuit and came out on the gravel path worn almost smooth by his paces. Then he called brazenly, "Miss Singleton, awfully sorry to trouble you, but Josh has been in the wars——"

It brought her running to the window, and then to the door. She wasted no time in questions, but once understanding it was his head that was hurt, led him away amidst little soft murmurings that brought the emptiness of Mark's heart aching home to him. When she swept back into the room where he was waiting, followed by a scented-browed Sir Joshua, she said, "You must stay to tea with me."

Sibylla as hostess was perhaps at her sweetest. She dazzled Mark, but in his dazzlement he was infinitely happy.

He apologised for disturbing her reading, "But a head, you know, a—er—dangerous—might have been something bad. A man, Miss Singleton, is so helpless."

She turned her eyes anxiously upon Josh consuming cake and strawberries.

"I'm so glad you called me," she said graciously; "I think he will be all right now."

"Thanks to you," said Mark with fervour.

She gave the little soft laugh that set him thinking of all the most beautiful things in the world—more especially of flowers swaying in the breeze. The rays of the sun touched the ripples of her hair—deep brown, dusky, in the inner wave, gold on the outward.

Her graciousness emboldened him; he pleaded for the river. "You have never let me take you on it—it absolutely cries aloud for you——"

"'Watery arms outstretched,';" she smiled, but she went.

Mark's opinion of Josh as an aid to courtship went up considerably. During tea he had effaced himself behind cake and strawberries; in the boat he fell asleep.

Mark rowed slowly, lazily, between banks fragrant with meadowsweet. They were silent for the most part—the ripple of the water, the swaying of the rushes, and the songs of the birds made a music that was "As sweet . . . as bright Apollo's lute," and when they spoke, their voices were low. Mark thought Sibylla's chimed in with all the other sweet sounds and added to their sweetness.

She looked at him once dreamily. "I am glad I came," she said; and after she had spoken a pink flush crept over her face—perhaps it was a reflection of the flush in his.

He had not seen her blush before. Words, impassioned, glowing, rushed to his lips, but came no further; they revenged themselves by leaping forth from his eyes, and Sibylla glancing



towards him, saw them. For a space her startled eyes read his—held against her will by the fascination of a man's honest whole-souled love in a boyish face—then she looked away, and her face gleamed softly pale.

She looked towards Josh appealingly.

Mark saw, and spoke gently—of the forget-me-nots by the banks. She responded with soft dignity; they spoke scarcely at all then. When they stood on the little gravel path Mark said, "Are you sorry you came?"

She was silent; her gaze wandered to a book lying on her window-sill.

Mark saw the white throat above her laces throb quickly.

Josh observed, "It's my rabbits' supper-time; I'm goin'."

She was roused, she turned to Mark hesitatingly, and met the appeal in his eyes. "No," she said, and swept within the flower-wreathed door.

#### IV.

A week later Josh departed.

Sibylla said, "I am not going to give up my reading."

She looked like a tall white flower in that sunny lane.

Mark answered contentedly, "Oh, no; we'll read together."

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## "GOIN' BACK"

By GEORGE COSSINS

(Johannesburg, 1903)

No, I 'aven't made a fortune since I've been upon the Rand,  
 Tho' I 'aven't done so badly, so to speak;  
 But there's always somethin' callin' from my own Australian land,  
 An' the callin's growin' louder every week!

For it tells of silver wattles, in the moonlight glist'nin' fair  
 An' of miles of bush that's tinted blue and grey;  
 Of the perfume of the wattle-bloom upon the evenin' air,  
 An' the callin's growin' louder every day!

O, it tells of river-reaches, girt with mallee tall an' slim,  
 Of the banks with ti-tree bushes, all a-flower;  
 Of lagoons befringed with rushes, where the teal an' wild duck swim,  
 An' the callin's growin' louder every hour!

An' it tells of sad eyes gazin' o'er the purplin' hills at night  
 Of a stern-faced dad, grown bent, an' worn, an' grey;  
 Of the kids who cheer'd and whimper'd when their brother went to fight—  
 Hang the fortune! *I am goin' home to-day!*



## THE GOLF WALK

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

*Behold, my child, this touching scene,  
The golfer on the golfing-green;  
Pray mark his legs' uncanny swing,  
The golf-walk is a gruesome thing!*

*See how his arms and shoulders ride  
Above his legs in haughty pride,  
While over bunker, hill and lawn  
His feet, relentless, drag him on.*

*And does the man walk always so?  
Nay! nay! my child, and eke, oh! no!  
It is a gait he only knows  
When he has on his golfing clothes.*

*Blame not the man for that strange stride,  
He could not help it if he tried;  
It is his timid feet that try  
From his obstreperous clothes to fly.*





B. CORY KILVERT.

## THE GOLF WALK.





By CRAIG NELSON

**K**OLIVAI stands near the western horn of the crescent which forms the island of Tongatabu, the chief of the Friendly group. Right in the heart of the town are two trees, which are famed throughout southern Polynesia. Not that they are in any way remarkable from the botanist's point of view; merely two very ordinary specimens of the *toa*, the casuarina, or ironwood tree. But from time immemorial these trees have been the chosen abode of a vast colony of flying foxes, or fruit bats—*peka*, as the Tongans call them. Two colonies, rather. All day the trees are covered with thousands of *pekas*, sleeping suspended head downwards by the hooks upon their wings. As sunset draws near they awake and take flight to seek their food, and their place is taken by as many more who have spent the day ravaging the banana plantation of the natives. At dawn and dusk the sky is darkened by myriads of flapping black leathery wings, and the

ear is deafened with the shrill squeaking cry of the countless bats.

Though the damage done by them to the plantations is very considerable, no native ever attempts to kill them; sacred as the monkeys in a Hindu Temple are the *pekas* of Kolivai.

Sometimes a wondrous portent is seen. Amid the thousands of dark-brown and orange-coloured bats a white *peka* is noticed. Then there is woe in the house of Ata, the hereditary chieftain of Hihifo, for within three days he will be dead. The white *peka* is to him what the white bird was to the Oxen-hams—the same foreteller of death. And such is Polynesian nature that although he may be in the full pride of health and strength, he makes no effort to withstand the omen. A true fatalist, he lies on his mat and awaits death, and death comes.

Some seventy years ago the reigning Ata was a young man of proud, imperious nature, arbitrary and vindictive,



Brave in the fight, cruel in victory, savage in defeat. In time of peace he ruled his people with an iron hand, oppressing them and exacting the uttermost.

Amongst his people was a young warrior named Malohi, a man esteemed brave in battle and wise in council. If Ata loved or trusted anyone it was

to her waist; her large lustrous eyes were soft and melting. In her little hand, no larger or less shapely than that of a high-born European lady, she held the heart of Malohi; her own was wholly his.

One day as Ata walked along the beach with bow and arrows, engaged in the chief-like sport of rat shooting, he



GIGANTIC TREE NEAR MUA.

Malohi, who has stood by his side in many a bloody fray, and by his sage advice had aided him to win many an important fight. And Malohi was devoted to his chief.

But Malohi was in love. Saani, the daughter of the chief of Nukunuku, was tall and slim. Her limbs exquisitely moulded as those of a bronze Venus; her glossy black hair, dyed in parts with lime to a rich warm russet, hung nearly

saw Saani standing knee deep in the tide, washing her beautiful hair. The wet kirtle she wore clung to her limbs, revealing to the full their beauty and outline. Naked from the waist up, save for her mantle of hair, the exquisite curves of her bust and arms were displayed.

Ata halted.

"Who is that maid?" he asked.

"It is Saani, chief," said one of his



retainers. "She is the daughter of Fakamoua, of Nukunuku, and Malohi loves her."

Ata made no reply. Flinging his bow to one of his attendants he turned and strode moodily homewards, his eyes on the ground, speaking to none. Arrived at Kolivai, he entered his house, and throwing himself on his mat, he lay for hours silently thinking. At last, as dusk fell and the air was full of crying *pekas*, he rose and called for food. Having eaten, he summoned one of his household, an old woman named Tovi, and held long and secret converse with her. Then night having fallen, soon the whole town was wrapped in sleep.

Malohi's hut was at the eastern end of the town, that nearest to Nukunuku some three miles away. He had spent the evening playing *lafo* with some of his friends, and having discussed the bowl of *kava* which had formed the stakes in the game, he was fast asleep. Towards morning, a low whisper of his name near his head awoke him. He sprang to his feet and raised the screen; in the deep shadow which his house cast in the sinking moon, he saw two girls crouching, Saani and another. With a sign to him to follow in silence, the girls glided away to the adjacent bush. He followed closely till at a safe distance from the nearest house and well hidden in the dense vegetation, the girls stopped.

"What is it, my Saani?" asked Malohi, wondering.

"It is grief, Malohi. To-day Ata saw me as I bathed in the sea. To-night he has sent the old woman Tovi to my father to demand me. He told her I was promised to you, but she said Ata knew that—that both my father and you were his men, and must give me up. Ah, Malohi, let us die together rather!"

Then Malohi swore a bitter oath.

"Long and well have I served Ata," he cried. "Now I am no longer his man. Return home, my Saani, and

make thee ready. Ere the dawn I will come to thee. Tovi sleeps at thy house to-night?"

"Yes. To-morrow morning she returns to Ata. By to-morrow night, if thou savest me not, I am to be sent to Kolivai."

"Fear not, Saani. To-morrow night will find thee far from Kolivai. Thou shalt never sleep in the house of Ata!"

Then Malohi walked with the girls through the tropic night, under the rustling palm trees and amid the sweet-scented luxuriance of the island bush, till they reached the outlying huts of Nukunuku. There he said farewell till the morrow, and hastened back to Kolivai, while they crept noiselessly to their father's house.

Next morning early Tovi arose and walked back to Kolivai. Ata was awake, after a restless night, and waiting for her.

"All is well, chief," she said. "This night Saani and her maidens will be here. Fakamoua sends greeting. He is preparing gifts to send with his daughter."

Ata smiled an evil smile.

"Bid them prepare for her coming," was all he said, and he lay down again and slept.

But towards noon a small body of men were seen approaching from the direction of Nukunuku. No bridal company this—rather a troop of mourners, clad in tattered mats and ragged *gatu*. In the centre of them strode Fakamoua, moaning and bewailing. The noise they made aroused Ata, who stepped to his doorway and glared at the party.

"What is it?" he cried. "Why come ye here mourning?"

Then Fakamoua told his tale. How that in the morning, when he sent for Saani to make her ready for her bridal, he found that she was gone—whither none knew. All the forenoon his scouts had been searching, but so far no news had come. Wherefore he thought it best to come to Ata, lest he should be blamed.



"Pig!" exclaimed Ata. "Do you mock me thus?" And speaking, he threw his *kolo*, or short throwing club, at Fakamoua's head. It missed him by a hair's breadth, else the mourning party had had someone to mourn for.

"Where is Malohi?" thundered Ata. "Bring him to me."

Swift runners went and promptly re-

The men dispersed, and soon word was brought to Ata that Malohi and Saani were living together at Houma, a town on the neutral belt between Hihifo and Mua. Thither Ata sent an embassy to Vaea, the chief, ordering him to deliver them up.

But Vaea, who was just then leagued with Mua, was in no humour to obey the haughty commands of Ata.



BURYING PLACE OF THE TINTONGA OR SEMI-DIVINE KINGS OF OLD TONGA.

turned. Malohi had not been seen since the previous evening. His house was empty, his clubs and much of his property gone.

Then Ata summoned his people.

"Seek ye out Malohi and Saani," he cried. "Bring them to me, alive or dead. If dead, great shall be the reward of the killer; if alive, the captor shall never want whilst he lives. Away—seek them!"

"Bid Ata come and fetch them," he said. "Who am I to give up my visitors to him?"

In a raging fury Ata bad his people prepare for war. His heralds, with their conch-shells, flew over Hihifo, summoning all men to follow their chief.

By the third day from the disappearance of Malohi and his bride, the town of Kolivai was thronged with armed men. That afternoon Ata reviewed his



force, and bid all be ready to follow him against Houma next day. Then he retired to his house to rest and drink *kava*.

Ere the first bowl was prepared, Tovi came running to the house, trembling like a leaf, and almost fainting.

"Oh, Ata!" she screamed. "The white *peka*!"

Ata sprang to his feet, and, seizing a spear, walked steadily to the *malae*, where stands the *toa* trees. There, amid the thousands of dusky bats, hung one whose snowy coat glistened in the rays of the setting sun.

He gazed a minute, then turned.

"Bid the men return home," he commanded. "We will not march against Houma to-morrow."

Without another word he returned to his house, and dismissing all his people, lay down, but not to sleep.

"This is the first time," he repeated to himself, again and again throughout the long night.

Next day he busied himself about affairs of state and family until evening. At sundown he again visited the *malae*; the white *peka* again hung amongst its sable brethren.

"It is the sign," said Ata. Straight to his house he went, and sending for his household gave them his last orders. Then he laid down to await death. On the third day at sunset, whilst the air was dark with countless rushing wings, amid the plaintive cries of the *pekas*, Ata passed away.

Next day the news reached Houma. And Saani, when she heard of his death, took a damp cloth and wiped the limewash off the bodies of two or three captive *pekas*, and turned them loose.



A LANDING PLACE ON THE TONGAN COAST.





"BUILT ON THE BANKS OF A TIDAL RIVER."

## "BEATS THE DUTCH"

By ROBERT BARR

**I**F you provide yourself with the proper sort of ticket and enter the 8.30 p.m. Continental train at Liverpool Street Station, you will enjoy a comfortable and rapid ride to Harwich, and at this port you will find waiting for you a commodious and swift steamer which will land you at the Hook of Holland sometime after five in the morning. The Hook and I have often met at this early hour.

\* \* \* \* \*

The low lying islands of the North Sea keep up a continual fight against salt water. The particular island which I visited for the purpose of this article lost the battle with the waves five years

ago, and is only just recovering its former prosperity. I shall not trouble you with foreign names, and so will translate the title of this place into the Isle of the Frying Pan, because in shape it is something like a frying pan, wanting the handle; and the sea wall around it corresponds to the rim of the frying pan. The island is lower than the sea which circles it every time the tide is high, and I am not sure that its level is above the waters even when the tide is low. As I was saying, about five years ago during an exceptionally high tide, the salt water came over the rim of the sea wall and then the inhabitants had to get out of the Frying Pan, not into the





AN OLD WINDMILL.

*From a Pencil Drawing by L. A. Peachey.*



fire, but into the water and on to the roofs of their houses. Luckily no one was drowned (these people are half amphibious anyhow), and they were taken off in boats. As I understand the natives, this disaster was not a case of the sea wall breaking, but of the tide rising so high that it poured over into the dish from all sides, and I think it will be admitted that this must have been a terrifying sight for the dwellers on the island. Up to that time great crops of corn and other produce were grown in the Fry- ing Pan, but for two or three years following the inundation nothing grew but grass.

To reach this island I had first to take a train journey which landed me in a pretty little mainland town built on the banks of a tidal river. It would be

useless for me to name this town because its appellation contains no less than fifteen letters, and if I set them all down here you would not in the least know how to pronounce the word unless you

heard one of the inhabitants give the name. It was easy to perceive that the people among whom I now found myself were a nautical race, for the waters in front of this town were almost covered with craft of all sorts from the trim, ladylike yacht to the big, lubberly barge and black tarred fishing vessel, stoutly built and able to stand the storms of the North Sea. The town sported no less than three yacht club houses. All of them are built of wood, for timber seems to be cheap in this land,



EASTERN YACHT CLUB.



CENTRAL YACHT CLUB.



and many of the cottages in the town itself were constructed of good Norway pine, some of them tarred and picturesque, others jauntily decked out in gay colours so dear to the heart of the foreigner and seeming to indicate that the town thought itself a summer resort, which indeed in a sense it was, but it was vastly different from the trim respectability and pretentiousness of our own seaside resorts, such as Brighton or Scarborough. The pro-

of my culture, I may say with all modesty that during my residence in this town I found no difficulty in making myself understood, and although now and then a word was used by the natives that proved an enigma to me, nevertheless I succeeded in understanding them about as well as they comprehended me. The water-side population were an easy-going lot, and did not pester the visitor by urging him to hire their craft, as is so often the case in an Eng-

lish watering-place. However, the denizens of these distant parts are not loth to turn an honest penny, and when I made it known that I wished on the following day to visit the Isle of the Frying Pan, a stalwart native named Van Rose said he had just the boat that would suit my requirements, pointing her out as she lay anchored in the falling tide. She was a boat about eighteen



WESTERN YACHT CLUB.

menade in front of the town of fifteen letters was merely the somewhat widened top of the sea wall, and was gravelled instead of paved. It was there for use and not for ornament, yet nevertheless, it became quite gay in the evening with promenaders, and two groups of benches formed resting places for those who wished to sit down and enjoy the wide prospect over grey waters and flat lands.

It gives an additional pleasure to travel if one is able to speak the language of the people, even though he do it haltingly. Without wishing to boast

feet long, with one mast near the prow and a short bowsprit for a flying jib—if that is the name of the triangular sail which takes the lead. The mainsail was attached to a kind of slanting yard-arm that could be hoisted to the top of the short mast, giving the outfit a lateen effect, as if we were to voyage on the Mediterranean. Van Rose assured me that this vessel, even though she had no deck, would outlive the worst storm the North Sea could produce, and that seemed to be guarantee enough for a mild summer day, with the sun beating



down hot and merely a zephyr blowing. Being then more anxious for my comfort than my safety, I stipulated that Van Rose should add to the equipment the most luxurious cushions he possessed, which he promised to do.

The boat was to be ready for me by ten o'clock next morning, and we were to go down the estuary in the teeth of the rising tide. I was much struck by the fact that there was no competition between the boatmen for the securing of a customer. No one interfered with the bargain Van Rose and I made very leisurely on the quay as the sun was going down over reddened waters in the west. The price the man asked was equivalent to ten shillings of our money, and for the sum the boat was mine all the long summer's day. The people with whom I stayed put up for me an ample lunch, consisting mainly of very fine wheat-en bread, excellent butter, and slices of ham. A delicious beer is brewed locally, tasting somewhat different from the products of the Burton breweries, but nevertheless extremely palatable, and selling for a sum which is equivalent to twopence-halfpenny a bottle.

I regret to say that my voyage to the island of the Frying Pan began inauspiciously. Perhaps it was my faulty acquaintance with the language; but, be that as it may, I understood that Mynheer Van Rose was himself to ac-

company me, and I also understood that he would bring comfortable cushions with which to soften the asperity of the plank seats. Like the Duke of Plaza-toro, I do not expect much deference, yet nevertheless, when I am paying the money I look for a little consideration from those who receive it. I do not know why this should be; I am merely stating a fact. Perhaps by rights I should have assumed the

deferential attitude toward the boatman. Anyhow, when I came out from my lodging-place, carrying a huge lunch and many bottles in a hamper, Mynheer Van Rose was nowhere to be seen, and one of his numerous fellow-citizens, who were always lounging about the esplanade, casually remarked that my boatman had gone to the station to see a train come in, but that the boat was there waiting for me, and sitting unconcernedly in the stern was a youth of about nineteen,

whose fresh face had not that salt-dried appearance which I expect in a man who is going to personally conduct me over the waves of the North Sea. I shouted down to the boy and asked him where the promised cushions were. He knew nothing about them, he replied, appearing to think that the planks were good enough for anybody. In fact, like all the rest there, he seemed to take very little interest in the matter, and even when I an-



AN OLD WINDMILL IN THE TOWN OF FIFTEEN LETTERS.





"THE FARM HOUSES WERE EMBOWERED IN GREEN."

nounced angrily that I would take another boat, he merely shrugged his shoulders and let it go at that. Not till this moment did a competitor appear. A man—Herr Van Moss—approached me, made an awkward salute, yet, curiously enough, when he spoke it was not to offer a substitute for the arrangement I had repudiated. He said gently that the boy was as good a sailor as there was on all that coast, even though he appeared young, while the boat itself was most comfortable and seaworthy.

"I shall not take it," I said vehemently. "Have you a boat of your own?"

He admitted with some reluctance that he had.

"Very well," said I, "I will take your boat if you will put some cushions in it."

He agreed to this transfer of custom, but without enthusiasm. His boat was at the further end of the town, and we walked up there together, he relieving me of my somewhat heavy lunch hamper. Pausing by a junk shop, which

apparently he owned, he went inside and brought forth a couple of cushions, somewhat the worse for wear. Then going down the steps at the upper end of the promenade we found a boat quite as good as the one I had abandoned lying ready for us. Packing away the lunch in the prow and throwing a bit of canvas over it to shelter it from the blazing sun, he told

me that a good way of dealing with the beer was to tie a thin cord round the neck of the bottle, and tow it behind us like a ship's log, this imparting the coolness of the North Sea to the beverage. I cordially recommend this plan to all voyagers.

A gentle southerly wind was blowing, and into this the sailor shook out his canvas, and we spun along past the picturesque red-tinted town, which I viewed with interest from the water. The gentle loungers on the quay waved





a farewell to us as we skimmed past, and I fancied there was some subdued laughter as we went by, which I attributed to the effect my costume had upon them, for I was clothed in a manner that must have seemed strange to them, so unlike was my dress to theirs. Later, however, I found the real cause of their mirth. Looking round to my sailor sitting impassively at the stern I thought I recognised him.

"I say, young fellow," I asked suspiciously, "are you the chap I refused to go out with some minutes ago?"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"And is this the same boat?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"You just came up from the lower landing to meet me at the upper after I had abandoned you?"

"Yes, sir," he repeated.

"But why did not Mynheer Van Moss take advantage of the absence of Mynheer Van Rose and send me out in a craft of his own?"

"They're partners," said the boy. "Van Rose is my elder brother and Van Moss is his partner."

So I gathered from this that the quay-side *habitues* thought the joke was on me rather than on the man who had deserted me. I soon came to have a great respect for my young sailor, who handled the boat most expertly, and who was full of interesting information regarding his people and their doings. The scenery was nothing much to brag about, for the high sea walls on either side allowed us to see nothing pertaining

to the land except the red low roof of a hidden house now and then. When the town had sunk out of view we turned from the main channel into another that helped to make the Frying Pan an island. It was an arm of the sea flung coquettishly round the waist of this maid of the tossing waters. A black Government ship on the lookout for smugglers lay in the centre of this creek, and pausing here we drew alongside some very slippery steps, up which I sprawled as well as I could to the top



"OUT FROM AMONG THE HOUSES AROSE A GIGANTIC WINDMILL."

of the sea wall, and then looked down into the Frying Pan. Here and there were some clumps of trees, but mainly the island was as bare as the bottom of the pan it resembled. There was a village in the very centre of the island said to be worth seeing on account of its quaintness. The road lay in the burning sunshine like a chalk mark over the green, a mile and a half from coast to village. A pointed church steeple stood to the left of the settlement, and out from among the houses arose a gigantic windmill. Although the farm lands



were unwooded, the farmhouses were embowered in green, most of them with a black moat around them. The three miles from the coast to the village and back again formed as hot and as rough a walk as I have taken this many a day. The land appears to be stiff clay, and the road seemed to have been ploughed into furrows while the clay was wet. About the only person I saw in the village was a young sailor man sitting on a log with his arm round a girl, by the side of a pond in the scorching sun. I photographed them twice, once without permission while the sailor's arm was in its place, and secondly at the earnest request of the young couple themselves when I hove in sight and they saw I had a camera with me. The island was exceedingly foreign looking, and as you stood in the centre of it you saw white sails all round its rim, but no sea visible, because of the high walls, which have had two or three feet added to them since the disaster of five years ago. On returning to the boat we struck out into the North Sea, trailing bottles in its cool waves, and there under the shade of the sail had lunch, after which we returned leisurely to the town whose name consists of fifteen letters.

\* \* \* \* \*

In beginning this article I made a statement about the Continental train of the Great Eastern Railway which is strictly accurate, nevertheless on this occasion I did not take that route. I merely wished the gentle reader's mind to journey on to Holland while I stayed quietly at home in Essex. The island

is called Foulness, which seems wrongly spelled when you consider that it was named because of the wild fowl upon it. It lies a few miles east of London on the Essex Coast, and the town with fifteen letters in its name is Burnham-on-Crouch. A stranger would call it "Burnham," but the inhabitants of the place pronounce it "Barnum," just as if it were the birthplace of the great showman.

I give photographs of the three club houses, but the members will have to sort them out to suit themselves; I don't know which is which. I think that furthest west is the Royal Corinthian, the middle one the Burnham Sailing Club, and the eastern the London Sailing Club, but I refuse to make this statement on oath.

On Friday evening the London Sailing Club fired a cannon, either in honour of my arrival or because the sun had just set. The echo was the most remarkable I ever heard, and travelled up the river like a thunder storm galloping along a road. In such a flat land there seemed nothing to produce an echo; I had always associated echoes with hills; but this appeared to reverberate between the clouds and the water with most sensational effect. It seemed to follow the windings of the river until it died away in the distance.

I was on the spot Saturday evening, but the gun, greatly to my disappointment, was not fired, which made me conclude it was shot off in my own honour the night before, for the sun went down Saturday evening as usual.





# THE Art of Fame

by E.B. McCormick.

*Illustrated by P. Orchardson.*



LOWDER WAS reading by Lowder's fire one evening, when he suddenly sat up and thumped his knee.

"I've got it!" he ejaculated.

"Eh—got what?"

"I've got an idea."

Reluctantly I put down my book and remarked, "Ah!"

"Yes," he continued, "and it's a good one, too. I believe it'll serve my turn. You know, I've often said to you I'm not satisfied with the progress I'm making in my profession?"

"Often," I replied, greatly fatigued.

There was not the least necessity for Lowder to make progress in his profession, as he enjoyed a very handsome private competence; but I had long relinquished the attempt to discourage his impracticable ambitions, or quench his thirst for fame.

"And it's not, as you know yourself, any fault of mine. It's not as if there was anything the matter with my voice. So far as professional equipment, so far as mere merit and vocal quality go, I'm qualified to take a place in the front rank of popular singers. You know that yourself."

Lowder's gift appealed more especially to those who put quantity before quality, and as I do not belong to this class, I did not immediately answer.

"You know that yourself," he repeated loudly.

"Yes, yes—oh, undoubtedly."

"You've said yourself I should be heard to advantage in the Albert Hall."

"I think you would."

"And that good judges have expressed astonishment at my depth and volume."

"They certainly have."

"Well, then, what's the matter with me, and why haven't I obtained the success I'm entitled to?"

As nothing less than a prominent position on the operatic stage was what Lowder considered himself entitled to, I let his question drop, and he went on to answer it himself.

"It's simply this. I don't push enough. I don't advertise. You can't do anything nowadays without plenty of advertisement, and that's where I've been wanting. I'm too quiet and retiring. I see that."

I did not see that myself, and I do not think anyone else would have noticed it with the naked eye, for there was no clue to these traits in Lowder's manner or physiognomy. He was a big, bull-throated, thick-chested man, with florid face and confident, even aggressive, bearing; but I did not dispute his diagnosis, and he continued:—

"Well, I'm going to try another tack. I've been thinking it over, and I've got a splendid idea. You remember Lillie Lovel and her libel case that was in all the papers a few years ago?"

"No. Who's she?"

"She's a music-hall star, and she sued a paper man for hinting there was a



touch of vulgarity in one of her songs, and what's more, she won her case and got damages."

"No!"

"Yes! and that's what gave me the idea. You see what it is?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Oh, wake up! You don't suppose that woman felt really injured or aspersed by such a comment?"

"Don't you think she did?"

"Pshaw! of course not. You don't go to music-halls for refinement. If you don't expect vulgarity in a music-hall, what do you expect there? No, her feelings weren't hurt, bless you; it was just a dodge to attract public attention, an advertising artifice—nothing more. All the same, it was a rattling good dodge, and I'm going to take a leaf out of Lottie's—I mean Lillie's—book, and you've got to help me."

This was Lowder's uncouth way of asking a favour, but it was my habit to bear with him, and I only asked: "In what way?"

"This way. You're still on *The Glee-man*, aren't you?"

"I report occasionally for it."

"Very good. My idea is this: You go down and arrange with the editor to report my next appearance, and then take the opportunity to regularly walk into me. You know—a regular right-down coarse, insulting attack, with plenty of vulgar epithets and offensive personalities thrown in, so as to make a sensation and draw upon me public notice and sympathy. Well, then, I promptly bring an action for libel, win a triumphant verdict, and there you are. My name goes all over the place, and brings me such vogue I shall have to refuse a dozen engagements a day."

"What about the editor? He'll never print such a thing as that."

"Oh, yes, he will; you can arrange that. Tell him I'll pay all his expenses and costs and damages, and anything else in reason he asks for."

I weighed the proposal in silence for

a space—long enough for Lowder to grow impatient, which never took long.

"Well, isn't it a good idea?"

"Yes—oh, yes, it's a clever idea. But doesn't it seem a little—well, wouldn't it be rather—rather queer?"

"What d'ye mean—queer?" he demanded, much ruffled.

"Well, do you think it would be quite the thing—quite—er—good form—for a gentleman to use such means?"

Lowder enlarged his eyes coldly.

"Oh, I see. You mean I'm not a gentleman—is that it? You might as well say so plainly as be always implying it. It's a wonder such a superior person cares to associate with a low cad like me!"

"Don't be so absurd, Lowder. You know I don't mean anything of the kind. I was only turning it over, as you asked my opinion. I do wish you wouldn't get so crusty directly a fellow offers the least suggestion or criticism."

"Oh, you've always such a cargo of criticism to unload when I want anything done. I should have thought such a close friend"—his tone was unpleasant—"would be glad to do me a service whenever he could."

"So I am!—so I do! Is that all the thanks I get——"

"Oh, no, it's not all the thanks you get—not by a long way, and I wish you'd have the goodness not to forget it."

Lowder's distressing manners and unparalleled temper had often put a heavy strain on our friendship, and I asked myself, not for the first time, whether its continuance was reconcilable with the respect I owed myself. But also not for the first time I remembered Lowder's better qualities and decided to defer a rupture.

Though my leisure hours were largely at Lowder's disposal I was in the main a musical and dramatic critic, and his great sides had often shaken in delighted appreciation of articles in which I had dealt faithfully with one or other of his acquaintance or rivals who had blown



themselves bubble reputations that called for pricking. But I always wrote in good faith, and I had withstood on various pretexts Lowder's repeated suggestion that I should give him the benefit of the puff direct.

His present proposal, however, appealed to me differently. It seemed, on reflection, to offer an opportunity of discharging indirectly one of the primary obligations of friendship without the personal hazard involved in confronting undisguisedly a person of my friend's tremendous temperament.

I therefore presently signified my acquiescence in the suggested plot and left Lowder in restored good humour.

Not without difficulty I persuaded the editor of *The Gleeman* to play his part in the conspiracy. Then I obtained from Lowder the date and place of his next engagement, and when the time came equipped myself with a note-book and some cotton wool and went to hear him.

My friend sighted me at once, and I felt his large eye upon me throughout, so I had to sit to the end and look as though I enjoyed it. When it was over I retired to my rooms with a pain in my head to write the required notice. This, after a good deal of trouble, I accomplished to my satisfaction, and the following afternoon I repaired to Lowder's house in the Palace Road to read him what I had written. I found him in what he called his study, though it was better furnished with pipes and (starred) bottles than with books or paper. The room was full of smoke, which he was discharging from his nostrils like a dragon, but I could see at once that it was not one of his best days. I found he had had an encounter with his housekeeper and been defeated with heavy loss of temper. This did not tend to diminish the slight sinking sensation of which I was aware at the pit of my stomach, but when I explained my appearance his brows relaxed and he gave an expectant chuckle.

"Ha, ha! That's right. Come along, let's hear what you've done."

He waved me to a seat opposite his own at the fire, but I took one further away as I was feeling quite warm.

"Fire away," called Lowder after a slight pause.

I pulled out the MS., cleared my throat and began forthwith.

"The next name on the programme was one hitherto entirely unknown to us, and we sincerely wish it might have remained so. The name itself, 'Clarence Badenoch,' ringing as it did with sonorous music, had stimulated our pleasantest expectancy, but these hopes, it may be said at once, were very dismally dashed by the large and curious person who has appropriated this sounding pseudonym—for pseudonym it is. From private sources we are apprised that in private life he answers to the less incongruous cognomen of Tom Lowder——"

"Hold on," interjected Lowder. "There's no sense in that."

"No sense in what?" was my surprised inquiry.

"There's no sense in giving my name away," he returned with some approach to warmth.

"But my dear fellow it'll have to come out in court; you don't suppose you can keep it dark all through the libel action?"

Lowder was silent, not having, it seemed, thought of this, and disrelishing the notion of his cherished alias publicly blown upon.

"You see that?"

"Oh! go on," said Lowder, turning again to the fire; so I went on.

"The title by which Mr. Lowder figures on a stage of any importance, other than such as Messrs. Barnum or Sandow might provide, is wrapped for us, we must admit, in impenetrable mystery. His only claim to professional distinction, so far as we could discover, resides in the astounding and even terrific force and resonance of his lungs and throat. We have heard the Flying



Dutchman roar in a tunnel, we have heard a tempest burst in the tropics, but we have had no experience either in art or nature of anything that could even remotely suggest the overwhelming gusto with which Mr. Lowder vociferates the forte passages of his songs. Even 'Blow Soft Ye Gales,' as it issued from his wide mouth, might have been fitly re-christened, 'Howl Uproariously Ye Hurricanes.'"

I glanced at Lowder as I threw the leaf over. His eyes appeared to be following, with a cold intensity of interest, the movement of a cat upon the opposite roof.

"His rendering of 'Balaclava' produced a visible uneasiness in the neighbourhood of the platform. At the word 'Charge,' in particular, which suggested the detonation of dynamite, even his own accompanist seemed to falter and turn pale.

"But Mr. Lowder obtains his most striking effects from pathetic and sentimental songs, which he delivers with extraordinary feeling and expression—especially expression. We do not suppose that he had really swallowed strychnine before coming on to sing 'In The Gloaming,' but the anguished contortion of the forehead and the wild moaning might have excused the inference that he was suffering from cruel inward spasms. In the hoarse struggle with the higher notes we could have fancied ourselves listening to the lament of some consumptive cow untimely bereft of her offspring."

Hearing something in the nature of a gulp, and thinking Lowder was about to speak, I stopped a moment but he seemed to change his mind, and I continued:—

"It is quite possible, however, and it is only fair to admit that we may not have succeeded in doing full justice to Mr. Lowder's vocal gift. Song and singer make a simultaneous impression, and their mental dissociation is not always easy. The spectacle presented by this uncouth colossus upon the plat-

form is such a painful outrage upon the æsthetic sense of the beholder that one could hardly listen with satisfaction even if he sang with the voice of a Sims Reeves or a Santley."

I turned the leaf here, and glancing again at Lowder, noticed that he was flushed. Our eyes met, and his had so strange an expression that mine instantly returned to the MS.

After a pause I resumed:—

"Mr. Lowder's stage manner must be judged according to the end he has in view. If his aim be to emphasise his grotesque unfitness for the situation into which his vulgar presumption has thrust him, we are able to congratulate him on a brilliant success. He walks—or, perhaps we should say, advances—to the footlights with an extensive and irrelevant smile. If this is intended to prepossess his audience, we must strongly advise him to discard it, for, as we can testify in our own person, it had quite another effect. But, of course, if it is a congenital infirmity, it will be of no use to tell the poor man how pitifully silly and self-conscious it makes him look."

I stopped, for Lowder had suddenly got out of his chair.

"What?" said I, looking uneasily at his back.

"I didn't speak," replied Lowder, turning abruptly from the window; then glancing at me with what, beyond doubt, was a thoroughly sinister expression, he added:—

"I suppose you're obliged to read with that silly snigger?"

My hands and eyebrows went up in astonishment and repudiation.

"Snigger? Me snigger? Really, Lowder, I don't know what you mean! I never dreamt of it. What on earth should I snigger about? My dear fellow——"

"Oh, dry up, in heaven's name!" interrupted Lowder, angrily. "I don't want to be chattered at. Get on with your rubbish!"

He loomed up formidably between



me and the window, and I preferred to wait till he had reseated himself. This in a moment he heavily did, partly turning his broad back upon me. I stole another look at him, and noticed that the pulse in his temple was distended, which was a familiar storm signal. I asked myself in some trouble if Lowder was going to be a fool. In the light of experience it seemed more than possible, but it was now too late to draw back, so I composed my features in an injured expression, and lowered my voice, as I proceeded:—

“Arrived at the footlights, Mr. Lowder arranges himself and his various members with what we suppose is a view to facilitate the production of sound. The process has enough of what is strange and novel to excuse our noticing it in some little detail. In the disposition of his—his—well, in the disposition of what the poverty of the language compels us to call his feet, Mr. Lowder follows the ancient, if somewhat discredited, precedent of the walrus, when that interesting creature gets upright——”

Bang! — crash! — rattle! — rattle! — crash!

I jumped.

“Good gracious, Lowder, what in thunder is the matter?” I called out sharply. I suppose my nerves were shaky.

“What d’ye mean—what’s ’e matter?” he retorted violently. “I’m pokin’ the fire—that’s what’s the matter. Any objection? Want it to go out?”

When he had done disembowelling the fire he wanted to know, loudly, what I was waiting for, and I replied, irritably, that I was waiting till I could hear myself speak.

“His general pose has all the easy grace for which the river-horse has so long been famous. With one bejewelled fist he grasps his song enormously, while the other is coyly hooked by the thumb to his trouser pocket——”

Lowder wheeled swiftly in his chair.

“That’s a — — lie!”

“My dear fellow I saw it myself.”

“You never saw it, you liar! I never stand in the least like that in any way, and you know it as well as I do.”

He was fixing me with a look of healthy hatred. I felt my error.

“Of course not, my dear chap. I didn’t mean that. I only meant I saw one hand in your pocket. Do be reasonable for goodness sake, and remember I’m only doing what you asked me. Of course, it’s all faked up nonsense without a vestige of verisimilitude. I know that, but then it’s just what you want. You told me to be as vulgar and offensive as possible, and now you’re getting angry with me because I’ve tried to please you.”

This appeal was not without its effect. Lowder appeared to make an effort at self-recovery and to perceive the absurdity of his explosion, but his face continued to express a repulsive mixture of ill-humour, suspicion, and stored resentment.

He sat forward in his chair, elbows on the arms, and thumbs twirling rapidly.

“Oh, yes,” said he, punctuating his speech with nods of colossal significance.

“Oh, yes, of course, I must remember, you’re only doing what I asked you, you’re only trying to please me. You always are. All the same, I didn’t tell you to write such utter lying lunatic rot that any fool in his senses would smell a rat the size of a camel in it at once.”

“Oh, if you think that——”

“Yes, I do think that!”

“I shouldn’t have thought it mattered even if some one did smell a rat. As long as the stuff is gross enough to make an action lie, you get your advertisement and I thought that was all you wanted. But of course it’s your affair. If it won’t do there’s an end of it. I don’t want to upset you. I’ll leave off.”

I made as though to fold up the MS.

“Leave off! Who want’s you to leave off? Upset!” He laughed with bitter exasperation. “Do you imagine I’m upset by your ridiculous balderdash,



you idiot. It amuses me, that's all it does."

I could not help thinking that Lowder disguised his amusement perfectly, and if he were only amused why did he say such things under his breath? Of course I could see well enough that he was really divided between a desire to kill me and a reluctance to show himself too utterly an ass. He looked so very plain as he sat there, his features working with wicked feelings, that it came over me all at once it was really not worth while trying to get on with him. He was really too impossible.

"I'd be glad," I said with marked self-control, "if you could leave off slanging and abusing me without any reason from early morn to dewy eve. Do you mean you want me to go on?"

"Certainly," he rapped out. "I'd like it all, please."

So I began again, raising my voice, partly in defiance and partly to encourage myself. "Let's see—where was I? Oh. 'While the other is coyly attached by the thumb to his trouser pocket. We do not object to that. There is no reason in life why Mr. Lowder should not conceal one thumb in his trouser pocket. What we would respectfully ask him is, why not permit the whole hand to take refuge there? We can think of only one objection, and that might easily be met by having the pocket enlarged.'"

I was holding the paper to my face as I read, but I was aware of movements and of audible hurried respiration in the room.

"Mr. Lowder looks up to heaven while he sings. We cannot think he is one to invoke Divine aid; at any rate, he does not obtain it. We may therefore either attribute this attitude to a natural anxiety on his part (which the audience share) as to whether the roof will hold out, or we may suppose that he is merely anxious to display to the best advantage his magnificent terraces of chin."

The sense of electrical overcharge in the atmosphere was the cause of a slight unsteadiness in my voice, but I held bravely on:—

"But enough of this impertinent parvenue. We have endeavoured to convey to our readers a just impression of the sort of artist he is. He has no earthly or unearthly business on the same platform with real singers. How he contrived to clamber so far out of his proper sphere—he might create enthusiasm in a third-rate taproom late at night—we don't know; but—great is Mammon—we can make a guess. However that may be, he must not come there again, and it is to be hoped we have said all that is necessary to prevent this happening. If not, let us sum up in plain and simple language, which, though it may not be polite, is dictated by an imperative sense of journalistic duty, this Tom Lowder Clarence Badenoch is a preposterous fraud, gross, unsightly, not to be borne——"

I stopped abruptly. Lowder was out of his chair again. I was not frightened—at least, not much—but I could not give my voice quite the tone I desired, as I asked:—

"Shall I go on, or do you think that'll be enough?"

"I think that'll be enough!" was the savagely emphatic rejoinder, as Lowder advanced upon me menacingly. "I think that'll be enough—quite enough—in fact, more than enough!"

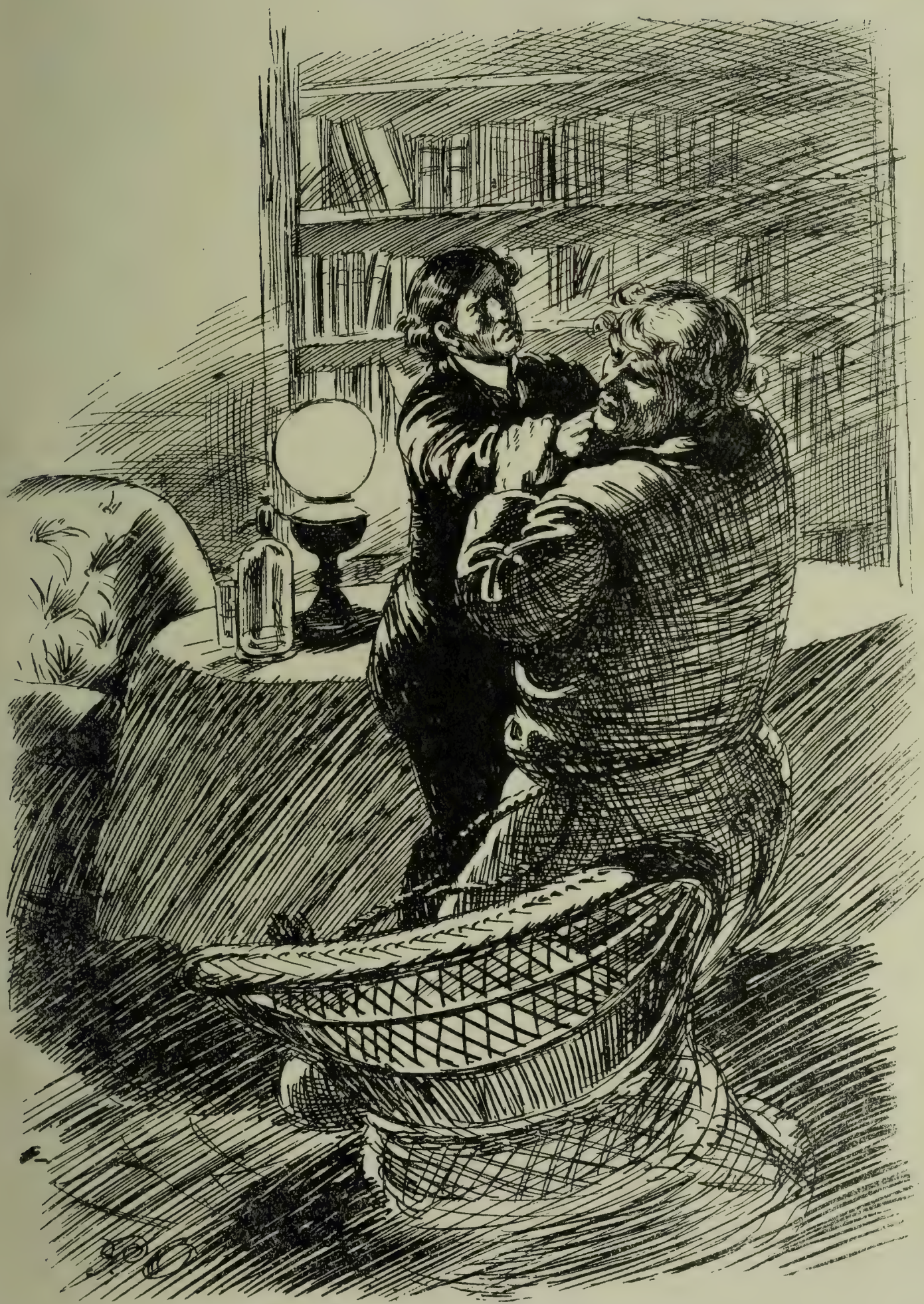
I had never seen him so fearfully aflame; his face a deep scarlet, even the eyeballs bloodshot. His voice was strident with excitement.

"You take that to *The Gleeman*—you get anyone to print a line of that—and I promise you I'll break every bone in your contemptible body!"

"Good heavens! Lowder, what the mischief is the matter with you?" I shouted nervously, pushing back my chair, for he had come unpleasantly close.

"Are you mad? Anyone'd think I'd





"I GAVE HIM NO TIME TO RECOVER FROM HIS ASTONISHMENT."



broken your head instead of sitting up half the night to try and oblige you!"

"Try and oblige me!" retorted Lowder, with a ferocious sneer. "To try and oblige me, you miserable, canting, sneaking, hypocritical humbug! I tell you what it is, my man—I'm not such a thick-headed jackass as you seem to imagine, and if you think I'm going to stand being made a butt of by any scurrilous scoundrel of a tenth-rate quill-driver, you'll find you've jolly-well made a thundering error!"

"Good gracious, man!"

He interrupted me mimickingly.

"'Good gracious, man!' Yes, I've been a good gracious man a blessed sight too long. The fact is, my fine fellow, I've begun to see through you at last. You've given yourself away. I've found you out. Pretending to be my friend—sucking up to me for what you could get, and then stabbing your benefactor in the back. Contemptible coward! You thought it was a fine chance, I suppose, to squirt your poisonous venom without any danger to yourself! Thought I couldn't say a word, didn't you?—you sneaking, crawling reptile! Well, you're mistaken, my man. I let you go on; I'm glad I've found you out. I know what you are now, and I've done with you! A treacherous serpent, fed from my hand and warmed in my boozum, and now you bite me—you low-down, dastardly dog!"

This, and much more of the same sort, was poured out on me for several minutes in an uninterrupted torrent of tumbled metaphors and blazing epithets—interspersed with sulphurous salvoes of probably the most shocking and frightful expletives ever heard in that quarter of London. I cannot put it all down. It was not fit to listen to, much less repeat. The whole thing was a string of very wicked lies, but it was none the less painful and irritating to one who had been so long his best—indeed, his only true—friend. I confess

I was thoroughly upset and indignant, but I said little, as I was aware of my danger. I would have left the room but that I feared to precipitate a collision, for he was pounding and winnowing the air within a yard of my head. Confined by prudence to dumb retaliation, I spread a calm, fixed smile upon my features and proceeded to fold up the paper with what, under the circumstances, was a rather forced air of leisurely disdain. This seemed to put the finishing touch to his frenzy.

"Give me that paper!" he shouted thickly, stepping forward to snatch it.

"Keep off, can't you, Lowder, and don't carry on like a maniac!" I cried, angrily. "Keep off, do you hear!"

I withheld the paper with one hand and fended him off with the other. This brought our arms into rather ungentle contact. He was furious.

"How *dare* you hit me you dog!" (only dog wasn't the word). "I'll teach you to assault me! Take that!" and with the words he landed me a swinging thump on the side of the head.

Lowder was a bigger man than I, but this was too much. I don't lack spirit, though my temperament is pacific. Maddened with pain and anger I left my chair as though it were a catapult and flung myself upon the bulky bully with a whole-hearted enthusiasm and unreserve which quite staggered him.

I gave him no time to recover from his astonishment, knowing I was lost if I did, but followed him up closely as he gave way, addressing myself with the utmost energy, insistence, and repetition to every part of his upper person. I succeeded in sealing one eye, deflecting his nose and dismissing a couple of front teeth, while the remainder clacked loudly at intervals as I reached his chin. Had I been a more, or he a less, powerful man I should have knocked him out a dozen times. Once I landed on his voluminous throat, and I remember the curious grunt of discontent and dis-



comfiture which it evoked, and the heartfelt and particular satisfaction I derived from it. After some minutes of this drastic and unremitting massage I thought he might be sufficiently enfeebled, and wishing to bring matters to a close, I rushed in for a throw. It was a grave mistake. I found I had underestimated his stamina and physical resource. His arms closed about me with the grip of a grizzly bear and the tenacity of an octopus, till I feared my bones would crack. It was pull devil, pull baker, now, and no mistake. I thought of my widowed mother and strained every nerve and sinew to postpone my last hour, for I knew murder was the least I had to expect if I went under to Lowder in his present frame of mind. Round and round the darkening room we rocked and reeled, gasping, gripping, panting, overturning and occasionally smashing articles of furniture or *bric-a-brac* that obstructed and then strewed our course. I kept forcing him back, but I was not in training for this sort of thing and I felt my strength ebbing away. I struggled hard to trip him up, but his leg withstood mine like a pillar, and I had begun to surrender hope when Providence suddenly intervened in my favour. Stepping aside to get a pull on me, Lowder misplaced his foot, slipped on a hassock, and for a moment stumbled unsteadily. This offered me the opening I required, and I seized it like a flash. Putting all my remaining strength into a supreme effort I heaved him off his centre. A second he hung tottering, then threw out his arms, heeled over and fell back with a resounding crash, his head encountering the coal scuttle with an emphasis which I did my utmost to enforce.

He rolled over, and I stood up with a

deep sigh of satisfaction and relief, such as Horatius may have heaved over "the great Lord of Luna," fallen "as falls on Mount Alvernus the thunder-smitten oak."

But this mood was transitory. Lowder continued to lie where he had fallen, motionless as a log, and my brief elation was suddenly succeeded by a wave of overwhelming terror and remorse.

Had I killed him? Should I be charged with murder? Should I be hung?

I am sorry to say I quite lost my head. Possessed by uncontrollable panic, I fled from the room and from the house, and sprinted for home as though ten thousand demons were after me; but I was followed in fact only by my coat tails (at a respectable distance) and a vivid sense of inextinguishable guilt.

I spent the rest of the day in the closest retirement, sending out at intervals of half-an-hour for the latest editions of the evening papers, and scanning each with a horrible expectancy for a "Tragedy in the Palace Road."

The night was tossed through in fever and sleeplessness, and I came down to breakfast with a countenance so haggard and hollow-eyed that it quite extinguished the smile with which my landlady advanced to tender me a post-card. I recognised Lowder's thick black "fist," and a great load rolled off my heart. It ran thus:—

"*Ruffian!* If you ever cross my threshold again, you'll recross it feet first and toes up."

As I took this for a threat of unjustifiable homicide, I have naturally avoided that part of London since; and thus it has fallen out, as a consequence of our doing so, that poor Lowder's dreams of universal fame are, so far as I have heard, still unrealised.



## "MADAME"

By ELIZABETH ROBINSON

*Illustrated by Victor Lambdin*

I CONGRATULATED myself, as the train pulled out of the Geneva station, upon my good fortune in securing a first-class compartment all to myself, and one, moreover, marked "For Ladies Only."

I turned back the dividing arms of the broad, softly stuffed seat, thus

smart blouse with its stiff collar and cuffs, and donning a thin, white dressing-sacque, I lay down on my easy couch, drawing close under my chin the large light travelling-shawl that I always carry on all my journeys, short or long.

I rested for some time in great contentment, thinking over the delightful day I had spent in Chamounix, returning just in time to do justice to a good dinner in Geneva, and to catch the evening train for Paris.

"All nonsense," I reflected, "what people say about women travelling alone. Here am I in perfect peace and comfort, with not a soul to disturb me, and besides"—with the pride all women take in their economies—"I have, by taking this compartment, saved the extra cost of a regular sleeping compartment."

I was just composing myself to sleep, hoping not to awake until Paris was reached, when the train stopped at what looked to my sleepy eyes, a small and most unimportant station. To my sorrow and dismay the door of my compartment was thrown open, and a tall young woman entered somewhat hastily, an attendant porter throwing up on the rack an enormous travelling-bag.

The train was almost at once in motion, and now, being thoroughly awake, I looked carefully at my unwelcome companion as she divested herself of a voluminous brown silk dust-cloak, showing that she was dressed in a deep pink cotton frock, ruffled as to its skirt, and cut scandalously low as to its throat.

A big picture hat with many black feathers and roses of every hue, like and not like to nature, was tenderly hung upon a hook. I was much interested to observe that in a far more intense degree the young woman re-



"MY UNWELCOME COMPANION."

making a fine, long couch; disposed my various bits of luggage where they would be most convenient; arranged with care the little pillow in its fresh white case that I had hired at the station for this journey; took off my



produced my own rather unusual combination of dark eyes with fair hair. But while my eyes were just common-sized, ordinary, clear, black eyes, with, as a girl friend once told me, "about as much expression as boot buttons," my companion's were really wonderful, so large, so soft, true "liquid eyes," such as one sees in old paintings and engravings.

Her hair, unlike mine, which was, alas! beginning to take on the drab shade common to all light hair after childhood, was of the most brilliant yellow, which even to my unsophisticated eyes, showed plainly that art had greatly aided nature in producing such a vivid and surprising result.

I wondered lazily if a little of the "stuff" would do any harm to my own fair locks. The tiny white hands covered with lovely rings attracted my attention; also, the most gorgeous and elaborate golden chatelaine I had ever seen, which hung at the slender waist. I tried to count the fascinating trinkets while the wearer's attention seemed to be entirely engrossed by the French novel she quickly buried herself in, but their number was quite beyond my computing.

We journeyed some time in silence. Then my companion, glancing at my ungloved left hand, where, for a fancy of my own, I always, in travelling, wear a plain gold ring covered with one containing a solitaire diamond of small value, asked in French, "Madame is Swiss, perhaps?"

I do not speak French fluently, but generally I can make myself understood, can read with ease, possess a large vocabulary, and understand—when in practice—any short sentences; but French rapidly spoken, especially by more than one person, might as well be ancient Greek for all I manage to catch.

I answered this inquiry, however, in French, saying that I was English. She smiled, at once addressed me in very good English, and said that she had

been in England herself, speaking in highly complimentary terms of this country. But when I praised our system of railway travel—not referring to our southern lines, you may be sure—she grew quite indignant, and would not admit that there could be any comparison between the two, any doubt that the system in Europe was vastly superior in every least detail to that in Great Britain.

Even my murmured "dining and drawing-room cars" was received with a scornful sniff.

I was very angry, but kept silence. As she turned her face indignantly from me, I caught sight of a large, black mole high up on her left cheek, which shone like an old-time "patch" on her delicately coloured skin.

She returned to her book, which had a title suggesting all kinds of French wickedness. In fact, I remembered taking up the same novel on the steamer in which I had crossed the channel, and that a young Frenchman of my acquaintance quickly took it from my hand and dropped it overboard before I had read more than the title-page.

But "Madame," as I had begun to call her in my mind, was most certainly no young girl, and evidently quite emancipated, and she read page after page with absorbing interest and not the faintest glimmer of a blush.

I was beginning to get sleepy again. The terrible heat of Geneva, greater than I have found anywhere in Europe, still filled the car, and distant thunder was heard. Tempests always make me drowsy, and I was fast falling asleep, when the train again stopped, and my companion, with a sharp glance at me, alighted.

Several minutes passed, and I began to think and hope she would miss the train, but just as it was about to move, the door of my compartment was violently pulled open and she jumped in; and to my horror and indignation, a man came with her.



Looking at me with a sweet smile, she said, "Madame will permit me to have my husband with me just to the next station, I am so timid in thunderstorms. We will not discommode Madame in the least."

I, the "Madame" now addressed, was very much discommoded and very angry. I felt that it was a rank imposition, but I knew nothing I could do, and felt that perhaps it would be better to keep quiet to the next station, which I trusted was not far away, and then ask the guard or some official to see that the carriage "For Ladies Only" was no longer invaded by a man.

I drew my shrouding shawl closer about my face, but I was far too angry to sleep. The storm grew more and more violent. Such thunder I never heard before, and hope fervently never to hear again. "Heaven's artillery" it was indeed, and most powerful. The lightning was continuous.

As she had said, Madame was afraid in such storms. At any rate she made the wild, appalling commotion of the elements an excuse to sit very close to her husband, who tenderly supported her with one arm, often holding both her tiny hands in his otherwise disengaged hand.

I cowered under my shawl, shaking with terror at the fearful tumult raging outside, the intensity of which seemed to rock the carriages themselves. I felt very far from home. Visions of the ample feather-bed that had been my childish resort on similar occasions came to my mind. I felt terribly lonely. My head began to ache miserably, and getting from my near-by dressing-bag a bottle of bay rum, I dabbed a little on my forehead with my handkerchief.

I dozed a little now and then as the storm lulled. Once, upon feeling some one come near me, I opened my eyes and saw Madame's husband reaching for the huge bag that the porter had thrust into the rack over my head.

With half-closed eyes I watched with interest the next proceedings.

The bag proved to be a most sumptuously appointed dressing-bag, with bottles, brushes, glasses, combs, and articles of like nature, mounted in gold and studded with turquoises.

The man had thrown off the rain-coat, whose turned-up collar, with the drawn-down soft hat, had partly hidden his features when he entered the compartment, and now I could see that he was both young and handsome, and as dark as Madame was fair.

I observed, too, with the keenness of the feminine eye for such points, that he looked somewhat younger than Madame. A dark moustache veiled a handsome mouth with fine teeth. His large eyes were alight with admiration as he looked on and assisted—as far as he was able—at the toilet that now took place.

Monsieur held the gilt hairpins as Madame let down the heavy masses of her corn-coloured hair, watched earnestly as she arranged it, laughingly proffered the bottle from which she gave to the short curled locks about her face a brighter shade.

She rubbed some sort of perfumed unguent upon her face and throat, wiped it off with a dainty cloth, powdered with a tiny puff, put dark tracery about her eyes, and did a hundred more little things not worth recording. At one stage of the performance Monsieur was so overcome that he leaned forward suddenly, and imprinted a fervent kiss on the lovely but unduly exposed throat.

At this I gave involuntarily an impatient movement, but closed my eyes tightly as I heard Monsieur say softly, in French, "Our fair companion is wakeful," and heard the now familiar sniff in reply.

As the time went on, the love-making grew more and more pronounced.

Neither of my companions seemed to observe me any more than if I had been part of the railway carriage's furnishings.

I can conceive nothing more absolutely sickening, more idiotic, than love-making in which one is not one of the



two principals, but merely a looker-on. By-and-by, getting rather tired of the affair, which seemed to me interminable, and not being able to sleep, I gave up all pretence, and murmuring something about having a very severe headache, I lay with wide-open eyes smelling my salts, and now and then bathing my forehead with the bay rum.

My companions' voices grew lower and lower. Mere inarticulate murmurs they soon seemed to me.

The lady rose, and coming to my side, said, very pleasantly, "I am sorry that you have such a headache. Here is something that will make it better."

I was vaguely conscious of a sweet, powerful odour, a smothering feeling against which I struggled vainly. Then I sank into a deep sleep, and knew nothing more until, upon reaching Paris, I was rudely awakened by the door of the carriage being quickly opened, and two strange men in uniform coming to my side.

I sat up staring wildly, wonderingly, into their faces, not understanding half that was being said to me, or read from the paper that one man held in his hand.

At last I comprehended. I was being arrested as a Madame Xavier, who, with an accomplice, had been discovered as being deeply concerned in a diamond robbery which had recently taken place at a hotel by the Italian lakes. They had been traced to a small station near Geneva, and were supposed to have taken there the train for Paris.

I could only stare and protest my innocence, but to no avail. The description was perfect, for to my horror I found I was clothed in the identical pink cotton gown of my late companion, covered, I was glad to find, with the brown silk dust-cloak, so that the extremely low neck was not too much in evidence. Gone was my simple sailor hat, and the Parisian "creation" left in its stead. My tweed skirt, the smart blouse, all had disappeared, and worst of all, the fiends had torn from my feet my stout,

hob-nailed walking-boots, that I had worn in my mountain and glacier climbing at Chamounix, prized for their especially thick soles and general "knowing" air. My poor feet were shod, instead, with a pair of those disgusting splay-footed, sandal-like, strapped slippers,



"I COULD ONLY PROTEST MY INNOCENCE."

affected by a certain class of Parisian women.

At my waist was the gorgeous, jingling, jangling chatelaine. How I wished I had never seen it! Gone was my honest bag. In its place was the huge affair. Every least thing that could assert my identity had been carefully removed.



There was nothing to do—I must go with the men to what was the French equivalent for a police station in England.

It was early in the morning. All Paris lay under a veil of mist. Few people were abroad. Sadly I rode along with my two captors. I had long ceased to struggle and protest, but had settled down grimly to the grin-and-bear-it stage. My temperament forbade my making any unnecessary useless scenes.

I was not half as certain as I had been twelve hours ago about the safety and advisability of women travelling alone, and I writhed inwardly when I thought of the “I told you so’s” in store for me if ever I saw any of my friends again.

I felt utterly hopeless. I racked my brains to think of some one I knew in the beautiful city, but could recall no one. Suddenly I remembered reading in one of my home letters, or hearing some one say, that my old playmate, Tom Leland, had gone to Paris to study art.

Although we had been dear friends from earliest childhood I had not seen him since we parted in anger three years before, but his very name brought hope into my heart.

The men in the police station were very kind and considerate. One sent out for rolls and hot coffee, which I greatly needed.

The men stared and I ate. They questioned me in halting English. I replied in as halting, lame, or even more so, French. Again they read the description, and looked keenly at me to verify each detail. Suddenly my ears, now sharpened by dire necessity and desperation, caught the words “*grain de beauté*”—French for “mole.”

“I have no mole on my cheek!” I exclaimed, indignantly.

“Madame forgets herself,” said one of the young men in the police office, who wore an English eye-glass, whose clothes seemed to be made from English

models, and whose imitation English airs had much amused me in spite of my troubles. He handed me a small mirror, and I saw, to my great amazement, a large black mole on my left cheek, quite near my eye, and shining like a patch on my pallid, anxious countenance.

“Oh, those incarnate fiends!” I mentally exclaimed, and wetting in my mouth the lace-trimmed morsel I had been left in lieu of my good, sensible Irish linen handkerchief, I essayed to wash off the unsightly spot. Recalling Lady Macbeth’s famous words concerning spots I worked away with a will. Alas! my—spot would not “out.” My late companions were no journeymen, but masters in their business, and the pseudo mole was put on to stay until time wore it off, as I found out later.

The discovery of the mole was the proverbial last straw. Leaning forward, I buried my face in my hands, and the tears, that until now I had restrained womanfully, threatened to come in a flood. But I noticed, as I bent forward, a faint rustle or crackle. Joy! It was my passport, which I had placed, when I had started on this never-to-be-forgotten journey, well down inside my innermost garment.

How this precious paper escaped the eyes of my late fellow-travellers I know not. Perhaps they were content with making my outside a truthful copy, and in their haste had not bothered too much about my interior.

I had often been laughed at for so greatly prizing my passport, and always keeping it somewhere near me, but now it had a chance to prove its usefulness, and as quickly as possible I drew it forth.

“See this!” I cried. The officers examined it attentively, and looked puzzled. No mole was mentioned, but the description, except for that, was almost identical with that with which they had been furnished for my arrest. More rapid talk, senseless gabble much of it sounded to me; some held that



moles would grow on a face quite suddenly, perhaps in a night's time; others held quite the reverse opinion; all points of the question of my identity were gone into again.

Certain recent *visés* appealed to the officers somewhat, and at last at my reiterated pleading to have a representative of Great Britain notified of my sad plight, a messenger was sent to the Consular authorities.

Countless hours, as they seemed to me, at last wore away, and just as I had begun to feel that I could bear the suspense no longer, and if I were to be locked up for life or killed outright I wanted to have it done and over at once, the man returned with some one from the Consul General's office. Finally, after many preliminaries that I did not try to understand, though my passport seemed to be of value, my identity as an unobtrusive, innocent British citizen was established clearly enough to satisfy the French officials, and I was once more at liberty.

The Consul's messenger escorted me to the station for Calais. Fortunately the money in the little bag hung from my neck had been spared, and my ticket for London was soon bought. I forgot to say that "Madame" and her husband had appropriated my through ticket from Geneva to London, substituting one of their own to Paris in its place.

I had just settled myself in a corner of the railway carriage, starting with nervous terror at every sound, and longing for the train to get under way, when the door was—as seems to have happened several times before in this tale—thrown violently open. With a suppressed scream I started to my feet,

only to be caught in the strong arms of dear old Tom Leland.

By a truly blessed coincidence Tom had happened to call at the Consul General's office soon after the messenger had been dispatched to my rescue, and had heard of the disaster to one of his countrywomen.

He had followed hastily on the heels of my deliverer, had missed me at the police office, again nearly lost me by his cab horse falling on the slippery street, but at last had caught me just in the nick of time.

The journey to Calais was like a beautiful dream after a most frightful nightmare. How delightful it was to be waited upon, to be tenderly cared for once more. Nothing was forgotten, from bonbons and light lunches to exquisite flowers wherever they could be obtained.

"O Tom!" I cried, after a time, "I have had enough of travelling alone."

"You never shall again, if I can help it," he answered tenderly, and in earnest of his words he went all the way to London with me, not forgetting to telegraph to my wondering relatives when we reached Dover, for I was hours behind my appointed time.

I still have the chatelaine with all its trinkets—it was only silver gilt—and the big dressing-bag—the same kind of metal in that, too—as souvenirs of my eventful journey. The cook and housemaid waxed joyous over the gifts of the picture hat, pink frock, and dust-cloak. But the horrible, splay-footed, strapped slippers, Tom and I, with shouts of savage glee, burned that very night of my arrival, in the fireplace at my London home.



# "AZRAEL AND THE AMATEURS"

## A PSYCHIC COMEDY

By ALAN FIELD

*A prize of one guinea is offered by the author for a sequel to the following story. MSS. sent in should be between 500 and 1,000 words in length, and should reach the IDLER Office not later than the 31st August, 1903. Captain Field will be the sole judge, and his decision must be considered final.*

I missed my head by a spare inch, and the smash of its destruction on an iron cellar-plate at my heels was co-instant with the jar of a window opening above.

A tinkle of broken pane sounded, falling in the area beside me. Twenty years' acquaintance with emergency ran me swift across the empty street, while the shock of surprise was changed to a fury of irritation.

When, in a flash, I stood angry on the other curb, and peered upwards through the autumn fog-mirk, I found that segment of brain which works instinctive in a journalist, like a copy-making machine, had, even in that instant, suggested a paragraph professional.

"We are reminded by the sad death of Mr. Archton Forleigh, the famous explorer and war correspondent, of the tale of the sea captain who came safe through the terrors of Trafalgar, tempest, and mutiny to die from the tap of a child's marble dropped from a three-storey window."

The other brain-half, busy with realities and surmise, answered "Bosh!" to the newspaper half. "It *wasn't* a marble, and I'm *not* dead. Hallo! there is some one at that window. Confound his butter-finger folly! Glass it was, and deuced heavy. Confound him again! He might have killed me—a silly death—*ME*—Archton Forleigh, from anywhere!"

The fog-wreaths, parting a moment, showed me opposite three-quarters of a man, leaning from a window, broken

and open. He stared down below him, till my indignant voice caught his gaze across to me gesticulant.

"Hi, you sir!" I shouted. "You very nearly killed me with that—that—with what you dropped. What do you mean by it? Here! Hi! hi!"

I cried a vain "Here!" to the shutting, and a useless "Hi! hi!" to the shut window frame. Irresponsive, the vision had vanished from the sill.

"This won't do at all," I said grimly to the fog. "You will have to apologise and explain, my man—who—drops—weights—on—passers—by."

I crossed again to the spot of my startlement, and picked up some fragments of transparent solidity.

It appeared then to have been a crystal or glass of considerable size which had so nearly failed of splitting my unoffending skull. With a large chip—a witness, as it were—in my hand, I raised a clattering knocker on the nearest door.

My thunderous assault—the house sounded vacant—checked midway, as the door opened under my tenth tattoo.

A swirl of the yellow mist of outdoors preceded me into a dim hall-way, where, standing on the threshold, I looked frowning for the opener. After a moment I found him—the man of the upstairs window. He leant against the wall behind the door, ghastly white, with one hand on the handle, the other clawing his heart. At sight of his pallor and drooping attitude my wrath unclenched its fists.

"Come, come, sir," I said. "Do not



be so alarmed. You have not actually hurt me, though it was a near thing. An accident, of course?"

I paused for an answer. The chill damp of the fog made the shaken creature shiver, and a succeeding cough brought words to his white lips.

"An accident—oh, yes, an accident—certainly," he protested. "I am very sorry. I lost control of him—myself, that is—myself."

"How did it happen?" I asked the question more to give him time to pull himself together than wishing an answer. I made a motion to go. It did not seem meet that a man should look on another, from whose eyes immaculate fear started so insistent. It felt degrading.

But at my movement of departure he flung forward.

"No, no, do not go!" he cried. "Are you still angry? I will explain it all. Do not fetch the police. An accident—a pure accident—I swear it! Come—come upstairs."

He pushed the front door to, urging me inwards with a shaking finger. In face of his poor pleading, it seemed cruel to insist on going, and partly to his entreaty I yielded, partly to a growing curiosity, the newsmonger's flair.

I slipped my right hand round to a reassuring hip-pocket. There could be no danger from this frightened wretch, but since a certain happening a year ago in civilised 'Frisco, I had gone to the trouble of having a pistol-pocket fitted to all my suits, and of seeing it daily duly equipped.

There was that mention of "not fetching the police." Moreover, the house had an eerie look of vacancy—of a corpse—such as all uninhabited dwellings have; it smelt and sounded empty. I was convinced that the fear-stricken breaker of the window and I were alone.

As I motioned him to lead the way, I remembered that I had not the faintest idea of either the number of the house or the name of the street. That it was

somewhere in the neighbourhood of Russell Square I knew, but, mis-directed, first by a fog-lorn cabby, and then fog-lost myself, I had wandered from my intended line between Holborn and the Euston Road, where I have had my diggings since the Mgwandi campaign.

One learns caution and imagination in knocking about this world of truth so much more strange than fiction, and when the idea of danger—of being trapped—struck me, I thought of the admirable opportunity for such a scheme which offered in this unknown desert house.

The next instant I patted my comforting pocket again, and smiled at the chance of attack from such a puny opponent as bannister-hauled himself upstairs in front of me.

My host's person reeked of whisky, but he was not drunk, and if I knew "D.T." when I saw it—and I have lived among Planters—he was not in the grip of that incarnation of the drink fiend.

No, I decided that he was simply in deadly fear of someone or something, and, dominated by that most potent passion, was, as I judged, within measurable paces of the frontiers of madness.

If it would relieve the poor wretch in any way to confide in me, or if I could help him, I determined to forget that I had so nearly suffered cerebral fracture at his hands.

When we reached the second-floor landing—we had climbed with speed—a door of a bedroom stood agape, and the vapours of London's own atmosphere blowing in free through shattered glass told me that we had come to the scene whence the crystal globe had departed for the street, *via* the panes and, almost—me.

I followed close on the heels of my leader as we entered this room, and took in the surroundings with a glance. There is no more valuable gift than the faculty of observation, and it is more than the mere exercise of any one or two of the senses. It is the simul-



taneous action of each sense united to a power of deductive reasoning. More women possess it than men, although the latter are able to develop it to a higher degree than can the fairer sex.

With me, long years of shikar and service have made observation a second nature. Now, before any other action, I strode to the mantel-shelf, and picked up a wicked little revolver. With a jerk of the thumb lever I bent open the breach, and the obedient extractor flung a six-fold shower of cartridges clattering to the fender.

The weapon rendered fangless, I tossed it back to its place, and turned to my new acquaintance. Careless of my action with the pistol, he had meanwhile lit a bracket gas jet and drawn close the heavy curtains of the window, shutting out the pale misery of the afternoon and the raw draught. A glance round the room had drawn down the corners of my mouth with suspicion. Things looked queer—fishy—crooked—wrong—very wrong. Much of the furniture was huddled against the wall by the door as though placed handy there for use as a barricade.

A table stood between the gas stove in the fireplace and a single bed in the corner of the room.

In the grate a broken whisky bottle lay with a couple of dishevelled books. It hurt me to see print so treated, and I picked the volumes up. I noted the names as I placed them on the table—Mesmer's book on the mystery called after him, and a medical work on catalepsy, were the subjects of their titles.

I picked up an easy chair, which lay on its side tilting over the fender, and, setting it straight, pointed to its seat. My voice was stern as I bade my companion sit down.

"Stay there, Mr. What's-your-name," I ordered, "while I have a look at *that* on the bed—and no tricks, please."

I moved to the bed as he sank apathetically into the chair. Something

lay under the counterpane which spoke of necessity for inquiry.

I threw back the quilt, and saw beneath it what my eyes expected—a body. It appeared the corpse of a finely built man of possibly forty years of age; but, cold and stiff as it lay, dead some time, I judged, I could yet see no blemish or wound or other trace to show evidence of the foul play which I suspected from every other concomitant circumstance.

"Yes, I thought as much," I said, as I replaced the shrouding-sheet and turned. "I saw *that* directly I came into the room. Now then, my unknown friend, you and I are going to have a talk. What does all this mean? What is wrong here? I have got to know."

I fetched a chair from the stack behind the door, which I shut and locked, though I had little fear of interference. When I had set a light to the gas stove and to a cigar, I leant back in my chair.

"Out with it all," I ordered. "And if you have done wrong, but not black shame, I give you my word to help you to escape. If, however, I think you deserve it, there will follow the police, arrest, an inquest, trial, sentence, and—you know."

I tapped the spot behind my left ear where the hang-noose knot is adjusted by Justice.

"First of all, what was his name, on the bed?"

"I hardly know now," he stammered confusedly.

I leant forward and tapped his knee. "See here," I said slowly, "you do not appear to have grasped the fact that I am in earnest. Please do so at once, and make a clean breast of the whole show, of everything. Just answer a question or two now, and, after that, you can, you must, talk. Understand? What is your name? Who are you?"

The wretched figure in the armchair passed a hand wearily over his brow.

"Fore Heaven!" he answered desperately, "I can scarce say."



"Hum. All right my man," I said, rising. "Nothing remains but for me to hand you over to authority. Little men with ugly stories who can tell, but won't tell, must be made to tell."

He tumbled from the chair to his knees on the rumpled hearth rug.

"Wait! wait!" he gasped, "I will try to explain. It may be you can help me. But we must call no one in who could not understand, who might bury me—him. It is a terrible predicament—most awful. I feel so confused, I hardly know—I have been at my wit's end. No one would believe me. It is too wildly improbable, and yet—yet it is true."

I caught him from trying to beat his head in a frenzy on the floor. "Very well, then, you can take your own time," I said, lifting him back to his chair. "Talk slowly, and any way you like. You will feel better when it is off your chest, and remember that there are few difficulties which one cannot get over or round in some way."

The unhappy being seemed relieved to an extent by the studied steadiness of my tone.

He gazed at me for a hesitating moment, then took a long breath and began to babble.

"Wilfred Chard's is that body on the bed, and this is Herbert Baxter's. I am Wilfred Chard, and he is—was—Herbert Baxter."

This was an involved, hopeless, commencement. "Steady! steady! steady!" I cried, interrupting. "I begin to think that there may be some big trouble here, over which you have just reason to feel confused, but I can assure you that, if you talk, let alone think, in that way, you will muddle yourself into insanity, and defeat whatever object you may have. Don't start your tale with an acrostic: stick to the third person, and begin right away back at the birth of the trouble. There were two men called Chard and Baxter, and so on. See? If you want to address me at any time my

name is Archton Forleigh. Now, fire away."

Propping my feet on the fender, I leant back to smoke and watch my companion.

He was a very ordinary ruddy-headed and sandy-whiskered man, with rather prominent ears. I noticed one peculiarity about him. He was constantly misjudging distances; when reaching out his hand to touch a thing he would undershoot the mark. And in walking he jarred himself now and again, as one does who goes down steps in the dark and thinks that the bottom is reached a step too soon.

I understood this trait of his later, and it helped to corroborate the astounding narration which I heard up there in the lonely house beside the sheeted body.

I could see my story-teller was making a desperate effort to calm himself. After shutting and opening his hands nervously for some moments and clearing his throat, he again commenced. He spoke rapidly, in a monotonous voice.

"There have been two cousins called Wilfred Chard and Herbert Baxter, living in London for some years. They were not at all alike in appearance, Chard being a big dark man while Baxter was short and fair, but in other respects they had many points in common. Both were married without children, and both men of independent incomes. They had been at school together as boys, and they later engaged in the same business of paper manufacturers until the death of a wealthy uncle, whose will in their favour set them free from any necessity of earning their livelihood.

"That was ten years ago, when they were about thirty or so. Members of the same clubs, and their wives being friends, they kept up the close association of their boyhood. No trouble or unhappiness ever crossed their common path until Baxter became interested in spiritualism."



The speaker looked round him nervously. "That is all quite clear," I said reassuringly. "Go on, please."

"Baxter became interested in psychological research," he repeated; continuing: "Chard at first ridiculed everything of the sort, and was strongly opposed to any interests of that nature. But after attending a few *séances* with his friend, and once persuaded to read up the subject, his opposition, as is often the case, changed to an interest all the more enthusiastic as his former dislike was bitter.

"For two years the friends went into the matter very deeply, reading all kindred literature and attending all possible discussions on spiritualism, hypnotism, and other 'isms, until they felt they knew all that there was to be taught by other searchers after truth. Then they branched off into experiments on their own account.

"They had many extraordinary experiences, some of the most interesting of which occurred when one or the other went off into a trance, becoming clairvoyant and clairaudient.

"They found it easy to throw themselves into the trance condition by self hypnotism when staring at a fixed light, and the more they experimented the stronger their powers became.

"When one was in a trance the other remained conscious, awake, to call his friend back from dreams or from the astral life. They did not know which it was, you understand.

"When in the trance state, they believed that they visited other spheres and mixed with beings of space and of time long past. But they had no proof that the spirit separated from the body. Although they seemed to remember occurrences and scenes of the astral plane when they had returned to consciousness, yet they felt it just possible that all was due to the imagination set free to work during cataleptic sleep, that perhaps none of the visions were more than hallucinatory dreams.

"They desired, above all things, to make it certain, which was the case. At length—it was only ten days ago—they determined to pass into a trance simultaneously.

"Mrs. Chard and Mrs. Baxter being about to pay a fortnight's visit to a mutual relation in Edinburgh, a most suitable opportunity offered for the experiment.

"They decided that it should take place in Chard's house, in this place you know, and after three days' preparation of mind and body, they felt ready for the great test. The servants were sent away on a week's holiday, and, shut up in the house, the friends were assured of a sufficiently long privacy.

"Here, in this room, we—that is they, hypnotised themselves, as they had often done separately, by gazing into the high light of a crystal globe, and passed into the trance state.

"If they actually had the same experience together (they even hoped to meet) in their trance it would prove that there was an astral life.

"I, Wilfred Chard, left this earth existence first, and among the ray spirits of the lower spheres, fully remembering our agreement, waited for the other, for Baxter.

"You may wonder if our appearances there were the same as of our figurements of flesh. They were not. But recognition of friends is easy by the concordance of the attuned key-notes of sympathy.

"It was with the utmost joy that Baxter and I met—our theory was proved. Before we travelled away from the strata of earth planes to the limits our astral development would permit, we stayed awhile to look upon our corporate bodies.

"Baxter reclined here in this chair, lifeless and still, while my apparent corpse lay on that bed, and now I, Wilfred Chard, am here, for that is me on the bed, and this is—Oh! my head, my head!"



The miserable man checked his rapid utterance, and swayed to and fro like a native in distress.

"Now then, stop it!" I commanded, sternly; "I told you to keep clear of your personal account and to stick to the third person. How can you expect me to believe you, if you do not control yourself?"

My abruptness acted as a tonic to his tottering coherence, and, after a stare at me, he again went on with his wild tale.

"This is Monday afternoon? Yes, well, it was on Tuesday last that we entered the trance condition. On Thursday, by earth counting of days, I was with my cousin's spirit at an instruction meeting on the sixth plane, absorbing the ideas of a soul of the ninth altitude, when I suddenly received a thought-wave message from the lowest spheres that I should return to earth immediately.

"In obedience to this warning, for as such I understood the message, I obtained leave to sink, and in a flash, I was back in this room. I was only just in time.

"An unholy soul, one of the earth-bound spirits, was present, and with impish glee was about to take the rare opportunity of materialising which offered by a soul-vacant living body being at hand. These incubi and succuba are usually the spirits which perpetrate the tricks which inspire elementary table-turning and the horse-play *séances* of crude manifestations.

"This evil soul, a succuba, was on the point of entering into Baxter's body, in order to work some physical mischief. I understood that the hag-fiend was desirous of setting fire to the house in order to burn our two derelect bodies.

"Had this taken place, we should have been lost for all eternity, unable to pass the decreed gates of natural death into the spirit life, we should have lost the power to develop further than the stage of suicides, who stagnate their soulhood away into annihilation.

"My spirit entered into furious will contest with the succuba, but at length it was only by doing what till then I did not know was possible, by myself entering the contested empty body-shell of Baxter, that I was able to frustrate her impious design.

"Then, once again in corporate flesh, I felt the deadly sickness of a human being returning to consciousness from a trance. I reeled and fell, striking my—the head against that cupboard edge. It was Friday morning when my reason recovered from the stunned swoon, and I looked on life through Baxter's eyes.

"My own body lay stark on that bed, as it now lies, and I, Wilfred Chard, was sentient in Baxter's smaller frame. I did not trouble then much at the strangeness of the happening, I was too exultant at the surpassing success of our experiment, and moreover my psychological experience had accustomed me to weird circumstances.

"So I set about returning to the trance state in order to reinstate Baxter's spirit in his body and to re-enter my own. Placing the crystal ball on the table I tried to pass into a hypnotic condition—and failed. It was then my horror began.

"*I could not return to the astral life.* That was on Friday, and this now is Monday. On Tuesday, to-morrow that is, the servants will return, and my wife with Mrs. Baxter in a week.

"There lies my body inert, and to all appearances dead, and I, Wilfred Chard, am in Baxter's. My own body will be buried, and, if I say I am Chard, I shall be confined as a lunatic. In any case, probably, I shall be tried for murder—my own murder.

"What will my poor wife do? What will Baxter do? And, oh! what—what—what shall I do?"

His voice rose crescendo to a scream, and overcome by the misery of his position, he staggered to his feet with that queer stumbling tread, of which I



could now understand the reason. *Baxter's body did not fit him!*

He wandered about the room waving his arms and maundering to himself in a paroxysm of helplessness. I sat still a moment or two, reflecting on the extraordinary aspects of the position in which this Chard-Baxter man was placed. If his story were true. If—it made my seasoned brain reel to consider that “if.”

I had to confess to myself that I did not believe for an instant anyone could have invented such a tale to serve as an explanation of another man being dead.

No. Either this little man was mad, subject to delusions, or else his story was fact; and I did not think him insane in that way, though he certainly was half crazed with perplexity.

Meanwhile, I had better assume that I believed his story. It was necessary to keep the poor little person as calm as possible. I tried to introduce side interests to attract his mind.

“Why did you throw the glass globe at me—the crystal?” I asked.

“I did not throw it at you,” he replied. “I flung it away in despair, and it went out of the window. I was terrified when you knocked. I thought all was up.”

“Poor chap,” I answered, sympathetically. “But what were you doing with the revolver on the mantelpiece?”

“Oh, that,” my companion answered; “I thought of firing at my body there on the bed and then blowing out Baxter’s brains—these. I’ve thought of everything, I think. Oh—oh! can’t you suggest something?”

“I don’t see any way out of it yet,” I replied. “I wonder why the succuba didn’t enter your body—Chard’s—lying there, or why Baxter doesn’t come back into it.”

“Oh, the hag-fiend couldn’t animate a great frame like that—like my own big body,” the unhappy spiritualist retorted. “And where Baxter is Heaven only knows.”

“By the way,” I said, “of course you have tried to call him back to life—into your body there?”

“No—no, I have not,” the other answered me.

“Well, I think you had better do so,” I advised. “Then, when you and he can talk together, perhaps you can find some way of getting you out of his body and him back into his own.”

In spite of the terrors of his position—and at the thought of Mrs. Chard and Mrs. Baxter I trembled—the distressed man yet was actually reluctant to try to persuade Baxter’s spirit back to earth.

A sort of jealousy animated him—a distaste of seeing another spirit in his—Chard’s—body. However, as he thought on the necessity of doing something, and that at once, he came to agree with my suggestion.

With my help he got the big frame off the bed and into the easy chair, and then set about attempting to persuade the errant Baxter into it.

For two hours he persisted, till the perspiration streamed off his forehead, blowing on the eyes and brow, making passes, will-powering, invoking, and using every conceivable adjuration since those of the Witch of Endor.

At long last there was a quick response. I would have sworn that I had looked on a dead man—and I have seen a few in my time—yet all of a sudden the figure stirred, the eyes opened, and with the precursor of life—a sneeze—the seeming corpse sat up and spoke.

The next hour was one of the most extraordinary of all my life. The two spiritualists ignored my presence entirely, and, if there is any truth in what I heard discussed by them of the after-life, I can only say that I hope my present stage of intellectual development is such that after my decease I shall pass rapidly through the lower planes of spiritual life.

I have no wish to hear such sounds or see such sights as I heard described by Wilfred Chard and Herbert Baxter



when they confided in each other, fresh from their journey through the baser shades.

I don't know how it happened, or when their dissension arose, but eventually I found them blaming each other for the confusion of the return to their bodies.

From hard words they came to harder blows, until I had to interfere—and very forcibly—to prevent the wretched Chard from being thrashed by his own big body which held the angry little Baxter.

It was all so ludicrous, and yet so bewildering, that I kept pinching myself to prove that I was indeed awake. In all vast London I did not believe there existed a condition of things which held such potentabilities of muddle as now were commencing in that bedroom.

If these two men, Chard and Baxter, were to remain in friendly accord, there yet appeared no end to the vista of confusion which was opening before their lives. Yet if they were about to disagree, the whole position would be infinitely complicated.

I rushed between them with an ejaculation at their folly.

"Gentlemen! Maniacs or misfits, whichever you are," I cried, "control yourselves for any sake! Think of your properties, your wives, yourselves."

Glaring at each other, they allowed me, nevertheless, to push them apart.

And then—the front door bell rang.

It was as if the Medusa's head had made a sudden fourth in our wrangling. Silent and still the contestants and I, the peacemaker, stood, for the interval of moments, ere the bell once more sounded an insistent peal, echoing up from the lifeless basement.

Then, to the *reveillé* of its tinkle, both the spiritualists woke to action and talk.

They rushed on me and pushed me to the stairs' head.

"Go down! Go down!" they chorussed. "Say we are out—away. Say anything! It can only be a visitor."

"But one of you had better go," I ob-

jected. "I am a stranger. No, I won't answer the door."

The bell rang a third, a fourth time, with an accompaniment of knocker, before the point was settled as to who should attend the summons.

Half hysterical with annoyance at the interruption, Chard, the owner of the house, commenced the descent of the stairs. He went awkwardly in the unaccustomed limitations of Baxter's small body.

Meanwhile Baxter himself and I hung over the well of the stairs, listening.

We heard the front door open, and a feminine voice, pitched to a key of irritation, enter thereon into the hall.

My companion beside me stood erect an instant, and then staggered back.

"Oh! ministers of grace, defend us!" he cried. "It is Mrs. Chard herself! What can be done? Man, do something!"

He gripped my arm in a frenzy, and pointed below to the downstairs.

"Go down, I beg and beseech you," he implored, "and prevent the woman coming up. There—listen! She is calling her husband 'Herbert Baxter'—my name! She will think I am Wilfred Chard, of course she will. Oh, go! go! Stop her coming up!"

As I took the first few steps downwards, I heard the wretched usurper of his friend's big body retreat into the bedroom, whence came sounds of the hustling of furniture.

"Humph! Crawling under the bed, is he?" I said to myself. "What an elementary resource for a psychologist! And the little man below is not enjoying himself either, it sounds."

There was, indeed, no scene of amicable reception to meet my eyes as I reached the stairway's foot.

Chard, in Baxter's puny frame, stood across the hall-way, his back to me as I descended, while, facing him, a fair woman tall and handsome, was working herself into an anger which threatened in a few moments to carry her beyond the



limits of the social code, which prevent a large lady from wiping the floor with a minute man.

"'My dear'!" cried the lady. "How dare you call *me* 'my dear Clara' in that extraordinary manner. Where is my husband? I insist on knowing. I am kept standing hours—yes, hours—outside the door of my own house, and then *you* let me in—you, of all people. Haven't you received your wife's wire? I am very annoyed to meet you here after what has happened. Your 'dear Clara,' indeed!"

"After what has happened?" echoed the small man, in a weary voice, mechanically, like a gramophone.

Mrs. Chard took him up at once.

"Yes, after what has happened in Edinburgh," she snapped. "Amelia Baxter and I have quarrelled. She has behaved disgracefully to me, I consider. However, you had better ask her about it, and you had better do that at once. Please let me pass. I wish to go to my husband. I *will* pass, I tell you, Wilfred Baxter! Oh, who is this?"

"This" was me. It seemed an opportune moment to intervene. Another moment, and the angry woman would have surged over the little obstacle in her path.

"My name is Archton Forleigh, madam," I replied to her question. "I am a friend of your husband's."

All might have gone well had I not been interrupted. I was about to ask her to accord me a few moments' private talk, when I intended giving free play to a certain fertility of invention which my editors are good enough to allow that I possess. I could have told a tale which would have, at any rate, given the two spiritualists a delay of some hours; but the wretched little man broke in on my self-introduction.

"Yes, my dear, a friend of mine," he said.

"A friend of my husband's, I think you said," Mrs. Chard replied to me, icily correcting him.

"I asked Mr. Archton Forleigh to come in, having carelessly thrown a globe through our bedroom window, my dear," the unhappy creature tried to explain.

It was as if the mention of a window broken in her house, by the person whom she believed to be the husband of the friend with whom she had quarrelled, which was for Mrs. Chard the last straw on the back of her restraint. She seemed to tower in her wrath.

"What?" she cried. "Oh! how dare you? 'My dear,' and '*our* bedroom window.' Oh! you would not dare to speak like this if my husband were here. And you shall not do so again. Out of my house you go, Wilfred Baxter, never to return! Go out at once—at once; do you hear?"

She took the object of her indignation by the shoulders, and fairly ran him down the passage to the front door.

Bewildered by the rapid and overwhelming pressure of events, he offered no resistance, and my expostulations served no good purpose.

Indeed, they were the cause of rendering me helpless to afford any assistance in the drama of errors, for the furious lady turned on me at once. She had quite lost control of herself in the explosion of temper, which had probably been maturing during the long journey down from Scotland to her home.

"And you go too!" she shrilled. "Yes, go at once with him. My husband will tell me if you are a friend of his. I don't believe you are."

She had thrown the front door open, and, with a sweep of her strong arm, flung the little man in her grip over the entrance stone.

He stumbled as though falling, and I took a hasty step out to assist him. Half inside, half out, as I was, Mrs. Chard used the door as a fulcrum to urge my going. In an instant we stood, the miserable man and I, outside in the fog and dusk. The door slammed behind us, and we heard the bolts being run home in their sockets.



I turned with a "What next, now?" expression on my face to my companion, and I blame myself much for what followed, for my loss of presence of mind.

As I looked interrogatively at my comrade in ejection he once more fell into just a frenzy of crazy despair as had possessed him when he flung the globe from the window. He threw his arms above his head with an eldritch shriek. "Oh! oh! I shall go mad!" he cried frantically. "My wife!—Baxter——!"

Before I could stop him he had gone, running wildly into the nothingness of fog, impelled to rush by the desire to act, and his utter helplessness.

Then I made my mistake, in following him. We ran up the length of the street, and then further, round corners and over intricacies of cross roads, till, in the gloom, I ran full tilt into the checking solidness of a letter box.

I fell on one knee, but was up in an instant, listening for the retreating footsteps of the man I pursued.

I could hear nothing. I had lost him.

\* \* \* \*

From that day to this I have heard

no more of the story than I have related. I have hunted for that unknown house in the street, nameless to me, for days together. I have searched directories with no result. Chard is not a common name, but I can find none in the neighbourhood which answers to the case. I have been rebuffed in every instance where I have carried enquiry to the point of personal visits to likely houses, and I have now almost given up hope of ever finding answers to questions which are like to drive one as distracted as were Chard and Baxter when I parted from them.

What happened when Mrs. Chard found the man, whom she was bound to believe her husband, under the bed?

Did he accept the situation? Has he been put in a lunatic asylum for asserting himself to be Baxter? Where did Chard go to with Baxter's body when he disappeared into the fog? Did ——? But a truce to crystalising puzzlement into many questions. All interrogations on the myriad side issues of the matter coalesce into the main perplexity. "What has happened to Baxter? and what has befallen Chard?" What indeed? I wish I knew.



## THE IDLERS' CLUB

By A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

The season at last is over, and we are left, tired out, and with much food for reflection. In this month of August a perennial wonder always rises in us as to what on earth moves people to give parties. They cost money, worry, time, and thought, and produce little or no enjoyment to any one—little enjoyment to the guest, at any rate, and no enjoyment at all to the harassed host or hostess. We suppose that parties were originally invented for the purpose of promoting sociability amongst mankind, but parties have this effect but seldom. Instead of expanding the heart of man, they seem to stultify his gifts of self-expression, and people who are quite agreeably chatty in the privacy of their own home circle become appallingly reserved and self-conscious at a party. We ourselves are far more prone to conversation than to silence, but we have attended parties which have even had the effect of paralysing us and rendering us speechless—a feat of no slight magnitude. We generally find new acquaintances amusing, and experience no difficulty in making friends with them quickly; but at parties people come, keyed up to such an unnatural and artificial pitch, that we cannot wake a single responsive chord in them. The guests seem encased in an ice of company manners; we try to thaw them, and lure them to discourse in an interesting fashion. In vain. We ask them questions about themselves which one would have thought they would find quite easy to answer, and we are only met with haughty astonished looks, as if we had been guilty of inquisitive impertinence. Yet it was only from a laudable desire to warm the atmosphere and promote a little enjoyment that we

broached the subjects which they received so stiffly. We were not really curious to know if these perfect strangers considered themselves untruthful, or if they fell in love often or easily. We asked them such intimate questions so that they might, as it were, introduce their personalities to us, for which purpose we imagined the party was given. If not to meet new personalities, wherefore congregate together in stifling rooms at crowded receptions? We are surely not invited for the purpose of partaking of sandwiches together, like animals about a trough; we are invited to indulge in social companionship. Yet the loneliness of man in solitude is festive compared to the loneliness of man at parties; for a crowd encased in ice chills the atmosphere, and lowers it to depths of untold frigidity. The warmest, most responsive nature will gradually freeze in such surroundings, till we ourselves sit like a mute, or move about with forced smiles and an expression of unreal gaiety, like a smile painted on a mask.

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Now, when we find ourselves hopelessly entangled in the midst of such a party, we very wisely abandon all regrets at having come, and equally futile desires to break the spell, and retire quietly into ourselves; for an impersonal attitude is the only way in which we may gain deliverance; fortunately, impersonality is a resource that is always available. For the most silent, strained assembly becomes instantly interesting and amusing if we withdraw ourselves away from it, step into our (figurative) private box, lean our arms comfortably on the ledge, and fix our eyes upon the spectacle provided for our



delectation. How amusing, then, to watch the different attitudes of the people who are performing so unconsciously for our amusement, so consciously for the edification and *empressement* of each other. We notice the lonely and upstanding men scattered around the walls; we smile at their uncomfortable, haughty air, as with one malignant eye fixed on the hostess who has decoyed them thither, they profess fictitious interest in the music that is dimly heard above the hum of chatter. We notice the young ladies that converse together with such histrionic animation—with such a wealth of smiles and laughter. They are not really interested in each other's small talk; they desire to impress the company with their complete satisfaction with each other's company. Equally unreal is the show of interest displayed by that vivacious blonde in the conversation of the stolid young man who holds her fan—he is tolerably well favoured, but we feel that both he and she have a mental eye upon the audience around them—while there is a distinct look of triumph in the eye of the lady who is detaining a man in apparent thralldom. They are all mummers, playing for each other's benefit. The agony of the lonely man consists in feeling that other people are seeing him deserted, his consciousness of the fact that people will think he has no friends—that he is not a “society man.” The young ladies who chatter together dare not relapse into silence, although they have exhausted every mutually interesting topic of conversation a long time ago, and might as well be saying the alphabet over to each other, for any actual pleasure they are deriving from each other's words. But the ball must be kept rolling. The eyes of the world are on them. Whatever happens, they must look as if they were enjoying themselves, and wished for no other form of amusement. To be silent at a party—to talk to no one—is a sign of failure. How consciously unconscious they all

are! How very little real enjoyment there is amongst them all! We know from youthful experience the hollow pleasure of striving to impress; we know the consciousness of futility that always lies behind any *effort* to seem pleasantly engaged, however successful the effort that one is making. But when we retire from the conflict, view the guests and hostess alike as masks—to be watched but never considered as having to do with our personal self—and then what satisfying pleasure we find in quiet contemplation. We look at the stately bishop patronising his cluster of visibly-impressed satellites; we watch with joy the thrills of complacent pleasure rippling across the attendant curate's face as the bishop stoops to address a suave remark to him; we think his expression ripples like the back of a cat when you stroke it. And we notice with genuine sympathy the glad content that creeps into the eye of the hostess, as she rustles past the little group benignantly. “*Got the bishop!*” is the refrain, intoxicating as a trumpet-sound, to which she steps around. Ah! yes, there is some enjoyment, after all, at parties. The humble little maiden lady, unnoticed in her distant corner, enjoys the bishop's presence, though it be but through the rose-flushed spectacles of anticipation. As she sits there, tremulous, lonely, woefully cognisant of her insignificance, she pictures herself alluding in a careless manner to this party. “Such a pleasant evening! Such charming people! *The bishop was there!*”

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In fact, we think the  
*Society* principal enjoyment de-  
*People.* rived from parties consists  
in talking about them.

We are forced to admit it gives us a pleasant, dashing feeling to reel off a list of parties to which we have been invited; and judging from the frequency with which other people reel off their engagements, we gather they enjoy this feeling



too. But there all enjoyment ends. Even we, bold and courageous as we are, dare not confess to any anticipation of pleasure from these parties. If we did, we know we should be considered young, enthusiastic, or foolish—possibly all these unpleasant appellations. So we have to conform to custom, and introduce the subject something in this manner:—

*Friend*: “Oh, my child, how well you’re looking!”

*Ourselves (as languidly as we can manage)*: “Well, dear! Why, I’m a perfect wreck! I’ve been up all night every night this month, and how I shall get through the next few weeks goodness only knows! Why, just this next week alone (*prestissimo*), I’ve a lunch party to-morrow, and Mrs. Pepperface’s concert in the afternoon, and on to Mrs. Bubbleface, and then a tiresome dinner at the Stuffinpops, and a theatre of sorts, I suppose—one has to go somewhere after a restaurant dinner—and I shall be lucky if I can escape supper; the Stuffinpops are never tired. And that’s my lightest day!” (*triumphantly*). “A day of rest, comparatively! The *next* day——” (*&c., &c., to spirited finish*). “And I only wish everything was over and I was in my peaceful grave!”

*Friend (pertinently)*: “But, my dearest girl, why do you go to all these parties if they knock you up so, and you find them such a nuisance?”

*Ourselves (with a virtuous air)*: “But one *has* to! I don’t *want* to go, but then—one’s friends, you know. I can’t disappoint them when they’re so kind—now, can I?”

(*Friend retires in, we hope, a duly impressed and respectful frame of mind*).

The above conversation, of course, in the most dust-and-ashes voice that we possess. If we had spoken of this whirl of gaieties in a happy voice with any appearance of enthusiasm, the friend would murmur: “How fearfully young! I suppose I used to feel like that at

your age! Oh! dear, dear, dear! what a long time ago it seems!”

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As for a man who *ad-*  
*Impaled* *mitted* to enjoying parties,  
*Butterflies*. he would be regarded with positive loathing by mankind, and with disgust by women. We cannot attempt to solve the problem why admission of delight in parties is so damning. Suffice it that the only attitude it is possible to hold with regard to parties and maintain mankind’s respect, is that they are social functions which one is forced to attend through no will of one’s own. For the ambition of society people seems to be to convey to the world that they are irretrievably entangled in a treadmill, whirled round and round in it, in spite of all their resistance. But the curious thing is that the people in the treadmill look down on the people without it, and imagine that they—by their own confession, impaled butterflies—deserve to be envied and admired. And the most consequential of these butterflies is the most ostentatiously bored by the process of the treadmill. Observe the chatter of society women. Every social engagement is an advertised source of *ennui* in the anticipation, participation, and retrospection thereof. Look at their tired faces, notice their discontented expressions, the fretful lines that even the most skilful massages cannot remove, nor the thickest coating of enamel cover; listen to their high, monotonous voices, observe their listless demeanour, varied only by silly fits of nervous excitement. It is, indeed, quite unnecessary for these society leaders to assure us they do not find parties refreshing, exhilarating, or restful. But then the question arises—if parties afford them so little amusement, why do so many men and women spend the whole of their lives in frequenting them? We suppose society people would like us to believe that they are so sought after, they?



helpless to resist the importunities of their friends; but they plainly do not yield to their friends' desires for their company from a feeling of friendship or even good nature, for they are not very kind or grateful when they proclaim to everyone the unsuccess of their friends' efforts to entertain them. If they *really* wished to oblige their friends, the kindest thing society people could do would be to stop away from their friends' parties, for a bored person is a very present hindrance to a time of gaiety. But then, gaiety is the last thing one expects at English parties.

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We have come to the *Bellwethers*. conclusion that mankind is composed, roughly speaking, of two types—the individual and gregarious. The individual type has a personality, and, if he does not always choose, leads a life of his or her own; the gregarious type leads a life that is a series of imitations of other people's lives. With no originating power, the gregarious type runs aimlessly about in droves, following the tinkle of whatsoever wether who assumes the bell, not because they admire or trust that bellwether, nor because they have any hope that bellwether will lead them to pleasanter pastures than the ones in which they are at the moment, but simply because they are born to follow. Nor has the bellwether any very definite purpose in its fatuous head; it leads aimlessly—without reason, without knowledge, ambling stupidly into muddy ditches, across the field, out in the blazing sunshine, with the drove tagging at its tail. Thus bellwethers in society organise cotillions, and masked balls, and charity bazaars, invent new trinkets, new expressions, new games; they spend six hundred pounds of the money collected for the poor and suffering on a canopy of paper roses, while the droves assembled underneath the canopy applaud the kindness and the wisdom of their hard-

worked wethers. But there is strength in numbers, and while each unit of the drove is absolutely unimportant, and counts for nothing in the nation's life, yet as a unit of a drove, each feels a certain reflected power and importance, and as this is the only power and importance society people have, do not let us grudge it them.

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The trend of the English drama has been distinctly towards the normal for some time past. The sway of Pinero's minute dissection of abnormal femininity, and the crude and over-emphasised emotions of Henry Arthur Jones' creations, has been weakening steadily; what seemed natural to the public of yesterday seems forced and artificial to the public of to-morrow. Barrie and Esmond have pushed slowly to the front, and now the new school of simplicity and human sympathy is strengthened by the advent of Henry Hubert Davies, and stands on a firm basis. Comparisons, in this case, are more interesting than odious; for each of these three dramatists excels in a distinctive way. We think Barrie has the best chance of entering the ranks of classics, for he is that *rara avis*, a born "story-weaver." His imagination is the most vivid and original, he constructs ingenious, diverting, picturesque romances, well-balanced, well-finished. Also he is a true dramatist in that he understands so thoroughly that a play should appeal to the eye as well as to the mind, and so he presents his stories in a series of changing pictures, each, like a Frederick Walker painting, finished in detail; aglow with golden light; warm, mature, though delicate, in colour; and imbued with human sympathy. But while Barrie is the ideal craftsman, he never arouses our emotions as Esmond does. Esmond's plays are fragmentary and moving, like the deepest moods of life. Esmond is master of the whole gamut of human feeling; no living dramatist can touch



the wellspring of our hearts as he does. The sensations he arouses in his audience are poignant; there is no trace of studied artificiality in his work, indeed, it is almost too natural to be artistic. His very wealth of exuberant vitality needs restraint; his ends are often ragged; but still, in spite of its touches of immaturity, in Esmond's work there seems to us a joy-of-living, a depth of feeling, and a poetising sense of beauty which, if his construction grow surer, his craftsmanship more certain, should place him at the front of all. We speak of the pleasant perfections of a Barrie, but the glorious imperfections of an Esmond.

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Henry Hubert Davies. It is in the art of characterisation that Mr. Henry Hubert Davies, the newest and youngest of our dramatists, excels. As yet he has not shown the imagination of Barrie, nor the emotional power of Esmond, but in these two first plays of his, *Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace*, and *Cousin Kate*, he has evinced a gift of creating living people, not "characters," nor "parts," but real, live people. A good test for the reality of a character in fiction is the readiness with which one finds the prototype thereof in one's own circle of acquaintances. Who of us does not know an "Amy," a "Mrs. Gorrings," a "Mrs. Jardine"; who of us would not know, if we could, a "cousin Kate," that delicious free lance in the company of every-day women whom Mr. Davies has gathered together in his comedies. When we were very small, our one passionate desire was to become invisible so that we might melt through the walls of the houses and see the people inside, living their ordinary daily lives, "as they really were!" Well, in Mr. Davies' plays our dreams are realised; for we find ourselves watching a living household, whose members, unconscious of our presence, talk, move and act, not with the object of impressing us with

a sense of Mr. Davies' acumen and brilliancy, nor to edify us, nor amuse us; but simply because nature moves them so to speak and move. Mr. Davies' personality is as impersonal as that of Goldsmith's; we know his people as well as we know the Hardcastles and Tony Lumpkin; and when the curtain falls, we go home with positively an extended circle of acquaintances. The vitality of Mr. Davies' characters overrides even the actor's personality who portrays them. When we think of the *Admirable Crichton*, we think of him as H. B. Irving or Gillette; we think of *My Lady Virtue* as Miss Eva Moore; but when we think of Kate or Mrs. Gorrings, of Amy or Mrs. Jardine, we attach no actress's personality to theirs. Like *Lady Teazle*, Mrs. Gorrings is actress proof; we can imagine her played by a dozen actresses, actresses with neither the skill nor charm of Miss Mary Moore, and yet Mrs. Gorrings would remain Mrs. Gorrings, just as *Kate Hardcastle* remains *Kate Hardcastle*, whoever plays her part.

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The Wrongness of Right-doing.

We have to thank "Cousin Kate" for the final endorsement of a conviction that has been steadily growing in upon us, and that is the wrongness of doing right for the sake of doing right. After all, to do right *for right's sake* is an axiom that it is impossible to reconcile with Bacon's maxim—"That which makes for happiness is right, that which makes for unhappiness is wrong." As a matter of fact, there are far too many false ideals of honour and virtue cumbering up this world, and people are guided by shibboleths instead of common sense. Think of the numbers of women who take up charitable work because they think it a proper mortification of the spirit; they never stop to consider whether such charity may not be a mortification of the other people's spirit



too. We do not believe such charity does any real good to the giver or recipient. Charity must come right from the heart. The only help worth giving people is the help one gives because one loves them. If people want to help the poor—if they have a compassionate nature that is not repelled by ugliness and suffering, by all means let that person alleviate the sorrows of the helpless; but the person who feels no genuine interest in poor people *for themselves*, who visits them from a sense of duty, and not from a sense of affection for them, had better let the whole thing alone. Forced sympathy helps no one, and a carefully cultivated interest in other people's business borders on impertinence. It is as absurd for naturally unsympathetic people to try to enter into the joys and sorrows of their poorer brethren as it is absurd for dull people to try to be funny. We do not say that dull people and unsympathetic people should be useless to the world, but let them do good in other ways than the ways for which their disposition is peculiarly unfitted. "Be natural and you will be right" is as true an axiom as "Be good and you will be happy." If people would only be themselves, giving what they *have* to give, being what they *can* be, wanting what is in their power to gain, how much more comfortable life would be for every one! For if every one would set his own affairs to rights, and attend to his own happiness, there would be none of the righteous busybodies who trot around with helpful texts upon their lips, and smiles of studied sympathy upon their faces. We would infinitely rather have a surly cynic than a professional saint. The person who is kind to us because he feels it his duty to be kind, rather than from any personal interest or affection he feels for us, simply bores us to extinction, if he does not violently irritate us. Every vestige of independence in us rises at his attitude. We refuse to be "done good to." We refuse to be the stepping-stones

to his salvation. It is *his* goodness, *his* moral well-being, of which he is thinking all the time, not of ours. Directly one feels it one's duty to be "good" to people, that "goodness" ceases to be a virtue. And when helping people is a pleasure, then it is a purely selfish act, and is its own reward, and it is ridiculous to feel a glow of self-approbation.

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The man who has unyielding principles is as *The Folly of Honour*. much a nuisance to the world as he is to himself, and, indeed, promotes quite as much unhappiness as the man of weak and unstable principles, for principles should be pliant as well as strong, like steel. We have seen more lives ruined through an adherence to the man-created laws of honour than even through a sense of duty—and that is mischievous enough, goodness knows! Under the existing English system, a man must become engaged to a girl before he can know anything about her private disposition; then, admitted into her home circle, given opportunities of talking to her, seeing her with her friends, observing those same friends (for let it be mentioned that by people's friends shall ye know them as well as by their deeds), in all this concatenation of circumstances, suppose the man discovers his betrothed is not in the least what he imagined—again we thank thee, "Cousin Kate," for these wise thoughts—her remarks on any subject on which he feels deeply, bore him, if they do not irritate. Through the whole of her girlhood her nature has responded to people whom she has found sympathetic, and whom he abominates. Now comes the stumbling-point. He may be still fond of her, though his judgment tells him she is in no sense of the word a companion for him. The boy and girl may love each other, but the man and woman who will evolve from that same boy and girl will be as



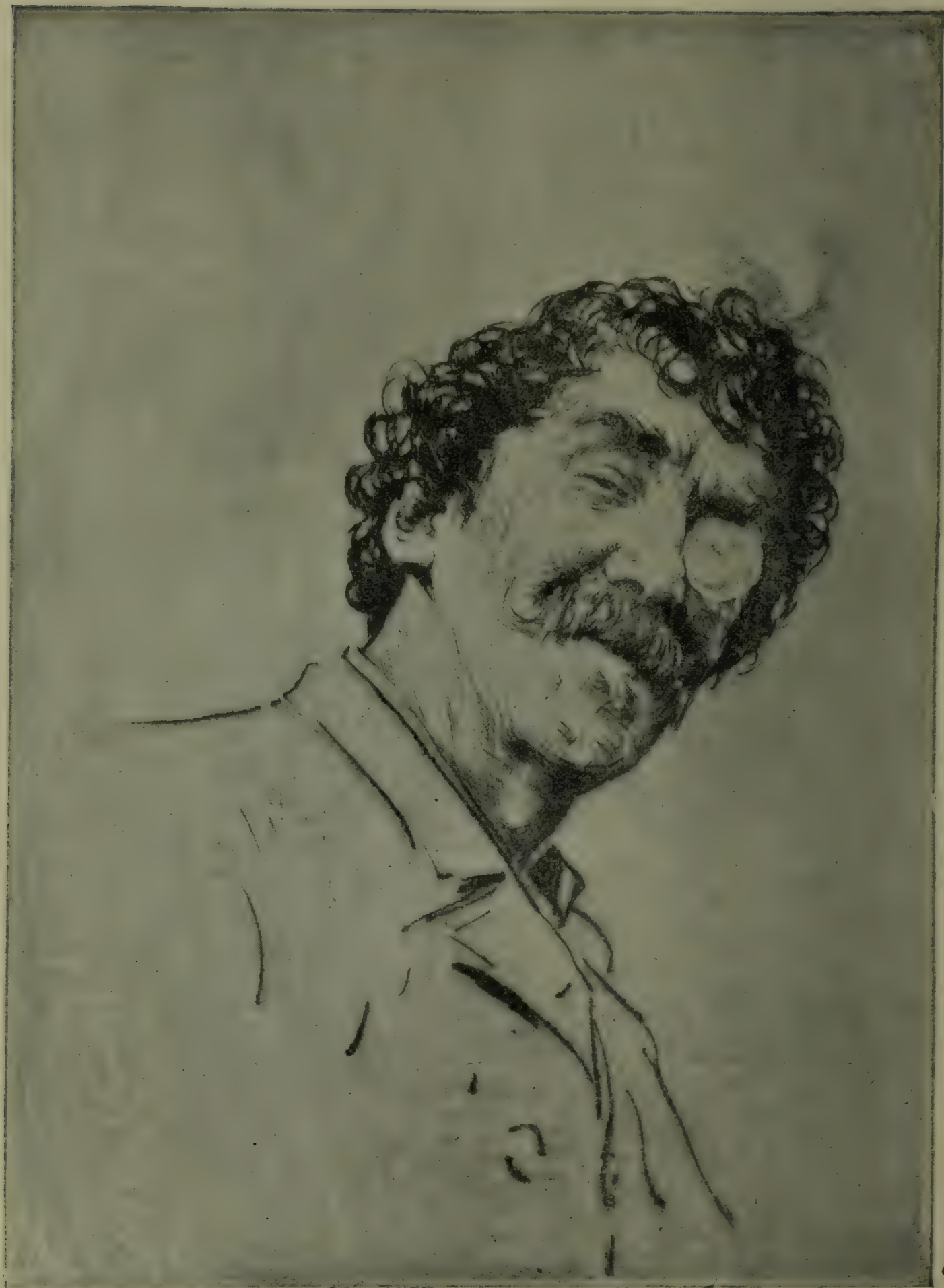
distant as the poles. But the very shallowness and want of perception of the girl blinds her to the new knowledge the man is experiencing; she is perfectly happy in the approaching consequence of marriage, and it would seem cruel to tell her plainly she has been tried and found wanting. Now, if the man is a person who does right because it is right, he will consider himself bound in honour to go through with his engagement—to take this girl for his everlasting companion, and so stunt his nature, stultify his higher aspirations, and change his disposition through the medium of constant irritation into a repressed if not embittered one. In short, he will make the rest of his life completely miserable. If the girl be in love with him, his withdrawal would probably wound her; but if he marry her, how will she feel when she awakens to the knowledge of his feeling towards her? It is possible to pose through an engagement, but the strongest man cannot keep up a pose for the whole of his life. Besides, if his wife loves him, her

instinct will tell her his nature does not respond to hers; and while, if he left her before her marriage, the wound would probably heal for her, as long as he is with her it will remain an open sore. And yet the pity of it is that girls are so often in love with love, and the triumph of an engagement counts for so much more than any peculiar affinity they find in their particular betrothed. So many girls might mate with any of a hundred men and be equally contented, and the man sacrifices himself to a wholly false ideal. We ourselves think engagements should be considered purely as preliminary canters in the race of life, and none of the responsibilities of marriage should be entered into until the possibilities of companionship have been tested through and through. The disposition of man or woman does not matter. It is better to quarrel with a person who interests you than to accept a wealth of devotion that bores. Marriage may be a gamble, but it is as well to look at the cards in your hand before you stake your all.









JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER.

*From an Etching by Mortimer Menpes.*





A CAMP IN THE ARCTIC.

## SLEDGING OVER THE POLAR PACK

By ROBERT E. PEARY

LET us take the first day of a spring journey. The time is February, or the earliest days of March. The temperature may be anywhere from 30° F. to 50° F.

The hours of daylight now in each twenty-four are scarcely enough for an effective march. Every one has been up since long before the earliest light, attending to the little things which, in spite of long experience and weeks of preparation, always come up at the last moment. When all is ready but lashing the sledges and hitching in the dogs, we sit down to an ample, hot breakfast, the last well-cooked meal which we shall have for weeks or even months. The Eskimo women have been cooking generous supplies of walrus meat for their lords and masters, to which my cook

has added biscuits, and strong coffee rich with milk and sugar *ad libitum*. Our own breakfast comprises a rare steak of venison or musk-ox, with coffee and biscuit. Rising from the table, I ask my Eskimos if everything is "tima" (ready), and "aud-le-me-nai" (I am ready to start), from me, sets everything in motion.

Kneeling upon the load to compact it with his weight, every man lashes the load firmly upon his sledge with a long rawhide line, straining with all his might, like a cowboy clinching a saddle on to a refractory broncho. Then, with whip in hand, he goes to his team of dogs, fastened somewhere about the place, untangles the traces, and, with the bunch of them grasped close to the toggles in his left hand, he brings





FORT CONGER, WHENCE TWO MAIN ROUTES LEAD NORTH.

the dogs up to the sledge, passes the bridle line through each toggle, and makes it fast with the Eskimo hitch; all the time restraining the fierce eagerness of the dogs with his whip. Sometimes this is easy, the simple falling of the whip lash in the snow near a restless dog being sufficient to quiet him. Again, it may be necessary for the driver to ply the whip with all his strength and skill, until the howling, fighting animals are separated and cowed. As he gets his team fastened in, each driver pulls away from the crowd a few hundred yards on the line of the march; but it always happens that several sledges will be ready at the same time, and then, what with the desire of each driver to be first, the eagerness of the dogs to be off, and the strenuous efforts of the most quarrelsome ones in each team to get at and test conclusions with the dogs in other teams, there is always a general fight that results in a long delay, and frequently in the crippling of one or two dogs which have to be left behind. Once the dogs are attached to the sledge, it behoves the driver not to turn his back upon them

for a moment, or to go beyond instant reach of the sledge upstanders. Every dog is eager for a run; and if one of them makes a forward spring the others jump as one dog, and away they go.

As there is always a descent from the headquarters camp to the ice-foot, and another from the ice-foot to the sea ice, usually along a narrow, tortuous path, previously cut through the ice blocks with pick and axe, the first one or two hundred yards of the start is as lively work as any man can desire; and it takes all one's wit and energy to prevent a general smash-up. Of course,

nothing can be done towards stopping the sledge, if once the eager dogs have started it down the slope; it is then only possible to guide it, and at the same time endeavour to keep one's own footing.

There is a broken harness or two to repair, and some badly tangled traces have to be fixed. After a time the cavalcade of eighteen sledges is straightened out in line upon the sea ice, with eight dogs to a sledge, and a gross load of about five hundred pounds to each. Then the serious work begins. In this particular instance we are getting away from Payer Harbour, and have to bear away toward the southern end of Brevoort Island, following for a short distance our winter trail to Rosse Bay; then we swing up toward the northern end of the island through some hummocky ice. A rough trail has been blazed a few days before, so we waste no time in reconnoitering. The careful ones among us remove our outer coats, for we know that handling the heavy sledges through ice like this will, in spite of the low temperature, be very warm work. Nine-tenths of the time the





"WE PUSH AND PULL AND STRUGGLE THROUGH RAGGED ICE."



driver's place is at the upstanders, where he is called upon to exert his full strength, now in swerving the sledge quickly from one side to the other to dodge a piece of ice, or to turn a sharp corner, now holding back to prevent it from plunging too violently off the edge of an old floe or down the slope of a rubble ridge; and now with shoulders against the upstanders, and the muscles of back, arms, and legs in full play, pushing the sledge up some steep incline. Frequently the nose of a sledge catches under a block of ice, and then the driver must lift it bodily to one side of the obstruction. Again, it may be necessary, on a sloping piece of ice or the side of a hard drift, for him to travel alongside with one shoulder against the load and feet far out, to keep the sledge from slipping sideways. Then, in some pocket of deep snow between the ice masses, the sledge may bury itself completely, when it becomes necessary to tramp down the snow around it, and lift, first one end and then the other, to a firmer bearing. Sometimes a spade is necessary, sometimes an axe, and sometimes both. In one respect, however, the work this day is not so difficult as later on, for the dogs are fresh and eager. It is wrenching work, however, for this very reason, as one's whole strength must be exerted instantly to accomplish required results, and frequently a sudden, unexpected movement of the sledge, as it plunges forward, tears the upstanders violently from the driver's grasp, and pitches him on to his knees or back.

Beyond this heavy barrier comes more decent going, where the driver may walk along at a comfortable speed, and give the sledge such guidance as it needs without undue exertion. But this does not last very long, and again we push, and pull and struggle through ragged ice. At the end of two hours or so it becomes necessary to thoroughly set up and tighten the lashings of the loads, which have now been shaken into their

smallest compass. Every hour or two the frightfully tangled traces have to be loosened and untangled. It will be strange, too, if two or three of the sledges do not have to stop for repairs of some kind. By the end of four or five hours the party has begun to straggle. Two or three of the best drivers and more active men are sure to be well in advance, while behind them comes the main body of sledges, and again, some distance behind, the rear guard, comprising the least active ones and those with poor teams, with perhaps one or two added that have been delayed by making repairs. So we keep on for eight, ten, or twelve hours, until the light begins to wane, and I pass the word that we will stop at the next bank of snow suitable for building igloos. This is usually not far distant, and each sledge, as it comes up, is driven to one side, beyond the bank, and halted. The driver first makes sure his dogs will not run away, by fastening them to a block of ice, into which he drills a hole for the purpose; then he takes his large snow knife from the sledge, and immediately starts cutting snow blocks for the construction of igloos, which are usually constructed to hold four, five, or six, the party being divided into squads of this size, each squad building its own igloo. In this way each man knows just what to do, and there is always a friendly rivalry to see which division shall have its igloo first completed. While the igloos are being built, I usually get the cooker off my sledge, where it is always carried, also the can of oil and the kitchen box, as we call it (which contains, in compartments, tea, sugar, milk, and two or three days' rations of pemmican or meat), take out my sleeping kamiks, notebooks, or anything else that I may want in the igloo, coil my whip and hang it on the upstanders, untangle my dogs' traces, and examine their harnesses; then beat the snow and condensed breath thoroughly and carefully from all my clothing.



As soon as my igloo is completed, I pass these things in to the man who has been working inside, and follow them myself. One of the outside men has brought up by this time a lump of sweet ice, which he hands in to me, and I begin the preparation of our evening meal, while the men in their turn untangle their dogs' traces, get from their sledges such things as they may need, see that their sledges are not within reach of the fastened dogs, beat the snow from their clothing, and enter the igloos, the last man bringing with him a large block of snow, which, after he has entered, is tightly fitted with deft movements of the snow knife, into the entrance, closing it tightly. By the time every one is in the igloo and the entrance closed, the tea is made, and we have our supper of tea, biscuits, pemmican or meat. This being the first night out from headquarters, the dogs are not fed. In fact, on some of the journeys they are fed but once in two days right along, though, as a rule, I think it better to feed them daily. The water melter is then replenished with ice; the Eskimos put a small native lamp in commission on one side of the igloo to give us light; foot-gear is changed, or at least fresh grass or dry inner soles placed in our kamiks. One or two more energetic ones may, perhaps, get out their sewing kit and mend a hole in mitten or boot, though usually these things wait till morning.



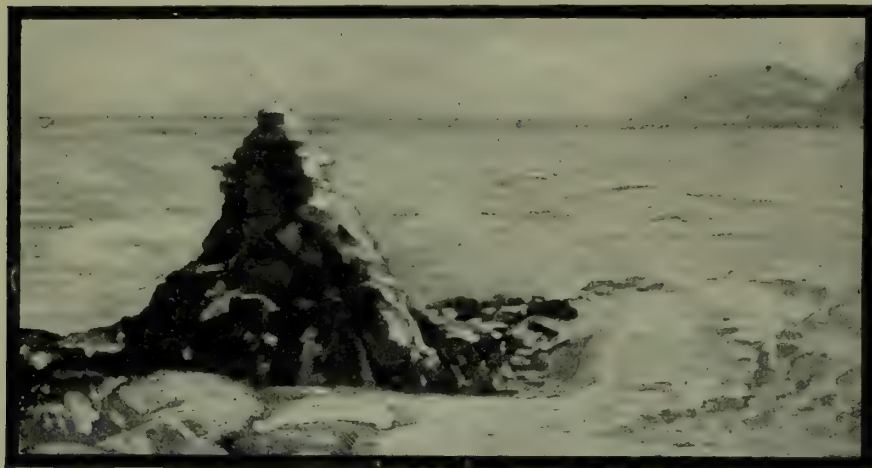
THE MIDNIGHT SUN. CAPE LAWRENCE.

Then hoods are pulled up, draw-strings tightened, and we stow ourselves, like sardines, on the bed platform, heads to the front and feet to the back of the igloo. My fellows begin to snore almost as soon as they touch the platform, and I, in spite of burning shoulders, tired arms, and lame back, immediately follow their example.

Let us take another day, some two or three weeks after leaving the headquarters. The day before had been a long and hard one. Our igloo was erected in a small niche, behind a big block of ice on the ice-foot giving a partial protection from the piercing north wind which swept incessantly along the coast. It was light now, throughout the entire twenty-four hours, and the length of march depended upon the endurance of the dogs, unless we were interrupted by storms. Every one was dead tired and sleepy the night



before, and some had even fallen asleep before the tea was finished. When I awoke, after hours of dreamless sleep, it was to find that the wind had formed a small hole in a joint between the snow blocks near my head (I always slept against the wall of the igloo, on the right-hand side as one entered, and somehow this always seemed to be the windward side, no matter where the igloo was built), and my head was pillowed in a pile of flour-like snow. My



THE CAIRN ON LOCKWOOD ISLAND.

right shoulder and right side of my hood were covered with several inches of snow, and the fur roll about my face was drifted full of it. There was a crick in my neck, my back felt as if it was broken in two, and my feet, as the result of several serious blows the day before, were throbbing most uncomfortably. Yet the stupor of sleep was so strong upon me that, simply by letting go of myself, I could in a moment have been again oblivious to it all. It was a strong temptation to close my eyes just for another nap, but long habit came to my aid, the temptation was resisted, and slowly straightening my stiff joints, I rose on my elbow, beat the snow as well as I could from about my face and off my head and shoulders, stuffed a spare mitten into the aperture, and then with mittened hand scraped the drifted snow down into the standing room of the igloo. Then I reached out to turn the

flame of the stove up to its full head, in order to bring the water for tea to a boil. But, alas! the fine drift blowing into the igloo had put out the tiny flame evidently early in the night, and the boiler was full of ice, and the wick covered thick with a fine dust of snow. Here was a pleasant job for cold and sleepy fingers, handling the metal of the stove and boiler, and getting the wick in shape to burn. At last it was accomplished, and then with hands and

arms drawn inside my fur coat and head bowed forward, I sat on the edge of the bed platform, struggling to keep awake while the tea was making, and envied my companions who, not having the blissful privilege of acting as cook, were able to sleep on. After what seemed an endless time the tea was done, and a vigorous "muck-a-ti" (get up) elicited an answering grunt from every one. With a rueful glance at the layer of snow covering their clothing, the party slowly

swung round into the standing-room and dusted themselves off. Two steaming dippers of tea per man put a pleasanter aspect on affairs, even though it did not render them entirely agreeable. A look through the peephole, which we always had in the front of our igloo, had shown me that the weather was bleak and lowering, with the bitter wind still searching every inch of the ice-foot, and a stinging drift flying at every projecting point, and through every narrow cañon. But the gear was quickly stowed on the sledges, the lashing lines set up, and the dogs hitched in.

The very start from the igloos was up the steep face of a drift of compacted snow, and then along a tortuous V-shaped cañon, the steep, rocky talus of the cliffs forming one side, and the blocks of ice pressed up on the ice-foot the other. The bottom of the cañon was so narrow





THE MOST NORTHERLY KNOWN LAND IN THE WORLD—CAPE JESUP.

that the sledges went through with one runner grating and grinding on the rocks.

I always dislike to strike a piece of going like this at the very beginning of the march. Men and dogs are stiff and lame, and cannot work to the same advantage as after being limbered up by an hour's travel. At the other end of the cañon was a steep descent. Here we hung on to the upstanders for all we were worth, guiding the sledges as best we could, yelling to the dogs to keep them moving out of the way of the sledge, and praying heaven to take us to the bottom without a serious smash-up. Once we were down to the general level of the ice-foot, we wound along between the big blocks; forced in some places to run the sledges entirely off the ice-foot on to the rocky talus, in order to get round an unusually large block, sometimes able, with a little hewing, to make a path just wide enough for a sledge along the outer edge of the ice-foot, where, if the tide is

low, there is a straight drop of some ten or twelve feet to the ragged surface of the floe ice. This, of course, is no menace to dogs or drivers, as either can save themselves from a serious fall; but these places always worry me because, if a heavily loaded sledge goes over, it means, in nine cases out of ten, that it is smashed beyond the possibility of repair.

Before long we struck a barrier which presented no chance to get round. Recognising this fact, the driver of the first sledge to reach it, climbed to the top to see where was the best place for a road, and as each successive sledge arrived the driver stopped his dogs, which immediately lay down, threw down his whip, pulled a pick or axe from under a turn of the sledge lashing, where it is always kept handy, and hurried forward to the barrier.

Sometimes it will take only half-an-hour, and again it will take an hour and-a-half for the whole party to carve a road over which the sledges can be





A ROAD ALONG THE ICE-FOOT.

taken. Then, with one man ahead of the dogs to encourage them, two more at the sledge nose, each one pulling on a trace with the dogs, and the driver of the sledge pushing his utmost at the upstanders, each sledge is worked to the top of the barrier. Then, if the opposite slope be practicable, each driver steers his sledge down by himself; if not, a spare line, always carried for that purpose, is made fast at one end to the rear crossbar of the sledge, and the men at the top, slowly paying out the line, ease the sledge gradually down the descent.

After some five hours of this kind of work the ice-foot became so bad that, with an Eskimo, I climbed the bluffs to a height of two or three hundred feet, and with the aid of glasses examined the ice-foot as far as we could see. The result of this examination showed us

that we must get off the ice-foot, and, the pack ice being particularly rough here, our only practicable route was close along under its face. Here at the sliding joint, between the face of the ice-foot and the pack ice, which rises and falls at every tide, a little water is forced up at each rising tide, and, freezing, forms a very narrow, tortuous ribbon of glare ice, frequently interrupted, and sometimes lacking entirely for several hundred feet. To reach this from the ice-foot the dogs were detached from the sledges, the sledges lowered by lines, then the dogs pushed or pulled until they were made to jump, when they were again attached to the sledge, which moved on to make room for another to be lowered, and so on, until all were down. Slowly we worked our way along this path; dogs and drivers slipping and falling



repeatedly, and the sledges slewing sideways in a way that strained them to the utmost, which in any other type of sledge would result in speedy destruction. Some of the interruptions to the continuity of this ribbon of ice could be smoothed out with the pickaxes; at other places it was necessary to make a *détour* out into the ragged pack. Seven hours of this kind of work brought us to Cape Lieber, and I sent two of my men up over the ice-foot parapet to find a suitable snowdrift for the construction of igloos. In a little while I heard a shout, and saw my two scouts waving from the top of an ice-foot pinnacle a few hundred yards ahead. They disappeared, and we moved on with the sledges until we reached the place where they had been.

Dogs were unhitched and fastened, as usual, and then each of the Eskimos climbed over the ice-foot with his snow knife and disappeared behind the parapet, where the other two were already cutting snow blocks. I fastened my dogs, got out their ration of pemmican,

cut it up, and fed them, standing by with whip in hand to see that there was no bullying, and that each dog got his share. Then I unpacked the cooker, oil can, and kitchen box, passing them up the ice-foot as high as I could reach. I did not wait for the completion of the igloo to commence my preparations for supper, but with a few strokes of the spade excavated a niche in the snow-bank, put the cooker in out of the wind, filled the lamp with oil and the boiler with ice, placed a few snow blocks around it for still better shelter, and lighted up. By the time the igloo was completed I had enough water melted for our tea, and supper was entirely ready by the time my men had fed the dogs; and they lost no time in freeing their clothing of snow, and joining me in the igloo.

And so it goes, day after day, till men and dogs are worn to a wire edge, and it seems as if the world were one great dreary ball of hard work and discomfort. 'Tis a dog's life, but a man's work.

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## THE SEEKERS

By FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

A WISE man left his brother's hearth, and sought  
Of other wise men, Brahmins, Hindus, priests,  
Some potent secret of their fasts and feasts—  
And came home bringing naught.

And this man's brother stayed at home, and spent  
His best days in a common, wholesome round  
Of toil and prayer; and, it is said, he found  
Some portion of content.





"IS THIS HORSE NAMED AFTER—HIM?"



## "GOLDEN FLEECE"

### THE ADVENTURES OF A FORTUNE-HUNTING EARL

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Arthur Gordon-Beauvais, Earl of Frothingham, after a most dispiriting reverse in New York, has decided to try his fortunes in Boston. His friend and adviser, Honoria Longview, had urged him to accept Mrs. Staunton's invitation to spend ten days at her house in Beacon Street. Acting on this advice he has there met the wealthy, if not the beautiful, Miss Cecilia Allerton, and the dashing Mrs. "Ridgie," Mrs. Staunton's daughter-in-law, together with a numerous company of the younger and, as Mrs. Staunton *mère* is inclined to think it, the fast set.

#### IX.—*continued.*

THE Allertons were traditionally Chinese in their beliefs in the sacredness of the duty of obedience from children to parents, and the duty of despotic control by parents over children.

They lived in one of the old houses in Mount Vernon Street—a traditional New England home for a substantial citizen. There was no ostentation about them—the carriage in which they drove forth was deliberately ancient in style and in appointments, looked modest even among the very modest or, if you choose, "badly turned out," equipages of Boston "aristocracy." Mr. Allerton's public expenditures—on an art gallery, in partial support of an orchestra and a hospital, in subscriptions to colleges, lectures, charities—were greater by two thousand a year than his private expenditures. Cecilia had few clothes and, though they were of the very best, and were in good taste and style, they modestly asserted that in the Allerton conception of dress for a lady conspicuousness for inconspicuousness was the prime requirement. Mrs. Ridgie, who often complained that she "hated to live in a town where the best people didn't wear their best clothes every day," called Cecilia a "dowd"; but that was unjust, because Cecilia was most careful in her dress and adapted it admirably to her peculiar charms.

If Honoria had not forewarned Frothingham he would have been deceived by the modesty and frugality of the Allerton establishment. After New York, it seemed to him most un-American for people of great wealth to live thus obscurely. But, properly pointed by Honoria, he soon discovered that Allerton was indeed enormously rich. And he saw that he was favourably inclined to a titled son-in-law. But Cecilia——

"There's some mystery about her," he reflected. "She acts as if she were walking in her sleep. But if I could get her I'd do even better than if I'd taken a wife from among those nervous New Yorkers. She's meek and a stay-at-home. She'd not bother me a bit, and she and Evelyn would hit it off like twins. She's not exactly stupid, but she's something just as good. It doesn't matter whether one's wife is stupid or absent-minded—the effect's the same."

But he walked round and round the fence between her personality and the world in vain. He found no low place, no place where he could slip under, no knot-hole or crack even. They went down to Brookline together—he was more puzzled than ever by her attitude toward him that morning. She was less friendly, but also less forbidding. She seemed to him to be awaiting something—he suspected what. He tried to muster courage to put his destiny to the touch on the journey, but when the



chances to lead up to it naturally offered, he refused—her expression was too strongly suggestive of a statue.

Instead, he said: "What do you think about—away off there—wherever it is?"

"Think?" she smiled peculiarly. "I don't think—I feel."

"Feel what?"

She looked mocking. "Ah, that's my secret. You would stay where I do if it made you as happy as it makes me."

"You're mysterious," he drawled. "I'm a blockhead at riddles and all that."

But she did not assist him. Mrs. Ridgie herself was waiting for them in a two-seated trap with a pair of exceedingly restless thoroughbreds. Half-way to the house they shied at an automobile and started to run. She got them under control after a struggle and glanced round at Frothingham for approval. He looked calm and seemed unconscious that anything disturbing had happened. "Ridgie told me not to take this pair out," she said. "But I make it a rule never to obey an order from him. In that way we get on beautifully. He loves to give orders, and I never object. I love to disobey orders, and he never objects."

The Ridgie Stauntons lived in what seemed to Frothingham little more than an exalted farmhouse, though it was regarded in that neighbourhood as a sinful flaunting of luxury, the worst of Mrs. Ridgie's many sins of ostentation and extravagance. These were endured because she was married to a Staunton and because she was from New York, and therefore could not be expected to know what was vulgar and what well bred. But Frothingham was more comfortable than he had been since the day before he left Lake-in-the-Wood. Mrs. Ridgie would live in free-and-easy fashion—one could smoke all through the house; there were drinks and plenty of good cigars and cigarettes available at all times; and the talk was the un-

pretentious gossip and slang of fast sets everywhere—intelligent people intelligently frivolous.

Frothingham thought Ridgie Staunton "a harmless sort, a bit loud and noisy," but well meaning and good enough except when he had his occasional brief spasmodic fits of remembering his early training and feeling that his mode of life was all wrong. He was, in his wife's opinion, a perfect husband, except that he hung about so much.

"What do your English women do with their husbands, Lord Frothingham?" she said. "It's a horrible nuisance, having a man—a husband—round all day long with nothing to do. I try to drive Ridgie out to work. But he's a lazy dog. He goes a few steps and then comes slinking back. I'm opposed to a leisure class—of men."

"And you said only yesterday," complained Ridgie, "that Englishmen make better lovers than Americans because they have leisure and the sense of leisure, while Americans are for ever looking at watches and clocks."

"Did I? But that was yesterday," retorted his wife. "Besides, I said lovers—not husbands. Give me an English lover, but a hardworking stay-away-from-home American husband."

"Do you wonder that I watch a wife who talks like that?" said Ridgie, cheerfully.

Frothingham and Cecilia rode the next morning. Getting away from the staid old house in Mount Vernon Street seemed to have revived and cheered her. There was colour in her cheeks, life in her eyes, and she showed by laughing and talking a great deal that she was interested in the earth for a moment at least. Ridgie had given Frothingham a difficult horse, but as he rode well he succeeded in carrying on a reasonably consecutive conversation with Cecilia. She asked him many questions about country life in England, and drew him on to tell her much of his own mode of living. And he ended with, "Altogether,



I'd be quite cheerful and happy if I were properly established."

Cecilia became instantly silent and cold, and again he had the feeling that she was expecting something to happen.

"What the place needs," he went on boldly, "what I need is—a woman—such a woman as you."

His horse reared, leaped in the air, tried to bolt. It was fully a minute before he got it under control. "Nasty brute," he said, re-settling his eyeglass and turning his face toward her again. He thrilled with hope. "Is there a chance for me?" he asked. "I have not spoken to your father—that isn't the American way, is it? And I shan't trouble you with a lot of—of the usual sort of talk—until I know whether it's welcome. You're not the sort of girl a man ventures far with unless he's jolly sure he knows where he's going."

"Thank you," she said simply. "I shall be frank with you. My father wishes me to marry you. If his will were not stronger than mine I shouldn't think of it. It is only fair to tell you why." She was looking at him tranquilly. "I loved a man, loved him well enough to have, where he was concerned, a stronger will than my father. But he died. I love him still. I shall always love him. When my father told me that he wished me to marry you, I asked

my lover—and he—said that I ought to obey. He has been urging me to marry—except occasionally—ever since he died."

Frothingham stared at her in utter amazement. "Do you mind——" he began, but again his horse tried to throw him. When he got it under control he saw that she was much amused—apparently at him. She laid her hand on his horse's neck and said, "Please, Stanley, don't!" in a curiously tender tone. The horse instantly became quiet.

"You weresaying?" she asked.

"Do you mind if I admit that——Really, I'm not sure that I heard you aright a few minutes ago."

"You mean when I spoke of talking to Stanley after he was dead?"

"Stanley——" Frothingham regarded her quizzically. "Is this horse named after—him?"

"No, I don't know what the horse's name is. The reason it was so restless was that Stanley was teasing him to make him a little troublesome for you."

Frothingham paled and looked all round nervously.

"The second night after he died," she went on, a far-away look in her eyes, "he came to me in a dream. He assured me that he was happy and that I must be so, too, and that he would always be with me, nearer, in more



MRS. RIDGIE.



perfect communion, than if he had remained alive. It was just when Doctor Yarrow was beginning his experiments to establish communication with the other world. Stanley and I had been most interested. And when he appeared to me after his death he explained that he had been able, through the intensity of his love for me, to pierce the barrier and bring his soul and my soul face to face."

Frothingham showed that he was profoundly moved. "When I was a little chap," he said in a low voice, "I ran straight into the ghost of an ancestor of mine—old Guy de Beauvais, who has paced a hall in the east wing of Beauvais House the night before the head of the house dies, for hundreds of years. They laughed me out of it, but, by gad, I knew I saw him—and my grandfather was thrown from his horse and killed the next day. I pretend not to believe in that sort of thing, but I do—all we English do."

"Nothing could be more certain," said Cecilia, radiant at this prompt acceptance of what she expected him to try to laugh her out of. "I have told no one—I shouldn't have told you if it hadn't seemed the only course I could honestly take."

"Can you see him now?" asked Frothingham in an awestricken voice.

"No—I *see* him only in dreams—and sometimes when I go to Mrs. Ramsay. But we talk together at any time. You noticed how he stopped teasing the horse?"

The horse was, indeed, perfectly quiet. Frothingham nodded. His habitual look of vacancy and satire had given place to earnestness and intense interest. "And does he wish you to marry?" he asked.

"Yes—he has said it, and he has written it—in one of the first letters he sent me through Mrs. Ramsay. I've only asked him verbally about you, and he consents and approves. I'll take

you to Mrs. Ramsay and we'll get his written permission."

"But why does he consent?" asked Frothingham. "Is there no—no jealousy—there?"

"Jealousy? Impossible! Don't you see, he can look into my soul—he knows that I am his. And all the interest he has in this gross mortal life of mine is that it shall be honourable and that I shall do my duty as a daughter and as a woman."

Frothingham said no more. He was overwhelmed with a sense of the imminence of the unseen world—that world with which his nurses, bred in the legends and superstitions of England, and his similarly trained companions at school, at the university and ever since, had made him familiar. It was a shock, but nothing incredible to him, this revelation of a daily and hourly commerce with that other world of which, he was certain from his own childhood experience, everyone had glimpses now and then. From time to time he looked at Cecilia, now returned to her wonted expression of abstraction. She seemed the very person to have such an experience. He was filled with awe of her; he was fascinated by her; he began to feel the first, faint, vague stirrings of a jealousy which he dared not express even to himself lest the spirit eyes of Cecilia's lover should peer into his soul, and see, and punish.

## X.

At dinner that night Willie Kennefick, who was staying in the house, began to tell his experiences in New York—he had just come from a little visit there. "The woman I took in to dinner," said he, "gave me a solar plexus while I was busy with the oysters. She said to me, 'I went to see such a wonderful man to-day. He told me the most astonishing things about my past and future, and he sold me a little wax image that I'm going to burn for my gout.' 'What!'





"WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO MRS. RAMSAY?"

said I. 'For my gout,' said she. 'I have to burn it slowly, and when it's consumed my gout will be gone. I got it so cheap! Only twenty-five dollars.'"

"And what did you say, Willie?" asked Mrs. Thayer.

"I said, 'Cheap? It was a shame to cheat the poor devil in that fashion.' And she said, 'Wasn't it a bargain? He wanted a hundred, but I brought him down.'"

"You must have been keeping queer



company in New York," said Henrietta Gillett.

"Not at all. It was at Mrs. Baudeleigh's house, and the woman—well, her husband's one of the biggest lawyers in New York. But, then, that's no worse than the astrology some of us here have gone daft over."

"Oh—astrology—that's a different matter," objected Mrs. Thayer. "You evidently haven't looked into it. That is a science—not at all the same as palmistry and spiritualism and those frauds."

Cecilia smiled—the amused, pitying smile of wisdom in the presence of ludicrous ignorance—and looked at Frothingham. He returned her look—pleased to have a secret, and such an intimate secret, in common with her. "But don't you think you're a little rash, Mrs. Thayer?" he drawled. "You certainly believe in ghosts, now, don't you?"

Miss Gillett's handsome, high-bred face expressed astonishment. "Do *you*?" she asked, before Mrs. Thayer could answer him.

"We can't doubt it over on our side. We've too much evidence of it. And—I was listening to an old chap from Cambridge—your Cambridge—very clever old fellow, *I* thought—Yarrow, wasn't it? Yes, Yarrow."

"Yarrow!" Miss Gillett's eyes flashed scorn. "He's a disgrace to New England. We pride ourselves on having the culture of Emerson and the other great men of the past. What would they think of us if they could look in on us with our Yarrows and our Gonga Sahds and our Mrs. Ramsays? All the sensible people in the country must be laughing at us. Pardon me, Lord Frothingham—I'm very indignant at what I regard as superstitions and impostors. It's only my view."

"Not at all, not at all," said Frothingham with an uneasy glance at Cecilia's angry face. "I'm not one of those who wish all to believe alike. What the

deuce should we do if we hadn't each other's opinions to laugh at?"

"You're such an ardent disciple," continued Miss Gillett, "you ought to go to Yarrow's Mrs. Ramsay. She'll put you in communication with spirits, as many as you like, or rather as many as you care to pay for. I think she gets ten a ghost—twenty for letters."

The discussion was raging hotly round the table, all but two of the men and all but four of the women deriding astrology, palmistry, Buddhism, spiritualism; and the respective devotees of these cults deriding each the others. "Cut it out," said Mrs. Ridgie finally. "We'll have 'rough house' here the first thing you know."

Every one laughed. They liked slang, and Mrs. Ridgie's was the boldest and quaintest. When the men and women were separated, "metaphysics" was again attempted by both. But the men who did not believe summarily laughed it down in the smoking-room. "Those fads are all well enough for the women," said Kennefick. "They've got to do something to pass the time, and they won't do anything serious, or, if they do, they make a joke of it. But our men, Lord Frothingham"—he was addressing himself to the Earl, whose spiritualistic views he had not heard and did not suspect—"are too busy for such nonsense."

"That's a libel on the women," said Thayer—his fad was a militant socialism that had a kindly eye for a red flag. "It's only women of the so-called fashionable class that go in for such silliness. The great mass of American women have something better to do."

"That's a libel on the women of the better class," retorted Kennefick. "Precious few of them are so silly."

"If it isn't that it's something else equally idle," said Thayer. Except Frothingham he was the best-dressed man in the room. "I've no time for idlers."

"Why don't you give your money





"THE WOMAN'S A FRAUD—A—" HE BEGAN.



away and shoulder a pick?" asked Kennefick, teasingly.

"I'm not fit even to wield a pick"—Thayer was one of the ablest lawyers in Massachusetts—"and I'd give my money away if I could without doing more harm than good. There are two kinds of parasites—the plutocrats and the paupers. I'm 'agin' 'em both. And, as for spiritualism, I don't think we know enough about the relations of mind and matter to dogmatise as you fellows have been doing."

Kennefick winked at Frothingham as if saying: "Another proof that Thayer's a crank."

When Frothingham was beside Cecilia in the drawing-room she said: "Would you like to go to Mrs. Ramsay?"

"Yes—will you take me?" he replied.

"I'll write to-night making an appointment for Wednesday."

He was liking her immensely now, and, while he believed—not nearly so vividly as at first—in her connections with the other world, he felt growing confidence that they would rapidly fade before reawakening interest in this world. Meanwhile, he reasoned, his cue was to ingratiate himself by sympathising with her and encouraging her to closer and closer confidence. "It's only a step from best friend to lover," he said to himself. And he made admirable use of the two days between her tentative acceptance of him and their visit to Mrs. Ramsay. He was justly proud of his manner toward her—a little of the brother, a great deal of the best friend, the tenderness and sympathy of the lover, yet nothing that could alarm her.

Mrs. Ramsay lived in a little old brick cottage in a quiet street near Franklin Park. In the two days Frothingham had become somewhat better acquainted with Henrietta Gillett, and had a strong admiration for her intelligence. As he and Cecilia entered the dark little parlour he remembered

what Henrietta had said about Mrs. Ramsay and was on guard. The first impression he received was of a perfume, unmistakably of the heaviest, most suspicious Oriental kind. "Gad!" he said to himself, "that scent doesn't suggest spirits. It smells tremendously of the world, the flesh and the devil, especially the devil."

As his eyes became accustomed to the faint light he discovered the radiating centre of this odour—a small blackish woman of forty or thereabouts, with keen, shifty black eyes and a long face as hard and fleshless from the cheekbones down as from the cheekbones up. The mouth was wide and cold and cruel. She was dressed in a loose black woollen wrapper, tight at the wrists, and her scanty black hair was in a careless, oily coil low on the back of her head. Her eyelids lifted languidly and she gave Cecilia her hand—a pretty hand, slender and sensitive.

"Good-morning, my dear," she said. "This is the Earl of Frothingham, is it not?"

At this both Cecilia and Frothingham started—Cecilia because it was another and impressive evidence of Mrs. Ramsay's power; Frothingham because he knew that voice so well. His knees weakened and he looked at Mrs. Ramsay.

But she was not looking at him. She was saying to Cecilia: "Doctor Yarrow was here two hours—I am *so* exhausted!"

"Perhaps we would better come to-morrow?" said Cecilia, appeal, apology and disappointment in her voice.

"No — no," replied Mrs. Ramsay wearily. "Doctor Yarrow tells me he has never known me to be so thoroughly under control as to-day. And"—she smiled faintly at Cecilia—"you know I would do anything for *you*."

"You *have* done—everything for me," said Cecilia, and her tone of humble, even deferential, gratitude filled Frothingham with pity and disgust. He was staring stolidly at Mrs. Ramsay, but if the room had been lighter his changed



colour and white lips might have been noted. Cecilia seated herself, and Frothingham gladly sat also where he could see Mrs. Ramsay's face without her seeing him unless she turned her head uncomfortably.

She rang a small, silver bell on the table at her elbow. A girl answered. "The light, please," said Mrs. Ramsay.

The girl went away and returned in a moment with a lamp whose strong flame was completely and curiously shielded by a metal sphere except at one point underneath. When it was set upon the table it threw a powerful light in a flood upon a part of the surface of the table about six inches square. The girl went to the windows and drew the heavy curtains across them. It was now impossible to see anything in the room except that small disc of intense light. In it presently appeared the slender, sensitive right hand of Mrs. Ramsay—it seemed to end at the wrist in nothingness. It laid upon the brightness a pad of white scribbling paper and a thick pencil with the heavy lead slightly rounded at the end; then it vanished. There was a long silence—Frothingham was sure he could hear Cecilia's faint breathing. His own breath hardly came at all and his heart

was beating crazily. He stared at those inanimate objects in the circle of dazzling light until his brain whirled.

A long sigh, apparently from Mrs. Ramsay, as if she were sinking into a deathlike sleep; a quick catching of the breath from the direction of Cecilia. He heard her move her chair to the

light, and then in it appeared her hand—long and narrow, looking waxen white, its nails, beautifully rounded, the most delicate blush of pink. It took the pencil and moved across the paper. Frothingham bent forward—she had written large, and he could easily read:

Dearest!

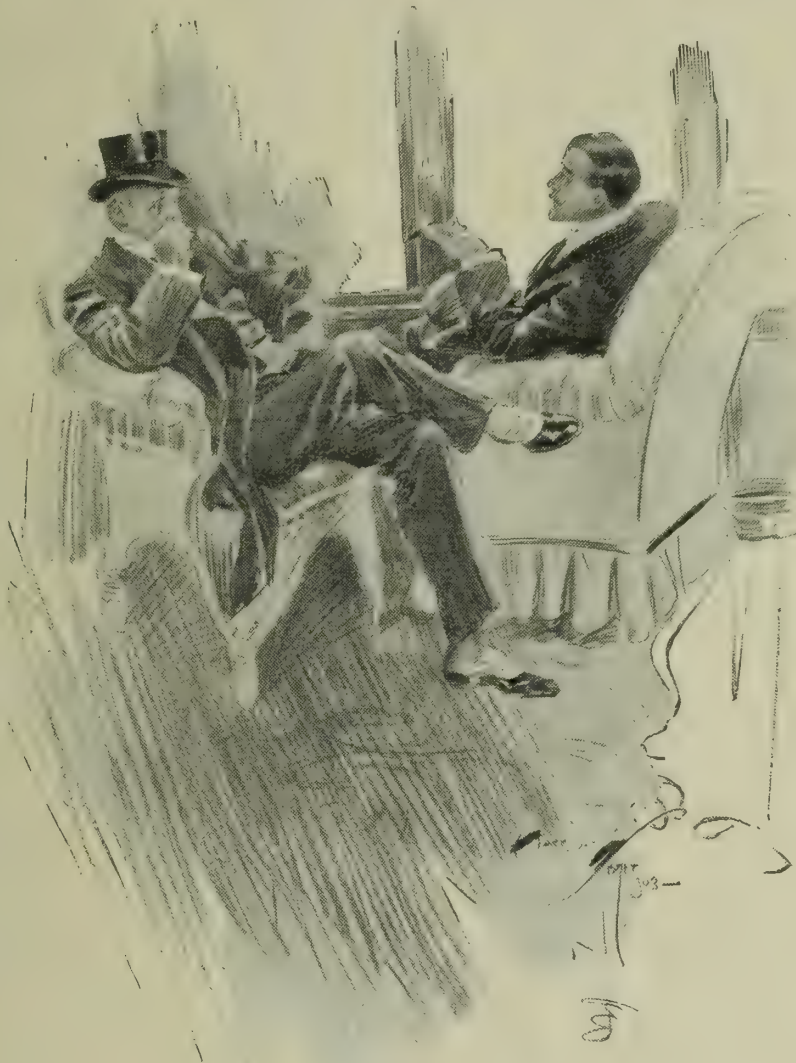
Her hand disappeared, and again there was only the pad, the pencil and the heart-call into the infinite—"Dearest!"

A long pause, then the weird, severed hand—

Frothingham

could not associate it with Mrs. Ramsay—crawled haltingly into the light, hovered over the pencil, took it, began to make its blunt point scrawl along the paper—a loose, shaky handwriting. With the hair on the back of his neck trembling to rise, Frothingham read:—

My wife—I am glad you have come, though you bring another with you to profane our holy secret. In the darkness a sharp exclamation



"YES—I'M IN CONGRESS YOU KNOW."



from Cecilia, then a sound like a sob. The hand ceased to write, dropped the pencil, vanished instantly. In the light appeared Cecilia's hand, trembling, its veins standing up, blue and pulsing—Frothingham was amazed that a hand by itself could express so much ; it was as perfect a mirror of her feelings as her face would have been. She wrote eagerly :—

But dearest, you told me only this morning that he might, should, see all.

Her hand lifted the sheet, now filled with writing, laid it beside the pad, then disappeared. Again there was a long silence, and again the mysterious hand crawled out of the darkness, loosely held the pencil and wrote slowly, staggeringly, faintly :—

No, I have not spoken to you, seen you, since he came into your life—It has been hard for me to push my way through to-day—There is a barrier between us—You have been deceived—Can it be that you—but no, I trust my wife—

The hand paused. "Oh! Oh!" sobbed Cecilia. The hand was moving again :—

My friends here tell me that you are going away across the sea with an English fortune-hunter—with him. You have been cruel enough to bring him here to our bridal chamber—Oh, Cecilia—

The end of the sheet had been reached, but the hand wrote on for a few seconds, making vague markings in space, then vanished, dropping the pencil with a noise that in the strained silence sounded like a crash, and made both Cecilia and Frothingham leap in their chairs. After a moment Cecilia's trembling, eager, pathetic hands lifted off the filled sheet and withdrew. But the hand did not return. After a long wait her right hand—it seemed bloodless now—appeared once more upon the paper and wrote :—

I have been deceived. I love

only you. I thought I was obeying you. Speak to me, dearest. You see into my heart. Speak to me. Do not leave me alone.

Her hand laid the sheet upon the other filled sheets and withdrew from that neutral ground of dazzling light between the two great mystery lands. Immediately the other hand darted into the light, caught the pencil and scrawled in great tottering letters :—

Yes, yes—but I cannot until he has gone far from you—Then come again—Good b——

The hand vanished and there was a moan from the darkness that enveloped the medium—a moan that ended in a suppressed shriek—and Frothingham saw Cecilia's hands hastily snatch the written sheets from under the light. Then he heard a voice in his ear—he hardly knew it as hers :—

"Come—come quickly!"

He rose, and with his hand touching her arm followed her. The door opened—the dim hallway seemed brightly lighted, so great was the contrast. The maid was seated there. She at once rose, entered the medium's room and closed the door behind her. Cecilia and Frothingham went into the quiet little street—the brilliant sunshine, the white snow over everything ; in the distance the rumble of the city.

He gave a huge sigh of relief, and wiped the sweat from his face—his very hair was wet and his collar was wilted. He was sickly pale.

"She always wishes to be left that way," said Cecilia, as if she did not know what she was saying.

They walked to the corner together. "I am not well," she said. He ventured to look at her ; she was wan and old, and her eyes were deep-circled in blue-black and she was blue-black at the corners of her mouth, at the edges of her nostrils. "I must go home—they will telephone Mrs. Ridgie. Don't say where I was taken ill. Forgive me—it was all my fault—yet not mine. Good-



bye——" She did not put out her hand to him, but stood off from him with fear and anguish in her downcast eyes.

"The woman's a fraud—a——" he began.

She turned upon him with a fury of which he would not have believed her capable. "Go! go!" she exclaimed, as if she were driving away a dog. "Already you may have lost me my love. Go!"

He shrank from her. She walked rapidly away, and he saw her hail a cab, enter it, saw the cab drive away. With his head down he strode back the way he had come. He turned into the quiet little street, went to Mrs. Ramsay's door, lifted and dropped the knocker several times. The maid opened the door a few inches and showed a frowning face.

Frothingham widened the space by thrusting himself into it. "Tell Mrs. Ramsay that Lord Frothingham wishes to speak to her," he said in a tone that made her servant his servant.

She went into the ghost-chamber and soon reappeared. "Mrs. Ramsay is too exhausted to see any one to-day."

"Bah!" exclaimed Frothingham, and stalked past the maid and into the ghost-chamber.

The curtains were back and the slats of the shutters were open. Mrs. Ramsay in her great chair by the table was using a bottle of salts. She did not look in Frothingham's direction as he closed the door sharply behind him.

He went to her and stood over her, scowling down at her. "What the deuce did you do that for, Lilian?"

Mrs. Ramsay did not change expression and did not answer.

"No one ever treated you more decently than I did. *You——*"

"No names, please, Slobsy," said Mrs. Ramsay, shaking her bottle and sniffing it again.

At "Slobsy" he shivered—he was not a lunatic on the subject of his dignity, but he did not fancy this nickname of his Oxford days, thus in-

opportunately flung at him. He felt that at one stroke she had cut the ground from under his feet.

"I was sorry to do it," she continued. "But I couldn't have you poaching on my preserves, could I now, Slobsy? It cut me to do it"—she looked at him with friendly sympathy—"but you could better afford to lose her than I could. You forgive me, don't you? You always were sensible."

"I'll expose you," he said—he was once more imperturbable, and was looking at her calmly through his eyeglass and was speaking in his faintly satirical drawl.

"Expose—what?" asked Mrs. Ramsay, sniffing at her salts.

He reflected. What *could* he expose? Clearly, no one but himself to Cecilia, or Cecilia to the public. He knew nothing about Mrs. Ramsay that would prove her a fraud. He turned and hurriedly left the room and the house.

"What luck—just my rotten luck!" he said to himself.

## XI.

At Mrs. Ridgie's they guessed that Frothingham had proposed to Cecilia and that she had been unnerved by the shock to her widowed heart. He stayed on until the following Monday, neither amused nor amusing, then returned to Mrs. Staunton's for two days. He found her intensely curious as to the trouble between Cecilia and him—she brought up the subject again and again, and with expert ingenuity at prying tried to trap him into telling her; she all but asked him point blank. But he looked vague or vacant, pretended not to understand what she wanted, expressed lively interest in Cecilia's progress toward health, professed keen regret that he must leave before she would be well enough to receive him.

As he was about to go Mrs. Staunton became desperate. "Allerton is a stern man," she said with an air that forbade



the idea that mere vulgar curiosity was moving her. "He has the notion that Cecilia was not polite to you—you know, she gives way to strange moods. And he is so irritated against her that he is treating her harshly."

Frothingham looked astonished. "Really!" he said. "How extraordinary. I can't conceive how he happened to wander off into that. Nothing could be farther from the truth."

"I confess," Mrs. Staunton went on, "I'm much disappointed. I've taken a fancy to you. I had rather hoped that you and Cecilia would like each other—you understand."

Frothingham reflected. It was possible, yes, probable, that Cecilia's father could drive her into marrying him, would do it if he should hint to Mrs. Staunton that he did fancy Cecilia and was "horribly cut up" because she didn't fancy him. "What the deuce do her feelings matter to me?" he demanded of himself. "A month after we were married she'd forget all this ghost nonsense and would be thanking me for pulling her out of it."

"And," Mrs. Staunton was saying, "I know her father would have liked it as well as I."

But Frothingham didn't follow his impulse and her unconscious leading. "What am I thinking of?" he said to himself in the sharp struggle that was going on behind his impassive exterior. "I'm not that sort of blackguard—at least not yet." Then he drawled his answer to Mrs. Staunton: "I'm tremendously flattered, but really, I fear the young lady and I would never hit it off. I've no great fancy for marrying—never had. I've always thought it a poor business for a man."

Mrs. Staunton looked mild and humorous disapproval. "What is the world coming to? A man asked me the other day why all the nice women were married and all the nice men single. I hadn't thought of it unt'l he spoke.

But I must say it's true of my acquaintances."

"I hope you'll let Mr. Allerton know he's wrong," said Frothingham. "I hate it that the poor girl's had the screws put on her on my account."

"Certainly—I'll tell him. But I'm sorry it's not to be as we hoped." She was studying him with a puzzled expression. She had heard from what she regarded as a thoroughly trustworthy source that her young English friend had come over especially to get him a rich wife. If he hadn't come for that, why was he wandering about? Titled foreigners did not come to America for amusement. She could not understand his conduct.

He couldn't understand it himself. "I always was an ass," he thought. "Here am I, sinking straight to the bottom—or, what's worse, the bottomless. Yet I'm squeamish about the kind of line that pulls me ashore. Yes—I'm an ass. Even Lilian, well as I knew her at Oxford, took me in a bit with her trumpery tricks to make a living. She completely fozzled me—that is——" Did she "foozle" him? He couldn't banish the doubt. And there was the incident of the horse—Lilian had nothing to do with that, yet it fitted in with her professions as to the spirit world. But hadn't she as good as owned up by apologising for breaking it off between him and Cecilia? Perhaps she hadn't meant that; perhaps she had meant she was sorry to be the medium for such a letter. "There was a lot of truth in that letter. And there must be something in witches and ghosts and all that or the whole world wouldn't believe in 'em. But what ghastly luck that Lilian should turn up after fifteen years—no, seventeen, by Jove! Gad, how she has gone off since she was barmaid at the Golden Cross and the prettiest girl that walked the High Street."

He paused in New York a few hours, long enough to get a disagreeable mail from the other side—a dismal letter from



old Bagley, a suspiciously cheerful note from Evelyn, a few lines from Surrey with a postscript about Gwen—"I've shipped her off to Mentone. She's a bit seedy this winter, poor girl." Frothingham quarrelled at Hutt, drank himself into a state of glassy-eyed gloom and took the three o'clock express for Washington. As

he sat in the smoking-car a man dropped into the next chair with a "How d'ye do, Frothingham?" Frothingham's features slowly collected into an expression of recognition, of restrained pleasure. "Glad to see you, Wallingford. Going to Washington?"

"Yes—I'm in Congress, you know."

"No, I didn't know." And it struck him as uncommonly modest in Wallingford never to have spoken of so distinguished an honour.

"My father put me in last year."

"Oh, you've a seat in your family." Frothingham nodded understandingly. "That's very nice. They've almost abolished that sort of luxury with us. Nowadays, to get into Parliament a fellow has to put up a good many thousand pounds. Even then he must take his chances of winning a lot of noisy brutes."

Wallingford's face had flushed when Frothingham said "a seat in your

family," and the flush had deepened as he went on. "You haven't got it quite straight, Frothingham—about us, I mean. No one can have a Congressional seat in his family in America. My father has a lot of influence with the party in New York City. He always puts up a lot of money for campaigns. And they

give him the chance to name a Congressman—if he's willing to pay for it. That's between us, you understand. It's a bad system. But it applies only to a few districts in New York and perhaps one or two other cities."

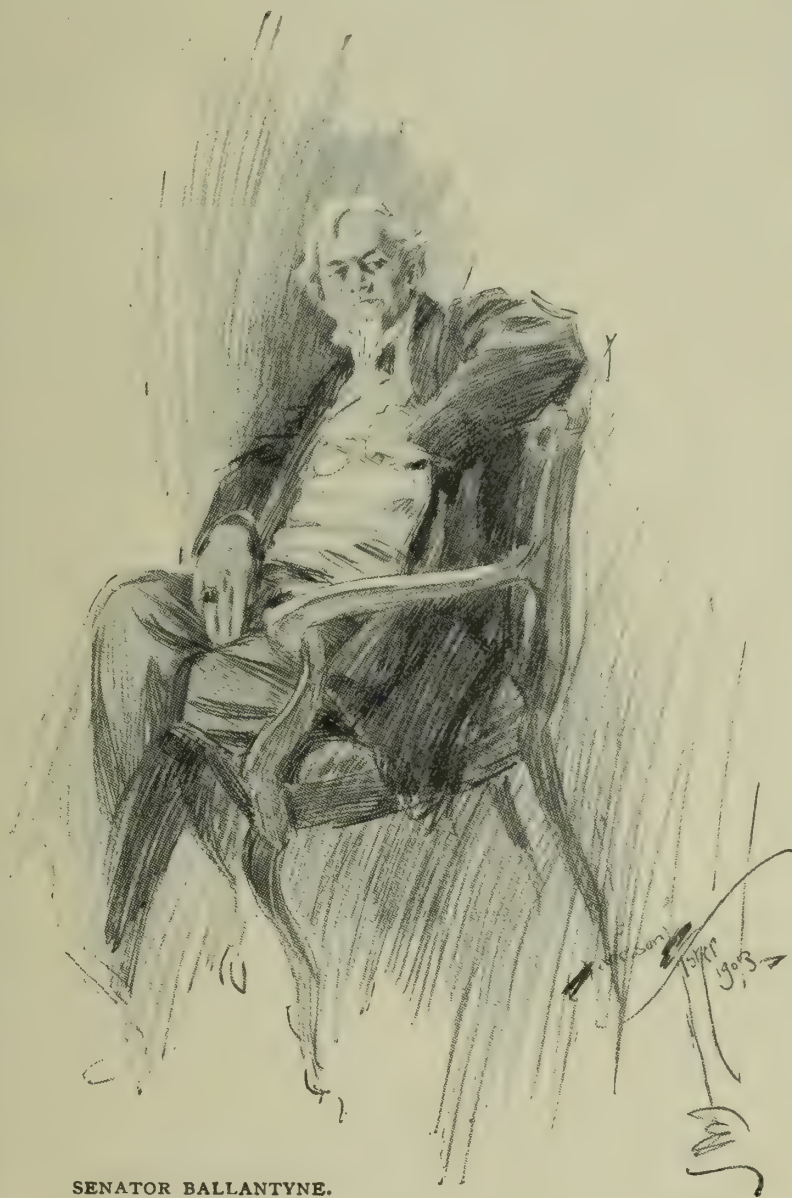
"It sounds like our system," said Frothingham. "A good system, I call it. If it weren't for that the lower classes would be chucking us out and putting their own kind in."

"Well, we think it bad. I feel something like a fellow who knows he wouldn't have won the race if he hadn't bribed the jockey on the other fellow's horse."

"That's your queer American way of looking at things. You are always pretending that birth and rank and wealth aren't entitled to consideration. But that's all on the surface—all 'bluff,' as you say. They get just as much consideration here as among us."

"You're judging the whole country by the people in one small class—and not by any means all of them."

"Human nature is human nature,"



SENATOR BALLANTYNE.



replied Frothingham with a cynical gleam in his eyeglass.

"If you go out West——"

"I'll find what I've found in the East, no doubt—perhaps in a little different form. I'm visiting Western people at Washington—after I've stopped at the Embassy a few days—some people I'm meeting through an American acquaintance of ours in England—Charles Sidney."

"Sidney!" Wallingford laughed. "He's my second cousin. Ain't he a shouting cad?"

"Oh, I think he's a well-meaning chap—most obliging."

"I should say so—to anybody he crawls before. And who are these Westerners he's sending you to?"

"The Ballantynes. I think Mr. Ballantyne's a Senator, is he not?"

Wallingford laughed again. "That's one on me," he said. "Yes, they're from the West. But for everything that isn't American they lay it over anybody you've seen in New York. Ballantyne! I sha'n't say any more. It's of no use to tell you you're going round and round in a circle that's in America but not really of it."

"Do you know the Ballantynes?"

"I've met Mrs. Ballantyne—and the daughter that's married to a Spaniard—the Duke of Almansa. They were at Monte Carlo three years ago when I was there. A handsome woman—amusing, too. She spent most of her time in the gambling-rooms—used to come in always dressed in something new and loud—and what tremendous hats she did wear! She'd throw on the table a big gold purse blazing with diamonds; then she'd seat herself and open the purse and it would be stuffed with thousand-franc notes. She'd plunge like a Russian. Every once in a while she'd go out on the balcony and walk up and down smoking a cigarette. She forbade her husband the Casino unless she was with him; even then he wasn't allowed to stake a single louis. He'd

slip away and play in one of those more private rooms upstairs."

Frothingham smiled reminiscently.

"You know, the play's higher there," continued Wallingford. "But the crowd of spectators was too small and indifferent for Her Grace of Almansa. When she found out what he was up to she made a scene right before everybody—'How dare you squander *my* money!' she said, and she led him away like a spaniel on its way to a whipping."

"Charming person!" said Frothingham. "Must have been amusing."

"Indeed she was. They'd talk of her all day without growing tired—and always a new freak. You'll be amused by her."

"Ah—she's here?"

"Yes—left the Duke two years ago—paid him off and came home to her father. She's quite quiet now, they say—educating her children."

Frothingham's three days at the British Embassy were to him days upon an oasis in the desert. It was literally, as well as legally, part of the British domain—Britain indeed, as soon as the outside door was passed. The servants at most of the houses at which he had been entertained were direct and recent importations from England, yet they had already lost an essential something—even his faithful Hutt was not the docile, humble creature he had been. But here in the Embassy the servants, like the attachés, like the Ambassador's family, like the Ambassador himself, were as English in look, in manner, in thought as if they had never been off the island. The very furniture and the arrangement of it, the way the beds were made and the towels were hung in the bathrooms, represented the English people as thoroughly as did the Ambassador.

From this miniature Britain Frothingham on the third day was transferred to the international chaos beneath the turrets and battlements of the Ballan-



tyne castle. When the house was finished, twelve years before Frothingham saw it, the various suites were furnished each on a definite scheme—French or English or Italian of different periods, classical, Oriental, Colonial American. But the Ballantynes had the true American weariness of things that are completed. They were not long interested in their house after it was done. They felt like strangers in it, lived in it only for the sake of show, were positively uncomfortable. More through carelessness and indifference than through ignorance, the movable objects in the suites had become changed about—a gradual process, imperceptible to the inhabitants. There were now specimens of every style and every period in each suite; and Frothingham, who knew about interiors, seeing this interior for the first time thought it the work of an eccentric verging on lunacy.

"Awful, isn't it?" said Madame Almansa, as she was called. She had noted Frothingham's glance roaming the concourse of nations and periods that thronged the walls and floor space of the vast parlour—the Ballantynes used the American term instead of the British "drawing-room."

Frothingham looked at her inquiringly.



"THE THREE DESCENDED THE GRAND STAIRWAY."

"What?" he said, pretending not to understand.

"Do you wonder I refuse to live here?" she went on, as if he had not spoken. "There's some excuse for the great houses on the other side. At least the present tenants didn't build them and can put the responsibility upon their ignorant, semi-barbaric ancestors."

"That *has* struck me as a bit queer," replied Frothingham. "Over on our



side we're cursing our ancestors for having burdened us with huge masses of brick and stone—beastly uncomfortable aren't they?"

"Worse—unhealthful," she answered. "And as dwelling-places for human beings, ridiculous."

"Yes—and it takes an army to keep 'em clean, and then it isn't half done. And it does cost such a lot to keep 'em up. And there's no way of heating them. We don't build 'em any more—except new people that must show off."

"That's the trouble here," said Madame Almansa. "The new people who know nothing of the art of living build palaces as soon as ever they can afford it. It's supposed to be the badge of superiority. Instead, it's the badge of ignorance and vulgarity. I refuse to permit my children to live in the midst of such nonsense. You must come and see us, Lord Frothingham, in our little house just through this square."

Her sister, Isabella, who called herself Ysobel because she fancied it more aristocratic, laughed queerly—almost a sneer, though good-natured. And when Frothingham went away to her father's sitting room she laughed again. "It's all very well for you Susanna——"

"Susan," interrupted Madame Almansa.

"Well, Susan, then—though I hate to pronounce such a common word in addressing any one above the rank of servant. It's all very well for you to talk in that fashion. You've established yourself. You can afford to affect simplicity, and to insist on being called Susan, and on dropping your title, and on living in a plain little house, and on bringing up your children as if they were a tradesman's sons instead of the sons of one of the proudest nobles in——"

"You know Almansa," interrupted "Susan." "How *can* you speak of him as proud or a noble?"

"He *is* a weazenened, oily creature," admitted Ysobel, delighted to make her sister wince by agreeing with her and "going her one better." "And I jumped

for joy when you shook him, because I shouldn't have to let him kiss me any more. But, all the same, he's a great noble. And you know perfectly well, Madame Almansa, that if you had it to do alloveragainyou'dmarryhimjustthesame—yes, if he were ten times worse——"

"Don't, Bella, please!" exclaimed "Susan" in a large, tragic way. "*Mon Dieu!*" She clasped her hands and in heroic agitation swept magnificently up and down the small, clear space. "When I think of the heritage of my boys—my Emilio and my Alfonso——"

"My Prince de Rio Blanco and my Marquis de Calamar," mocked Ysobel. "Cut it out, Sue. I loathe—*cant!*"

"Instead of filling your head with these false notions of nobility," said "Sue" sarcastically, "you would better look to your English, at least. But the vulgar speech you and your girl friends use nowadays is in keeping with your vulgar ideas of aristocracy."

"Yes, Madame la Duchesse," said Ysobel, her good nature unruffled. "And when I've married a title and then shaken the man I'll talk in the same top-lofty way that you do."

Madame Almansa raised and lowered her superb shoulders and changed the subject to dress—she affected an extreme of simplicity, and that required a great deal more time and thought than her former easily gratified craze for the startling. Presently her father came with Frothingham. "You're going to Senator Pope's to dinner, aren't you?" he said absently. Frothingham thought he looked like the pictures of "Uncle Sam," except that his white chin whiskers were rooted in a somewhat larger chin space.

"Not I," replied Madame Almansa. "You know, father, I'm to stay here and do the honours at your dinner."

"Yes, yes, Susie—I remember." Senator Ballantyne seemed pleased, but uneasy. "But you must be careful—very careful. Your grand airs will frighten 'em."



Ysobel laughed. "Mamma and I are going to Mr. Pope's," she said, "and Lord Frothingham, too. And then we all go to the White House dance afterward."

"No, the White House dance is to-morrow night," said Madame Almansa. "I am going."

"Well, well—no matter," interposed Senator Ballantyne. "All I want is to be sure that you get out of the way before my constituents come. Your mother ought to be ashamed of herself to desert me. But I suppose they won't mind it so long as Sue is here."

"What time's your dinner, pa?" asked Ysobel.

"Half-past six," replied the Senator, and he turned to Frothingham. "At home they have dinner—no, they call it supper—at five o'clock."

"That's 'way, 'way out West, Lord Frothingham," explained Ysobel, "where papa and mamma come from."

"And you, too, young lady," said her father, teasingly. "You were born there."

"Yes, but I was caught young and taken to France," retorted Ysobel. "I spoke French before I spoke English."

Senator Ballantyne frowned, became abstracted, was presently sighing. His eldest daughter heard it and gave a theatrical sigh of sympathy. Ballantyne seemed not to hear, but *something* was irritating him, for he frowned more heavily.

Mrs. Ballantyne came in from her drive. She was a fine-looking woman, had all the outward appearance of the *grande dame*, and acted the part so well that not even herself had caught her in a slip for many years—a notable triumph in the art of pose when it is considered that she was a country school-teacher until she was twenty-four and had never seen a city or been east of the Alleghanies until she was past thirty. Frothingham helped her relieve herself of a great sable-lined cloak which he handed to a servant. The servant bent double in a bow—Mrs. Ballantyne paid well for obsequiousness. "When do

those people of yours begin to come, Samuel?" she asked, framing her sentence and her manner to impress Frothingham.

Ballantyne looked annoyed, and, with a furtive glance at him, said: "Lord Frothingham will carry away a strange notion of democratic institutions as represented by Senators, mother."

Mrs. Ballantyne permitted him to call her mother because it was the only word of address that did not rasp her aristocratic nature. Her name was Jane—that she could not endure even before the days of her grandeur. She had made him call her Mrs. Ballantyne before people until she discovered that it was "shocking bad form." She decided upon mother because the old Austrian Ambassador, whose title was of the highest and whose blood was of the thinnest and palest blue, said to her one day, "I like your American fashion of husband and wife calling each other mother and father. It has a grand old patriarchal ring. My wife and I have adopted it."

"You must get out of the way by six o'clock," continued Ballantyne, addressing himself to "mother." "Several of them said they'd come round early for half an hour's chat before supper."

"I'm sorry we're to be driven out," said Frothingham. "I fancy I'd like to see your constituents."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Lord Frothingham," Mrs. Ballantyne answered him—for his benefit she was "laying it on with a trowel," as Ysobel would have said. "They're—but you know how it is in politics. I wish Samuel would leave public life."

"What!" exclaimed Ballantyne in mock horror. "And have all our poor relations that I've got nicely placed at the public crib bounced in a body, and come grunting and squealing to me to be supported! One of the objects in getting public office in this country, Lord Frothingham, is to relieve one's self of the support of one's poor relations and



friends. The late President Arthur said to me when he was at the White House: 'The degradation of it! That I should have to lower myself for six hours every day to keeping an employment agency!'"

"But we can't dress and drive round the streets from six o'clock until eight," said Ysobel.

"They'll be in the reception-room by eight," replied her mother, "or else they won't be through dinner. We can get out unseen."

Frothingham maintained his look of blank indifference, but underneath he was vastly amused—"And they're quite unconscious what cads they are," he thought. As if in answer to this, Senator Ballantyne said to him, in a tone of humorous apology: "Our constituents are plain people, Lord Frothingham—honest, simple. They lead quiet, old-fashioned lives. I always send my family away or make them 'come off their perch' when I have to receive any one from home—that is, any but my regular political lieutenants. To tell you the gospel truth, I'm ashamed to have my old friends see how absurd we've become."

At six o'clock Frothingham was idling in a small smoking-room in the rear of the great parlour—it was on the second floor. Senator Ballantyne came in and grew red in the cheeks. "Oh, I didn't expect to see you," he said with an embarrassed laugh.

Frothingham pretended not to notice, but he instantly saw the embarrassment, and the cause of it as well. The Senator was not in evening dress, nor even in his uniform of "statesman's frock." To combat the unfavourable impression his great castle would make upon the excursionists from his distant State he had got himself up in a stained old bluesacque suit with torn pocket and ragged cuff, in trousers bagging hideously at the knees and springing fantastically where they met his unblackened boots.

He seated himself and talked absently

until there was a ring of the front door bell. He started up. "I must go," he said. "That's the first ones." And he hurried away.

Frothingham waited a few seconds, then went into the hall and leaned carelessly on the banister where it commanded a view of the front door. He chuckled. Not the pompous and liveried butler or footman was opening it, but Senator Ballantyne himself in his livery of the "plain people." And Frothingham grinned as his great hearty voice—how different, how much more natural, than his usual voice—rolled out a "Why, hello, boys—Hello, Jim! Hello, Rankin. How d'ye do, Mrs. Fisher? Glad to see you, Miss Branigan. The maid wasn't about, so I thought I wouldn't keep you waitin'. Come right in and take off your things. Ladies, I'm sorry to say my wife's run off and left me—had to go to a dinner where the President and his wife are to be. You know, we ain't allowed to decline. But we won't miss her. My oldest girl Sue's in the parlour. You remember Sue?"

They all went into the "parlour"—that is, the little first-floor reception-room, which had been partly refurnished, or rather, dismantled, for the occasion. The bell rang again. Frothingham chuckled again as he saw not butler, nor footman, nor Senator, but a neatly-dressed upstairs girl, without a cap, hasten to open the door. As he heard the rustle of skirts on the stairway leading to the sleeping-rooms, he prudently strolled into the smoking-room.

When he went up to dress Hutt said to him: "Beg pardon, my lord, but my, hit's queer, the dinner party they're 'avin' hin the little back room."

Frothingham went on shaving and Hutt continued:—

"They've sent hoff hall the servants, hexceptin' the maids, my lord. They've got heverythink on the table at once, and they're waitin' on themselves."

"Last night," said Frothingham, "you gave me a shirt with a spot on the



collar. You're getting careless and impudent, Hutt."

When he reached the parlour Mrs. Ballantyne and Ysobel were waiting—Mrs. Ballantyne ablaze with rubies and diamonds, Ysobel slim and white and golden in an expensively plain white dress with golden spangles. Mrs. Ballantyne rang for the servant. "See that the doors leading into the hall downstairs are closed," she said.

The servant returned and announced that the way was clear. The three descended the grand stairway rapidly, entered the carriage and drove away—"with two on the box."

Presently Ysobel laughed. "You should have seen Susan, Lord Frothingham," she said. "She was rigged up in a black alpaca made with a basque."

"Alpaca?" asked Frothingham. "What's that? And what's a basque?"

"Alpaca is—well, it's a stuff they wear out West in the country when they dress up. I suppose they wear it because the country is so dusty and black alpaca catches and shows every bit of dust. And when you touch it, it makes your teeth ache and the goose-flesh rise all over you. A basque—it's a sort of waist, only it's little and tight and short on the hips and low in the collar, and it pulls under the arms—I can't describe a basque. It has to be seen. My idea of future punishment is to dress for a thousand years in black alpaca made with a basque, and to have to rub your hands over it every five minutes."

*(To be continued.)*

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## THREE KISSES

By JOHN GRITTON

COLD is the north wind's breath,  
As in years ago,  
When in the dusk we kissed beneath  
The mistletoe.

Pure is the snow and white,  
As the gown you wore,  
When we our troth for aye did plight,  
And kissed once more.

Drear is the night and chill,  
As on that dead day,  
When on your lips so sweet and still  
My last kiss lay.

Dark as the sky above  
Is this life of mine;  
But in the past, like stars, dear love,  
Those kisses shine.



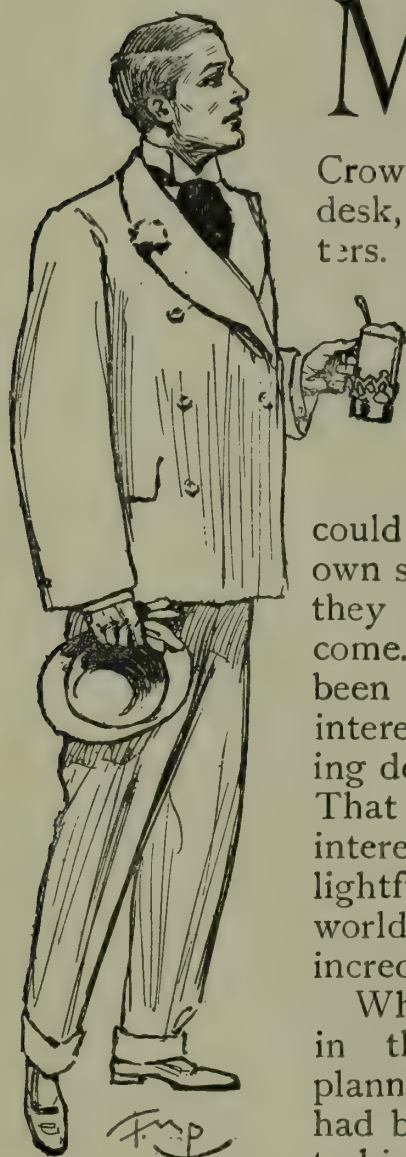
# THE DRAMATIC RIGHTS TO "LAUREL CROWNS"

BY

ELIZABETH MCCracken.

PICTURES BY

THOMAS MITCHELL PEIRCE.



MARTIN PAGE, the author of "Laurel Crowns," sat at his desk, reading his letters. These letters were a daily renewed source of some pleasure and more bewilderment to Martin. He could not realise his own success, of which they were one outcome. His book had been of absorbing interest and enchanting delight to himself. That it was no less interesting and delightful to the great world seemed to him incredible.

While he lay awake in the night and planned it, the book had been no less real to him than his own breathing. During the hours in which subsequently he had written it, it had yet been as actual and vital to him as the hand which guided the pen; but the moment the book was published he lost it. Instead of the thrilling joy which he had often imagined himself experiencing in the presence of his first printed book, he had a lonely little feeling toward it that made him begin to write a second book.

It will be seen that Martin had temperament. He also had youth and an almost childlike simplicity of outlook.

The author of "Laurel Crowns" was kindly to a degree. Seven of his letters were requests for autographs. Martin wondered why anyone wanted his autograph, but he cheerfully wrote his name seven times. One correspondent requested the authorship of the quotation with which "Laurel Crowns" was concluded. She enclosed no stamp, and the quotation was from the quality-of-mercy speech in "The Merchant of Venice," but Martin courteously wrote a reply.

Usually, he had little difficulty in answering his letters, but this mail had brought three, each of which demanded much more than a signature, a postage stamp, or a slight introduction to the plays of William Shakespeare. Martin read and re-read them with increasing embarrassment.

The first was from his publishers:—

"DEAR MR. PAGE," it said, cautiously; "If, as we are inclined to understand, Winfield Stone solicits the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns,' we would strongly advise you to accept his offer. He is, as you are aware, the most powerful theatrical manager in the country——" and then the publishers reiterated their strong advice.

The second letter was brief to the point of curttness:—

"MARTIN PAGE, Esq. DEAR SIR,—I want the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns.' WINFIELD STONE."

It is obvious that Martin would have had no dilemma whatever to face had





"I WAS SO FURIOUS THAT I INSTANTLY LEFT THE PLACE."



there been no third letter, but there was a third letter.

It was written on a small sheet of heavy, white paper, at the top of which, in old-blue ink, were the letters J. C., daintily embossed in a fantastically obscure monogram. The handwriting was heavy and black and expansive. To persons who like to find a revelation of character in so arbitrary a thing as chirography, it might have suggested impulsiveness. The letter itself more than suggested impulsiveness.

"DEAR MARTIN," it said, "*Don't* tell me you have *already* let some one *else* have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns!' I want them! The part of Ruth—*why* did you name her Ruth?—just fits me, precisely fits me; and I want to star in it. Yes, I *do*! To-day I went up and told Winfield Stone that I was tired of leading and wanted to star. Indeed, I *did*! He looked at me reflectively. I thought he was going to say, 'Exactly; and I will star you!' But he *didn't*! 'I—cannot—star—you—' he began in that drawl which he sometimes uses, and I was so *furious* that I instantly left the place, without waiting for him to say another word. The idea of his saying he could not star *me*! Don't you think I can act well enough to star? The *idea* of Winfield Stone——

"But I shall star myself, if you still have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns.' Will you dramatise it—or get some one who is used to dramatising things?

"Let me know instantly if you still *have* the rights to 'Laurel Crowns.'

"Hastily your friend,

"JEANNETTE CURTIS."

Martin held the letter in his hand and absently rubbed his thumb over the monogram. "Now what is a fellow to do?" he interrogated. "The part of Ruth exactly fits her! It would be strange if it didn't! *She* is Ruth!"

He read the letter again. "Of course, she must have it, if she wants it," he said, simply; "but still, a man owes

something to his publishers. If Winfield Stone produces it, it will double the sales of the book; and what a blatant idiot people will think I am, if they hear I've refused it to Winfield Stone!" His face suddenly flushed. "They will say I let Jeannette have it because—I love her." Martin stopped, and read Jeannette's letter again. "Well, I do," he said, boldly; "but—she wouldn't want to have everybody saying it. She won't let me say it, and she doesn't love me. 'Your friend,' " he read aloud from Jeannette's letter. "I wish she wouldn't emphasise it so!"

Martin took the great manager's letter in his other hand. He smiled, grimly. It was so different from Jeannette's letter in outward semblance and so identical with it in spirit.

As he held the letters side by side and stared at them in perplexity, he started. Jeannette's letter was dated a day in advance of Winfield Stone's. Martin's face cleared as if by magic. "I might have thought of that!" he cried. "Hers was written first. Careless girl, she forgot to post it, as usual! That settles it."

He turned to his desk, and quickly began to reply to the no longer vexatious letters.

To Jeannette he said:—

"MY DEAR GIRL,—Of course you may have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns'! What do I know about starrng? But I think you act well enough to do anything. I'll dramatise it, or you can, or we'll get some one to dramatise it, just as you prefer."

Martin concluded the letter with several additional betrayals of his naïve ignorance in regard to the practicalities of dramatic affairs. As he had inferred, Martin knew little about starrng; but he had known Jeannette Curtis from her childhood. The dramatic rights to "Laurel Crowns" were by no means first among his possessions to be bestowed upon her. Martin was aware that Jeannette might not use "Laurel





THOMAS  
MITCHELL  
DELECE  
1902

"THEN SHE STARED UNSEEINGLY AT THE FLOOR FOR AN INSTANT."



Crowns" to large advantage ; but he was very gentle, and so he was happy in the mere giving of his love and his bounty.

Taking out another sheet of paper, he wrote to Winfield Stone. His letter was as laconic as the manager's own :—

"WINFIELD STONE, Esq. DEAR SIR,—I have already disposed of the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns.'

"MARTIN PAGE."

Martin slowly blotted the letter.

"Won't he be surprised, though!" he thought. "He has always had what he said he wanted. It's a pity Jeannette has quarrelled with him. He was making her career—and I *don't* believe she knows how to star by herself, even in 'Laurel Crowns.'"

Jeannette's letter had fallen to the floor. He reached for it, and laughed as he again unfolded it.

"I've read it enough times," he reflected, "to know every word of it. 'Let me know instantly,' she says. I didn't notice that. Well, I will!"

He sprang to his feet, seized his letter to Jeannette, and taking his hat, rushed to the door. He threw it open, and then stopped short. A girl—a charming girl—who curiously resembled him in appearance, stood at the door, her hand lifted in the very act of knocking. She broke into a low, surprised laugh.

"Why, Martin, what in the world ——" she began. Her voice had a marvellous ringing tone, as soft as it was clear. Winfield Stone had said that this voice was more than half her professional equipment.

"Oh, Jeannette! Won't you come in?" Martin said. "I got your letter this morning, and I was just going to get a messenger to take an answer to it." He looked at her, and smiled, mischievously. "You said to let you know instantly," he concluded.

Jeannette took the letter from his hand. "I didn't say anything about your turning yourself into a cyclone over it," she said.

She looked up into his face ; and then they both laughed.

She took the chair at Martin's desk. Opening her letter, she read it. Martin seated himself on an absurd little divan made of a portmanteau and a Bagdad curtain, and watched her.

He did not know how strong was the resemblance between them. Jeannette's difference in colouring served to conceal it, even from persons more keen-sighted than Martin. She was very fair ; her face had almost no trace of colour, her eyes were the grey of silver, and her hair was the palest possible brown ; but like Martin's face, Jeannette's was peculiarly eager and vivid. Like Martin's, her eyes were strangely gentle ; but unlike Martin's, her mouth had a wistfulness in its curve, even when she smiled.

She looked up from her letter as she read it, and smiled. "I shouldn't say you did know *much* about starring," she observed.

Martin laughed. "How much do you know about it yourself?" he retorted.

"Well," said Jeannette, meditatively, "I don't know as much as Winfield Stone—but I've made up my mind to star, and star I shall, even if Winfield Stone won't——" She ceased, abruptly, for on Martin's desk she saw the envelope of Winfield Stone's letter. She glanced quickly at Martin, but the young man was pushing the cushions of the divan into a heap, and he did not see her startled eyes.

"Martin," she began, "I am very warm."

Martin turned to her. "You don't look particularly warm," he said, critically. "I like that dull Pompeian colour," he added, as he gazed at her linen gown, "and that hat. Blondes hardly ever have enough artistic sense to wear red touched off with black ; they usually go in for blue and *écru*. But you don't look warm."

"Well—I am," Jeannette insisted. "If you can't take me at my word——" she added, offendedly.



The author of "Laurel Crowns" laughed. "I can try!" he exclaimed. "Now, how shall I cool you off? A fan? I don't own a fan! I have it, I'll run over to the corner and get you a lemon squash!"

Jeannette's conscience smote her when Martin had left the room; but she did not call to him to return. She waited until she heard the bang of the door as he closed it; then she hastily searched among the letters scattered over the desk. She put her own letter impatiently aside, but the publishers' and manager's she grasped, and read with parted lips. She found the envelope and the other two; then she compared the post-marks. A faint colour came into her fair cheeks. "He got them *all* in this morning's mail!" she whispered.

In her haste she had moved the blotter, which Martin had left over his letter to Winfield Stone. The letter lay before her eyes, and she read it. Then she read again the letter Martin had written to her; then she stared unseeingly at the floor for an instant, and then she covered her face with her hands, and trembled with a strange excitement.

"He loves me! He does really love me. But he sha'n't do it! I'll be leading-lady all my life first! Winfield Stone wants 'Laurel Crowns!' Good gracious! Martin's fortune is made—and he loves me enough to unmake it! And to think I would never believe he loved me at all!"

Jeannette lifted her shining eyes. She seized her letter to Martin in one hand, and Martin's pen in the other; then, laughing softly, she drew two heavy lines through the word "friend." "Think of the time and energy I've wasted making him believe I didn't love him! But truly I *didn't* think he *really* loved me, and I couldn't tell him I *did* love him!" she sighed, happily.

"You certainly look warm enough now," Martin remarked, when he re-

turned. "You look positively overheated."

"I am," Jeannette replied; "but it would take something more than a lemon squash to cool me off! And, anyway, I must go. I've decided *not* to star—that is, right away. Winfield Stone knows more about it than I do. I'm going right over to see him now about being leading-lady again next year."

"But, Jeannette——" said Martin, in amazement.

Jeannette almost ran to the door. "Good-bye!" she said. Martin caught her hand.

Jeannette's cheeks paled again. In her hand, she still held her letter to Martin. "Why, Jeannette," he cried, as his eyes, led by the rustling of the paper, fell upon the unmistakable blue monogram.

She allowed him to take the letter. Half mechanically, he unfolded it. The two lines drawn through the word "friend" flashed before him.

"*Jeannette!*" he exclaimed. "Really!"

Jeannette turned slowly and looked at him. His gentle eyes shone happily, and her smile had lost its wistfulness.

"Yes," she said, and he seized both her hands.

"Oh, *no*, no, *don't!*" she protested; and again her face was flooded with delicate colour. "I'm going—I must go!"

Martin still held her hands.

"When, Jeannette, *when?*" he questioned; but Jeannette would not look at him.

"*Please* let me go!" she besought him.

"But the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns'?" he queried. "What has that to do with——"

"I'm not going to star, and I don't want them," she replied, her beautiful voice trembling. "If you don't let me go this moment, I'll write 'friend' in again!" she added, suddenly; and Martin let her go.



She flew to the door and down the hall to the lift. The door of the lift had just been opened. Jeannette swept blindly into it, to the astonishment and very nearly the annihilation of its one occupant.

"I *beg* your pardon!" she exclaimed, without turning her eyes.

"Good heavens—you *should*! You are the most precipitate person I ever knew. First you whirl out of my office, and then you——"

Jeannette gasped.

"Mr. Stone!" she said, breathlessly.

"Exactly," replied the manager, urbanely. "I am going to ask Mr. Martin Page why he doesn't answer his letters promptly. Young authors are so conceited! Do you happen to know Martin Page?" he added, suddenly.

"Know him!" cried Jeannette. "I've known him all my life. I—I am going to marry him."

"*What!*" ejaculated the manager.

"Yes," said Jeannette, "I am; but you may have the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns'——"

"*But!*" shouted the manager; "*but*, you say! Are you going to retire *now*, after all I've done for you?"

"Retire?" echoed Jeannette. "Of course I'm not going to retire! I'll go right on being leading-lady."

The manager led her from the lift into the hall, and scrutinised her face with genuine anxiety.

"Would you object to telling me whether by any chance you have lost your mind?" he asked.

"Perhaps I have," faltered Jeannette. "I wouldn't be sure."

"You told me you wanted to star——"

"And you told me you couldn't star me," Jeannette returned.

"And you got up, and whirled off, as I have said before. If you had less suddenness and more serenity of manner, you would have waited until I had at least finished my sentence," the manager drawled. "What I *started* to say was that I couldn't star you unless I could get the dramatic rights to 'Laurel Crowns'——"

"For *me*?" cried Jeannette, wildly.

"Exactly! For whom else? The part of Ruth just fits you——"

"It certainly does," put in Jeannette.

"And you say I may have the dramatic rights——"

"Yes—oh, *yes!*"

"And yet you said you want to go right on being leading-lady——"

"No, I don't!" Jeannette exclaimed, excitedly. "I *don't!* I want to star. I want you to star me. I want to star 'in Laurel Crowns'!"

"Then what in heaven's name is all the trouble about?" the manager demanded, fiercely.

Jeannette laughed like a happy child.

"There isn't any trouble," she said, with a new and lovelier ring in her rare voice. "There isn't any trouble in the whole wide world!" And leaving the manager staring after her, she ran down the hall, opened the door without knocking, and rushing up to the astonished author of "Laurel Crowns," flung her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Winfield Stone is in the hall," she said, "and I think you'd better take out that lemon squash. He needs *something!*"



# A CHANNEL EXCHANGE

By "ERRATICUS"

## I.

CAPTAIN BARNACLE, according to his yarns, could ably command anything from a ketch to a mail boat. And as he was liberal with drinks at the "Swan" Inn, Plymouth, during his unverified recitals, no man of himself cared to give outward doubt of them. Any unfavourable opinions were expressed in the mariner's absence.

That Barnacle was a good man in sail was a fact; but that he could command in steam was a question, no person would have easier admitted than the Captain himself—in his sober periods.

He had sailed schooners, he had fished in the North Sea on the *Dogger*; and now, with a cargo of guano from Lobos for Antwerp, he held charge of the barque *Hopeful*; but steam was a thing apart from the calendar of his varied experience. In truth, steam was his fancy—his material ideal.

Besides, though his love for the *Hopeful* was staunch enough when he was ashore, his hate for her was great when he was afloat; and now, as he gazed upwards at the *Hopeful's* spars and sails bathed in the Channel mists, his enlarging discontent swelled ambition to a point that would take no denial.

Ten years of this business had he gone through, with weeks on end under reefed topsails and green seas over; "mainsail haul" in most contrary winds, and a month's soaking every passage whose course carried him over the doldrum area; and he decided, as he often had done before, that *this* voyage should be his last in sail.

He vouched to the mate, who limped the weather side of the poop during the first dog watch, that he'd have a change, and that change must be steam. "For,"

explained Barnacle, "steam's a miracle." You touched a telegraph and the ship in a trice was at full speed, or you could, so to speak, reef her down in the twinkling of an eye. No loss of watch below for the crew; no owners to pull your ears for losing canvas in squalls the Archangel couldn't see coming; no four months' passages; and seven pounds a month more salary. Truly, steam was glorious to contemplate. And the longer Barnacle spoke of this matter the more this birdlime bucket of which he held command galled him.

The advice of his coasting steamboat friends at the "Swan" had been to abjure steam and stick to sail. Steamboat owners, they had shown, wanted you to keep better time than the average local railway train, and you were as much to blame as the engineer if the coal supply in the bunkers wasn't quite as enormous as it might have been. What with commission and other little tricks you were powerless to avert, coal was generally short; and unless you were an adept at cooking the log book and making gales of wind to order, the open door of the office, and all salary due, was kindly presented by a gently murmuring owner. But Captain Barnacle wanted steam, and steam, at any price, he would have. Contrast, in his dilemma, lent him timely aid: his disgust of the *Hopeful* representing, to his eyes, steamship owners as angels of the whitest.

"After this voyage, Mr. Williams," he remarked to the mate, "I'm going to try my hand at Langdale's colliers. Might get in there as mate for a start."

The mate pulled his oilskin collar about his chin and adjusted a lump of tobacco in the well of one cheek for comfortable chewing. "Might," he assented to Barnacle's proposal. "Two pound a week and grub yourself. Nothing



to be made out of feeding the crew there," and he glanced slyly at the skipper, who allowed the verdict of suspicion to pass without comment.

"There's no chance of running short of coals when you're loaded with 'em," said Barnacle, thinking of the advice of his friends at the "Swan."

"Not a bit. Only it's a trifle troublesome when you've to cart the diamonds from the main hatch to the bunkers on the upper deck while the sea climbs over the rails ten ton to the minute."

Now Williams, in earlier days, had been in steam as fireman, and graduated to donkeyman. Also he had been a deck hand and warped himself to the Marine Board finally for a master's certificate. Experienced and handy, he was the manner of man most useful to assist Barnacle with advice. But Barnacle knew his mate to have prejudice, and the two men were, as a rule, on the best of loggerhead terms. So the captain believed what he wished and let the other slide out of his ear to leeward. The mate was only trying to frighten him, he felt, in retaliation for keeping all the good things of the pantry for himself.

His thoughts were busy upon this topic until outward events awoke him to reality. A steamboat's whistle boomed hideous music on the *Hopeful's* bow and a wobbling lump seethed out of the fog and oozed clearly to sight. Barnacle stared at her.

"Something in that line's about my mark," he said, and scanned the vanishing, stump-funnelled boat steaming slowly past the barque's beam. He watched her until she hid herself in the fog astern and her whistle sounded faintly over the leaden channel swells. "She'd suit me to a T," he concluded.

Then he glanced upwards at the dim showing fabric of his barque, and irritation grew strongly within him. The fog was getting thicker, the wind veering to the eastward—a biting breeze dead in the *Hopeful's* course. It seemed to

Barnacle that all the Fates had joined forces against him to give him final and crushing defeat without the chance to surrender.

"Here we are," he said, "four and a half months already from Lobos, knocking about the Channel when we ought to be in port discharged, and a head wind blowing the teeth out of our 'eads."

"More days more dollars," replied Williams; "you wouldn't get this chance in steam."

The irritated Barnacle stared into the gloom. So thick was the fog that barely could he see the mainmast.

"Keep the 'orn going, Mister," he ordered, and trundled down the companion steps to the cabin, where he could acquire pluck to face the ghosts of his owners and be out of the exasperating wind and weather.

He kept to the warm cabin throughout the evening, popping his head only once or twice over the companion hood to scan the wet darkness, and to learn that the man on the look-out on the fo'c'sle did not keep hands in pockets for too long intervals and forget to pump the foghorn, whose weak notes reached the poop and no further. Perhaps the poor sound of the instrument had something to account for in what follows; at least it could give no warning to approaching ships, for which really it was intended.

The dog watch had slid into black night, and the mate, heavily sea-booted and oil-skinned, tramped the poop. Under the bridge the watch on deck were assembled, building futures in Antwerp of gaiety and pleasure. Each A.B. was too well employed in thinking of his pastime to think about his work, and so it fell to the mate to discover a gaunt phantom looming to windward. He yelled to the look-out forward of the *Hopeful* to "keep the horn going," and from the monster shape abeam came in reply the deep note of a steamer's whistle, and a yelling was borne across





"BLANKETED WITH FOG, THE CHANNEL IS A PLACE DANGEROUS FOR NAVIGATION."

the dark seas. "Stop her! Stop her! Hard-a-starboard!"

A red light twinkled from the steamer's bridge. Danger was passing into certainty of disaster. Williams ran to the fo'c'sle head of the barque.

"Hard-a-port!" he bawled to the steamer, "else you'll ram us." And then he raced aft, gained the poop, the wheel, and gave the helmsman a hand to put the wheel hard up.

Captain Barnacle's head popped with a swiftness of a "Jack-in-the-box" over the companion. He saw the mate struggling with the wheel; and then there came a crash of falling spars forward, a concussion that shook the old barque's bones from truck to keel, and a blow that sent her head spinning before the wind. Barnacle's eye caught the glimmer of a white light over a red one above the *Hopeful's* stem, and then a booming sounded hoarsely from the

steamboat. She shot into the gloom and was seen no more.

Captain Barnacle, the mate, and all the for'ard hands rushed to the bows, and there they saw what damage had been done to their ship. Rigging netted the fore deck; the top-gallant masts and topmast hung over the side, suspended by rotten backstays; the jibboom was floating under the port cathead, the bowsprit had vanished from sight. But worse than all this, the stem of the *Hopeful* was bent to a right angle, and, peering over the fo'c'sle rail, the skipper saw and heard the water rushing into the forepeak like a mill sluice. Already the barque was settling by the head, and a great dismay fell upon the *Hopeful's* crew.

Hand pumps, old and rusty as they were, were useless; and down, down went the stem until the stern rose six feet out of water and the decks became a hill.



The carpenter came with a sounding rod to Barnacle, and exhibited the wet chalk upon it.

"Two foot o' water in the main hold, sir," he reported, "and three in the fore."

Barnacle turned to his crew.

"Swing out the after boats," he shouted.

## II.

Blanketed with fog, the English Channel is a place indeed dangerous for navigation. Ships of steam and sail are constantly tracking the narrow waters on regular courses, excepting ships tacking in headwinds that lie athwart and multiply risk to craft which ply the legitimate trail. Bad it certainly is in a vessel of size; but far worse for an open boat ploughing by trust indiscriminate to reach her port through a maze of steam traffic. Certainly the *Hopeful's* boats had a compass to serve them, but Barnacle was not sure of his position, any more than a man in a similar predicament would have been. He believed that the Eddystone lay thirty miles ahead. The mate would give no opinion, which is wisest when you don't know precisely what to say, but chewed manfully at a square of tobacco and steered his boat in union with Barnacle's through the sullen channel heaves and kept a good lookout. The sailors pulled staunchly at their oars, forgot about Antwerp and luxury there, and muttered things suitable to their temperaments and the situation. It was midnight when Barnacle aroused animation in his crew.

"What's that a 'ead there, Parkes?" he shouted.

The bow oar was let adrift alongside and Parkes turned his eyes into the fog.

"'Tain't land," he said after a long observation.

"It's a steamer," supplied Williams.

And a steamer it was.

As by common consent the boats'

crews set up a great yelling; they had no fancy to be run down. But the steamer made no sign from humanity. Yet her side and masthead lights were burning brightly. And soon the boats' crews discerned that she was not moving.

"She's a coaster," was Williams' judgment.

"They must all be asleep," said Barnacle.

"They've got some queer methods in coasters," remarked the mate.

"It do look queer," said Barnacle, and sent a yell into the night and over the steamer that must have awoken the heaviest sleeper, and then the boats oozed alongside the steamer; but no man showed upon her decks. She was still as death there. Outboard, her rusty hull lurched in the swell and exposed a dripping side.

"Maybe she's deserted and sinking," said Barnacle.

"Perhaps—but I'll go aboard and have a look at her," volunteered the mate.

"Yes—you go first, Mister Williams, and if there's anything wrong sing out and we'll clear away," ordered and commented the cautious Barnacle.

So the mate climbed over the steamer's rail aft and gained the after deck and took a survey.

"Built of three inch rust," began his commentation, "rigging played out more than the *Hopeful's*. Um! She's a rummy thing anyhow, and old Barnacle'll get his fill, I know!" Then the funnel caught his eye; on the black paint was a red disc and upon this the letter L in white. "Good—she's a perfect dream! I wonder how he'll like Langdale's!"

"Anything wrong, Mister?" bawled the skipper from the boat.

"Good as any old lobster-pot afloat," replied Williams, as he leant over the brown rail, and Barnacle, followed by his crew, climbed aboard the steamer.

Carefully they explored the deck outfit until they came by the fore hatch.



It was open, and a light cloud of smoke ascended.

"Fire!" said Parkes. Barnacle, with some hands in his wake, scrambled down the hold ladder.

On the 'tween decks they discovered smouldering coils of rope and much ashes. Buckets of water were requisitioned, and the burning cinders were soon extinguished. Then Barnacle and Williams, after passing through the sailors' and firemen's fo'c'sles and finding no man there, went to the chart room, and in the log-book learnt somewhat of the steamer.

"*Polly Morgan*," read the skipper, "from Antwerp to Liverpool with general cargo"—last entry four hours ago—"foggy, whistle kept going, no soundings." There ain't no remark about fire or nothing."

"Coaster fashion," grinned Williams.

"There ain't not a word about the machinery being wrong—wonder if it's alright?"

"Well, we'll go and have a look if you like," suggested the mate, "and if it's possible I'll get up steam."

"Good idea, Mister; but we'd better have a look in at the galley and see if any coffee's to be got."

So they broke their journey on the way to the engine room. But the galley door refused to open to Barnacle's rough handling, and at the termination

of his second effort he knelt on the deck and put his ear to the keyhole. "By gum!" he cried, "some man's inside."

"Who's there?" he shouted.

"Who's that?" came the answer.

"Captain Barnacle and his crew that's come aboard and picked you up. What's wrong? Open the door!"

"Can't, I'm locked in. Lost the key and can't find it. Break open the door for goodness' sake and let me out of this stewing prison."

"Got any coffee in there?" cried Barnacle.

"Open the door—no, we ain't got no coffee. This is a weekly boat—one o' Langdale's. We grub ourselves! What's up?"

"That's what I want to find—what's up?"

Barnacle stared at Williams. At last he found vent to his feelings. "By gum!" said he, "steam's a treat." And then Parkes arrived with a crow-bar, which Barnacle took in hand and broke the door lock in with.

"Come out of that rabbit hutch and let's see you," yelled Barnacle, putting a suspiciously strong grasp upon the crow-bar. "Come out, d'ye hear?" he shouted, and a wizened little man hopped out on deck.

"What's the matter?" inquired Barnacle, keeping six feet distant from the newcomer, and putting still more pressure into his hold upon the long



"BY GUM! STEAM'S A TREAT!"



bar of iron. "You ain't a lunatic, are you?"

"No, sir. I'm the cook of the *Polly Morgan*," explained the little man by way of espousing his sanity.

"Then why ain't you got no coffee?—you're no cook!"

"It's a weekly boat, sir—we live most on cabbage soup and spuds, and those who can afford have bacon and eggs on Sunday."

Barnacle scratched his head and dropped the crowbar. "By gum!" he said after a long pause, "steam's a treat!"

"Once you get use to it," said Williams, "it's alright."

"Yes, I have heard as use is second nature. But I ain't got none, Mister."

They listened to all the cook had got to say concerning the evacuation of the *Polly Morgan* by her crew. He had awoke and heard a scuffling sound and great shouting outside the galley; and in his hurry of alarm to get on deck dropped his key somewhere about the galley stove and lost it. His shouts had passed unheeded by the coaster's crew, and thus he had been left aboard. He was in a highly nervous state when the skipper and mate left him to overhaul the machinery below.

In the tunnel Williams looked at the shaft and bearings. The former he observed had a kink in it like a pig's tail; the latter were worn to tissue.

"Good enough for Langdale's," he added, and, wiping his hands with a piece of oily waste, led the way through the too compact engine room.

"Eccentrics seem to be alright, and so do the crank shaft pins and brasses, though I do observe a few tin patches here and there; but so long as she is very carefully nursed there needn't be too much danger." And by this time Barnacle and Williams had wormed a course into the stockhold that was dimly lit by smoky oily lamps.

"Fire's still alight," said Williams, peering into the furnace mouths, and, as

he looked at the gauge glass, "forty pounds of steam on the boilers. I'll soon have the safety valves lifting."

Barnacle considered. "We might make a haul out of this lot, eh?"

Williams grinned. "She's not worth a handful of silver," he answered, and climbed up the engine room ladder.

On deck the skipper and mate called the crew together. But not a man of them knew anything of stokehold labour.

"Oh, it's easy enough," explained Barnacle. "All you've got to do is to chuck the coal on the fire and rake it up. But mind and don't bust anything."

The last remark caused amongst the *Hopeful's* sailors some uneasiness. Eventually, however, Williams persuaded six men to volunteer for firing; and these people went below with feelings of anything but comfort and safety.

Then Barnacle took an overhaul of the *Polly Morgan*. She was clogged with lumpy rust, and her mates' and engineers' rooms were good-sized dog kennels.

"By gum!" the skipper exclaimed, "steam's a treat!"

Afterwards, muffled and smoking, he stamped the bridge and ordered a hand to hang two red lights in the fore-rigging as signal to any oncoming ship that the *Polly Morgan* was not under control. Occasionally he heard faint booms from whistles of passing steamers and rang his bell in answer. And often he thought of the *Hopeful*.

"By gum!" said he, "I wonder in how many fathoms of water my old guano tub is sank?"

### III.

Dawn had proclaimed itself by changing the fog from black to grey when Williams—acting engineer of the *Polly Morgan*—came upon the bridge and reported "all ready below."



"Alright," said Barnacle, "let her go as slow as you can. Perhaps the fog'll clear later on, and then we can go full speed," and he gazed into the weeping daylight that was cut from view a mile distant.

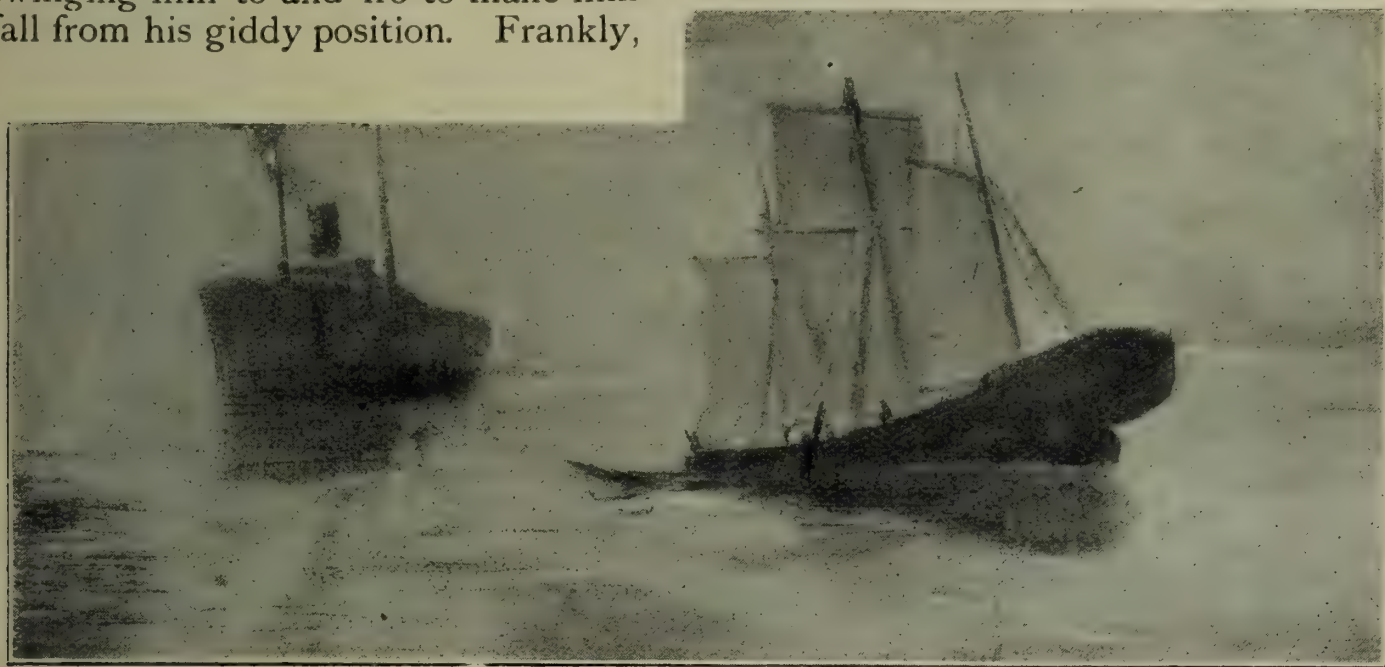
"It's a bit thick," said Williams, "and no doubt." He went from the bridge, and later the engines of the coaster weaved out slow revolutions and gave the *Polly Morgan* headway.

Barnacle, tramping athwart the bridge, was very nervous, but the fright that he felt he dare not show. His boast suspended him by his heels, and the acute tongued Williams was, as it were, swinging him to and fro to make him fall from his giddy position. Frankly,

south-west in sullen sheets of lead at a half knot speed.

A fishing boat came under the port bow soon after the collier had disappeared, and by Williams' advice Barnacle procured from her skipper some fish, loaves of bread, and a few ounces of chicory. As Barnacle had of his own nothing to give in return, he annexed a pair of binoculars from the *Polly Morgan's* dirty chart room, glasses that had a range of nearly two miles, in very clear weather, and handed them to the fisherman's skipper, who appeared anything but satisfied with the "gift."

The fog was not so heavy as it had



"THE 'POLLY MORGAN' CAME UP WITH THE BARQUE IN A LONG SWEEP."

this job in steam he had no liking for; he had been used to a jog trot windjammer, and being a deep water sailor, had a wholesome dread of the Channel. Whenever he heard a steamer's whistle, fear shook him and he tooted back doleful strains in long breaths of steam, stopped the coaster's engines, and did not allow the *Polly Morgan* to move until no reply came to his whistle blowing. Once a grimy collier shaved past and Barnacle's heart thumped violently. After this he gave the *Polly Morgan* barely steerage way, so that she oozed through the seas that rolled out of the

been, and it was while the skipper was impatiently waiting for the sun to show itself that the look out on the fo'c'sle cried: "Vessel ahead, sir!"

Barnacle rushed to the telegraph, and when the engines had stopped tooted the whistle.

"Port the 'elm—starboard—port—port, I mean," he cried to the helmsman. The hand wheel went hard up and the coaster's head came round to the eastward.

The other vessel was a half mile distant when Barnacle pronounced her a sailing ship, and drawing nearer with



his steamer—"it's a barque," he added. "By gum! She do look queer. . . . She's by the 'ead and her forty gallan' mast and topmast is gone. S'help me if her bowsprit and boom ain't missing too." He turned to the helmsman. "Starboard, Peter!—Starboard! Starboard! Starboard—stea-dy!" And then Barnacle whistled down the engine room tube and called Williams to the bridge.

The mate and quondam engineer soon appeared, black and oily. Barnacle pointed to the other vessel.

"That's the '*Opeful*,'" he said, and Williams, with eyes shaded, stared at the half wreck still in a view that was dim.

"Yes, it's her alright. What are you going to do?"

"Steam up to her and see if she is fit to be taken into port without falling to pieces."

"Tow her?"

"Yes."

"Alright. I'll get down again to the coffee mill," said Williams, and decamped.

"My old tub," said Barnacle, with eyes resting upon his object of speech. "By gum! once I'm on your decks again it'll take something strong to shift me. I'll salve you. Salve my own ship! By gum! it's a rummy situation."

The *Polly Morgan* came up with the barque in a long sweep. The outline of the wreck had grown into distinctness, and Barnacle rested his glasses upon her. And then he jumped to the engine room tube, and, grabbing the brass pipe with a nervous hand, shouted down: "Come on deck, Mister Williams—you can leave the engines. She's stopped now."

Barnacle's gaze was riveted on the barque when the mate stepped on the bridge. "Anything wrong?" he inquired.

"She's mine no more. Someone's collared her. Look!" groaned the skipper.

On the decks of the *Hopeful* some men were busy at work setting canvas, and over the poop rail a big man leaned and eyed the *Polly Morgan* sourly.

"Say, skipper," he shouted, "that's a nice looking steamboat you've got. Where did you pick her up?"

Barnacle advised with Williams a minute and then made evasive answer to the *Hopeful*.

"I'm bound for Plymouth," he shouted.

"Oh! are you? And so am I. Least I'm going to put this mud hopper in there in distress. Some boat's been trying to knock the bottom out of us."

"Perhaps you'd like some 'elp?"

"Yes. It isn't a bad idea—if we can stand the strain."

"Well, what about the figure?" asked Barnacle, who had consulted with Williams, the prompter.

"Figure?"

"Price."

"What price?"

"You know, towage."

"Oh! we'll arrange that by arbitration, skipper. Get us inside the break-water first."

"Have you got anything to eat aboard that packet?"

"You can have some mouldy biscuits and pork by the bucket load."

"Ain't you got no nice jams and things?" thought Williams, all coming out now, the stuff he'd stowed away.

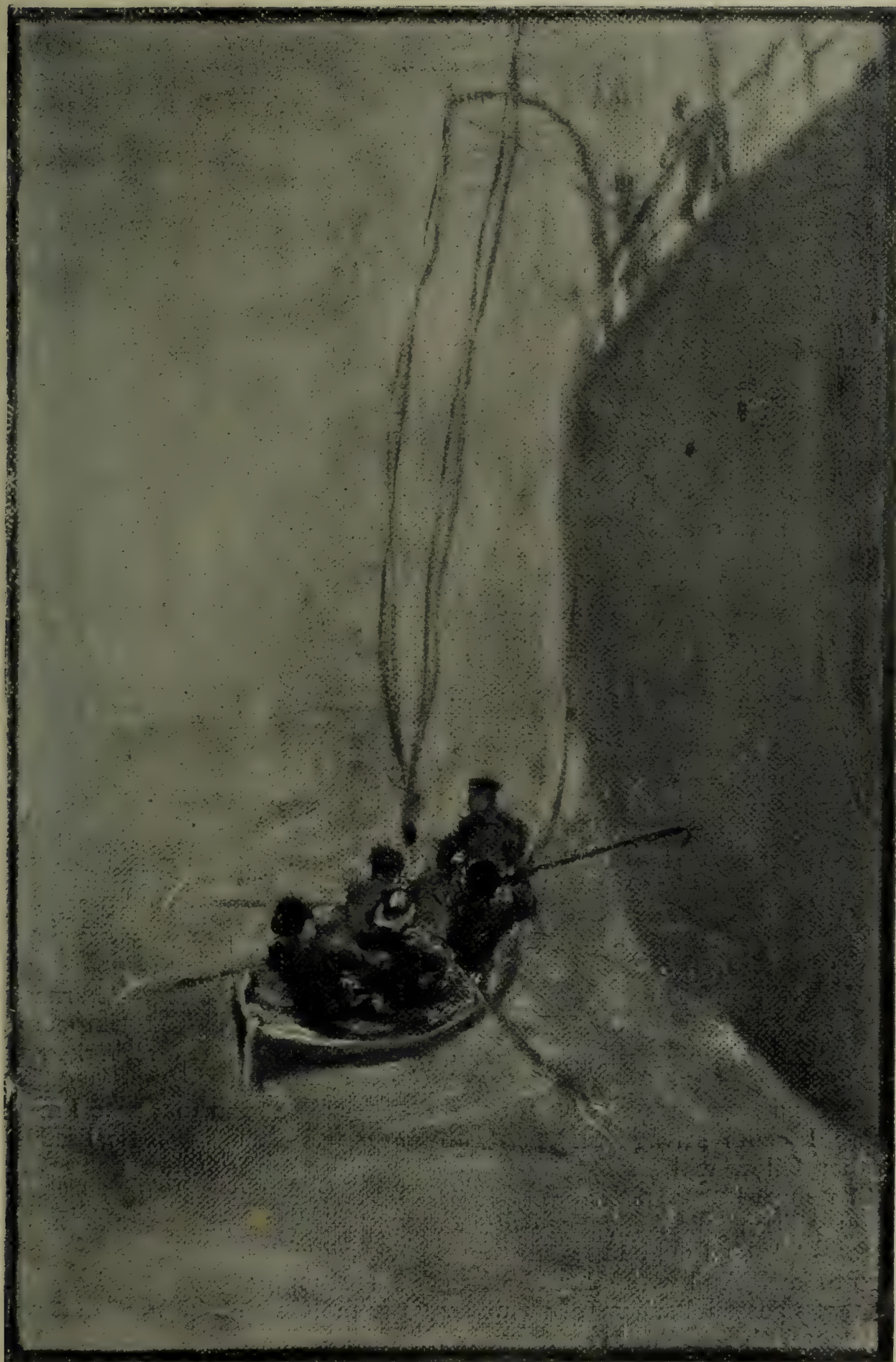
"Not giving away luxuries this morning," replied the *Hopeful's* new commander, "but you're welcome to what I've told you along of some best Chinese colouring tea."

"We haven't enough grub here to poison a rat," explained Barnacle.

"We're parish rigged too," said the other man. "But look here, skipper, this old bucket's got a big leak. We'd better get a tow rope out right away."

So the gig of the *Polly Morgan* was lowered and carried part of a towing wire hawser to the *Hopeful*. And the following two hours were of perspiring agony for Captain Barnacle.





"THE GIG OF THE 'POLLY MORGAN' WAS LOWERED.



"By gum!" he often exclaimed, "Makes my 'air stand on end."

At the expiration of those two hours of worming through a maze of small craft the skipper picked up a pilot from the schooner that cruises about the 'Stone; and as soon as that man reached the bridge, saluting the skipper with a fat finger and a "good mornin'," Barnacle said hastily: "I'm done up, pilot—long hours, fog all night, no grub, Oh! terrible passage. I'm off for a lay down in the chart room. Call me if you want me." And while the pilot stared at the skipper, the skipper disappeared into his chosen place.

"I've had my allowance of black sheep," he muttered; "let some other cuss have a turn."

He smoked and thought upon late events and their sequences, and got so mixed about salvage and desertion that he conjured himself to bolt on deck and make a clean breast of his adventures to the pilot, and get advice from that man. But he gained sense at the moment previous to surrender, said something unintelligible about the weather and bolted back to the chart room.

"'Ez ov iz 'ead," said the pilot.

"Look here," said Barnacle, addressing the chart table, "I deserted my old guano tub. Why didn't she sink? That's what I want to know. Then I picked up this thing. Why didn't she sink? That's another thing I want to know. And then I come across—Oh! it's suffocating to think about. I wish the whole business would sink. . . . Suppose I claim salvage on this ship the other fellow will claim salvage on the other ship. But then the other ship's my ship. Then 'ow the deuce—oh, it's enough—oh! confound the 'ole thing. It'll go to law. And what's law? Something that's passed Parliament to worry old sailors with. 'Oo'll pay for repairs to the 'Opeful? Oh! what a mix! It'll be 'oo's in the right and 'oo's in the wrong! and 'oo's 'oo and what's what! By gum! I wish I was dead!"

Then the easing of the *Polly Morgan's* engines gave Barnacle respite. He went on the bridge and observed Plymouth breakwater close aboard. A custom's boat came alongside and Barnacle reported "all well."

And when a few minutes later an anchor of the *Polly Morgan* was in the mud and her engines were rung off, Barnacle had his gig lowered, and with Williams and four of his crew went over to the *Hopeful*. Barnacle scrambled up the gangway and, not waiting for greeting from the vinegary-faced individual who stood upon the platform, grappled him by the arm and pulled him until he had him by the companion. The big man then gathering his senses placed his hands in his pockets and stared at the panting Barnacle.

"'Er you mad? quite mad?" he inquired.

"Come down below. Oh! it's suffocating to think about," moaned Barnacle, and groped a way down the companion steps.

"You're a queer fish," judged the big man. "If it's arbitration that's troubling you, you needn't bother. That'll be settled alright."

Both men went into the *Hopeful's* cabin and sat facing each other with a bottle of whisky standing socially between.

"I suppose," began Barnacle, "you know I'm the 'Opeful's skipper?"

"And so am I," remarked the other man.

"Then and in that case I'm the *Polly Morgan's* skipper," logicalised Barnacle.

"Oh! you are, are you? Then and in the other case so am I."

"What!" gasped Barnacle. "You the *Polly Morgan's* skipper!"

He jumped to his feet, and banged the table with a big fist that caused the whisky bottle to dance, and which would have capsized unless the settled attention of the big man had not been solely upon it and its contents. The stumpy skipper capered round the cabin



as he gave out his tirade of wrathful words ; and in the middle of it the big man helped himself to whisky and said : " Good ! good ! Throw off that sooper-floerty of language, skipper. It's a long time since I heard anything like it."

And when the breathless Barnacle came into sobriety he observed quite coolly : " We can't both be skippers of two ships at one time."

" We can't."

" And yet we are."

" We are."

" Ain't you got no idea ? I've a good one—for a start."

" Let's hear it."

" I'll give you back your workhouse."

" And I'll return you your guano scuttle."

" Now," said Barnacle genially, " that's a stroke of business. But there's a trifling point to settle, and then we've done. What about my towing you ?"

" Eh ?—with my steamer ?"

" No, my steamer."

" Look," said the sour-faced skipper, " the air's getting a trifle thick about this hatmosphere. Talk straight."

" I want twenty pounds, and we'll say nothing more—for towage service, twenty pounds is dirt cheap."

" But you said you were master of the *Hopeful*, and in that case you'll have to pay the owners of the *Polly Morgan* for the loan of their boat, although you salvaged her. That's good enough and plain enough, isn't it ?"

" By gum ! sir, and it is."

The big man stood, drained another glass of whisky. " Good health, skipper !" and as he went out of the cabin said : " I've a grand idea of how to arbitrate this question. I'll be back again."

He hurried up the stairway to the deck. Leaning over the rail, he perceived the boat's crew, and ordered them up the side. Then with a clear boat he

sent the temporary crew of the *Hopeful* into it, and, getting into the craft himself, pushed off from the barque's side.

Barnacle, who had been revivifying his hopes with whisky, and growing uneasy at the absence of the big man, climbed to the poop deck just in time to witness the other skipper and his crew departing.

" Heigh ! heigh !" shouted Barnacle, " come back !"

The big man seated on the stern thwart of the crowded gig turned towards Barnacle and laughed.

" Any remarks you may care to make will be listened to in court," he replied. " It's no use changing ships without changing crews. I'll send you your lot back. Good luck ! And I'll meet you ashore at the ' Swan.'"

When Barnacle had wiped the perspiration from his forehead he observed to Williams, who had come from the galley where he had been making and taking a meal : " Arbitration—well, yonder skipper's settled it alright," and by-and-by Barnacle and his mate watched the return of their liquored crew.

When the complications arising out of the case of *Polly Morgan versus Hopeful* and *Hopeful versus Polly Morgan* came to be realised by those ships' owners, those gentlemen wrote letters to each other, and expressed a hope that his friend would annul any legal action, and the letters which " crossed " offered either party £200 to quash the matter.

So the problem was fought by Captain Barnacle and his Plymouth brethren at the " Swan." And as the *Polly Morgan's* legitimate skipper is as liberal with drinks as Captain Barnacle both parties are voted in the right ; and in the ensuing battles the combatants wish it to be understood that they protect merely themselves, and not their opinions.

Judgment, on the case of " A Channel Exchange," is still wanting.





"I WAS WITNESS TO MANY PRETTY 'DALLINGS' BETWEEN THE COUSINS."



## THE RISIN' OF JOHN DACRE

By E. M. HUGHES

"MY lad's no good wi'out yeast. He wants summat to rise un, he do!"

It was just a chance remark made in my hearing by a man in a London street, which struck my imagination and lingered in my memory through the quaintness of its simile. It came back to me forcibly as I sat one afternoon in the long drawing-room of John Dacre's beautiful country house, at the end of which room he was engaged in a game of chess with his cousin, little Carry Galbraith.

I was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Dacre, an old friend of mine, who still lived with her son, though professing herself ready to remove on the shortest notice when John should be pleased to take unto him a younger and fairer tea-maker to preside at his breakfast table.

So far I confess I had thought that Mrs. Dacre had little cause to fear the usurpation of her seat, for John was too absent-minded and absorbed to be very impressionable with regard to the fair sex; indeed, the remark of the man in the street seemed very applicable to him, and in spite of his strong character, splendid intellectual powers, and gentle courtesy of manner, there was always a sense of something wanting—an unsatisfactory aloofness from human interest, a slightly unresponsive air and want of sparkle, which, in later life, if not corrected, might produce an impression of cold-bloodedness. Instinctively I knew, however, that John Dacre was not cold-blooded.

A quiet little spinster of uncertain age, without even the tradition of past beauty in her youth, is, I find, practically endowed with the fairy-tale "cap of

invisibility," and has many privileges not granted to mortals more favoured by nature in the matter of appearance. No one notices her; she counts for nothing. Like a ghost she may come and go, but none observe her flittings, and the talk does not wax or wane, nor alter its complexion, by reason of her presence.

So I sat and watched John Dacre and the sweet, sparkling little Carry, and I thought, as I watched and listened, that perhaps the right "yeast" had been found at last, and he was about to "rise."

"Johnnie," said the child (she was little more), persuasively, putting her head a little on one side like a bird, and looking up at him with those mischievous brown eyes of hers, "if you mean to take my queen, don't you think you should have put me out of suspense before this? I don't think you can do it now without being convicted of heartless and unnecessary cruelty, do you?"

He looked up from the pieces on the board, and his eyes had quite lost that absent, far-away look which they so habitually wore. He actually laughed a little in a pleased way, and I fancied that he experienced a momentary impulse to take her into his arms and kiss her, as one would a dear little child.

"I can't play chess with you, Carry," he said, almost tenderly; "it isn't the sort of game for butterflies, you know. Fancy marshalling all the resources of one's great intellect to crush a little thing like you!"

Carry pouted.

"You take a little too much for granted, I think, *Cousin John*," she announced, with her head in the air; "but I quite understand that you don't



care to run the risk of being crushed by a 'butterfly.'"

He laughed outright then.

"You deserve to have to play it out for that, Miss Carry," he cried.

But she tilted the board and let all the pieces slide into the middle, and then she ran laughing out of the room, saying that it was too stuffy indoors for a butterfly, and she was going to refresh herself in the garden with nectar from the blossoms.

Ten minutes later I saw the young couple, apparently reconciled, making for the nearest plum-trees.

Turning round from the window with a sigh of content, I found Mrs. Dacre beside me. She had entered noiselessly, and had evidently been sharing my "private view" and drawing conclusions.

"Well?" I asked, smiling.

She smiled back very whole-heartedly.

"Oh, I am more than contented. She is a sweet child. I couldn't wish him anything better, and I am quite ready to abdicate in her favour. You know my brother has long been urging me to come and keep house for him, and I have only waited till John could find a wife."

We were silent for a moment, then I remarked that Mrs. Dacre seemed very certain as to the results of a pleasant cousinly dallying.

She turned upon me rather sharply.

"Did you ever see John 'dally' before?" she inquired.

I was obliged to confess that I had not.

"And do you believe, then, that it means nothing?"

"I believe that it means something, certainly. John is greatly attracted. One might almost venture to say that his affections are engaged; but he is still only half awake, and he has not yet discovered that he is in love. Until he does so, how can one feel sure of results?"

Mrs. Dacre looked thoughtful.

"You may be right," she said. "If

so, we can only wish for him a happy awakening at a fortunate moment. He is not the sort of man to be roused from his dreams, even by me. Let me see. Carry will be here for another week, till after our ball on Tuesday night."

The mention of this important event in the near future turned the current of Mrs. Dacre's thoughts, and consequently that of our conversation. The dance in prospect was a semi-political affair, given for the purpose of introducing the new member for ——shire—a special friend of John's, in whose career the latter naturally took a keen interest—to some of his constituents on this side of the county, where he was personally unknown to the greater number. Mrs. Dacre was full of anxiety that all should go off well, and we were soon deep in discussions respecting supper, illuminations, decorations, and all the minor details which absorb the mind of the hostess for days beforehand on such an occasion.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sunny August days flitted by after this on golden wings, and I was witness to many pretty "dallyings" between the cousins, which, however, left me still uncomfortably convinced that John was only half awake, and quite unaware of the real state of his heart. Would he let little Carry flutter back to her home again without one effort to bind her with the silken cord of love? If so, who could say when the opportunity might return?

Meanwhile the girl's happiness seemed unclouded. Her obvious pleasure in her cousin's society was as innocent and sweet as that of a child, and as guiltless of one thought beyond the happy present. I cannot tell whether my unspoken interest and sympathy in her affairs affected her unconsciously, or whether she felt a certain restfulness in my subdued personality, but, as a matter of fact, she came to spend most of her spare time in my company, and, without making me any confidences, she told



me, unwittingly, in a hundred ways all that I wanted to know of her character and real disposition. And the more I learned the more I hoped that John would not miss his chance of happiness, but would awaken in time. But what could I do?

My heart sank when Monday arrived and matters were still unchanged. I knew that a party of guests were expected on that afternoon to stay for the dance, and John would be occupied with his duties as host, and would have little attention to spare for Carry.

The station omnibus, which had gone to meet the party, returned at four o'clock, and I saw from an upper window three gentlemen—one of whom I recognised as Mr. Breamore, the member—and a lady alight from it.

I waited until I heard the clink of the teacups and a hum of conversation in the great hall, where tea was wont to be taken, and then I quietly descended and joined the party unobtrusively. Carry was the only person who observed my entrance. She came and brought me a cup of tea, and sat down beside me, looking just the least bit pensive.

"Well, Carry?" I said, interrogatively.

"Well, Miss Janie," she replied, with a half sigh, followed by a sunshiny smile; "I've had a heavenly time here."

"You speak as if it were all over, Carry," I remonstrated. "Isn't there going to be a 'heavenly' dance to-morrow? Surely that will be the climax—

the culminating point to which all has led up!"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, laughing. "I feel somehow as if the best were over. It has been all so perfect—such lovely weather, you know."



"SHE LOOKED VERY HANDSOME THAT NIGHT."

"The weather hasn't changed," I remarked, rather drily. "It's a perfect evening."

"Yes," she agreed. "But I'm afraid Johnnie and I won't get our stroll round the gardens and home farm to-night; he'll be too busy looking after all these people."



I could not help remarking that, though her speech was comprehensive enough, her gaze, instead of sweeping round the company in accordance with the last three words, halted, and fixed itself upon the one lady guest of the party, with an expression half sad and regretful, tinged with the unconscious resentment of a child towards that which troubles or hurts it.

The young lady in question was talking to her host, who stood by her chair, sipping his cup of tea, with the absent air which, until quite lately, had been so characteristic of him. She was possessed of abundant black hair and a certain style of good looks—spoilt, I considered, by a too vivid complexion and a high arch to her nose, which latter characteristic, combined with the forward thrust of her head in speaking, and certain little pecking movements intended to emphasise her remarks, reminded me ludicrously of a turkey hen. I fancied that she was a little piqued by the distraught air of her host, and was endeavouring to arouse him.

"I do love a summer dance, Mr. Dacre," she exclaimed, vivaciously. "We all thought it so sporting of you to give it, you know. But really, with this beautiful house and a hall actually created for dancing in, it would have been a sin not to throw it open. Now you have begun to entertain, you'll find you have raised great expectations, Mr. Dacre, and it won't be easy to retire again, I assure you."

John bowed slightly, with an unresponsive face.

"It is, as you are aware, in the interest of my friend, Mr. Breamore, that I am giving this dance, Miss Minchinton," he said quietly. "It seemed the best way to help him with his constituents, and naturally I am glad to be able to push a man, who, besides being my valued friend, seems to me so well fitted for the position."

"Of course," said Miss Minchinton, suddenly dropping her lively tone, and

speaking in accents which echoed the quiet gravity of John's speech; "I quite understand and honour your sentiments, Mr. Dacre. Your position here as a man of property is a very responsible one. I suppose you own half the countryside?" she inquired vaguely, after a short pause.

John did not reply; he seemed absent.

After a minute she returned to the charge. "Do you farm much yourself, Mr. Dacre?"

He started, and turned to her half apologetically.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Minchinton?"

She repeated her question.

"Oh, no," he replied, "not much; most of my farms are let, and the 'Home Farm,' as I call it, which I keep entirely in hand, is only about 350 acres."

"The Home Farm,' that sounds very sweet and idyllic," said Miss Minchinton. "My brother is very keen about farming. Mightn't we have a stroll round after tea, Mr. Dacre? It is such a splendid evening, and I should be so interested in everything."

"By all means," replied John with some alacrity; "I generally go round myself in the evening, and I rather wanted to see if they have thatched the big barley rick yet, but I feared these matters would bore you. I will go and see if Mr. Minchinton is inclined for a walk. I rather fancy the other two want a confidential smoke before dinner."

"You will go too, Carry?" I asked, softly, for we had both been following the conversation.

"Not unless I am invited, most certainly," she replied lightly, with a smile that died as soon as it was born.

John returned with Mr. Minchinton almost immediately, and a few minutes later the three strolled out together, closely engaged in discussion on some matter of farming or agriculture.

I looked at Carry. She had taken up a paper which seemed to have produced a very soporific effect, for her



eyes were half closed, and as I turned to her, she gave a sleepy lurch to one side and subsided with her head on a cushion of a high settle on which we were seated, apparently wrapped in slumber.

Two minutes later there were hasty steps outside and John re-entered alone, and looked round a little anxiously. I saw the eyelids of the sleeper quiver a little, but they did not open.

"Carry!" he cried, not seeing his cousin in her secluded corner. "Carry, are you here? Aren't you coming with us? Has anyone seen Miss Galbraith?"

"Here I am, Johnnie," she exclaimed, starting up and rubbing her eyes. "What a sleepy time of day it is! I thought you had gone out."

So Carry got her stroll, and I sat alone on the high-backed settle, smiling to think that "Johnnie" had missed his sweet companion, and come back to look for her.

Yet when, an hour or so later, I saw the four returning, I could not avoid a misgiving that for poor little Carry the "heavenly" time was indeed over, and a change had set in.

Miss Minchinton and John were walking in front—her deliberate and rather affected manner of lifting her feet and setting them down recalled my first impression of her likeness to a turkey hen—and she had apparently succeeded in engaging his attention better than Mr. Minchinton was doing with Carry, who appeared to have caught something of John's habitual preoccupation. The sight did not exhilarate me, and I went to dress for dinner with an unusual sense of depression.

Matters did not improve on the next day. John was busy and preoccupied, superintending the final arrangements for the dance, but Miss Minchinton lost no chances; and I could not but see that she made some way, having mastered the great art of following where she eventually hoped to lead, and being possessed, moreover, of some skill in

taking covert amongst the subjects interesting to the person whom she desired to impress, and in sinking her own personality at the right moment. Perhaps I ought to describe her as a "tactful" woman. Certainly I cannot deny that she possessed the well-developed imagination and quick perceptions which are some of the materials out of which true tact grows.

But ah—a something, and how little, and what a rank weed seems to spring up where there might have been a sweet blossom!

\* \* \* \* \*

By five o'clock all things were ready, and the peace of preparedness fell upon the household as the little brass tea-kettle was brought in singing its pleasant song. Carry looked brighter I thought, and a pleasant light of anticipation sparkled in her brown eyes. Miss Amelia Minchinton was decidedly gay.

The talk was light and careless, and there was some playful rallying of one another amongst the party, during which John, according to his bad habit, became abstracted, and lost himself in his own thoughts.

"I say, old fellow," exclaimed Mr. Breamore, presently, following the current of the frothy chatter, "you'll have to look out, you know. You are in a frightfully marked position, and a false step may land you in no end of a predicament. A dance too much—and how much it is! Two dances with the same young lady would be suspicious, but three, I should say, would be equivalent to a declaration."

Everyone laughed, and John, who had been slowly coming to himself during his friend's speech, and had not quite arrived there at the end of it, convulsed the whole company by exclaiming quite gravely, in a tone of consternation:—

"Good gracious! what's that, Breamore?"

Miss Minchinton, however, quickly got over her merriment, and became



rather thoughtful, taking little further part in the conversation.

She looked very handsome that night when she appeared attired in her ball dress of pale yellow satin and black lace, festooned with trailing sprays of Alan Richardson rose. Carry, with her *petite* figure and simple pure white dress, was

at the first glance quite an insignificant being beside her. Yet never had I seen the child look more sweet or engaging, and I thought that John felt it as he stood beside her for a moment during that first dance which is usually

devoted to programme - filling, and dallied with his pencil.

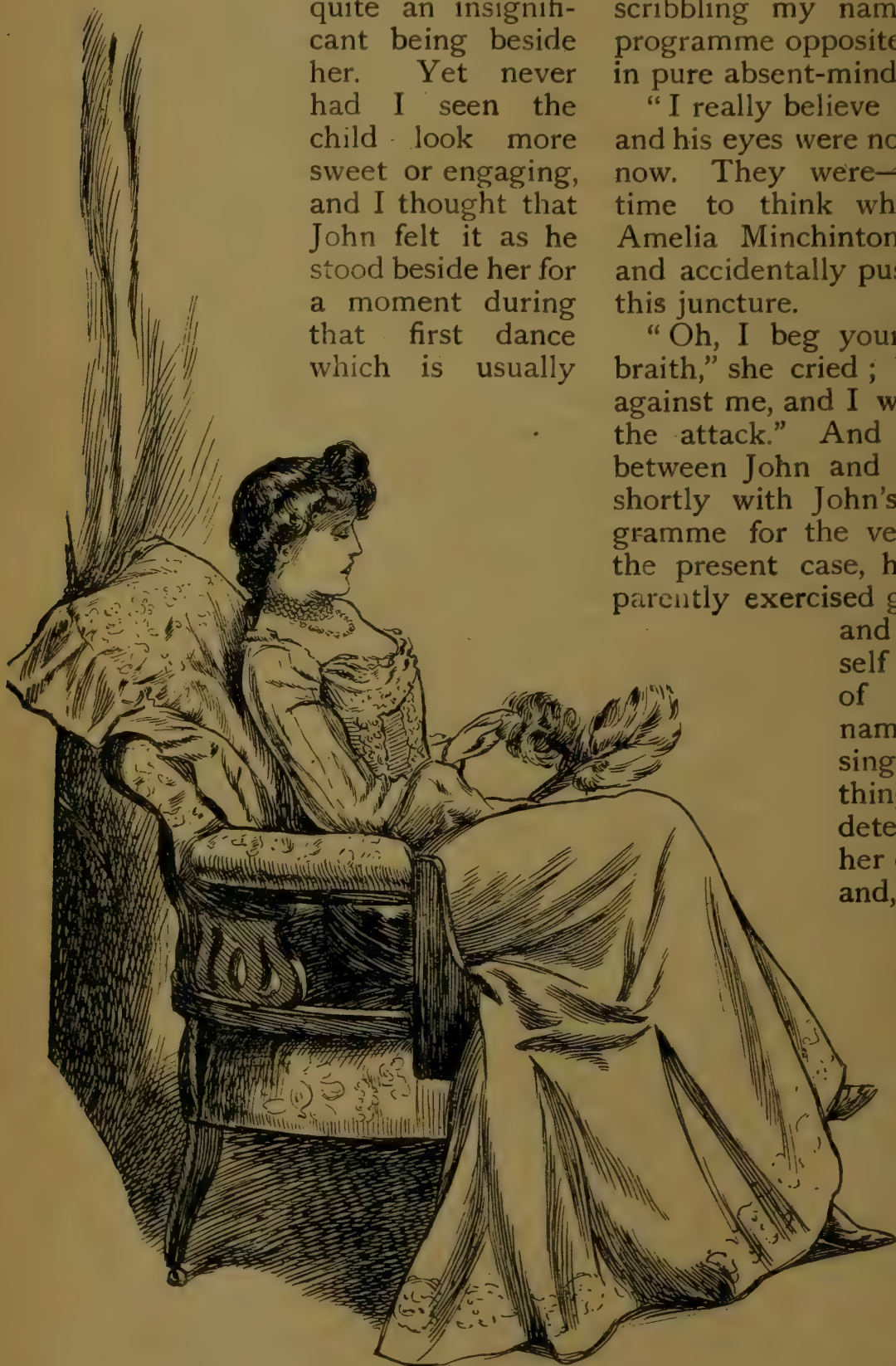
"That makes two already, Johnnie," she cried, catching the busy implement which seemed to be going too fast. "You can't have more than two dances with anyone, you know. Was there ever such a day-dreamer before, I do wonder? I believe you are capable of scribbling my name right down your programme opposite to every dance just in pure absent-mindedness."

"I really believe I might," said John, and his eyes were not in the least dreamy now. They were—but Carry had no time to think what they were, for Amelia Minchinton was at her elbow, and accidentally pushed her slightly at this juncture.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Galbraith," she cried; "someone stumbled against me, and I was not prepared for the attack." And then she edged in between John and Carry, and came out shortly with John's name on her programme for the very next dance. In the present case, however, he had apparently exercised greater self-restraint,

and had contented himself with the inscription of Miss Minchinton's name opposite to this single dance. Something in her expression determined me to watch her closely this evening, and, as she had hitherto scarcely seemed to note my existence, it was not a difficult matter.

She came forth from the ball-room upon John's arm after their dance with rather a set look, and drew him to a shadowy corner of the great drawing-room, where they sat during the interval.



"SHE WAS SITTING ALONE, PLAYING WITH HER BROKEN FAN."



At its conclusion John glanced at his programme, and rose to seek his next partner. At this moment Miss Minchinton prayed him to hold her fan for an instant whilst she rearranged a loosened spray on her dress, and, in taking it back, I noticed that his programme changed hands without his being aware of the fact. Presumably she was equally unconscious.

The spray of roses seemed obstinate, and finally she departed upstairs to re-adjust it, and only returned, looking a little flushed, just as the final strains of the waltz were dying out and the dancers were trooping forth from the ball-room.

"Oh! Mr. Dacre," she exclaimed, as he passed with his partner on his arm. "See, you are dropping your programme!" And, stooping, she appeared to pick up his property from the floor, and restored it to him with a smile.

The first of Carry's two dances was No. 5, and I saw the pleased look of anticipation on her face as the music struck up. John cast a hasty and perfunctory glance at his programme, as if he knew what to expect there, started, looked again with a puzzled and rather troubled expression, and finally made his way to Miss Minchinton, who seemed to be expecting him, and rose with a smile.

"Our dance, isn't it?" she observed, cheerfully.

"I fancied I had made a mistake," he said, hesitating. "I know I am shockingly absent sometimes. I thought——"

"Oh, no, there's no mistake," she interrupted briskly; "here's your name on my programme. It's all right, Mr. Dacre."

When they had gone into the dining-room, I made a short journey upstairs—possibly to arrange my dress—and, returning in less time than it had taken Miss Minchinton to fix the recalcitrant spray, I sought for Carry.

She was sitting alone, playing with her broken fan. The sparkle was

gone out of her eyes, and she was pale.

"It's a pity, isn't it?" she said, holding out the fan to me. "It fell from my lap, and I must have put my foot on it."

"This was your dance with Mr. Dacre, I thought," said I, taking the fan and examining it.

"Yes," she replied, listlessly. "There's been some mistake, I suppose. He is dancing with Miss Minchinton."

"I think you gave him No. 8 also, didn't you?"

"Yes, Miss Janie."

"Very well, Carry. Do this one thing that I ask: Avoid speaking with your cousin until No. 8 begins. I don't think there will be any more mistakes."

Carry looked surprised, but asked no questions, and obeyed my wishes implicitly, though John made several attempts to get a word with her.

When No. 8 went up on the board, John cast a confident glance at his programme. I could see Miss Minchinton watching him from a distance with rather an anxious expression, which quickly gave way to one of downright fear as she noted the sudden and alarming change in his countenance. He strode towards her and stood looking down upon her with a strange heaving in his chest, as if he were out of breath.

"I'm afraid, Miss Minchinton," his voice trembled slightly, "there has been some confusion between your name and that of my cousin."

Before she could find voice to reply, I touched his elbow.

"I'm afraid you have been careless of your property, Mr. Dacre," I remarked, handing him a programme torn in four pieces; "perhaps you ought to blame yourself for any consequent confusion."

He hastily pieced it together and glanced down it.

"Where did you find this, Miss Janie?" he asked in a strangled voice, comparing it with the other programme he held.



"When Miss Minchinton went to her room to re-arrange her spray of roses," I began blandly; but at this point Miss Minchinton conveniently fainted with the heat.

Poor thing. I heard later that her home life was nearly intolerable, and her mother ready to offer her to the highest bidder in the market. Well, one seldom makes allowance for people as one ought.

When she had been carried to her room, I sought in vain for John or Carry.

Nearly an hour later the former came to me with a wonderful radiance in his face. Drawing me apart, he held out to me a programme and bid me read.

When I opened it, behold Carry's name opposite to every dance, written in John's clear, firm hand, and at the bottom, tremulous, but distinct enough, her own signature, *Carry Galbraith!*

"It's my programme of life, Miss Janie," he said; "signed and ratified by her—my sweet child, my little Carry!"

He broke off, too much moved to say any more, and kissed the signature passionately.

"I'm so glad," I said.

He took my hand and raised it to his lips. When he released it, and abruptly left me, his eyes were actually swimming with tears. There was no doubt about the "yeast" at last, and the "risin'" of John Dacre was an accomplished fact.

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## THE PENITENT

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

I COME to thee blind, despairing;  
I grope where I may not see.  
Love, thou worker of miracles,  
Open my eyes for me.

I come to thee deaf, unheeding,  
Beggared of sound and voice.  
Love, thou maker of marvels,  
Bid me hear and rejoice.

I come to thee shunned—a leper,  
Scorned in the sight of men.  
Love, whose pardon is cleansing,  
Make thou me clean again.

Love, thou worker of miracles,  
Maker of marvels, sweet;  
Love, whose pardon is cleansing,  
These my tears on thy feet.



# THE BUFFALO RUNNERS

By A. C. LAUT

## I.

**I**F the trapper had a crest like the knights of the wilderness who lived lives of dare-doing in olden times it should represent a canoe, a snowshoe, a musk rat, a beaver, and a buffalo. While the beaver was his quest and the coin of the fur-trading realm, the buffalo was the great staple on which the very existence of the trapper depended.

Bed and blankets and clothing, shields for war time, sinew for bows, bone for the shaping of rude lance heads, kettles, and bull boats and saddles, roof and rug and curtain wall for the hunting lodge ; and, most important of all, food that could be kept in any climate for any length of time, and combined the lightest weight with the greatest nourishment—all these were supplied by the buffalo.

From the Gulf of Mexico to the Saskatchewan, and from the Alleghanies to the Rockies the buffalo was to the hunter what wheat is to the farmer. Moose and antelope and deer were plentiful in the limited area of a favoured habitat. Provided with water and grass, the buffalo could thrive in any latitude south of the sixties, with a preference for the open ground of the great central plains, except when storms and heat drove the herds to the shelter of woods and valleys. Besides, in that keen struggle for existence which goes on in the animal world, the buffalo had strength to defy all enemies. Of all the creatures that prey, only the full-grown grizzly was a match against the buffalo ; and, according to old hunting legends, even the grizzly held back from attacking a beast in the prime of its power and sneaked in the wake of the roving herds like the coyotes

and timber wolves for the chance of hamstringing a calf, or breaking a young cow's neck, or tackling some poor old king, worsted in battle and deposed from the leadership of the herd, or snapping up a lost buffalo staggering blind in the trail of a prairie fire. The buffalo, like the range cattle, had a quality that made for the persistence of the species. When attacked by a beast of prey they would line up for defence, charge upon the assailant, and trample its life out. Adaptability to environment, strength excelling all foes, wonderful sagacity against attack—these were factors that partly explained the vastness of the buffalo herds once roaming this continent.

Proofs enough remain to show that the size of the herds simply could not be exaggerated. In two great areas their multitude exceeded anything in the known world. These were (1) between the Arkansas and the Missouri, fenced in, as it were, by the Mississippi and the Rockies ; (2) between the Missouri and the Saskatchewan, bounded by the Rockies on the west, and on the east by that depression where lie Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Winnipegosis. In both regions the prairie is scarred by trails where the buffalo have marched single file to their watering places, trails trampled by such a multitude of hoofs that the groove sinks to the depth of a rider's stirrup or the hub of a waggon wheel. At fording places on the Qu'Appelle and Saskatchewan in Canada, and on the Missouri, Yellowstone, and Arkansas in the Western States, carcasses of buffalo have been found where the stampeding herd trampled the weak under foot, virtually building a bridge of the dead over which the vast herd rushed.



Then there are the "fairy rings," ruts like the water trail, running in a perfect circle, with the hoof-prints of countless multitudes in and outside the ring. Two explanations were given of these. When the calves were yet little, and the wild animals ravenous with spring hunger, the bucks and old leaders formed a cordon of protection round the mothers and their young. The late Colonel Bedson, of Stony Mountain, Manitoba, who had the finest collection of buffalo in America until his death ten years ago, when the buffalo were shipped to Texas, observed another occasion when the buffalo formed a circle. Of an ordinary winter storm the herd took small notice except to turn backs to the wind; but if to a howling blizzard were added a biting north wind with the thermometer forty degrees below zero, the buffalo lay down in a crescent as a wind break to the young. Besides the "fairy rings" and the fording places, evidences of the buffaloes' numbers are found at the salt licks, alkali depressions on the prairie, soggy as paste in the spring, dried hard as rock at midsummer, and retaining footprints like a plaster cast; while at the wallows, where the buffalo have been taking mud baths as a refuge from vermin and summer heat, the ground is scarred and ploughed as if for ramparts.

The comparison of the buffalo herds to the northland caribou has become almost a commonplace; but it is the sheerest nonsense. No mention is ever made by naturalists of a caribou herd exceeding 10,000. Few herds of 1,000 have been seen. What are the facts regarding the buffalo?

In the forties, when the American Fur Company was in the heyday of its power, there were sent from St. Louis alone in a single year 100,000 robes, and the company bought only the perfect ones. The hunter usually kept an ample supply for his own needs, so that for every robe bought by the company three times as many were taken from the plains. St. Louis was only one port of shipment.

Equal quantities of robes were being sent from Mackinaw, Detroit, Montreal, and Hudson Bay. A million would not cover the number of robes sent east each year in the forties. In 1868 Inman, Sheridan, and Custer rode continuously for three days through one herd in the Arkansas region; and in 1869 trains on the Kansas Pacific Railway were held from nine in the morning until six at night to permit the passage of one herd across the tracks. American officers relate that in 1862 a herd that covered an area of seventy by thirty miles moved north from the Arkansas to the Yellowstone. Employés of the fur companies considered a drove of 100,000 buffalo a common sight along the line of the Santa Fé trail. It is computed that from St. Louis alone the bones of thirty-one million buffalo were shipped between 1868 and 1881. Northward the testimony is the same. John McDonnell, a partner of the North-west Company, and later one of the Astorians under John Jacob Astor, tells how, at the beginning of the last century, a herd stampeded across the ice of the Qu'Appelle Valley. In some places the ice broke. When the thaw came a continuous line of drowned buffalo drifted past the fur post for three days. Mr. McDonnell counted up to 7,360, then his patience gave out. And the number of the drowned was only a fringe of the travelling herd.

To-day where are the buffalo? A few in Canada and the public parks of the United States. An isolated and protected few in a huge triangle southwest of the Great Slave Lake. A few of Colonel Bedson's old herd on Lord Strathcona's farm in Manitoba, and the rest on a ranch in Texas. The railway more than the pothunter was the power that exterminated the buffalo. The railway brought the settler, and the settler cut up the great ranges where the buffalo could have galloped away from all the pothunters of earth combined. Without the railway the buffalo could have resisted the white man, as



their numbers resisted Indian hunters from time immemorial; but when the iron line cut athwart the continent the herds only stampeded from one quarter to rush into the fresh dangers of another.

## II.

Much has been said about man's part in the destruction of the buffalo; and too much could not be said against those monomaniacs of slaughter who went into the buffalo hunt from sheer love of killing; hiring the Indians to drive a herd over an embankment or into soft snow, while the valiant hunters sat in some sheltered spot picking off the helpless quarry. This was not hunting; it was butchery, which none but hungry savages and white barbarians practised. The plainsman, the true type of the buffalo hunter, entered the lists of a fair field—that is, fair to the buffalo—for the odds were a hundred to one against the hunter, and his only advantage over brute strength was dexterity of aim.

Man was the least cruel of the buffalo's foes. Far crueller havoc was worked by the prairie fire, the fights for supremacy in the leadership of the herd, the sleuths of the trail, and the wild stampedes often started by nothing more than the shadow of a cloud on the prairie. Natural history tells of nothing sadder than a buffalo herd overtaken by a prairie fire. Flee as they might, the fiery hurricane was fleetier; and when the flames swept past buffalo were left staggering over the wastes, blind from the fire, singed to the raw, and mad with a thirst they were helpless to quench.

In the fights for leadership of the herd old age went down before youth. Colonel Bedson's daughter has often told me of her sheer terror as a child when these battles took place among the buffalo. The first intimation of trouble was usually a boldness among the young fellows of maturing strength. On the rove these youngsters were hooked and butted back into place as a rear guard for the first year or two of their existence; and woe

to the fellow whose vanity tempted him within range of the leader's sharp pruning hook horns. Just as the wolf attacks either the throat or leg sinews of a victim, so the irate buffalo aimed at the point most vulnerable to his sharp-curved horn—the soft flank, where a quick rip meant torture and death. Came a day when the young fellows refused to be hooked and hectored to the rear! Then one of the boldest braced himself, circling and guarding and wheeling, and keeping his lowered horns in line with the head of the older rival. That was the buffalo challenge! And there presently followed a bellowing like the rumbling of distant thunder, each keeping his eye on the other, circling, guarding, countering each other's moves like fencers with foils. When one charged the other wheeled to meet the charge straight in front; and with a crash the horns were locked. It was then a contest of strength against strength, dexterity against dexterity. Not unusually the older brute went into a fury from sheer amazement at the younger's presumption. His guarded charges became blind rushes—and he soon found himself on the end of a pair of piercing horns. As soon as the rumbling and pawing began Colonel Bedson used to send his herders out on the fleetest buffalo ponies to part the contestants; for, like the king of beasts that he was, the buffalo did not know how to surrender. He fought till he could fight no more; and if he was not killed was likely to be mangled, a deposed king, whipped and broken-spirited and relegated to the fag end of the trail, where he dragged lamely after the subjects he once ruled.

Some day the barking of a prairie dog, the rustle of a leaf, the shadow of a cloud startled a giddy young cow. She tossed up her head with a snort and was off. Then was a stampede—myriad forms lumbering over the earth till the ground rocked; and nothing remained of the buffalo herd but the smoking dust on the far horizon—nothing but the poor,



## THE IDLER

old, deposed king, too weak to keep up the pace, feeble with fear, trembling at his own shadow, leaping in terror at a leaf blown by the wind. After that the end was near; and the old buffalo must have realised the fact as plainly as a human being would. Had he roamed the plains, guarded the calves from the sleuths of the trail, and seen the devourer leap on a fellow comrade before death had come, without knowing those vague grey forms always hovering behind him, always sneaking to the crest of a hill when he hid in the valley, always skulking through the prairie grass when he went to a lookout on the crest of a hill, always stopping when he stopped, creeping close when he lay down, scuttling when he wheeled, snapping at his heels when he stooped to drink? If the buffalo did not know what the presence of these creatures meant he would not have spent his entire life from calfhood guarding against them. He did know; therein lay the tragedy of the old king's end. He invariably sought some steep background where he could take his last stand against the wolves with a face to the foe. But the end was inevitable.

While the main body of the wolf pack baited him to the fore, skulkers darted to the rear. And when, after a struggle that lasted for days, his hind legs sank powerless, hamstrung by the snap of some vicious coyote, he still kept his face to the foe. But in sheer horror of the tragedy the rest is untellable, for the hungry powers that prey do not wait until death comes to their victim.

Poor old king! Is anything that man has ever done to the buffalo herd half as tragically pitiful as nature's process of deposing a buffalo leader? The quick death of the bullet was, indeed, the mercy stroke compared to nature's end of her wild creatures. In Colonel Bedson's herd the fighters were always parted before either was disabled; but it was always at the sacrifice of two or three ponies' lives.

In the park specimens of buffalo a

curious deterioration is apparent. On Lord Strathcona's farm in Manitoba, where the buffalo has several hundred acres of ranging ground and are nearer to the wild state than elsewhere, they still retain the leonine splendour of strength in shoulders and head; but at Banff only the older ones have this appearance, the younger generation, like those of the city parks, gradually assuming more dwarfed proportions about the shoulders with a suggestiveness of a big, round headed, clumsy sheep.

### III.

Between the Arkansas and the Saskatchewan buffalo were always plentiful enough for an amateur's hunt; but the trapper of the plains, to whom the hunt meant food and clothing and a roof for the coming year, favoured two seasons. One was the end of June, when he had brought in his packs to the fur post and the winter's trapping was over and the post full of idle hunters keen for the excitement of the chase. The other, in midwinter, when that curious lull came over animal life before the autumn stores had been exhausted and before the forage began. In both seasons the buffalo robes were prime; sleek and glossy in June before the shedding of the fleece with the fur at its greatest length, fresh and clean and thick in midwinter. But in midwinter the hunters were scattered, the herds broken in small battalions, the climate perilous for a lonely man who might be tempted to track fleeing herds many miles from a known course. South of the Yellowstone the individual hunter pursued the buffalo as he pursued deer, by still hunting; for, though the buffalo is keen of scent, he is dull of sight, except sideways on the level, and is not easily disturbed by a noise as long as he does not see its cause. Behind the shelter of a mound and to leeward of the herd a trapper might succeed in bringing down what would be a creditable showing in a moose or elk hunt, but this trapper



was hunting buffalo for their robes. Two or three robes were not enough from a large herd; and before he could get more there was likely to be a stampede. Decoy work was too slow for buffalo hunting, so was tracking on snowshoes, the way the Indians hunted north of the Yellowstone. A wounded buffalo at close range was quite as vicious as a wounded grizzly, and it did not pay to risk life getting a pelt for which the trade would give only four or five dollars worth of goods.

The Indians also hunted buffalo by driving them over a precipice where hunters were stationed on each side below, or by luring the herd into a pound or pit by means of an Indian decoy masking under a buffalo hide. But precipice and pit destroyed pelts; and if the pound were a sort of a *cheval-de-frise*, or corral, converging to the inner end, it required more hunters than were ever together except at the incoming of the spring brigades.

Were there many hunters and countless buffalo the white blood of the plains trapper preferred a fair fight on an open field, not the indiscriminate carnage of the Indian hunter. The greatest buffalo runs took place after the opening of spring; and the greatest of these were on the upper Missouri. This was the Mandane country, where hunters of the Mackinaw from Michilimackinac, of the Missouri from St. Louis, of the Nor'-westers from Montreal, of the Hudson's Bay from Fort Douglas (Winnipeg) used to congregate before the war of 1812, which barred out Canadian traders. At a later date the famous loud-screaching Red River ox carts were used to transport supplies to the scene of the hunt; but at the opening of the last century all hunters, whites, Indians, and squaws rode to field on cayuse ponies or bronchos, with no more supplies than could be stowed away in a saddle pack, and no other escort than the old-fashioned musket over each white man's shoulder. The Indians were armed with bow and

arrows only. The course usually led north and westward, for the reason that at this season the herds were on their great migration north, and the course of the rivers headed them westward. From the first day out the hunter best fitted for the captaincy was recognised as leader, and such discipline was maintained as prevented unruly spirits stampeding the buffalo before the cavalcade had closed near enough for the wild rush.

At night the hunters slept under open sky, with horses picketed, saddles as pillows, and musket in hand. When the course led through the country of hostiles sentinels kept guard; but midnight usually saw all hunters in the deep sleep of outdoor life, bare face upturned to the stars, a little tenuous stream of uprising smoke where the camp fire still glowed red; on the far shadowy horizon, where the moonlit sky line met the billowing prairie in perfect circle, vague whitish forms — the coyotes keeping watch stealthily and shunless as death.

The northward movement of the buffalo began with the spring. Odd scattered herds might have roamed the valleys in the winter, but as the grass grew deeper and lush with spring rains the reaches of the prairie land became literally covered with the humpback, furry forms of the roving herds. Indian legends ascribed their coming directly to the spirits. The more prosaic white man explained that the buffalo were only emerging from winter shelter, and the migration was a search for fresher feeding ground.

Be that as it may, northward they went, in straggling herds that covered the prairie like a flock of locusts; in close formed battalions with leaders and scouts and flank guards protecting the cows and the young; in long lines, single file, leaving the ground, soft from spring rains, marked with a rut-like ditch; in a mad stampede, at a lumbering gallop that roared like an ocean tide up hills and down steep ravines, sure-footed as a mountain goat, threshing through



the swollen watercourse of river and slough, up embankments with long beards and fringed dew-laps dripping; on and on and on they came, till the tidal wave of life had hulked over the sky line beyond the heaving horizon. Here and there in the brownish-black mass moved white and grey forms, light coloured buffalo, freaks in the animal world.

The age of the calves in each year's herd varied. The writer remembers a sturdy little buffalo that arrived on the scene of this troublous life one freezing night in January, with a howling blizzard and the thermometer at forty below, a combination that is sufficient to set the teeth of the most mendacious northerner chattering. The young buffalo spent the first three days of his life in this gale and was none the worse, which seems to prove that climatic apology "though it is cold, you don't feel it." Another spindly legged, clumsy bundle of fawn and fur in the same herd counted its natal day from a sweltering afternoon in August.

## IV.

Many signs told the buffalo runners which way to ride for the herd. There was the trail to the watering place. There were the salt licks and the wallows and the crushed grass where two young fellows had been crashing each other's horns in a trial of strength. There were the bones of the poor old deposed kings, picked clean by the coyotes, or perhaps the lonely outcast himself, standing at bay, feeble and frightened, a picture of dumb woe! To such the hunter's shot came as a mercy stroke. Or most interesting of all signs and surest proof that the herd was near—a little bundle of fawn coloured fur, lying, feet out, flat as a door mat, under hiding of sage bush or against a clay mound precisely the colour of its own hide.

Poke it! An ear blinks, or a big ox-like eye opens! It is a buffalo calf hidden by the mother, who has gone to the watering place, or is pasturing with

the drove. Lift it up! It is inert as a sack of wool. Let it go! It drops to earth flat and lifeless as the door mat. The mother has told it how to escape the coyote and wolverine, and the sly little rascal is "playing dead." But if you fondle it and warm it—the Indians say breathe into its face—it forgets all about the mother's warning and follows like a pup.

At the first signs of the herd's proximity the squaws parted from the cavalcade and all impedimenta was left at their camp. The best equipped man was the man with the best horse, a horse that picked out the largest buffalo from one touch of the rider's hand or foot, that galloped swift as the wind in pursuit, that jerked to a stop directly opposite the brute's shoulders and leaped from the sideward sweep of the charging horns. No sound came from the hunters till all were within close range. Then the captain gave the signal, dropped a flag, waved his hand, or fired a shot; and the hunters charged.

Arrows whistled through the air. Shots clattered with the fusilade of artillery volleys. Bullets fell to earth with the dull ping of an aim glanced off the adamant head bones or matted shoulder fur of the buffalo. The Indians shouted their war cry of "*Ah—oh! Ah—oh!*" Here and there French voices screamed "*Voilà! Les bœufs! Les bœufs! Sacre! Tonnerre! Tir-tir-tir-donc! By Gar!*" And Missouri traders called out plain and less picturesque but more forcible English.

Sometimes the suddenness of attack dazed the herd, but the second volley with the smell of powder and smoke and man started the stampede. Then followed such a wild rush as is unknown in the annals of any other hunting—up hills, down embankments, over cliffs, through sloughs, across rivers hard and fast and far as horses had strength to carry their riders in a boundless land! Riders were unseated and went down in the mêlée; horses caught on the horns





' BRINGING DOWN THE GREAT BRUTES WITH ONE ARROW



of charging bulls and ripped from shoulder to flank ; men thrown high in air, to alight on the back of a buffalo ; Indians with dexterous aim bringing down the great brutes with one arrow ; unwary hunters trampled to death under a multitude of hoofs ; wounded buffalo turning with fury on their assailants till pursuer became pursued and only the fleetness of the pony saved the hunter's life.

A retired officer of the North-west Mounted Police, who took part in a Missouri buffalo run forty years ago, describes the impression at the time as of an earthquake. The galloping horses, the rocking mass of fleeing buffalo, the rumbling and quaking of the ground under the thunderous pounding, were all like a violent earthquake. The same gentleman tells how he once saw a wounded buffalo turn on an Indian hunter. The man's horse took fright. Instead of darting sideways to give him a chance to send a last finishing shot home, the horse became wildly unmanageable and fled. The buffalo pursued. Off they rushed, rider and buffalo, the Indian craning over his horse's neck, the horse blown and fagged and unable to gain one pace ahead of the buffalo, the great angry beast covered with foam, with eyes like fire, pounding and pounding—closer—and closer—to the horse till rider and buffalo disappeared over the horizon. "To this day I have wondered what became of that Indian," said the officer, "for the horse was losing and the buffalo gaining when they went behind the bluff." This incident illustrates a trait seldom found in wild animals—a persistent vindictiveness.

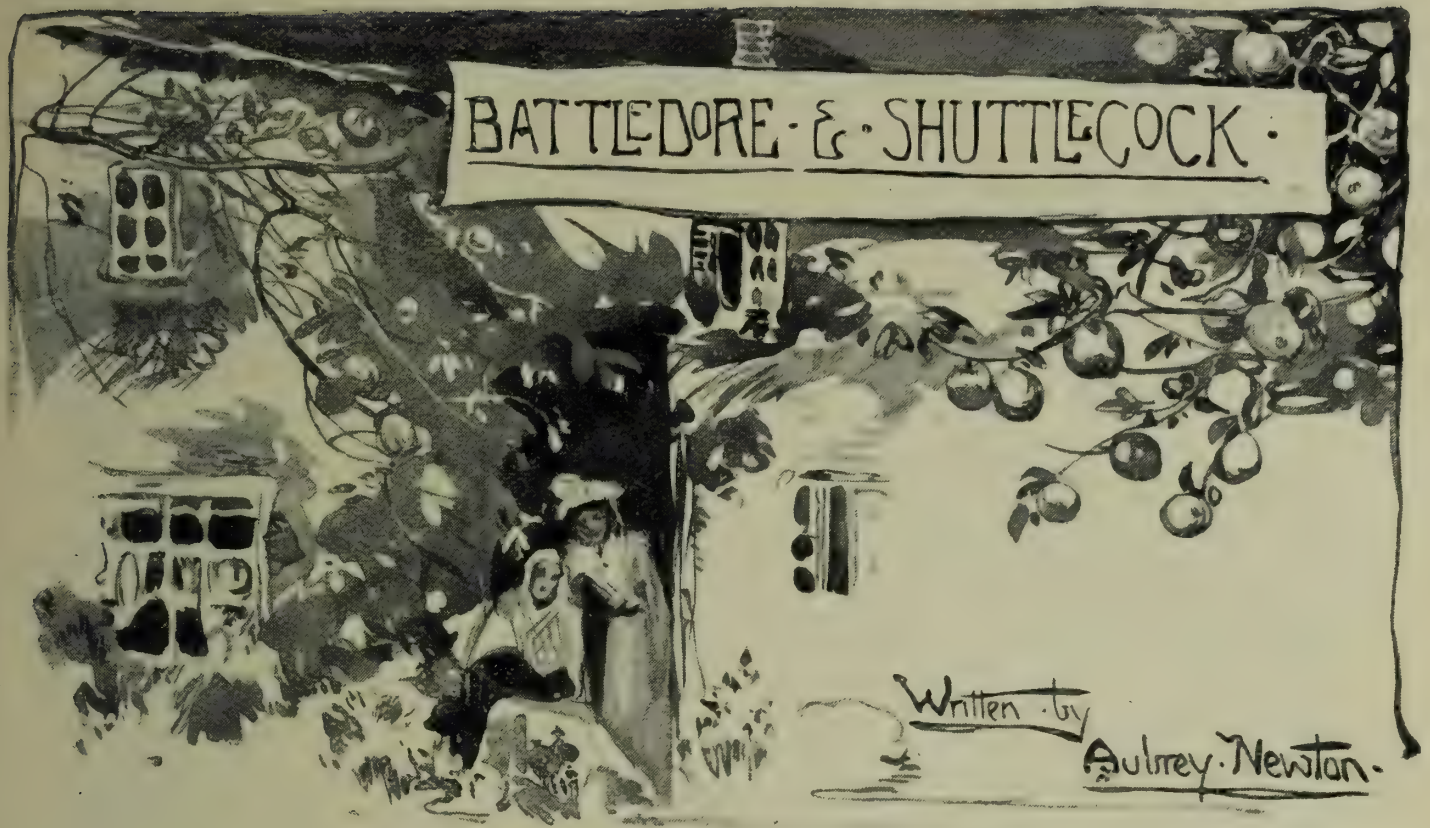
In a word, buffalo hunting was not all boy's play. After the hunt came the gathering of skins and meat. The ton-

gue was first taken as a delicacy for the great feast that celebrated every buffalo hunt. To this was sometimes added the "fleece fat," or hump. White hunters have been accused of waste, because they used only the skin, tongue, and hump of the buffalo. But what the white hunter left the Indian took, making pemmican by pounding the meat with tallow, drying thinly shaved slices into "jerked meat," getting thread from the buffalo sinews, and shaping implements of the chase from the bones. The gathering of the spoils was not the least dangerous part of the buffalo hunt. Many an apparently lifeless buffalo has lunged up in a death throe that cost the hunter dear. The Mounted Police officer, of whom mention has been made, was camping with a patrol party along the international line between Idaho and Canada. Among the hunting stories told over the camp fire was that of the Indian pursued by the wounded buffalo. Scarcely had the Colonel finished his anecdote when a great hulking buffalo rose to the crest of a hillock not a gunshot away.

"Come on, men! Let us all have a shot," cried the Colonel, grasping his rifle.

The buffalo dropped at the first rifle crack, and the men scrambled pell mell up the hill to see whose bullet struck vital. Just as they stooped over the fallen buffalo it lunged up with an angry snort. The story of the pursued Indian was still fresh in all minds. The Colonel was the only man of the party honest enough to tell what happened next. He declares if breath had not given out every man would have run till he dropped over the horizon like the Indian and the buffalo. And when they plucked up courage to go back the buffalo was as dead as a stone.





*Illustrated by F. Horsman Varley*

**I** SPOKE seriously to Nancy.

"I think you are behaving disgracefully."

She looked up. She was scratching the gravel on my aunt's garden path with the pointed end of her parasol. She chose to wilfully misinterpret my words.

"It will all roll in again. I think the gardener wants exercise."

"Fred," I went on, severely, "is not a man to be played with."

"I don't play with him. His screw is too feeble for words."

"I am not referring to tennis. Fred, I repeat, is too good to be flirted with in the outrageous way you are doing."

"I don't flirt!"

"You do, Nancy. Last season it was I; after that——"

"Oh, that was not flirting—it was cousinly affection. Besides, you don't count."

"It is the same thing. Fred is too serious——"

"And therefore shouldn't be taken seriously."

"And you are making him believe that you care for him."

"Perhaps I do."

"You don't. Fred is not the sort of man you would like."

"I am not sure. I like him sometimes—when he is away. He is a very restful man to think about."

"It is impossible for you to care for a man——"

"Thank you! You're abominably rude!"

"Who is fond of Stuart Mill," I went on calmly.

"I didn't know he was. He never talks about it."

"I should think," I mused, judicially, "that he can talk about nothing else. What can he say?"

"Oh, the usual sort of thing—very much the same as you used to."

"Fred never struck me as being particularly poetical."

"Were you poetical?" she inquired, innocently.

I disregarded the question.

"As your cousin, I am bound to speak seriously to you, Nancy."



"As my cousin, you are privileged to be rude."

"It is the fate of good intentions to be misunderstood."

"They shouldn't masquerade as rudeness."

"Fred is——" I went on.

"Very wearisome."

"Then why do you encourage him?" I asked, triumphantly.

"I don't encourage him. I don't think any of them want encouraging. I can't help it if—if they think I'm nice, can I?"

"It is not kind——"

"To be nice?"

"To make a man think you really care, and to be laughing in your sleeve all the while."

"My sleeves are tight this year."

"If you really like him——"

"How do you know I don't?"

"It would be different; I should say nothing. As it is, it is disgraceful."

"Suppose I do care for him?"

"You don't. You said he bored you."

"You all do that; but I like some."

"I really think you have no heart, Nancy. Poor Fred will be awfully let down. There was Charlie last month——"

"His hair curled. Do you remember how his hair curled?"

"Curly hair in a man is effeminate," I said. Mine was quite straight.

"Never mind Charlie. Let us talk about Fred. I am getting quite fond of him. I haven't seen him all day."

"I wish you would be serious. It is really time you began to look at life soberly. You are no longer a girl."

"Have you seen a grey hair?" she asked, anxiously.

"As your cousin and a man of some experience——"

"Dear me! Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"I am three years older than you. A man gathers a great deal more knowledge of the world than a woman."

"That is why women are so charming."

"All women are not charming."

"That is so," she assented, musingly. "Constance De Lisle, for instance."

"Miss De Lisle is a particularly well-informed girl." I rather like Constance; she appreciated my poems. Not every girl has the power to appreciate my poems.

"Yes, about the failings of her friends."

"They, at least, *are* failings."

"She says so."

"You are ill-natured. I hope, Nancy, you are not jealous in temperament."

"Of Constance? Certainly not."

She answered my implied question, not my verbal one. I knew by that she was hurt.

"Miss De Lisle is very popular."

"Fred hates her. I think she is well-meaning, but unfortunate."

"I was not thinking of Fred."

"No; you were thinking of yourself."

Nancy had a disagreeable habit of reading one's thoughts—to be more correct, of reading my thoughts. Sometimes it verged upon indecency.

"We are getting away from the question," I said, severely. "I want to speak to you seriously about your flirtation with Fred."

"I deny the flirtation."

"Then it is serious?"

She did not answer. She wore blue—a personal blue. There are some blues which belong to the universe, and there are some which belong to persons. This blue belonged essentially to Nancy. I liked it. I liked also the way she had done her hair. I had told her of it two days ago. It suddenly struck me that her adoption of it was a delicate compliment to me. I like compliments—delicate compliments. Besides, Fred was not the man to make Nancy happy. On the whole, I don't think he was the man to make any woman happy.

"Do you think you are making a wise choice?" I went on.

"Isn't that a matter for my own consideration?"





"OH, YOU DEAR BOY! THEY ARE WEAK, AREN'T THEY?"



"I am your nearest male relative"—Nancy was an orphan, which was a blessing. "You have practically no one to look to but myself. Of course, your happiness is a grave responsibility."

"Just now it was poor Fred's appetite, or heart, or something. You must be very busy looking after other people's concerns."

"It is so easy to make a mistake."

"He is very fond of me."

"I don't think you are the girl to enjoy a divided affection with Stuart Mill."

"I prefer a division with Stuart Mill to one with Constance De Lisle."

"No one," I said, with an air of making a concession, "could think of making a division between you and Miss De Lisle."

"I should hope not," she said, quickly.

"Miss De Lisle is pretty——"

"If you like big eyes and a silly mouth."

"Her mouth is sweet, not silly."

"Oh! well, of course, if you think silliness sweet there is an end of it."

"But she cannot compare with you."

"Thanks."

"She is very amusing."

"One is always amused at ill-natured gossip."

"But her conversation lacks the sparkle of yours."

"You are very good."

"I like to be impartial. You have your faults——"

"Of course!" she conceded.

"You are jealous."

"That is absurd! I was never jealous of anyone in my life."

"Vain."

"You are unbearably rude. I am not vain. I don't think half enough of myself. Fred said only yesterday——"

"Never mind Fred."

"I thought you were reading me a lecture for not minding him. Go on with my faults."

"And capricious."

"I am not."

"Five men in three weeks, Nancy."

"It is a country house. What is one to do? I can't feed the chickens all day."

"But in spite of your faults you can be very nice."

"That, at all events, is very consoling. Fred will have some recompense."

"But what has he got to do with it?" I inquired.

"My dear cousin, I have been touched by your pathetic appeals on his behalf——"

"I have not appealed on his behalf. I have simply pointed out the wrong you are doing by flirting with him."

"And have come to the conclusion to regard it no longer as a mere flirtation——"

"You can't really be serious?"

"And to permit the new aspect to apply in a retrospective as well as in a prospective character."

"This is folly, Nancy."

"For your sake, and to lighten your burden of responsibility. It is wisdom. You look quite careworn."

"If you would only talk sense!"

"And your cigar has gone out. Really, I had no idea that you would take my peccadillo so seriously."

"You can't mean it, you know. It's impossible, Nancy!"

"My dear cousin, do you think me so graceless? As you say, you are my nearest relative, and you must know best."

"But Fred—he is out of the question."

"The difference of three years is very great. You have three years' accumulated wisdom. I feel that my happiness is quite safe in your hands."

"But it won't be in my hands—it will be in Fred's."

"They are fairly strong."

"Tenderness as well as strength is required. Happiness is so fragile."

"But you certainly hinted that I was not capable of taking care of myself. Fred seems to be the only caretaker offering at present."



"Don't you think you had better give it into my keeping? I seem to be the proper guardian."

"The nearest male relative with the three years' wisdom?"

"I really am a much better fellow than Fred. I have never read Mill."

"But you have Constance's eyes."

"If Mill is as unfruitful——"

"Oh, you dear boy! They *are* weak, aren't they?"

"Dreadfully insipid."

"I don't think she is really pretty."

"No—clothes, I think."

"Her things never struck me as being—well, stylish."

"Ah! you never see her when you are not present, and comparisons are odious—to her."

"Perhaps so."

"Then we have settled?"

"Just to put Fred out of his misery."

"Poor Fred!"

"He can't very well go on hoping now we are——"

"Engaged!" I said, triumphantly.

On the whole, I am not certain that he can't.





# A NEW FIELD FOR SPORTSMEN

## TEMAGAMING AND BEYOND

By ALGER M. FREDERICKS

TO one who knows what the vast solitudes of northern Canada really mean, the dread of game extermination seems rather uncalled for. For instance, do they know the latest census of Labrador gives it a population of one man to every thirty-five square miles? This can hardly be called an inconvenient crowding. There are almost as many persons in a single East End tenement as there are in the whole of Labrador. Why should game become extinct in this region? I must confess I can see no reason why the caribou and the bear and the other animals should not live out their lives just as they have always done. The numbers killed by man must surely be quite insignificant. The same conditions obtain in Northern Ontario, the greater part of the North-West Territories, and a very large part of British Columbia. The date is far distant when there will not be sufficient game and to spare for the sportsman who is content to take the bitter with the sweet, and to leave behind the luxuriousness of the fashionable resort.

Quite lately a new region has been opened—one out of many such remaining—and here I can promise big game to every real hunter who seeks it. I refer to the country lying west of Temiskaming, a lake seventy miles long which is the boundary between the provinces of Quebec and Ontario throughout its entire length.

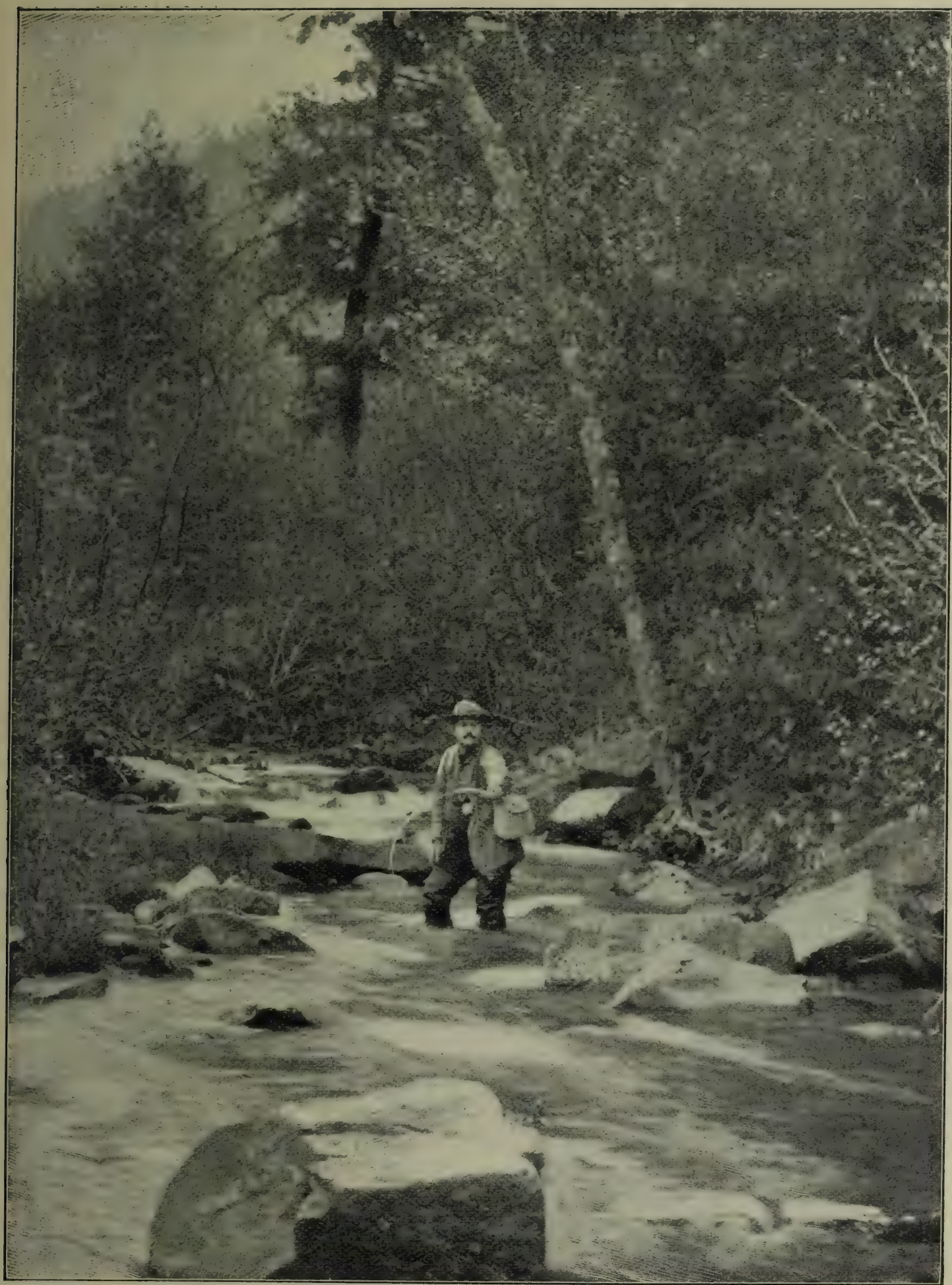
When I first visited this great lake it was in a state of nature. There were three of us, together with our guide, and although we had a somewhat rough time paddling and portaging our big, heavily-laden canoe from Fort Mattawa

to Temiskaming, yet the enthusiasm of youth made the trip seem anything but hardship. There were lots of moose near Jocko Creek—there are some there yet—and at Opimican the tracks of the great beasts resembled the footprints of a herd of cattle in the stock-yards. Even to-day there are a great many moose around the shores of Lake Temiskaming. Only last year, for instance, five were seen in one band on the Quebec side, within a mile or two of our camping ground of the early eighties, at the mouth of the Opimican. Yet, having travelled so far, I would say to the hunter: "Do not waste your time around Temiskaming. Get your Indians and canoes, and seek that greater, more enticing wilderness lying west of it."

First, Temiskaming was the farthest bourne to which the hunter aspired; then glorious Temagaming asserted its charm; now, Temagaming is but the portal through which the modern sportsman may penetrate a country as beautiful, wild, and well-stocked with big game as any his forefathers ever knew. When a man makes such a claim as this, and dares to set it down in black and white, he should be prepared to substantiate what he has said, and I propose, therefore, to make a few quotations from the report of Mr. George R. Gray, of exploration party No. 3, sent out, along with nine others, by the Ontario Government last summer. To this expedition the exploration of the region under consideration was assigned. He says:—

"The moose are the largest, and without a doubt the most abundant, of any of the deer species. We found this animal in all the different districts over





'IT WAS SWARMING WITH SPECKLED TROUT, WHICH I COULD TAKE AT ALMOST EVERY CAST.'



which we travelled. The upper waters of the Sturgeon River, and the east branch of the Montreal River seemed to be their favourite haunts. These sections were literally covered with hoof marks, and in some places their paths formed very good roads, which could be followed for miles through the woods. They would prove easy prey to the hunter, for they are not timid, nor of a suspecting nature, like the red deer. They are easily followed, as their tracks are plainly visible, even on hard, dry ground, owing to the enormous weight of their bodies. As many as eight individual moose have been sighted by myself in one day at different places. Later in the season, when they had commenced to herd, it was not unusual to see ten or fifteen at the same time.

"The red deer we found on nearly all our territory, but much more plentiful in some districts than in others. Owing to the fact that in these parts they have been left unmolested, they are much tamer than those of their kind in different parts of Ontario, where they have been annually chased by dogs and by hunters. The southern portions of the country—that is, the Wahnapiæ, Sturgeon, and Obabika districts—were the most thickly inhabited by these animals. As we travelled north they became more scattered and less abundant.

"The caribou is also an inhabitant of this territory. We found signs of them everywhere, but did not see a great number. They are much more wary and timid animals than the moose, and are consequently harder to see, and would prove much more difficult to capture. When seen they are usually in bands or droves of various numbers. The country lying south and east of Smooth Water Lake, and north-west of the Wakenika Lake and River seems to be best suited to these cautious animals, as it is rough and hilly country. In these districts the caribou dwelt in greater numbers than in any other localities that we explored.

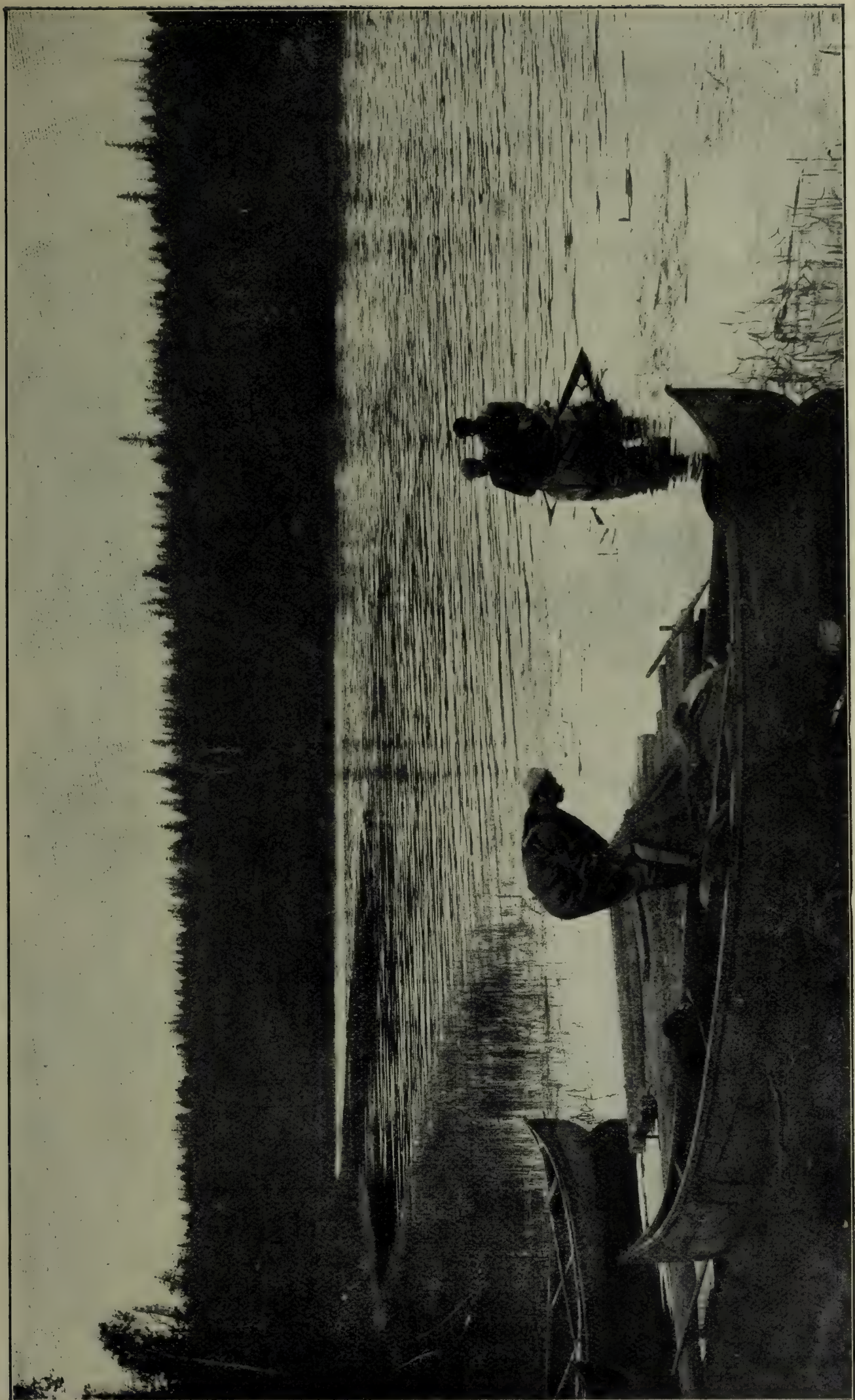
"The entire territory explored by us is an excellent field for lovers of sport, and without doubt, when this country is known to the sportsman, it will be invaded by them *en masse*, and districts hitherto untrodden by the foot of man will become the haunts of the pleasure-seeking Nimrod.

"Fish of every description are plentiful in the rivers and lakes, the most abundant varieties being trout, pickerel, and pike. The waters of nearly all the rivers and lakes are clear and cold, and some are so transparent that the bottoms are plainly visible at a depth of twenty feet. The fish are very firm and exceptionally fine flavoured, due, doubtless, to the low temperature and excellent quality of the water. Trout are very abundant in all the Temagaming waters. Especial mention may be made of Gray's River, the outlet of Florence and Gray's Lakes, which empties into Lady Evelyn Lake, where the waters of the river actually teemed with beautiful trout of very large size."

Last August I was on Gray's River west of Lady Evelyn Lake, and I had ample evidence that I was in a country second to none for big game and fish. Mr. Gray had passed up the river, unknown to me, of course, a few weeks earlier, and had named it; I called it Menjamagosipi (trout river), as it was swarming with speckled trout, which I could take at almost every cast when I felt so inclined.

This happy hunting ground is easiest reached from Temiskaming, either by way of Haileybury or by the Metabetchewan—the latter for choice, though the traveller passing through Haileybury has the advantage of being able to outfit in a very satisfactory and economical manner at the last civilised stopping-place. A very good rendezvous is the Bear Island post of the Hudson's Bay Company at Temagaming. It is not absolutely necessary to go there; indeed, by the Haileybury route it involves a slight *détour*, but it is a good point from





“ THIS WAS THE FABLED HEAVEN.”



which to make a final start for the unknown,

From Bear Island the canoeing routes lead in every direction through a very maze of waterways. As the Irishman might say, half the land is water. The lakes are all clear, cold, beautiful, and full of fish. The shores are rocky, and covered with a dense growth of red Banksian and white pine. More lovely camping places the heart of man never longed for. According to the Ojibways this Temagaming chain was the fabled heaven. To it the spirit of the worthy warrior found its way after death, and as I have paddled lazily over these glorious waters of a summer's evening, the blue clouds from my duceen keeping the midges at bay and the waters beneath the birch barque so clear that I could see the bass and whitefish outlined against the sandy bottom, I have thought that those old pagan Indians had a very pretty conceit.

To reach the almost unexplored country west and north-west of Temiskaming the sportsman would be well advised should he follow one of the two following routes. He might pass through the Obabika Lake, and down the Obabika River to its junction with the Sturgeon River, from which point he would follow a chain of little lakelets,

eventually arriving at Florence Lake. The second road would lead him by way of Diamond Sucker Gut and Gray's River to the same lake. The first route would, I think, be on the whole preferable during the hunting season, but the second would appeal most strongly to the fisherman, as the trout fishing on Gray's River is simply above praise.

On Florence Lake the explorer is a far cry from civilisation, but should he be in a hurry to reach it once more he will make a short portage into Smooth Water Lake, taking the north-east branch of the Montreal River to its junction near Fort Metabetchewan with the main stream, and paddle down the latter to a point opposite Mud Lake, from whence he will make his way to Haileybury.

The greater part of the region is included in a forest reserve set aside by the Government of Ontario. The noble pines will not be sacrificed to greed, nor will indiscriminate slaughter of game and fish be tolerated; should it be spared from the ravages of fire, as is likely, for several wardens patrol it constantly, this region must become one of the famous playgrounds of the continent. But it will never have greater attractions for the lover of unhackneyed nature than it has to-day.







ON A TONGAN BEACH.

## THE FISHING ON THE "KAU FISI"

By CRAIG NELSON

THE sun was setting. The day's work was done, and the men, returned from labouring in their bush plantations, had eaten their evening meal. The women had laid aside their mallets, with which they had been beating out bark for *gatu*, or *tapa*, their mat weaving, and other occupations, and the whole community was settling down into the vesper quietude which is so marked a feature of South Sea Island life. Too early yet to sleep, people lounged round their doorways smoking *sulukas* and discussing the affairs and the personal characteristics of their neighbours as freely, and as uncharitably probably, as the *habitués* of a club smoking-room in more conventional lands.

Suddenly a rancous voice was heard in the distance. Conversation was stilled, and after a pause the voice was heard, nearer still. Another interval, and the "town crier" of the *Bulekolo*, or mayor, halted in the centre of the cluster of houses and repeated his message.

"To-morrow, as the tide falls, all the people will go to fish on the Kau Fisi!"

Not always were the orders of the *Bulekolo* as grateful to his people as this. In the first place it meant a general holiday; a town fishing party on the reef was more of a gigantic picnic than anything else. Then, too, it meant plenty and to spare for all of the daintiest fare known to the Tongan palate—fish. Daintiest but one, is perhaps more





TONGAN HOUSE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

correct—pig stands proudly pre-eminent in the Polynesian menu. It is waste of time for a lone fisherman, however skilled and enthusiastic he may be, to fish the reef; only by concerted action can a satisfactory haul be made, and such is only available when the powers that be command a “town fishing.”

For some months there had been no expedition to the reef, and the people hungered for a feast of fish. A Tongan's idea of a good meal, it may be noted, is to eat to repletion; then to lie down and sleep until a healthy digestive apparatus has created a partial vacuum. To refill this void is the obvious duty of every good Tongan. Of course the vacuum which that child of Nature, the Polynesian, learns from his beneficent mother to abhor, can be filled with yam and *talo*, and even at a pinch, with

China bananas or sweet potatoes, but the *gigi*—the substantial accompaniments—are in Tonga as elsewhere the most important factors of the meal.

So everybody heard the herald's announcement with pleasure; the young folk had a day of glorious fun to look forward to, the elders, a plentiful supply of fish for the next day or two. Fish spears were overhauled, their lashings examined and repaired where faulty; the women plaited cocoanut leaves into roomy baskets, and prepared food to take with them to the reef.

To none was the summons more welcome than to Sipu, a fine young fellow in whose veins ran the blood of more than one chief family. Sipu was noted for his skill in spearing fish, and apart from the pleasure he anticipated in a good day's sport, Siatunuu would be





A TONGAN ROAD.

present, and to display his prowess in her sight would be the acme of bliss to Sipu's mind. For Siatunuu was coy, and not disposed to be won off-hand even by Sipu. She wanted to be "made love to"; to keep her admirer on the tenter hooks of uncertainty a little longer. Not that she had any intention of allowing him to escape from her toils; she knew too well the value of the prize she had won in the matrimonial market. Sipu was one of the great eligibles of the land—greater than Siatunuu, who was of chief rank only on one side, had any right to expect, despite the charm of her large soft eyes and lissom figure. But it was pleasant to hear his *fago fago* (the island nose-flute) in the early night breathing melodious, if slightly monotonous, music near her house, and to hear other girls commenting in their jealousy on her artfulness and his infatuation. If she promised to

marry him his *fago fago* would be laid aside; the courtship would degenerate into mere humdrum conventionality.

So both Sipu and Siatunuu were busy that night. He took his fish spears to pieces and carefully straightened and sharpened each barbed point. Then with fine cocoanut sinnet he bound the barbs on new light poles, finishing off the whipping in the intricate geometrical designs characteristic of all Tongan sinnet work. Siatunuu overhauled her wardrobe—not a very arduous undertaking—and having selected a bright *lava lava*, or waistcloth, and an equally brilliant *kofu* for her shoulders, passed the greater part of the night with her girl friends weaving sweet scented garlands of flowers—*sisi kokala*—for their own adornment and that of their special masculine friends.

The day dawned, dull and cloudy with an occasional scurry of rain—an ideal





TONGAN FALE OR HOUSE.

reef day. Ere the sun had well risen above the horizon, the canoes were all afloat laden with passengers, for all the town and most of the countryside was on the warpath against the fish of the Kau Fisi. In the van was Sipu's *babao*, a light canoe, impelled by the brawny arms of its owner and his brother; the fleet, ringing with merry jest and laughter and an occasional chorus of song, followed in straggling array.

As they reached the reef, some ten miles from the land, the tide was about three-quarters ebb, and the sea covered the broad expanse of coral with two to three feet of clear water. The canoes were speedily anchored, and the laughing occupants leapt gaily overboard. A vast ring of men, women and children was formed, surrounding the reef, and gradually closing in towards the centre, drove in front into the ever-decreasing circle, thousands of fish of

every size and species. Spears flew ceaselessly in every direction, transfixing at times three and four fish, till as the ebbing tide, gradually receding, left the reef bare or just awash, spears were deemed too slow and the whole party flung themselves into the huge surging, sliding mass, striking, kicking, biting, killing in any way the hapless fish. When dead low water left the Kau Fisi dry, at least ten waggon loads lay dead or gasping out their lives on the broad coral flat.

Then spoke the chief:—

“Let the canoes be launched on the edge of the reef, and fill each one with fish. And two men in each canoe shall take the fish to the town, and return for us.”

Promptly the canoes were carried to the deep water and launched. Willing hands soon loaded them, till the gun-wales were nearly level with the sea as



the paddlers stepped in, and amidst a volley of light-hearted jests the fleet shot away homeward.

Those left on the beach set to work to gather together all the fish not yet collected. Some they ate raw, their only sauce the sea-water; and he who has not eaten fresh raw fish dipped in salt water knows not one good thing. The provisions brought with them were unpacked and eaten, and after a smoke the party began to prepare for their return.

The tide turned and began to rise, and with it a southerly breeze sprang up. Yet still the canoes did not heave in sight. Higher and higher rose the sea, and all the reef except two or three high, rocky points was under water. The people began to look serious. Amphibious as the Tongan is, a ten-mile swim in a southerly wind is rather an undertaking for a strong man; for most of the women and all the children it was, of course, an impossibility.

Higher crept the relentless waves, and soon parents had to raise their children in their arms to prevent their being washed away. And still the boats did not come.

With the returning tide came a new danger.

The floating masses of dead fish attracted droves of hungry sharks, which swam lazily about, gorging themselves on their finny brethren, yet eyeing longingly the brown limbs so temptingly near. Loud cries and energetic splashing kept the voracious monsters at a distance, but still the relentless tide rose steadily. Some of the shorter of the people had to tread water to keep their heads above the wash. And still no sign of the canoes.

Another half-hour. Many of the weaker ones had succumbed. Siatunuu, half supported by the strong arm of Sipu, floated easily on the swelling tide, his voice encouraging her in the midst of the groans of the dying and shrieks of the women still surviving.

Almost in the centre of the reef stood a sturdy pole, planted deep in the coral rock. It served as a beacon to steer for on fishing expeditions, and its top stood at least five or six feet clear of the highest tide. To this now clung the chief, whilst round him scores of wild-eyed men and women fought savagely for a grip of the pole. In their mad frenzy husbands struggled with wives, brothers with sisters, parents with children; whilst above the maniac throng, the old chief gazed steadily landward for the canoes which did not come.

Hither at last swam Sipu, supporting the wearied Siatunuu. With super-human force he flung aside all who opposed his way and fought with hands, feet, teeth, until he reached the beacon-pole. There, heedless of his almost sacrilege, he seized the chief by the foot and plucked him from his hold. Half lifting, half assisting Siatunuu, he saw her firmly clasping the top of the pole, and clear of the surging water, and placing his back against the pole, he fought like a wild-cat with all who came near.

Still the canoes did not come.

And now the sharks, maddened by the sight, and with appetites whetted by a feast of human flesh, grew bolder and more ravenous. The dead bodies were all devoured; the sea tigers lusted for living flesh. Again and again they dashed into the seething throng, each time bearing off a body, or at the least a limb torn from the quivering trunk. For yards around the water was crimson and——

"*Ko g-vaka! ko g-vaka!*" screamed Siatunuu. "The boats! the boats!"

The canoes had come at last. But Siatunuu alone was taken back in them.

For once the sharks of the Kau Fisi were glutted with human flesh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not many months ago, Siatunuu, now an old woman, told me this true story of the Kau Fisi, as I sat in her house on one of the islands of the Haapai group.



# WHISTLER

By ELBERT HUBBARD

*Mr. Hubbard, of East Aurora, New York, has gained distinction among the discerning in odd corners of this earth by writing a remarkable series of monographs entitled, "Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists." The latest of these is the one on Whistler, which was printed some months ago at the Roycroft Shop in East Aurora, Elbert Hubbard's Press, where he carries on the tradition of William Morris. The article is reproduced exactly as Mr. Hubbard wrote it, and the reader will understand it was written before the death of Mr. Whistler.*

THE Eternal Paradox of Things is revealed in the fact that the men who have toiled most for peace, beauty and harmony have usually lived out their days in discord; and in several instances died a malefactor's death. Just how much discord is required in God's formula for a successful life, no one knows, but it must have a use, for it is always there.

Seen from a distance, out of the range of the wordy shrapnel, the literary scrimmage is amusing. "Gulliver's Travels" made many a heart ache, but it only gladdens ours. Pope's "Dunciad" sent shivers of fear down the spine of all artistic England, but we read it for the rhyme, and insomnia. Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," gave back to the critics what they had given out—to their great surprise and indignation, and our amusement. Keats died from the stab of a pen, they say, and whether 'twas true or not we know that now a suit of Cheviot is sufficient shield. "We love him for the enemies he has made"—to have friends is a great gain, but to achieve an enemy is distinction.

Ruskin's "Modern Painters" is a reply to the contumely that sought to smother Turner under an avalanche of abuse; but since the enemy inspired it, and it made the name and fame of both Ruskin and Turner, why should they not hunt out the rogues in Elysium and purchase ambrosia?

Whistler's "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" is a bit of sharp-shooter sniping at the man who was brave enough to come to the rescue of Turner, and who afterward proved his humanity by adopting the tactics of the enemy, working the literary stink-pot to repel impressionistic boarders.

No friend could have done for Whistler what Ruskin did. Before Ruskin threw an ink-bottle at him, as Martin Luther did at the Devil, he was one of several; after the bout he was as one set apart.

When we think of Whistler, if we listen closely, we can hear the echo of shrill calls of recrimination, muffled reveilles of alarm—pamphlet answering unto pamphlet across seas of misunderstanding—vituperations manifold and recurring themes of rabid ribaldry all forming a lurid Symphony in Red.

John Davidson has dedicated a book to his enemy, thus:—

Unwilling Friend, let not thy spite abate,  
Help me with scorn, and strengthen me with hate.

The general tendency to berate the man of superior talent would seem to indicate, as before suggested, that disparagement has some sort of compensation in it. Possibly it is the governor that keeps things from going too fast—the opposition of forces that holds the balance true. But almost everything can be overdone; and the fact remains that without encouragement and faith from without, the stoutest heart will in



time grow faint and doubt itself. It hears the yelping of the pack, and there creeps in the question, "What if they are right?" Then comes the longing and the necessity for the word of praise, the clasp of a kindly hand and the look that reassures.

Occasionally the undiscerning make remarks, slightly touched with muriatic acid, concerning the ancient and honourable cult known as the Mutual Admiration Society. My firm belief is, that no man ever did or can do a great work alone—he must be backed up by the Mutual Admiration Society. It may be a very small Society—in truth, I have known Chapters where there were only two members, but there was such trust, such faith, such a mutual uplift, that an atmosphere was formed wherein great work was done.

In Galilee even the Son of God could do no great work, on account of the unbelief of the people. "Fellowship is heaven and lack of fellowship is hell," said William Morris. And he had known both.

Some one must believe in you. And through touching finger-tips with this ~~Some~~ One, we may get in the circuit, and thus reach out to all. Self-reliance is very excellent, but as for independence, there is no such thing. We are a part of the great Universal Life; and as one must win approval from himself, so he must receive corroboration from others: having this approval from the Elect Few, the opinions of the many matter little.

How little we know of the aspirations that wither unexpressed, and of the hopes that perish for the want of the right word spoken at the right time! Out in the orchard, as I write, I see thousands and thousands of beautiful blossoms that will never become fruit for lack of vitalisation—they die because they are alone.

Thoughts materialise into deeds only when Some One vitalises by approval. Every good thing is loved into life.

Great men have ever come in groups, and the Mutual Admiration Society always figures largely. To enumerate instances would be to inflict good folks with triteness and truism. I do not wish to rob my reader of his rights—think it out for yourself, beginning with Concord and Cambridge, working backward a-down the centuries.

There are two Whistlers. One tender as a woman, sensitive as a child—thirsting for love, friendship and appreciation—a dreamer of dreams, seeing visions and mounting to the heavens on the wings of his soaring fancy. This is the real Whistler. And there has always been a small Mutual Admiration Society that has appreciated, applauded and loved this Whistler; to them he has always been "Jimmy."

The other Whistler is the jaunty little man in the funny, straight brimmed high hat—cousin to the hat John D. Long wore for twenty years. This man in the long black coat, carrying a bamboo wand, who adjusts his monocle and throws off an epigram, who confounds the critics, befogs the lawyers, affronts millionaires from Colorado, and plays pitch and toss with words, is the Whistler known to newspaperdom. And Grub Street calls him "Jimmy," too; but the voice of Grub Street is guttural and in it is no tender cadence—it is tone that tells, not the mere word! I have been addressed by an endearing phrase when the words stabbed. Grub Street sees only the one man and goes straightway after him with a snickersnee. To use the language of Judge Gaynor, "This artistic Jacques of the second part protects the great and tender soul of the party of the first part."

That is it—his name is Jacques: Whistler is a fool. The fools were the wisest men at court. Shakespeare, who dearly loved a fool, belonging to the breed himself, placed his wisest sayings into the mouths of men who wore the motley. When he adorned a man with cap and bells, it was as though he



had given bonds for both that man's humanity and intelligence.

Neither Shakespeare nor any other writer of good books ever dared depart so violently from truth as to picture a fool whose heart was filled with pretence and perfidy. The fool is not malicious. Stupid people may think he is, because his language is charged with the lightning's flash; but these be the people who do not know the difference between an incubator and an egg plant.

Touchstone, with unfailing loyalty, follows his master with quip and quirk into exile. When all, even his daughters, had forsaken King Lear, the fool bares himself to the storm and covers the shaking old man with his own cloak, and when in our day we meet the avatars of Trinculo, Costard, Mercutio and Jacques, we find they are men of tender susceptibilities, generous hearts and lavish soul.

Whistler shakes his cap, flourishes his bauble, tosses that fine head, and with tongue in cheek, asks questions and propounds conundrums that pedantry can never answer. Hence the ink-bottle, with its mark on the walls at Eisenach, and Coniston.

Every man of worth is two men—sometimes many. In fact, Dr. George Vincent, the psychologist, says, "We never treat two persons in exactly the same manner." If this is so, and I suspect it is, the person we are with dictates our mental process and thus controls our manners—he calls out the man he wishes to see. Certain sides of our nature are revealed only to certain persons. And I can understand, too, how there can be a Holy of Holies, closed and barred for ever against all except the One. And in the absence of this One, I can also understand how the person can go through life, and father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends and companions never guess the latent excellence that lies concealed. We defend and protect this Holy of Holies from the vulgar gaze.

There are two ways to guard and keep alive the sacred fires; one is to flee to convent, monastery or mountain and there live alone with God; the other is to mix and mingle with men and wear a coat of mail in way of manner.

Women whose hearts are well nigh bursting with grief will often be the gayest of the gay; men whose souls are corroding with care—weighted down with sorrow too great for speech—are often those who set the table in a roar.

The assumed manner, continued evolves into a pose.

Pose means position, and the pose is usually a position of defence.

All great people are posers.

Men pose so as to keep the mob back while they can do their work. Without the pose, the garden of a poet's fancy would look like McKinley's front yard at Canton in the fall of '96. That is to say, without the pose the poet would have no garden, no fancy, no nothing—and there would be no poet. Yet I am quite willing to admit that a man might assume a pose and yet have nothing to protect; but I stoutly maintain that pose in such an one is transparent to every one as the poles that support a scare-crow, simply because the pose never becomes habitual.

With the great man pose becomes a habit—and then it is not a pose. When a man lies and admits he lies, he tells the truth.

Whistler has been called the greatest poser of his day; and yet he is the most sincere and truthful of men—the very antithesis of hypocrisy and sham. No man ever hated pretence more.

Whistler is an artist, and the soul of the man is revealed in his work—not in his hat, nor yet his bamboo cane, nor his long black coat, much less the language which he uses, Talleyrand-like, to conceal his thought. Art has been his wife, his children and his religion. Art has said to him, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and he has obeyed the mandate.



That picture of his mother in the Luxembourg is the most serious thing in the whole collection—so gentle, so modest, so charged with tenderness. It is classed by the most competent critics of to-day along with the greatest works of the old masters. We find upon the official roster of the fine arts of France this tribute opposite the name of Whistler, "Portrait of the mother of the author, a masterpiece destined for the eternal admiration of future generations, combining in its tone power and magnificence, the qualities of a Rembrandt, a Titian, a Velasquez." The picture does not challenge you—you have to hunt it out, and you have to bring something to it, else 'twill not reveal itself. There is no decrepitude in the woman's face and form, but somehow you read into the picture the story of a great and tender love and a long life of useful effort. And now as the evening shadows gather, about to fade off into gloom, the old mother sits there alone, poised, serene: husband gone, children gone—her work is done. Twilight comes. She thinks of the past in gratitude, and gazes wistfully out into the future, unafraid. It is the tribute that every well-born son would like to pay to the mother who loved him into being, whose body nourished him, whose loving arms sustained him, whose unfaltering faith and appreciation encouraged him to do and to become. She was his wisest critic, his best friend—his mother!

Major George Washington Whistler, the father of Whistler the artist, was a graduate of West Point, and a member of the United States Corps of Engineers. He was an active, practical and useful man—a skilful draughtsman, mathematician and a man of affairs who could undertake a difficult task and carry it through to completion.

Such men are always needed, in the army and out of it. Responsibility gravitates to the man who can shoulder it. Such men as Major Whistler are

not tied to a post—they go where they are needed.

When George Washington Whistler was a cadet at West Point, there came to visit the place Dr. Swift and his beautiful young daughter, Mary. She took the Military School by storm, at least, held captives the hearts of all the young men there—so they said. And in very truth the heart of one young man was prisoner, for Major Whistler married Miss Swift soon after.

To them were born Deborah, the Major's only daughter, who married Dr. Seymour Hayden of London, a famous surgeon and still more famous etcher; George, who became an engineer and railway manager; and two years later, Joseph.

And when Joe was two years old, this beautiful wife, aged twenty-three, passed away, and young Major Whistler and his three babies were left alone.

At West Point Whistler had a friend named McNeill, son of Dr. C. D. McNeill, of Wilmington, N.C.—a classmate—with whom he had been closely associated since graduation. McNeill had a sister, Anna Matilda, a great soul, serious and strong. At length Whistler took his motherless brood—including himself—to her and she accepted them all. I bow my head to the step-mother who loves into manhood and womanhood children whom another has loved into life. She must have a great heart already expanded by love to do this. Naturally the mother-love grows with the child—that is what children are for, to enlarge the souls of the parents. But at the beginning of womanhood, Anna Matilda McNeill was great enough to enfold in her heart and arms the children of the man she loved and make them hers.

In the year 1834, Major Whistler and his wife were living in Lowell, Massachusetts, where the Major was superintending the construction of the first of those wonderful waterways that tirelessly turn ten thousand spindles.



And fate would have it so, that here at Lowell, in a little house on Worthing Street, was born the first of the five sons of Major Whistler and his wife, Anna Matilda. And they called the name of the child James Abbott McNeill Whistler—an awful big name for a very small baby.

About the time this peevish little pigmy was put into short dresses, his father resigned his position in the United States Army to accept a like position with the Czar of Russia. The first railroad constructed in Russia, from Moscow to St. Petersburg, was built under the superintendence of Major Whistler, who also designed various bridges, viaducts, tunnels and other engineering feats for Adam Zad, who walks like a man, and who paid him princely sums for his services.

Americans not only fill the teeth of royalty, but furnish the Old World machinery, ideas and men. For every twenty-five thousand men they supply us, we send them back one, and the one we send them is worth more than the twenty-five thousand they send us. Schenectady is to-day furnishing the engines and supplying engineers to teach engineers for the trans-continental Siberian railway. When you take the "Flying Scotchman" from London to Edinburgh you ride in a Pullman car, with all the appurtenances, even to a Gould coupler, a Westinghouse air-brake, and a dusky George from North Carolina, who will hit you three times with the butt of a brush broom and expect a bob as recompense. You feel quite at home.

Then when you see the Metropolitan Railway of London is managed by a man from Chicago, and that all trains of "the underground" are being equipped with the Edison incandescent light; and you note further that a New York man has Morganised the trans-Atlantic steamship lines, you agree with Mr. William T. Stead that, "America may be raw and crude, but she is producing a race of

men—men of power, who can think and act."

Coupled with the Englishman's remarkable book, "The Americanisation of the World," there is an art criticism by Bernard Shaw, who comes from a race that will not pay rent, strangely enough living in London, content, with no political aspirations, who says, "The three greatest painters of the time are of American parentage—Abbey, Sargent and Whistler; and of these, Whistler has had greater influence on the artists of to-day than any man of his time."

But let us swing back and take a look at the Whistlers in Russia. Little Jimmy never had a childhood: the nearest he came to it was when his parents camped one summer with the "construction gang." That summer with the workers and toilers, among the horses, living out of doors—eating at the camp fire and sleeping under the sky—was the boy's one glimpse of paradise. "My ambition then was to be the foreman of a construction gang—and it is yet," said the artist in describing that brief, happy time to a friend.

The child of well-to-do parents, but homeless, living in hotels and boarding-houses, is awfully handicapped. Children are only little animals and travel is their bane and scourge. They belong on the ground, among the leaves and flowers and tall grass—in the trees or digging in sand piles. Hotel hallways, *table d'hôte* dinners and the clash of travel, are all terrible perversions of nature's intent.

Yet the boy survived—eager, nervous, energetic. He acquired the Russian language, of course, and then he learned to speak French as all good Russians must. "He speaks French like a Russ," is the highest compliment a Parisian can pay you.

The boy's mother was his tutor, companion, playmate. They read together, drew pictures together and played the piano, four hands.

Honours came to the hard-working



engineer—decorations, ribbons, medals, money—and more work. The poor man was worked to death. The Czar paid every honour to the living and dead that royalty can give. He ordered his private carriage to take the family to the boat as they left St. Petersburg, bringing with them the body of the loved one. And honours awaited the dead here. A monument in the cemetery at Stonington, Connecticut, erected by the Society of American Engineers, marks the spot where he sleeps.

The stricken mother was back in America, and James was duly entered at West Point. The mother's ideal was her husband—in his life she had lived and moved—and that James should do what he had done, become the manly man that he had become, was her highest wish.

The boy was already an acceptable draughtsman, and under the tutelage of Professor Robert Weir he made progress. West Point does not teach such a soft and feminine thing as picture painting—it draws plans of redoubts and fortifications, makes maps and figures on desirability of tunnels, pontoons and hidden mines.

Robert Weir taught all these things, and on Saturdays painted pictures for his own amusement. In the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington is a taste of his quality, the large panel entitled "The Departure of the Pilgrims."

Tradition has it that young Whistler assisted his teacher on this work.

Weir succeeded in getting his pupil heartily sick of the idea of grim visaged war as a business. He hated the thought of doing things on order, especially killing men when told. "The soldier's profession is only one remove from the business of Jack Ketch, who hangs men and then salves his conscience with the plea that someone told him to do it," said Whistler. If he remained at West Point he would become an army officer and Uncle Sam or

the Czar would own him and order him to do things.

Weir declared he was absurd, but the Post Surgeon said he was nervous and needed a change. In truth West Point disliked Jimmy as much as he disliked West Point, and he was recommended for discharge. Mother and son sailed away for London, intending to come back in time for the next term.

The young man took one souvenir from West Point that was to stand by him. In a sham battle, during a charge, his horse went down, and the cavalcade behind went right over horse and rider. When picked up and carried out of the scrimmage, Cadet Whistler was unconscious, and the doctors said his skull was fractured. However, his whip-cord vitality showed itself in a quick recovery; but a white lock of hair soon appeared to mark the injured spot, to be a badge of distinction and a delight to the caricaturist for ever. In London the mother and son found lodgings out towards Chelsea. No doubt the literary traditions attracted them. Only a few squares away lived Rossetti, with a wonderful collection of blue china, giving lessons in painting. There were weekly receptions in his house, where came Burne-Jones, William Morris, Madox Brown and many other excellent people. Down a narrow street near by, lived a grumpy Scotchman, by the name of Carlyle, whose portrait Whistler was later to paint, and although Carlyle had no use for Rossetti, yet Mrs. Whistler and her boy liked them both. It came time to return to America if the young man was to graduate at West Point. But they decided to go over to Paris so James could study art for a few months.

They never came back to America.

Whistler, the coxcomb, had Ruskin haled before the tribunal and demanded a thousand pounds as salve for his injured feelings, because the author of "Stones of Venice" was colour-blind, lacking in imagination, and possessed of a small magazine wherein he briskly



told of men, women and things he did not especially admire.

The case was tried, and the jury decided for Whistler, giving him one farthing damages. But this was success—it threw the costs on Ruskin, and called the attention of the world to the absurdity of condemning things that are, at the last, a mere matter of individual taste.

Whistler was once asked by a fellow artist to criticise a wondrous chromatic combination that the man had thrown off in an idle hour. Jimmy adjusted his monocle and gazed long. "And what do you think of it?" asked the painter standing by. "Oh, just a little more green, a little more green—(pause and slight cough)—but that is your affair."

Whistler painted the "Nocturne," and that was his affair. If Ruskin did not think it beautiful that was his affair; but when Ruskin went one step further and accused the painter of trying to hoodwink the world for a matter of guineas, attacking the man's motives, he exceeded the legitimate limits of criticism, and his public rebuke was deserved. In matter of strictest justice, however, it may be as well to say that Whistler was quite as blind to the beauty of Ruskin's efforts for the betterment of humanity as Ruskin was to the excellence of Whistler's pictures. And if Ruskin had been in the humour for litigation he might have sued Whistler and got a shilling damages because Whistler once averred, "The Society of St. George is a scheme for badgering the unfortunate, and should be put down by the police. God knows the poor suffer enough without being patronised!"

Mr. Whistler was once summoned as a witness in a certain suit where the purchaser of a picture had refused to pay for it. The cross-examination ran something like this:—

"You are a painter of pictures?"

"Yes."

"And know the value of pictures?"

"Oh, no."

"At least you have your own ideas about values?"

"Certainly."

"And you recommended the defendant to buy this picture for two hundred pounds?"

"I did."

"Mr. Whistler, it is reported that you received a goodly sum for this recommendation—is there anything in that?"

"Oh, nothing I assure you"—(yawning) "nothing but the indelicacy of the suggestion."

The critics found much joy, several years ago, in tracing out the fact that Whistler spent a year at Madrid copying Velasquez. That he, like Sargent, has been benefited and inspired by the sublime art of the Spaniard there is no doubt, but there is nothing in the charge that he is an imitator of Velasquez, save the indelicacy of the suggestion.

It was a comparison of Velasquez and Whistler and a warm assurance that his name would live with that of the great Spaniard that led Whistler to launch that little question, now a classic, "Why drag in Velasquez?"

The great lesson that Whistler has taught the world is to observe; and this he got from the Japanese. Lafcadio Hearn has said that the average citizen of Japan detects tints and shades that are absolutely unseen by western eyes. Livingstone found tribes in Africa that had never seen pictures of any kind, and he had great difficulty in making them perceive that the figure of a man, drawn on a piece of paper a foot square, really was designed for a man.

"Man big—paper little—no good!" was the criticism of a chief. The chief wanted to hear the voice of the man before he would believe it was meant for a man. This savage chief was a great person, no doubt, in his own bailiwick, but he lacked imagination to bridge the gap between a real man and



the repeated strokes of a pencil on a bit of paper.

The Japanese—any Japanese—would have been delighted by Whistler's "Nocturne." Ruskin wasn't. He had never seen the night, and therefore, he declared that Whistler had "flung a pot of paint in the face of the public."

That men should dogmatise concerning things where the senses alone supply the evidence, is only another proof of man's limitations. We live in a peewee world which our senses create, and declare that outside of what we see, smell, taste and hear there is nothing.

It is twenty-five thousand miles around the world—stellar space is uncomputable; and man can walk in a day about thirty miles. Above the ground he can jump about four feet. In a city his unaided ear can hear his friend call about two hundred feet. As for smell, he really has almost lost the sense; and taste, through the use of stimulants and condiments, has likewise nearly gone. Man can see and recognise another man a quarter of a mile away, but at the same distance is practically colour-blind.

Yet we were all quite willing to set ourselves up as standards until science came with spectroscope, telephone, microscope and Röntgen ray to force upon us the fact that we are tiny, undeveloped and insignificant creatures, with sense quite unreliable and totally unfit for final decisions.

Whistler sees more than other men. He has taught us to observe, and he has taught the art world to select.

Oratory does not consist in telling it all—you select the truth you wish to drive home; in literature, in order to make your point, you must leave things out; and in painting you must omit. Selection is the vital thing.

The Japanese see one single lily stalk swaying in the breeze and the hazy, luminous grey of the atmosphere in which it is bathed—just these two things. They give us these, and we are amazed and delighted.

Whistler has given us the night—not the black, inky, meaningless void which has always stood for evil; not the darkness, the mere absence of light, the prophet had in mind when he said, "And there shall be no night there"—not that. The prophet thought the night was objectionable, but we know that the continual glare of the sun would quickly destroy all animal or vegetable life. In fact, without the night there would be no animal or vegetable life, and no prophet would have existed to suggest the abolition of night as a betterment. In the night there are flowers that shed their finest perfume, lifting up their hearts in gladness, and all nature is renewed for the work of the coming day. We need the night for rest, for dreams, for forgetfulness. Whistler saw the night, this great transparent, dark-blue fold that tucks us in for one-half our time. The jaded, the weary and the heavy-laden at last find peace—the day is done, the grateful night is here.

Turner said you could not paint a picture and leave man out. Whistler very seldom leaves man out, although I believe there is one "Nocturne" wherein only the stars and the faint rim of the silver moon keep guard. But usually we see the dim suggestion of the bridge's arch, the ghostly steeples, lights lost in the enfolding fog, vague purple barges on the river and ships rocking solemnly in the offing—all strangely mellow with peace, and subtle thoughts of stillness, rest, dreams and sleep.

The critics have all shied their missiles at Whistler, and he has gathered up the most curious and placed them on exhibition in a catalogue entitled "Etching and Dry Points." This document gives a list of fifty-one of his best known productions, and beneath each item is a testimonial or two from certain worthies who thought the thing rubbish and said so.

If you want to see a copy of the catalogue you can examine it in the



"treasure room" of most any of the big public libraries; or should you wish to own one, a chance collector in need of funds might be willing to disengage himself from a copy for some such trifle as twenty-five dollars or so.

Whistler's book "The Gentle Art" contains just one good thing, although the touch of genius is revealed in the title which is as follows: "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies, as pleasingly exemplified in many instances wherein the serious ones of this earth, carefully exasperated, have been prettily spurred on to unseemliness and indiscretion, while overcome by an undue sense of right."

The dedication runs thus: "To the

rare Few who early in life have rid themselves of the Friendship of the Many, these pathetic papers are inscribed."

The one excellent thing in the book is the "Ten O'Clock" lecture. It is a classic, revealing such a distinct literary style that one is quite sure its author could have evolved symphonies in words, as well as colour, had he chose. However, this lecture is a sequence leaping hot from the heart, and would not have been written had the author not been "carefully exasperated and prettily spurred on, while overcome by an undue sense of right." Let us all give thanks to the enemy who exasperated him.

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*The following letter was sent by Mr. Whistler to Mr. Hubbard when the artist had read the foregoing article.*

*Paris, January 2, 1903.*

*Dear Fra Elbertus:—I have just read your "Little Journey to the Home of Whistler."*

*I congratulate you. The book contains several things I never knew before. With best wishes I am ever,*

*Your Obedient Servant,*

*JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.*





*Illustrated by S. J. Venning*

**D**R. WOULFE was rather surprised to hear that Colonel Caffyn was waiting to see him; he was still more surprised at the Colonel's demeanour when the door closed on them both in the consulting room.

"You'll excuse me, Woulfe," said the visitor, "but I think that that is an edition of Herodotus upon your shelves."

The Doctor said it was; and his visitor stepped across the room and took a volume down. He opened it at random and to Woulfe's growing amazement read in the Greek a passage from one of the battles of Cyrus. He then stiffly translated it and returned the book to the shelves.

"Now then," said he, "tell me, Woulfe, do I strike you as a man in possession of all his faculties?"

"Well," began the Doctor, silencing a doubt as to whether his visitor had been affected by the heat, "you can read Greek better than I could years ago."

"And now feel my pulse!"

As the Doctor took his neighbour's wrist, he glanced more attentively at his face.

"Caffyn," he remarked, "you seem to

have had a very bad night. What's wrong with you?"

"Not night," said the Colonel. "Nights."

"Sleeplessness?"

"Not sleeplessness. I think I know the symptoms of sleeplessness as well as any man who has spent most of his life in India. But this is neither nerves nor liver. What I want you to assure me is that it's not brain. I read the Herodotus just now to show you that in daylight at any rate I can see clearly and think clearly. At night I am haunted."

The Colonel paused, apparently to allow the Doctor to express incredulity. But as the Doctor said nothing he went on: "There was a story when I was a child that the Chantry House was haunted—or rather had been haunted. But that was said to have been quite a harmless ghost who used to lurk about the passages and play with the children, until my great-grandmother, a religious woman, had become scandalised and had begged the Bishop of Dorchester to come and bless the house. Then the ghost disappeared; at any rate we children never saw anything of it."

Dr. Woulfe could not restrain a smile.



"You don't mean to say the playful ghost has reappeared?"

"It has acquired very queer notions of playfulness now," rejoined Colonel Caffyn, and then went rather white. "I can feel it now," he said, "there's no play about it. A week ago I moved from the south side of the house because the workmen woke me in the morning; and I thought it better to suffer some inconvenience rather than delay the alterations that ought to have been finished before I came home. So I had my bed put up in the room which used to be the housekeeper's room on the ground floor. It looks over the kitchen garden towards the brook. There's nothing else about the room except that it's rather damp."

"An old room?"

"Yes, it's one where the wainscot is still left. I will tell you about the wainscot presently. I first slept in the room on Tuesday night. Nothing happened. I got home late—in fact, it was because I expected to get to bed late that I ordered a bed to be made up in the Oak Room, for I didn't want to be wakened by the workmen in the morning. Well, nothing happened, except that I did not sleep very well; but that might have been because I had been dining out. Next night I went to bed early, and dropped off to sleep before eleven. I left a light burning. Some time in the night I woke up—no, I won't swear I woke up, but I'll tell you what happened."

"What you thought happened!"

"Put it that way if you like. The light appeared to waver, and the panel of wainscot on which it was shining to grow dim. I noticed that the light just caught the edge of a long crack of the panel. I shut my eyes again. Then something happened. The crack in the wainscot seemed to widen. I felt some presence in the room. I tried to open my eyes; but I had that feeling sometimes felt in dreams, that the power to do so was gone. Then something tightened about my throat and grew

tighter. I felt that I was choking; and all the time I was conscious of some infernal agency that was the cause of it. It was as if the room were crammed with some presence that was expanding until it crushed the breath out of me. My eyes were open now, but there was no light. The candle had gone out."

"You saw nothing, then?"

"Saw? No, I saw nothing. It was the pressure of something I could not see that—well, anyway, I struggled to get to the door. I found myself at the shutters, and got them open. The faint light from outside pulled me together; but I was cold with sweat. I'm not going to make any attempt to conceal it. I had been as frightened as we are when we are children and wake up with nightmare. It's like nothing else."

The Doctor waited; the speaker had evidently not finished.

"That's only the beginning of it. I put it down as I say to nightmare of a virulent type; but I hadn't the nerve to shut the window again. I spent the rest of the night dozing and waking with starts. However, my outbreak of nerves seemed feeble enough when I was up and dressed; and any idea I might have had of moving out of the room simply seemed ridiculous. So I slept there on Thursday night. Again I went tired to bed; and without a flutter of nervousness dropped off to sleep as soon as I was in bed. Then again—no, not the same thing—something else happened. My eyes opened to the candle shining on the crack in the wainscot; and the candle, guttering and sinking, was going out. It went out—and the crack widened. It widened, and something dark came out of it. It swelled till it reached to where I lay, and choked me while I tried to free my throat. I could hear the clock striking in the hall. I don't know what happened after that or how long a time went by. When I came to myself the hall clock was again striking, so the interval must have been considerable. But, Woulfe,



the reck of the candle was still in the room."

Colonel Caffyn took out his handkerchief and wiped his lips. He was strongly and evidently excited.

"And that's not all," he continued. "I've tried to stick it out. But four nights running it has happened. For four nights I have woken with that creature's folds about my throat; every night the candle has gone out, or when my eyes open the wick is just smouldering down. It has happened first at midnight, then at one o'clock, and then at two." He stopped and attempted a smile which was an uneasy grin. "I'd rather think there was something in it than believe that my nerves have trapped me into delusions of this kind."

The Doctor replied at once. "I am so convinced that there is something in it that I'm not going to tell you anything about nerves or digestion, or theorise on the brain's tendency to convert a subjective impression into an objective one. What I will do is to come and stay with you in the wainscoted room."

Colonel Caffyn visibly brightened. "That's very good of you," he said, "it's what I should like. If you will dine and sleep we can test the thing better."

Doctor Woulfe arrived at the Manor a little before dinner and was taken by his host to the haunted room. Ostensibly the Doctor was to occupy one of the upper bedrooms of the house; but Caffyn said that the wainscoted room was large enough to accommodate a second mattress—which had been taken into it. To Woulfe's surprise he found that the mattress, like his host's own, was laid on the floor. Caffyn remarking that as he had only been proposing to sleep in the room for a few nights he had not troubled to have a bedstead

moved in. He hoped his guest did not mind.

The Doctor did not mind; but he was rather disturbed by another habit of the old Anglo-Indian when they went to bed rather late. On the first inspection of the room, the windows, which looked over the low-lying fields about the Manor House to the creek and to the bleak sea marshes beyond, were open. But at bed time the windows



"AS THE DOCTOR TOOK HIS NEIGHBOUR'S WRIST, HE GLANCED MORE ATTENTIVELY AT HIS FACE."

were shut and were almost hermetically sealed by the heavy old-fashioned shutters that some previous owner of the house had put in to protect himself from the bitter east winds of winter.

Colonel Caffyn did not observe the Doctor's disapproving glance at the shutters. "As it happens," he remarked, "each night I have slept with the shutters closed, because there are no blinds. Light always wakes me up in the mornings. I suppose it is the



legacy of my Indian days, when the sun hits you on the head like a blow unless you sleep with the clothes over your head. But on the whole perhaps it's better for our experiment."

In the interests of scientific investigation the Doctor had therefore to forego a protest. But whereas Colonel Caffyn, whose nerves certainly seemed to have little wrong with them, fell asleep rather quickly, and the sense of oppression in the room, and its rather damp smell, kept the Doctor awake. Something, of course, was due to excitement, and something, he argued, to an excellent dinner; and something to unhygienic conditions—on the subject of which he was rather a faddist. Whatever the cause, he could not sleep. He got up at last, and took a second candlestick from the mantelpiece. One candle, in accord with the Colonel's suggestion, had been left near the wainscot, where it burnt steadily, and helped to keep the Doctor awake. He lit the second candle, placed it by his bedside, and settled himself to read. Colonel Caffyn, undisturbed by these operations, slept stolidly, snorting now and again. Dr. Woulfe thought he should never go to sleep.

But he must have done, for his next mental impression was that of a half-waking dream in which he seemed to be struggling as he once remembered having fought against chloroform. Like the sleeper in nightmare, he could not open his eyes; but when at last in an agony of effort he did so, their gaze fell at once upon the candle by the wainscot. While he looked it went out. He stretched out his hand towards the second candle. The second candle went out.

As the Doctor, his heart beating fast, groped for the matches, a gasp came from the mattress where his companion lay. Where were the matches? He found them, but his hand shook, and he spilt them. At last he struck one. It flickered and went out.

In the darkness the Colonel was struggling and choking. Then of a sudden the Doctor found his senses and sprang up and towards the mantelpiece where he had put a bicycle lamp. It was a patent electric one; and in another moment its radiance illumined the room. Colonel Caffyn had rolled from his mattress to the floor. The Doctor was a strong man, though the Colonel was a heavy one, and he quickly stepped to his side, and, in spite of his struggles, pulled him to his feet.

"What the—why—Woulfe!" he cried hoarsely, then: "You saw it!"

"I saw nothing," said Dr. Woulfe, calmly. "But I think we will not stop in this room any longer."

"You did see it, then!" said the Colonel in a whisper.

The Doctor glanced at the white face wet with sweat.

"We'll talk about that to-morrow morning. Meanwhile you must go to your own room upstairs."

Caffyn stumbled once or twice on the way. He reeled a little when they stood in his room. The Doctor produced a tiny shining syringe.

"You must go to sleep, Caffyn," he remarked. "It's absolutely necessary. And if I give you a strong opiate and see that you are not waked we shall be in a better position to talk this business over to-morrow."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was bright sunlight when the Colonel woke; and the first thing he noticed was that there was no sound of the workmen outside. With his hot water came a message that Doctor Woulfe would see him as soon as he was dressed. He shaved with a shaking hand; but the first sight of the doctor's face brought reassurance with it.

"You've got something to tell me, Woulfe."

"I want you to come with me to where we slept last night."

They went to the wainscoted room together. Some workmen were there,





"'THERE'S YOUR GHOST,' SAID THE DOCTOR."

and as one of them stepped aside, Colonel Caffyn saw a great gaping hole where the cracked panel of wainscot had been. Brickwork behind the panel had been knocked away; and as he drew nearer, Colonel Caffyn saw that behind the brickwork was something like a pit.

"Bring a light," said the Doctor.

One of the workmen brought a flat candlestick with which someone had evidently been experimenting, for a cord was tied to it. The workman lighted the candle and lowered it into the pit.

Colonel Caffyn leant forward feeling a little sick. He was not quite sure what he was going to see. But before he saw more than a broken arch of brick the candle went out.

"There's your ghost," said the Doctor.

"What?"

"There's no ghost," continued Doctor Woulfe, rapidly explaining, "except marsh gas. There's a sewer running under your late bedroom, Caffyn. It's grave—I mean the brick arch—has fallen in;—and consequently it's wraith has risen each night to torment you."

"I don't believe it," declared the Colonel, flatly; "how could it grip me by the throat like—as it did?"

"You slept on the floor each night—exactly the place to make it most effective. It might as easily have suffocated you as not. But I admit that the absence of smell made the thing puzzling. That was partly because the sense of smell is almost dormant during the sleeping hours, and partly because marsh gas, as distinguished from the gas usually associated with sewers, has not much smell."



It was not easy to convince the haunted Colonel ; but a complete examination of the ruined brick culvert, more than a century old, and the drainage that led into it soon left him with no doubt. The Doctor had guessed the solution of the mystery, it appeared, at the moment when his second candle went out. When the electric bicycle lamp remained unaffected, he was sure of it.

The Colonel had only one last doubt to be answered.

"Why did the thing choke me an hour later each night?" he asked.

"That puzzled me at first," replied Doctor Woulfe ; "but I find that the culvert communicates with the creek, and that when the tide rises the culvert becomes flooded and the gas is forced back. The tide rises nearly an hour later each night."

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## AS WE LEAVE OUR YOUTH

By WINIFRID LEAL

BELOVED, as we leave our youth, how blind  
Our eyes become ; how increasingly this clay  
Doth creep around the soul, with power to slay ;  
How deaf the ears, the lips how slow, the mind  
How self-engrossed, as though alone to find  
Its sustenance within ; the very day,  
Sun-lit or dark, how changed ; and every way  
Of thought how base, how towards the earth inclined !

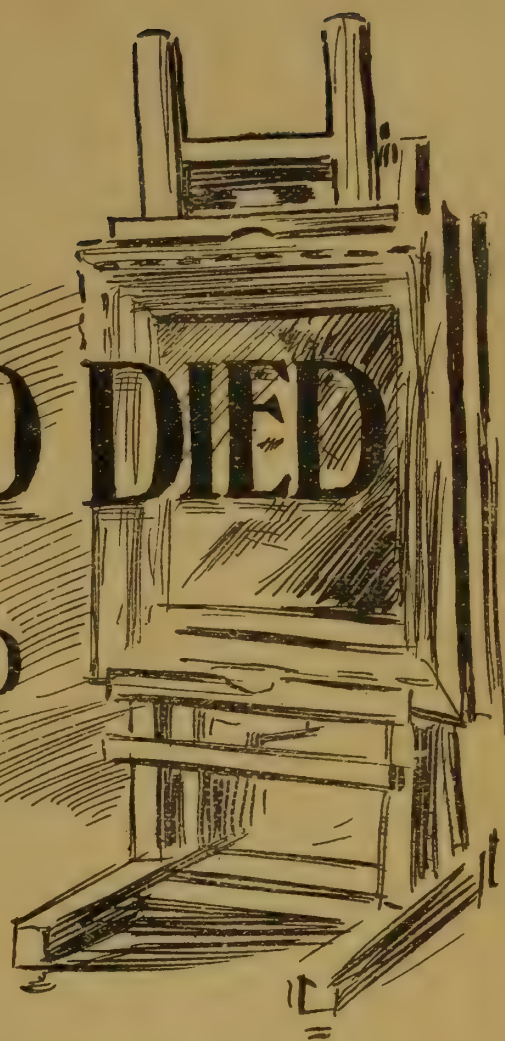
But though 'twas thus with me I did not know,  
Belovéd, till thy hand closed o'er my hand  
That, since my childhood, I had travelled so !  
I see my backward path, now, as I stand  
In th' light of love : ahead I dare not throw  
Mine eyes, lest even there lies changing land !



# THE MAN WHO DIED

BY  
MARY STUART BOYD

*Illustrated by T. Friedenson*



## I.

FROM his keen, penetrating eyes to his acid-stained finger-tips Brewitt was an artist. I say was advisedly, for did I say is, the word would discredit my sanity.

At an early age, Brewitt—then a shock-headed hobble-de-hoy, somehow handicapped by the birthright of an aggressive Yorkshire accent—had fought his way Londonwards with the avowed intent of devoting his life to Art. His restive genius refusing to accomplish creditably the highly stippled specimen drawings required of each aspirant for admission to the Royal Academy Schools, Brewitt studied at the Slade, where his perturbed professors alternated between amazement at the flashes of inspiration displayed by the callow youth, and despair at the hopelessness of expecting him to conform to recognised rules. One term they held solemn conclave respecting the desirability of

recommending him to abandon the study of art. The next day they found themselves compelled against all their preconceived convictions to award him the prize for a life-painting of exceptional merit.

One afternoon in the middle of a session, Brewitt, declaring that he had learnt all they could teach him—a statement his instructors found it hard to confute—quitted the Slade, leaving unfinished a study in foreshortening that, even in its embryonic state, called forth the admiration of his fellow students, and launched his oddly rigged barque upon the cross-currents of professional life.

Fifteen years later, Brewitt, sitting alone in his studio, surveying the accumulated work of these the best years of his life, was forced to confess that his craft had made little progress towards the peaceful harbour of assured fame.

All through the bright May day he



had wrought doggedly with etching needles and acids, conscious the while that his labour would but add another item to the unsought contents of the already full portfolios. When the light faded he set the kettle on the gas-plate, and, lounging back in the creaking basket-chair, let his thoughts run vagrant into the future.

Save for a low, hard couch, one or two chairs, a throne, half-a-dozen easels, and the cupboard that concealed the evidences of Brewitt's spasmodic house-keeping, the gaunt studio contained little that could be termed furniture. All round the room pictures that had failed to find purchasers despondently turned their faces to the wall, as though ashamed of their lack of success. Dusty portfolios bulged with daringly characteristic etchings—work that the world, deeming odd and weird, marvelled at, but did not buy.

"Conqueror Death," a big allegorical oil-painting, whose favourable reception at the Salon had been followed by rejection at the Academy, leant shamefacedly against the end wall. The medal awarded at Munich for Brewitt's "Crucifixion of Love" lay before him, and looking at the tribute accorded him by aliens, Brewitt found himself reviewing the careers of his fellow-students at the Slade. The work of none of them had been so individually distinctive or so hotly discussed as his own, yet none but he had failed to make a comfortable living.

Hucknall, whose smooth "pretty-pretty" method had been Brewitt's detestation, was already an A.R.A., and making a little fortune from what Brewitt scornfully dubbed "Kiss-Mammy" pictures. Nunn's war subjects, composed mainly of blood and gunpowder, had a show to themselves in Pall Mall, where the engravings were selling like hot cakes. Hericart had married and set up a tandem on his clever sketches of comic monkeys. Mackissock and Paington, Brewitt's

close and abiding friends, had both made names for themselves. Mackissock was a sculptor of assured position, and Paington, who had been a lazy student, wisely recognising that it is infinitely easier to pick holes in good work than to do it, had plunged boldly into the arena of Art criticism, where by sheer effrontery he had succeeded in gaining a hearing.

Hucknall's treachery painting Brewitt knew could not survive him. The public favour accorded Nunn's theatrical battle pieces would be but fleeting. Yet, sitting in the dusk, surrounded by his despised bantlings, Brewitt's heart waxed bitter within him at the knowledge that he—the only one of the group who had adhered to his ideals—was the only one who had difficulty in earning bread and butter.

It was May, one of the five fat months that in the artists' year succeed the seven lean ones; yet one figure, and that a low one, represented Brewitt's makings. Yet none could accuse Brewitt of lethargy. With the sole exception of the Academy, his paintings had found places in the different galleries. Then deep in the wilds of the Haymarket he had on view a collection of some fifty choice etchings. His work was well seen, and called forth comment of sorts from the critics. Yet, so far, the season had not brought him a sale worth considering.

There is a limit to the endurance even of the strongest. Sitting with the dusk closing in around him, Brewitt's stout heart quailed before the hopelessness of the struggle against an adverse fate.

Roused from his painful reverie by a smart rat-tat, he opened the studio door to Paington, the irresponsible.

"Hullo! Kettle boiling? That's all right. I'm gasping for a cup of tea," Paington cried, throwing a paper bag of buns down on the throne. Then, having deposited his tall hat in the least dusty place he could find, and sloughed off his frock-coat, he proceeded,



with the air of one accustomed, to hunt in the cupboard for tea-things. "Say, old man, the cups all need washing. Suppose you take yours out of a tumbler. The slop-basin 'll do me. I've just come from Pettigrew's private view," he added, as he spooned the tea out of Brewitt's apology for a caddy.

"Good show?"

"Rotten bad, but doocid saleable stuff. Nice little cottages in nice little gardens, nice little children in clean pinafores going to school—you know the sort. Looked up at your show too, old man."

"I needn't ask if anybody was there, or if anything was doing."

"One old lady—two boys. No, I can't say business was exactly brisk," Paington acknowledged.

"Hucknall says he made three thousand last year. My work is miles ahead of his, and I didn't make enough to pay my frame maker," cried Brewitt, his pent-up bitterness at length finding vent. "I don't know where to lay hand on a shilling just now; and all the time the thought galls me that what I've done would be worth a fortune if I were only dead."

A flash of inspiration smote Paington.

"Then why not be dead?" he said, quietly.

A note in his voice foreign to his usual badinage arrested Brewitt's attention.

"What do you mean?" he asked, sharply.

"Be dead—vanish—efface yourself and scoop in the proceeds. It's only fair that a man should reap what he's sown. Then vamoose to some sunnier clime, chuckling at the innocents who have at last awakened to the value of

your work," counselled Paington, his speech indistinct by reason of Bath bun.

For a long moment Brewitt sat silent.

"There's many a true word spoken in jest, Pangy," he said at length. "I don't see why I should have wrought for fifteen years only to benefit others. Things can't go on as they are. I'll take your advice—I'll die."



"SUPPOSE YOU DISAPPEAR?"

The scheme was one after the audacious Paington's heart. The tea cooled while he suggested half-a-dozen plans, each more outrageous and impossible than the other. The most feasible of his ideas was that a proxy for Brewitt in the shape of a weighted coffin should be cremated at Woking, but to that the



difficulty of obtaining a certificate of death proved an obstacle. His notion that Brewitt should be drowned while bathing at Southend, leaving his garments on the beach as evidence of his demise, Brewitt combated on the ground that early May could hardly be accounted a bathing season, and that before he could secure other vesture he would probably have contracted a chill that would qualify him to be dead in very deed.

The entrance of their mutual friend Mackissock, the sculptor, whose studio was in the outer courtyard of Velasquez Studios, brought them a reliable and astute counsellor.

Mackissock, his controversy against the impiety of such a proceeding confuted by Brewitt's argument that it was better to be dishonestly dead and live affluently than to be righteously alive and die of starvation, entered wholeheartedly into the plot.

"In the first place, there must be an actual funeral. So there must be a body—and where are we to get one? That's the question."

"Murder one of the fossil Academicians. He'll never be missed, or, if he is, I'll pledge my honour nobody will bother to make inquiries," suggested the flippant Paington; but the others were too much in earnest to heed his gibe.

"I have it!" exclaimed Mackissock, after a pause, during which he sucked energetically at his empty pipe. "Every week there are unclaimed bodies, mostly drowned ones, lying at the mortuaries. *Suppose you disappear?* After a day or two *we'll* raise a hue and cry, and apply to the police. Then we'll identify a likely body and bury it as you, and the thing's done. No blame could fall upon us if it was found out that we had made a mistake, and certainly none could attach to you if you were discovered to be living in retirement."

His scheme accepted, the wary Mackissock would have urged delay for its further consideration; but Brewitt's fif-

teen years of waiting had worn his patience threadbare.

"We'll hang it on the last post; it's due in ten minutes," he temporised, at last. "If it brings any encouragement, I live; if it doesn't, I die, and the sooner the better."

Sitting in the half-circle of radiance thrown by the centre light, they heard the steps of the postman echoing down the stone-flagged corridor like the approach of some inexorable fate. The sound of sundry documents falling into the letter-box, and the echo of the stucco *rat-tat* accelerated their heart-beats. For a moment the trio sat motionless; even the volatile Paington was subdued. Then Brewitt arose, and, striding to the door, collected the pregnant missives.

There were three. A circular from an artist's colourman, a polite reminder that his frame-maker's bill for seventy odd pounds awaited payment, and a curt warning that unless the gas account was paid within three days the gas would be cut off.

"That settles it," said Brewitt, throwing the mail on the table with a mirthless laugh. "Let's eat, drink, and be merry, boys. To-morrow I die!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The following afternoon—Saturday—Brewitt, shaggy-maned and bushy-bearded, was seen to leave Velasquez Studios. That same evening Mr. James Wilson, a short-haired, clean-shaven man with spectacles, installed himself in cheap lodgings near Paddington Station.

Two days later, Mackissock, after much futile hammering at Brewitt's closed door, went round the studios inquiring if anybody knew what had become of his friend. And on Tuesday morning Paington appeared on the scene demanding an explanation why Brewitt had broken an engagement to dine with him on the previous night. On both which points Brewitt's neighbours, owning as slender a knowledge of his movements as London neighbours usually do, failed to enlighten his friends. Though



Miss Nora O'Malley, the Irish girl artist whose studio was the only other occupied one in Brewitt's corridor, remembered having heard him go out on Saturday afternoon, and was positive that he had not since returned.

The news that the artist was missing spread like wild-fire. The police were known to be on the alert, and the air grew thick with rumour. At the close of the week the art world was more shocked than surprised to learn through the medium of the public press that a drowned body lying at Southwark mortuary had been identified as that of the missing Brewitt. Well-authenticated though wholly erroneous accounts of the dire straits to which a man of his undoubted genius had been reduced were in circulation. Paragraphs were rife. The intimation of his death appeared—as though to impress it on the public memory—on three consecutive days in the obituary list of the leading metropolitan journals.

A picturesquely pathetic account of the tragedy of the brilliant but ill-starred genius, written by Paington, appeared in the *Hyde Park Gazette* on Wednesday, and was copied in all the provincial papers. And at the funeral on Thursday afternoon in Kensal Green Cemetery, Mackissock and Paington, who as his executors, clad in the deepest of sable, acted as chief mourners, rejoiced to see a goodly crowd of sympathisers.

"I say, though," Paington, moved by one of his sudden thought contortions, whispered, as with bowed heads they marched slowly behind the coffin, "what about the nameless man we're burying to-day? What'll he say to this?"

"Say? He'll thank us for rescuing him from a pauper's grave if he says anything, which I doubt," replied the literal Mackissock.

Meantime Mr. James Wilson, pent in the seclusion of his Paddington lodging with only the secret visits of his fellow-



"A WOMAN WAS KNEELING."

conspirators to while away the leaden hours, was chafing against the restraint that girded him.

The day of the interment found him unconquerably restive. With sardonic humour he mentally pictured the pro-



gress to the grave; and as evening drew on, an insensate craving to visit his last resting-place dominated him. Yielding to it against his better judgment, he set forth, trusting to a hard felt hat and a weather-beaten inverness cape of Paington's to complete the disguise of shaven face and spectacles.

The shadows were deep among the tombs when Brewitt reached Kensal Green Cemetery, but in the west the sunset glow still lingered. In answer to his inquiries the keeper indicated a new mound in a remote corner. Finding his way thereto between the rows of stolid headstones, Brewitt stopped short in astonishment, for beside the stretch of bald, unsightly mould *a woman was kneeling*.

Even seen through the haze of gloaming something struck him as familiar in the pose of her head, the set of her dress. As rising to go she turned in his direction, Brewitt, viewing the mourner from behind a tombstone, felt a thrill of pleasure at the discovery that it was Nora O'Malley. For the moment oblivious of the fact that he was officially dead, and that it was by his own grave she knelt, he started forward with the intention of addressing her. But at his unexpected appearance the girl, after one nervous glance in his direction, hurried off affrighted towards the gate; and Brewitt, arrested by a sudden consciousness of his position, shrank behind a monument, feeling as though in losing his identity and with it the privilege of Nora's acquaintance he had done himself an unwitting injury.

His place of sepulchre when he viewed it presented all the dingy ghastliness of a new-made town grave. But as Brewitt looked a spasm of softer feeling throbbed in his heart, and brought a half hysterical laugh to his lips, for he saw that on the raw unseemly earth, just over where the sleeper's heart might be, someone had laid a cluster of tear-bedewed purple violets.

## II.

Meantime matters had been progressing beyond expectation.

Paington and Mackissock, stealing after dark to visit the shabby Paddington lodging, reported the advance of the boom. Ripplier, of the Universal Art Society, had made an offer for the entire collection of Brewitt's prints on show in the Haymarket Gallery. That offer, though a low one, the conspirators in conclave agreed to accept, knowing that with fifty prints on hand for which he had paid solid coin, Ripplier might be trusted to puff Brewitt for all he was worth. "Besides," added the wily Paington, "if we get the news of Ripplier having bought up the entire show well paragraphed it'll be a ripping advertisement, for Ripplier is known to have an eagle eye for a likely corpse such as yours, dear boy."

Paington's versatile pen had been busy. Under his well-known *nom-de-plume* of "Pochade" he had written a glowing eulogium on Brewitt, whom he spoke of as a genius sacrificed upon the altar of British conventionality in Art, in the paper with the largest circulation in the world. And cognisant that nothing helps a cause like antagonism, he had published as "Mahlstick" a foolishly vituperative critique of Brewitt's work in an unimportant evening paper. The British public, though it enjoys witnessing a living man badgered beyond endurance, revolts at the idea of abusing the dead, and "Pochade's" trenchant reply to "Mahlstick" called forth a storm of applause.

The *Art Survey* and *The Palette* both approached Brewitt's executors for permission to reproduce specimens of his work in their earliest possible issues. *Genre*, a select organ whose *métier* it is to pooh-pooh the living and extol the dead, had an exhaustive appreciation of the art of the man for whose work a month earlier it had found no adjective too slighting. And the managers of the



most exclusive Bond Street picture gallery craved the privilege of holding a posthumous exhibition of his paintings.

The tide of success had set in at last. But Brewitt, shut up in his dingy lodging, with an uncomfortably chilly feeling about his shaven chin and naked upper lip, got but little pleasure from the anticipation of his changed finances, for all the manhood in him revolted against his enforced idleness. Brewitt had always been a man of action, but never had ideas so crowded upon him as during these days wherein he was condemned to sit idle, knowing that his life's work was finished.

A stroll taken after dusk in the unclassic purlieus of Edgware Road had introduced him to a grimy little shop wherein he had unearthed a veritable treasure-trove of old hand-made paper, the ideal medium whereon to reproduce his etchings. It was with a hateful sense of restriction that he tore himself away without making a purchase that a few days earlier would have rejoiced his artistic soul.

With the thought of that priceless fund of faded paper—paper that the owner regarding as stained and shop-worn was prepared to sell as damaged stock—haunting and harassing his thoughts, Brewitt began to sketch out the idea for a series of etchings that kept obtruding itself on his thoughts.

Mackissock, coming in the next night with a fresh budget of newspaper cuttings, found his friend jotting down, on twopence-worth of cheap note-paper that had been fetched by the lodging-house slavey, the rough outline of "Life the Leveller," that series of allegorical etchings that fixed Brewitt's statue in its niche in the temple of fame.

"Man," said Mackissock with genuine regret, "if you had only thought of that a month earlier it would have been five hundred pounds in your pocket—five hundred pounds, aye, every penny of it. Brookwells came up to my studio himself to-day to see if you had left nothing

in his line. He was annoyed that Ripplier had got the advantage over him by buying the prints in the Rubens Gallery."

"Um," grunted Brewitt, savagely knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "I took all those prints, every man Jack of them, to Brookwells last October, and he refused even to look at them. What did you say?"

"Temporised, of course. Told him there was a lot of capital stuff hidden away in your portfolios that I hadn't had time to look over yet. This series would have been the very thing for him, and he'd have paid sweetly for it, too. But it's no use crying over unetched designs."

"If only I had my tools!" Brewitt exclaimed, consumed by the lust for occupation that all the week had raged within him. "But I could do nothing here," he added, casting a disgusted look round the ugly crowded little room. "In my studio I could have done the set in ten days. Then there's some lovely old paper that I could lay my hands on dirt cheap——"

Mackissock sprang to his feet.

"Look here, laddie, you can hide in your own studio every bit as well as here. I'll send you a telegram that will give you an excuse for leaving here at once. Then I'll run down to the studios and be ready to open the door to you."

Before the lapse of an hour Brewitt in his character of Mr. James Wilson was showing his landlady a telegram calling him to the sick bed of a mother resident in Manchester. It relieved him considerably to note that when the good lady professed to read the message she held it upside down; otherwise the fact that a telegram purporting to come from Manchester should have been handed in half-an-hour earlier at a Paddington post-office might have impressed her with distrust of its genuineness. Paying her what he owed, Brewitt entrusted his pormanteau to her care, and retained



the rooms as a convenient refuge should occasion arise.

Entering through the iron gates of Velasquez Studios he almost forgot the fact of his non-existence in the sense of home that pervaded the bleak corridor. Passing Nora O'Malley's door he wondered if she were still trying to supplement the scant earnings of her lurch by drawing impossible fashion-plates for the ladies' magazines.

"Whist, man!" Mackissock's fierce whisper greeted him. "What d'ye mean tramping in here as if the place belonged to you, and you happit up in Kensal Green?"

After the flaccid enervating days endured in the dreary lodging, the paint-tinctured atmosphere of the studios seemed charged with vitality. Throwing off his coat, Brewitt quickly donned his ragged acid-stained blouse and set to work.

There is no incentive to action equal to enforced idleness. Without loss of time Brewitt separated his etching materials from the medley that littered the top of his desk and began the first plate. Mackissock was busy rummaging among the chaos of old pictures, selecting those suitable for the coming exhibition, and the two preserved rigid silence; for the Velasquez Studios, as befits their comparatively low rents, are but shoddily built, and their slim walls have a way of transmitting sound.

At ten o'clock Mackissock, stretching his long back, which was stiff from stooping over dusty canvasses, in a low voice suggested ceasing labour for the night.

"Stop? Not I. I'm in a fever of work. I'm good to go on till morning," replied Brewitt, without lifting his eyes from the point of his needle.

"Then I'd better warn that girl next door that I'll be moving about most of the night. I can sleep in your room," Mackissock whispered, as he put the whisky on the table, and opened a paper of sandwiches. These prepara-

tions for a scramble supper complete, he tapped at Miss O'Malley's door.

She opened to him pale and trembling, her blue-grey Irish eyes eloquent of fear.

"I came to warn you not to be alarmed if you heard any noise in the studio at nights. We're going to have a one-man show of poor Brewitt's pictures soon, and Paington and I are looking over his stuff. So we'll need to be working night and day—probably sleeping here."

"I'm glad you told me, Mr. Mackissock, for, to tell the truth, I was feeling a little bit nervous." Miss O'Malley tried to speak lightly. "Just after dusk I thought I heard Mr. Brewitt walk along the passage and go into the studio. Of course, it must have been imagination; but I knew his step so well that just for a moment I thought it was really he, though, of course, I know that it is impossible."

The tears that had arisen at the mention of her friend trembled on her eyelashes as she abruptly turned away.

"You'll need to be careful, Brewitt, old chap," admonished Mackissock. "That lassie next door knew your footstep to-night as you came in, and thought you were your own ghost. So we'll need to be wary. It wouldn't do to have the Psychical Society begin to investigate the case, you know."

Knew his footstep!

Lying down on the couch at dawn to snatch a few hours' rest, Brewitt, too excited by his debauch of work to sleep, found his "waukriffe" thoughts recur again and again to the lonely Irish girl to whom the echo of his footsteps had come to be a thing apart—in whose starveling life their cessation had caused a blank.

The eternal feminine had held no part in Brewitt's existence. Woman's influence on an artist's career he had always asserted to be disastrous. Lying there with the grey dawn stealing through the blinds, he cited instances to himself. There was Rowan, who



ruined his chances by marrying a model, and Ardine, who, having committed the folly of wedding too early, was expiating his indiscretion by giving drawing-lessons in suburban schools. Then there was the ghastly story of Traynon, who was found in his studio with his throat cut.

No! Brewitt was distinctly not a woman's man. He had never felt tempted to share his struggles with anyone. It struck him as odd that, now that his death rendered it impossible for him to think tenderly of the sex, he should for the first time feel attracted towards it. He wondered whether, had he owned a loyal woman comforter, his life would have proved as barren of joy as it had. Nora O'Malley, he remembered, had knelt beside his grave. Would a good wife's prayers have made his trials more easy of endurance? Possibly they might; but, as he regretfully remembered, it was too late now.

"Poor Nora! Poor little lonely girl!" he said, and as he fell upon slumber Brewitt's last sentient desire was for an opportunity of thanking her for putting the violets on his grave.

The craved opportunity came all unexpectedly. The close of a fortnight of incessant secret toil saw "*Life the Leveller*" completed. A rumour of the existence of a set of etchings of unparalleled originality having, through the wiles of Paington, reached the ears of the great Brookwells, that potentate had claimed the first offer of their reproduction, and Mackissock, bearing the first precious impressions, had gone to interview him.

Anxiously awaiting the result, Brewitt, exhausted with labour, had fallen into a fitful doze, in whose troubled dreams the great picture dealer alternately treated his emissary with extravagant effusion and with crushing contempt.

Half roused by a knock at the door, and wholly forgetful of the restrictions of his position, in his anxiety to hear

Mackissock's report, Brewitt sprang up and opened the door to Nora O'Malley!

But it was a sadly changed Nora who stood before him clutching the lintel for support under the shock of being confronted by one bearing a startling resemblance to, and wearing the dilapidated blouse of, her dead hero. Brewitt's screening spectacles had been forgotten, and without their aid the removal of his beard and moustache was not sufficient disguise to shield him from the recognition of her who held so vivid a memory of his features.

On his part, Brewitt's concern for her eclipsed all else; he found it hard to credit that the lapse of so few weeks should have wrought so vast a difference in her aspect. Clad in the cheap black frock that he guessed was worn for his sake, Nora's figure looked slender to attenuation. The wild rose bloom had paled on her cheeks; purple shadows encompassed the blue-grey Irish eyes.

For a moment the two stood transfixed, staring speechlessly at each other. Then as the sound of a heavy tread sounded from the outer hall, Brewitt, aroused to the danger of detection, drew the girl into the studio, and shutting the door against the world, made full confession of the situation.

In her joyous relief at finding him alive all else at first counted of but little import, but as the moments sped the difficulties of the position began to loom darkly before her.

"But what is to be the end?" Nora asked at last, breaking the silence that had fallen upon them. "If you have voluntarily ceased to exist, what will you do with the rest of your life?"

"I don't know," Brewitt answered, slowly. "My last state may be worse than my first. Unless, Nora——" he spoke impelled by a sudden overwhelming impulse—"you are willing to take a gift of a man without even a name or a home to offer you, and we go out into the world and seek our fortunes together? Wait—don't say no yet," he



interposed hastily, as she was about to speak. "I hear Mackissock coming and he may have good news."

"I won't wait," Nora said, rising a trembling but ecstatic figure before him. "I say yes, now. Yes, yes, *yes!* Even though you may never earn another penny, I ask no better fate than to share your exile!"

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"Brewitt would have been lonely without her," even the cynical Paington acknowledged several months later when a letter, written in a flow of spirits such as for many years had been foreign to their comrades, reached them from sunny Spain. "He is a lucky beggar, isn't he! I say! Did you ever see things sell as his did? D'ye remember how the dealers wrangled over the stuff

in his show, and yet we'd put on pretty stiff prices. Well, with the money from that Exhibition, and £1,200 from 'Conqueror Death' that's hanging in the Tate Gallery—how Brewitt must chuckle over that—and the £500 Brookwells paid for the etchings, and a little more from the scraps, there's enough to give Brewitt a nobby little annuity. He can rest from his labours now and be happy."

"Brewitt won't, though. He's not the sort to idle. Take my word for it," pronounced Mackissock. "Brewitt will work out an even bigger reputation for himself under his assumed name than he did under the one he has abandoned."

And, indeed, there seems every likelihood that Mackissock's prophecy may be fulfilled.

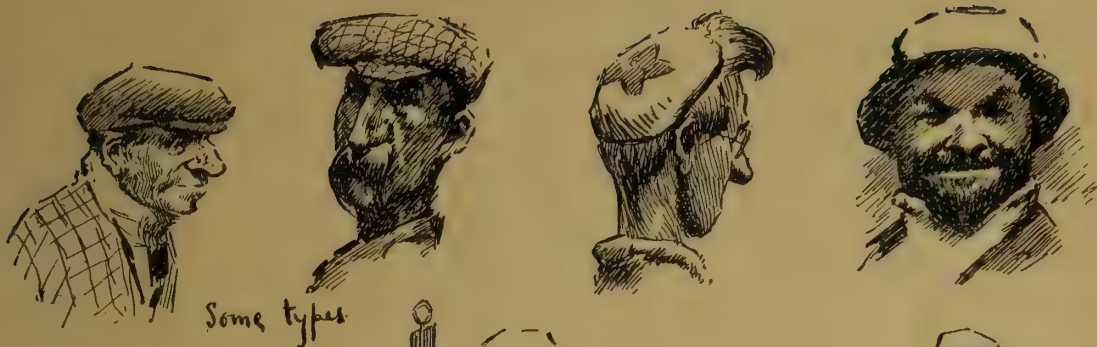
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## MEMORIES

By ARTHUR STRINGER

OUT of the Night we came, and we shall go  
Back to our Night, that is the most we know.  
But clinging to us are thin mystic things,  
Vague dreams and visions, dim rememberings,  
And whispers low, that tell us we have known  
Strange vanished glories and some beauty flown.  
Some hand has fettered well each pilgrim heart,  
And seldom does Life's captive force apart  
The ancient chain, and stand his moment free.  
Yet, some night-wind blown off the surging sea,  
The wings of music beating on its bars,  
Some glimpse of twilight's first great stars,  
The April thrush that pipes across the cold,  
The solemn fields with autumn sunlight gold,  
And that sad pleasure that is known as Love:  
These whisper of the things we know not of,  
Vaguely do these at some rare moment speak  
Of those old glories that we madly seek,  
Ere on our dream the doors of Being close  
And, while we look, the golden moment goes!





Some types



Lost ball!



Very gently



A mixed pair



Setting it up.



"How was that for a drive?"



"If I were not a church member"



Wanted, a shovel.



Feeble.



OUR GOLF CLUB.



## THE IDLERS' CLUB

By ROBERT BARR

At the present moment *A Shorn* two noted publishers in *Lamb*. London are issuing sets of Charles Lamb in many volumes, edited by distinguished persons. It would seem from this that at least two publishers in London believe that the appreciation of true humour has not departed from this country, and that we do not resemble the young lady, who, being asked if she liked Lamb, replied indignantly that she cared little for the pleasures of the table compared with those of the intellect. I have no doubt the humble clerk of East India House would be pleased with the two editions printed 107 years after his first book was issued. Charles seemed easily satisfied so far as the manufacture of his books was concerned. The gossip N. P. Willis met Lamb at breakfast in the Temple. "He was very much pleased with the American reprint of his 'Elia,'" says Willis, "though it contains several things that are not his. They are 'Valentine's Day,' the 'Nuns of Caverswell,' and 'Twelfth Night.'" What greater tribute could be paid to the geniality of a writer than thus setting down his hearty appreciation of a pirated book of his own, for which he had received no penny of recompense, and which also included property stolen from someone else?

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Lamb seems to have had *Lamb* but a small amount of self-*as a Guest*. conceit, which is now, alas, the distinguishing characteristic of so many modern authors.

"I mentioned," continues Willis, "my having bought a copy of 'Elia' the last day I was in America to send as a parting gift to one of the most lovely and talented women in our country.

"What did you pay for it?" said Lamb.  
"About seven and sixpence."

"Permit me to pay you that," said he, and with the utmost earnestness he counted out the money upon the table. "I never wrote anything that would sell. I am the publisher's ruin. My last poem won't sell a copy. Have you seen it, Mr. Willis?"

"I had not."

"It's only eighteenpence, and I'll give you sixpence toward it;" and he described to me where I should find it sticking up in a shop window in the Strand."

Lamb was not so indifferent to the pleasures of the table as was the young lady I have mentioned. Throughout the breakfast at the Temple he continually complained of the meagreness of the fare. There was veal pie, but he would not touch it. He inquired if there was any of that potted fish left, and on being told there was not, commanded his host to find out for certain.

"Send and see," said Lamb, "and if the pot has been cleaned, bring me the cover. I think the sight of it would do me good."

The cover was brought, upon which was a picture of the fish. Lamb kissed it with a reproachful look at his friend, and then left the table and began to wander round the room with a broken uncertain step, as if he almost forgot to put one leg before the other. His sister rose and commenced walking up and down very much in the same manner on the opposite side of the table. Then they took their leave. Charles should not be accused of rudeness in acting thus. He had been invited to a breakfast he could not eat, and he had by this time taken the measure of the inquisitive Mr. Willis. Probably he regretted the



eight shillings he had so foolishly bestowed, without even having had the pleasure of a game of whist in the losing of it.

A great deal of international misunderstanding *Misplaced* arises through the inhabitants of one country not comprehending the humour of another. "There is no such thing as bad whisky," said the inebriate; "but some whiskies are better than others." Perhaps the same may be said of humour. Each country has its own brand, and when you become accustomed to it you are apt to like it, as is the case with certain kinds of French cigarettes. I had a lesson on this point some years ago. I was crossing the mountains on foot into Spain. The path ran very narrow with an unscalable wall of rock on my right hand and a precipice about a mile deep on my left. Going up I met a Spanish youth coming down. He carried a long pole, and I carried an Alpinstock with a pointed metal end. I levelled my Alpinstock like a pike and made as though I would prod the boy in the middle of himself. One brief look of indescribable terror flashed into his face, then he whirled his pole round his head like a flail and brought it down on my skull with an impact that made me think the mountains had fallen, prostrating me to the path as the stricken ox (or should I say ass?) collapseth. Placing the point of the pole on the ground, he next leaped airily over my body and fled down the slope until he reached a point of safety, where he brandished his formidable weapon as an Arab shakes his spear. I arose slowly and realised that there is more merit in a thick skull than clever people give us credit for. I should have known that in the Spanish mountains, like the desert, no man meets a friend, and the deluded boy thought he had suddenly come face to face with the latest novelty in brigands. It was a

stupid joke and well punished, so I set down in my note book these pathetic lines: "Backwoods humour is not appreciated in the ancient civilization of Spain."

Charles Lamb once said *Slow at* to Mrs. Shelley, "Burney the Uptak". made a pun in Otaheite, the first that ever was made on that Pacific island. At first the natives could not make out what he meant; but all at once they discovered the pun, and danced round him in transports of joy." The people of the United States have long regarded the natives of these British Islands much as Lamb looked upon the inhabitants of Tahiti, thinking us slow to appreciate Transatlantic humour, and even when we do arrive at comprehension, we sometimes fail to indulge in those transports of joy that delighted the heart of the punster Burney. The same misapprehension appears in Sidney Smith's celebrated remark about the surgical operation and the Scotsman, and also in the Scotsman's reply that it would take a surgical operation to get an Englishman's joke into *anybody's* head. Thus do the nations jibe at each other. Mark Twain typifies the American fallacy very accurately in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." He says, "I ventured a story myself, and vast was the success of it. Not right off, of course, for the native of those islands does not, as a rule, dissolve upon the early applications of a humorous thing; but the fifth time I told it they began to crack in places, the eighth time I told it they began to crumble, at the twelfth repetition they fell apart in chunks, and at the fifteenth they disintegrated, and I got a broom and swept them up." It is amazing that so shrewd a man as Mark Twain should thus repeat the mistake of his countrymen, when a little observation would have shown him where the truth lay. He would probably be the first to admit that his own jokes are obvious enough, and



anybody who failed to see the point of one of them couldn't see a barn. The Britisher appreciates the story the first time of telling quite as well as he does the fifteenth, but he takes it with a calmness that is disconcerting to the American. When the latter goes on telling it again and again, the Englishman, being a good-natured fellow, takes pity on the joke retailer, and laughs boisterously, realising that such is expected. Sir Henry Irving says that old soldiers are useless as theatrical supers because they will not show the slightest sign of emotion in the most thrilling situations. The old soldiers appreciate the climaxes all right enough, but they have been trained to suppress their feelings.

Once upon a time I entered  
*The Boy* the smoking room of one of  
*and the* the huge hotels near Charing  
*Ghost.* Cross, and among the people  
 there assembled was a group  
 of three, consisting of one American and  
 two Englishmen. The American was  
 about half seas over, and he talked so  
 loud that, large as the room was, no one  
 could help but hear. He bore the whole  
 burden of conversation; the two English-  
 men were not saying a word, indeed  
 they had little opportunity. When I  
 came in he was holding forth as fol-  
 lows:—

“Now, you fellows are a little slow to  
 catch on—don't apologise—you can't  
 help it—it's national—but I don't mind  
 taking any amount of trouble with a  
 couple of white men like you, so I'll just  
 tell you the story for a fourth time.  
 You see, the boy got on a Broadway  
 street car—trams you call 'em in this  
 country, not knowing any better—and  
 he sat down in the only vacant seat  
 there was. By-and-bye an old gentle-  
 man stepped aboard, and he had to  
 stand up. He gazed sadly at the boy  
 for a while, but seeing that the youth  
 did not intend to offer him a seat, he  
 said:—

“‘My boy, if you saw your old father

standing here in this car, what would  
 you do?’

“‘Thunder!’ said the boy; ‘I'd climb  
 out of the window.’

“You see, the boy's father had been  
 dead for five years. He'd know the old  
 man was a ghost if he saw him in a  
 street car, and the boy was afraid of  
 ghosts. ‘Thunder!’ says he; ‘I'd get  
 out the window.’ See the point? Of  
 course you don't. Well, I'll tell it once  
 more. There was a boy in New York  
 got on a street car, &c., &c., &c.”

Everybody in the room had seen  
 whatever point there was to the yarn  
 long before, and were leaving one by  
 one to escape further infliction, but I  
 have no doubt that man returned to  
 New York thoroughly convinced that  
 no one on this side could comprehend  
 his story.

American papers contain many in-  
 stances of the slowness of the British  
 mind to grasp the intricacies of Ameri-  
 can humour, and some of the samples  
 given are exceedingly witty, as, for in-  
 stance, that one about the late Lord  
 Coleridge and the custard pie. It is  
 Chauncey Depew's story, so if you want  
 to hear it send him a post card. The  
 latest example I clip from the *Saturday*  
*Evening Post* of Philadelphia, a journal  
 founded by Benjamin Franklin, and at  
 present the most cleverly edited weekly  
 in the States, which contains many  
 stories, all of them interesting and some  
 of them true.

When Henry Norman, the  
*The Ring* English writer, who is now a  
*and the* Member of Parliament, came  
*Book-* to the United States several  
*writer.* years ago, he made a trip to  
 Washington, and was enter-  
 tained by the National Press Club.

Norman enjoyed himself hugely. He  
 struck the newspaper men at the Capital  
 as being a fine fellow, but they found he  
 was a trifle slow in appreciating the jokes  
 and stories that were told at their  
 gatherings.



One night as he sat in the Press Club two or three correspondents decided to try him out. Karl Decker was chosen as the spokesman. Decker took a little bell from one of the tables and walked over to Norman.

"Mr. Norman," he said, "I have been delegated by my fellow club members to say to you that we have thoroughly enjoyed your visit. We consider you a fine type of the English newspaper man. Before you go, and as a testimonial of our friendship and esteem, we have decided to present you a slight remembrance, and on behalf of the club I am instructed to give you this ring."

As Decker said "ring" he tapped the bell smartly and placed it on the table.

Norman was surprised. He hemmed and hawed a bit, but then pulled himself together and said: "Mr. Decker and the members of the National Press Club, I can hardly find words to thank you. I have enjoyed my visit here greatly. I shall always cherish pleasant memories of Washington. I am overwhelmed at this evidence of your comradeship."

Norman went on like that for five minutes. He made a very clever little speech. Then he said: "I am pleased to receive your gift, but, as is only natural, I suppose, Mr. Decker, in the embarrassment of the moment, for we newspaper men are notoriously poor speakers, has given me a bell instead of a ring."

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It does not seem to have occurred to those newspaper men that Mr. Norman's wit was just a little more subtle than their own. The joke was on them, not on him. He knew the difference between the ring metallic and the ring acoustic, but he gave them change in their own currency, and, judging from the paragraph I have quoted, the delicacy of the retort was entirely lost on them.

Appreciation of the finer forms of wit cannot be expected from journalists who belong to the Gridiron Club, which is a celebrated organisation formed for the

purpose of giving dinners to celebrities. Like the National Press Club it is composed of writers who make Washington their headquarters. The humour there takes a form that would be considered gross rudeness anywhere else. I suppose the club derives its name from the verb "to roast," which is the equivalent of the English phrase "to chaff," only much more so. Figuratively speaking the guest of the evening is put on the Gridiron, and the more discomfort he shows the better his hosts are pleased. When they invite a prominent politician to dine with them they chain the silver ware to the table, and that sort of thing. In the journal I have already quoted Harry Furniss tells of one guest who did not take kindly to the gridiron. The late Max O'Rell said to Mr. Furniss: "I am a Frenchman remember; I *cannot* stand chaff. In America they invited me to the Gridiron Club. I was told beforehand that it was a roasting club—a club that roasted as well as toasted their guests—and I was prepared. They would make bogus speeches, ridiculing me; I would reply in the same spirit. Good. The evening came. Up gets my dear, good friend, Major Handy. He begins by apologising for asking the company to meet such a poor specimen of a Frenchman as I; a retailer of chestnuts, a man who lived under the false pretence of being funny, coming from an effete country.

"This was too much. I jumped up—I was fuming with rage. At first they thought that I was acting and applauded. But I soon showed that I was in earnest. No! my dear fellow, I cannot stand chaff; I am a Frenchman."

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One would think that if Max any man could understand the humour of another country it would have been Max O'Rell, whose books showed so sympathetic an insight into the manners and customs of England and America. I remember one gloomy night when he



failed to appreciate the efforts of a man to amuse him. We were on the largest liner of that time making our way through a very stormy sea to New York. Mr. McIlvaine of Harper Brothers, Max O'Rell, and myself used to occupy a particularly comfortable alcove in the smoking room, and the Frenchman on all occasions but one was the life of the party. On this particular evening Max was feeling very seedy, not suffering from the malady of the sea at all, but depressed and half ill. There was a black night and a deluge of rain outside, while the wind whistled through the cordage with disagreeable shrillness. Both Mr. McIlvaine and myself wished to cheer up Max O'Rell; but we had already told our stories, so I suggested that we call in the purser after dinner to brighten our corner of the smoking room. All the pursers I had ever known had been most entertaining men, especially John Kavanah, of the old Inman Line, who told the best stories that were ever related on the ocean. This particular purser who, unfortunately, was not John Kavanah, offered to do his best, and with a large glass before him he began. He said there were quite a number of invalids aboard, and then gave forth the astonishing fact that if one died who was unknown to any of the officers or passengers, they dumped him overboard if he had less than ten pounds in his pockets. Anxious to change the subject, I said to the purser that he must have seen many an amusing incident while crossing. Yes, he said, he had. Our present captain was a somewhat hot tempered man, and a very strict disciplinarian. When anything went contrary to his liking he was apt to use language, if there were no passengers

about. The purser remembered a funny incident because of a mistake made by a new under officer. It was the under officer's first trip on a liner, and he was not familiar with certain matters of procedure. A steerage passenger had died and was to be put overboard at midnight. It was the purser's duty to take the prayer-book, and call the captain a few minutes before twelve. When they went aft together (or forr'ed, whichever it was), no preparations seemed to have been made for the captain's reception.

"Where's the body?" demanded the captain of the under officer.

"It's all right sir," said the under officer cheerfully. "I shot him over an hour ago, sir."

Max O'Rell groaned, so I hastened to head off the purser on a less gruesome tack. I asked him if he had any story of romance to tell us. The story that resulted was more dismal than anything that had gone before, involving two violent deaths, and when it was done with, we all bade good-night to the purser and went to our state-rooms.

—————

If the nations could but  
*Gi' us a* understand and appreciate  
*Guid Con-* each other's humour the era  
*ceit o'—* of universal peace would set  
*The Other* in. Both Britain and the  
*Fellow.* United States should have  
 a catholic appreciation of  
 humour when one country produced  
 men so divergent as Charles Lamb and  
 Theodore Hook, and the other Wash-  
 ington Irving and Artemus Ward.  
 Nothing could be more suave and gentle  
 than the humour of Lamb and Irving,  
 and nothing more boisterous than the  
 fun of Hook and Ward.















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